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THE

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

CHAP. I. OF *Rotterdam*, its Name and Origin. A Deſcription of it. The Statue of *Eraſmus*. Many Particulars of his Life. The great Church. Several Tombs of Admirals. The *Meuſe*. *Page* 2

CHAP. II. Of the City of *Delft*. Its Churches, Sepulchres. The ſplendid Monument of the Princes of *Orange*. Tomb of Admiral *Tromp*. Other Singularities. Hiſtory and Deſcription of this City. 7

CHAP. III. The *Hague*. The prodigious Birth by the Counteſs of *Henneberg*, and a Refutation of that Story. Conſiderable Omiſſions in Mr. *Miſſon*'s Travels. The Tomb of Admiral *Obdam*. The magnificent Road from the *Hague* to *Scheveling*. The plentiful Fiſhery there. A compendious Hiſtory of Mr. *de Wit*. The *Hague* deſcribed. 11

CHAP. IV. *Dort*, its National Synod, Situation, Edifices, Commerce. *Leyden*, the Univerſity there. The Tomb of *Joſeph Scaliger*. Its Memorable Siege. Its Illuſtrious Men. 19

CHAP. V. *Harlem*. The Siege it ſuſtained againſt the *Spaniſh* Army, and the Barbarity of the *Spaniards* to its Inhabitants. The Origin of this Town. Many Particularities relating to it, and among others, the Invention of the Art of Printing by *Laurence Coſter*. 25

CHAP. VI. *Amſterdam*, its magnificent *Town-houſe*. The famous *De Ruyter*'s Monument, and the Tombs of ſeveral other Admirals. Charity-houſes. The Arſenal of the Admiralty, and Magazine of the *Eaſt-India* Company. The Trade of this Company. Its Power; a ſhort Hiſtory of it. A Deſcription of *Amſterdam*. Its Fortifications. Some Particulars relating to *Utrecht*. 30

CHAP. VII. Departure from *Holland* into *Germany*. The chief Towns between *Amſterdam* and *Duſſeldorp*, with Obſervations upon each of them. *Muyden*, *Naerden*, *Amerſfort*, *Arnhem*, *Doeſbourg*, *Weſel*, *Rhinberg*, *Duisbourg*, *Keyſerſwert*. 47

CHAP. VIII. *Duſſeldorp*. Its Churches. The Elector and Electreſs. The Splendour and Magnificence of their Court. Diverſions. The Gallery of Pictures. Cabinet of Curioſities. Deſcription of the Town and its Government. 55

CHAP. IX. Journey from *Duſſeldorp* to *Cologne*. *Nuys*. Character of *Charles* the *Hardy*, Duke of *Burgundy*, and his Hiſtory. *Worringhen*. *Cologne*, an Archbiſhoprick and Electorate. Its Flying Bridge. *Duits* over againſt it. Church of St. *Urſula*. Her Martyrdom, and of her eleven thouſand Virgins. Errors of ſeveral Authors concerning them. Abſurdities of this Story, and its Origin. Theſe Virgins Relicks, and St. *Urſula*'s Tomb. 63

CHAP. X. Continuation of the Deſcription of *Cologne*. The Church and Hiſtory of St. *Gereon*, and Criticiſm upon it. The Quire and Relicks. Church, Convent and Library of the *Jeſuits*. Riches of their Sacriſty. The Church of the *Maccabees*, and their Hiſtory repreſented, and that of the eleven thouſand Virgins. The Heads of the *Maccabees*, and other very curious Relicks. Miſtake of Mr. *Miſſon* concerning a a noted Crucifix. Strange Story of a Woman buried alive. 69

CHAP. XI. *Cologne*. The Church and Convent of the *Carmes*. The *Chartreuſe*. The Inſtitution of that Order. The Cathedral. Remarkable Tombs in it. That of the three Kings in Particular. Reflexions on this Story. 76

CHAP. XII. The Deſcription of *Cologne* continued. A Proteſtant Church at *Cologne*. The Town-houſe; Its Apartments, Pictures, Inſcriptions. 86

CHAP. XIII. Continuation of the ſame Subject. Abbey of St. *Pantaleon*. His Hiſtory, and that of St. *Alban* and St. *Maurin*. Several Sepulchres. The Origin and Hiſtory of Cologne. Its Government. Fortifications. The Illuſtrious Perſons it hath given Birth to. 90

CHAP. XIV. Departure from *Cologn* to *Coblentz*. Several Towns on the Road: *Bonne*, *Lintz*, *Sintzigh*, *Andernach* deſcribed. The Mineral Waters of this laſt. *Zol-Engers* deſcribed. 97

CHAP. XV. *Coblentz*. Archbiſhoprick and Electorate. Its Fortifications and Stone Bridge. Confluence of the *Rhine* and the *Moſelle*, and Courſe of the latter. The Citadel exactly deſcribed. Its fine Proſpect

and adjacent Countries. A dreadful Fall of a Man from very high Rocks. Convent of the *Cordeliers*. 99

CHAP. XVI. *Coblentz* continued. The Palace of his Electoral Highneſs of *Treves*. His Character and Court. The Chartreuſe. Comical Picture and Story. The Cloiſters, Refectory, Church and Relicks. Other Churches and Convents. Bombardment of the City, and miraculous Preſervation of St. *Mary*'s Church. The Elector's Troops, Title and Revenue. 103

CHAP. XVII. Journey from *Coblentz* to *Mayence* by Water. A great Number of ſmall Towns in the Way. Some impertinent Cuſtoms in theſe Parts of *Germany*. Hiſtory of an Archbiſhop of *Mayence* devoured by Rats. Reflexions upon it. 106

CHAP. XVIII. *Mayence*, An Archbiſhoprick and Electorate. Its Cathedral. Several Monuments. A droll Proceſſion of the *Jeſuits*. The Elector's Palace and Garden. The Citadel. The Chartreuſe. The Origin of the Arms of this Archbiſhoprick. 111

CHAP. XIX. *Mayence* continued. Pretenſion of this City to the Invention of Printing. Origin and Hiſtory of *Mayence*. Councils held there. Has been many Times beſieged. Exact Deſcription of its Fortifications. Precedency of the Elector in the Electoral College. The Chapter. The Elector's Prerogatives and Revenues. 116

CHAP. XX. Departure from *Mayence*. The River *Mein*. *Hochſt*, a little Town. *Francfort*, an Imperial City, and its great Commerce. Its celebrated Fairs. The great Church and its Curioſities. Falſe Traditions of the Proteſtants at *Francfort*. Reflexions on the golden Legend. The Quarter of the *Jews* in this City. Their Hiſtory and Cuſtoms. 120

CHAP. XXI. *Francfort* continued. Its Fortifications, and thoſe of *Saxenhauſen* on the other Side of the *Mein*. The Town-houſe and its Singularities. Remarkable Story of a late Elector of *Saxony*. The famous Golden Bull deſcribed. Several Particulars concerning the ſame. A Summary of the Articles contained in it. This Bull very little minded in ſeveral material Points. The Conſtitution of the Empire very much altered in many Inſtances. The Hall where the Emperor dines after his Election. The Entry of *Guſtavus Adolphus* into *Francfort*. 128

CHAP. XXII. *Francfort* continued. The new Church of the *Lutherans*. Their Severity towards the *Calviniſts*. *Bockenheim*, where the latter go to their Worſhip. Their Riches and great Number. Origin and Go-

vernment of *Francfort*. The *Jeſuits* could never get Footing there. The Councils that have been held at *Francfort*. 135

CHAP. XXIII. The Road from *Francfort* to *Wirtzburg*. *Hanau*, a fine Town, and the Capital of a County. Its Hiſtory and Origin, and by whom built. *Steinheim* and *Seligenſtad*. The Tomb of *Eginard*, and *Emma* his Spouſe. *Aſchaffenburg*, its great Church and Curioſities. Councils held there. Part of the Black Foreſt. *Langenfeld*, *Remlingen*. 139

CHAP. XXIV. *Wirtzburg*, a Biſhoprick. The Cathedral. Tombs in it. Its Treaſure. The Church of St. *Killian*. The Hiſtory of the three Apoſtles of *Franconia*; St. *Killian*, St. *Colonat*, and St. *Totnam*. The Univerſity. 147

CHAP. XXV. *Wirtzburg*. The new Church. That of the *Auguſtines*. Its Curioſities. Four miraculous Saints. An Anecdote on this Occaſion. The *Jeſuit*'s Church. They pretend to be poor here. A conſiderable Abbacy of *Benedictins*. A droll Hiſtory of a *Scotch* Abbot. 154

CHAP. XXVI. *Wirtzburg*. The Citadel, named *Marienberg*. Its Situation and Fortifications. Its ſubterraneous Apartments, filled with prodigious Tuns of Wine. The Bacchanals which are celebrated there. The new Palace. The Chancery and the Treaſury. 159

CHAP. XXVII. *Wirtzburg*. The great Hoſpital, and its Splendor. Its Founder. The terrible Uſuries committed here. The Character of the preſent Biſhop of *Wirtzburg*. His Court. A Deſcription of the Town. A Reflexion upon the Prepoſſeſſion of the *French* in Favour of their own Nation. The Councils that were held here. A famous Harangue of the Biſhop of *Tulle* againſt the Court of *Rome* in one of theſe Aſſemblies. 163

CHAP. XXVIII. Departure from *Wirtzburg* to *Bamberg*. *Gaibach*, a Pleaſure Houſe belonging to the Elector of *Mayence*. A Deſcription of it. The great Subjection of the Peaſants in *Germany* to the Military Officers. Reflexions upon it. *Ebrach* a famous and rich Abbacy. Its Library, Church and Rarities. The Monopoly of theſe *Monks*. An extraordinary Echo. 168

CHAP. XXIX. *Bamberg*, the firſt Biſhoprick in *Germany*. The old Palace. The new Palace. The Cathedral. Several Monuments. The Treaſure of this Church. Its Riches, and many curious Manuſcripts. 173

CHAP. XXX. *Bamberg* continued. A Pleaſure-houſe of the Elector. Impertinence of a Sculptor. The *Jeſuit*'s Church. Thoſe of the *Dominicans*, and of St. *Martin*. Curious Epitaphs. Another ridiculous

lous Whim of a Sculptor. A fine *Notre-Dame*, famous for working miraculous Cures. The Character of the Elector of *Mayence*. His Prerogatives as Bishop of *Bamberg*. This Town described. Some Particularities concerning it. 181

CHAP. XXXI. Towns between *Bamberg* and *Nuremberg*. *Fortzheim*, a strong Place. Its History. *Payersdorff*, *Erlang*, both belonging to the Margrave of *Bareith*. A Description of them. *Nuremberg*, an Imperial City. A Festival of the Merchants there, and of those of St. *Gall*. Great Drinking upon this Occasion. The Principal Church of *Nuremberg*. 188

CHAP. XXXII. *Nuremberg*. The Castle. A marvelous Lime-tree. A very profound Well. *Eppelen* a famous Sorcerer. The Sentiments of *Agobard* and *Folangi*, concerning Wizards. The Chapel in the Castle. An Impertinence of a Sculptor. A droll Story about four Pillars in this Chapel. The Emperor's Apartment. The Emperor *Leopold's* Death. The Church of St. *Laurence*. Very fine Fountains, and the Inscriptions upon them. The Magistrates of *Nuremberg* not very deserving of the Titles of Fathers of their Country. Proofs of this Assertion, The Hospital and the Church belonging to it. The Curiosities there The Church of St. *Catherine*. 193

CHAP. XXXIII. *Nuremberg*. The Arsenal, which is not shewn now, and why. The Town-house. The Apartment of the Deputies of the Circle of *Franconia*. Several good Pictures. The Sacrifice of *Abraham* comically represented. Other ridiculous Fancies of Painters. Cabinets of Rareties. A moving Figure of *Gustavus Adolphus*. Great Men absurdly accused of Sorcery. A Medal struck at *Nuremberg* in Honour of Pope *Clement* XI. Reflexions upon this Singularity. 200

CHAP. XXXIV. *Nuremberg*. A very fine Fountain. Foolish Customs in this City. Pleasant little Stories. The public Library filled with good Books. Pictures, Manuscripts in it, and other Curiosities. Account of a Country Wedding. Inscriptions in Honour of the Emperor *Leopold*. His exaggerated Elogiums. Other no less hyperbolical ones. Another magnificent Fountain. Some very particular Inscriptions and Epitaphs. 207

CHAP. XXXV. *Nuremberg*. The Author visits the Prince of *Bareith*. His Character and the History of his Lady. A Church belonging to the *Calvinists* without the Walls of the City. *Nuremberg* described. Its History. Gun-Powder invented by a *Monk* of that City. *Pegnitz* and *Rednitz* two Rivers passing here. Few Catholics at *Nuremberg*. Its Magistrates. The learned Men it has produced. 214

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI. The Road to *Augsburg*. *Schwabach*, *Wiltzburg*, *Weiſſenburg*. The Hiſtory of the latter; it is an Imperial City. *Monheim*, *Ulm*. *Keyſerſheim* a large Abbey. *Shillenberg*. Battle fought there in the laſt War. *Donawert*. Revolutions that happened in this City. *Blenheim* the famous Battle there, exactly deſcribed. The Pyramid deſigned to be erected upon that Spot, and its Inſcription. *Pibrach*, a fine Borough. A Crucifix there, very famous for the Miracles wrought by it. 222

CHAP. XXXVII. *Augsburg* an Imperial City. Its magnificent Townhouſe exactly deſcribed. A beautiful Steeple. The Fountain of *Auguſtus* very ſplendid. 233

CHAP. XXXVIII. Critical Obſervations upon the ſo much celebrated Continence of *Alexander* the *Great*, and that of *Scipio Africanus* on an almoſt ſimilar Occaſion. 238

CHAP. XXXIX. *Augsburg*. The two other Electoral Chambers in the Town-houſe, and their Pictures. A fine Steeple. The Fountain of *Auguſtus* very magnificent. A Houſe of *Engliſh* Ladies. A pleaſant Story of a certain Director of Conſciences. The principal Church. The Origin and Hiſtory of the Counts *Fuggers* of *Augsburg*. The marvellous Secret Gate, and its Mechaniſm. The Water-Towers. 244

CHAP. XL. *Augsburg*. Several Proceſſions among the Catholics of this City. A Convent of *Carmes*. The Canoneſſes of St. *Stephen*. A *Roman* Inſcription. Great Fondneſs of the *Romans* for public Shews. 251

CHAP. XLI. *Augsburg*. College and public Library. The Curioſities in it. Private Libraries. A wonderful Horſe. Reflexions upon the Syſtem of thoſe who reſolve all the Actions of Beaſts into Clock-Work. A Remarkable Story of Monkeys at the *Cape* of *Good-Hope*. Their Love to Men and Women. Animals are not mere Machines. Obſervations on the Pride and Ignorance of Mankind. Man is in many Reſpects inferior to ſeveral Brutes. The marvellous Inſtinct of Rats. An ancient Inſcription in Honour of a Mule. 255

CHAP. XLII. *Augsburg*. The Cathedral. Pictures in it. Strange Whims and Impertinences of a Painter. The Biſhop of *Augsburg*. His Palace and his Juriſdiction. The famous Confeſſion of *Augsburg*. Reflexions upon the Politics and Religion of *Charles* V. Emperor. The Caprice of a Painter. 265

CHAP. XLIII. *Augsburg*. College and Houſe of the *Jeſuits* very magnificent. A very ſingular Picture. A curious Hiſtory of a young *Spaniſh*

niſh Gentleman who earneſtly deſired the Gift of Continence. Their Library. The Reception of a Burgeſs into the Quality of a Captain of the Militia. The Arſenal. A droll Story concerning the Women and Maids of *Augsburg*. 271

CHAP. XLIV. *Augsburg*. A Cabinet of Curioſities. Many curious *Roman* Inſcriptions. A Conſpiracy formed in Favour of the Elector of *Bavaria*, and detected at *Munich*. The funeral Obſequies of *Leopold* Emperor at *Vienna*. The Impudence of a *Jeſuit* in his funeral Panegyric upon that Prince, and ludicrouſly chaſtiſed by the Emperor *Joſeph*. 274

CHAP. XLV. *Augsburg*. The Suburbs. The Port of St. *Croix*, and the Paintings on it. Omiſſion of Father *Maimbourg*. A groſs Anachroniſm in a *German* Painter. The Port of the *Monks Minors*. The Paintings and Inſcriptions on it. A ſtrange Story of *Attila* King of the *Huns*. He takes and ravages *Augsburg*. A miraculous Madonna. Several very ancient *Roman* Inſcriptions 279

CHAP. XLVI. *Augsburg*. Hiſtory of this City. Its ancient and modern Commerce. A Deſcription of it. Its Government. Its State with Reſpect to Religion. Its Hoſpital. Several Fountains. An Office for Wines and Salt. 287

CHAP. XLVII. *Augsburg*. A ſhort Excurſion by the Author into *Bavaria*. A fine Plain. *Jews* ſeverely treated at *Augsburg*. A ſingular Picture made to defame them. The Story of it refuted. Several Tombs in the Abbacy of St. *Ulrich*. The Hiſtory of this Saint. The Church. Riches of the Convent. The Apartments. The Library. The Politeneſs of the *Benedictin* Monks. 292

CHAP. XLVIII. *Augsburg*. Abbey of St. *Ulrich*. Several *Roman* Inſcriptions in it. Reflexions on the exceſſive Love of Antiquity. The Church of St. *Croix*. Two other Inſcriptions. Curious Clocks. A whimſical Thought of a Painter. The Ruins of the Citadel. The Hiſtory of its Sieges. 297

CHAP. XLIX. Departure from *Augsburg*. *Mindelheim*. *Memmingen*, an Imperial City. *Leut-kirk* likewiſe an Imperial City. The Fortifications of *Lindaw*, an ugly Town, tho' Imperial too. A Digreſſion concerning the Imperial Cities in *Germany*. The Lake of *Conſtance*. *Ammianus Marcellinus* refuted in reſpect to the *Rhine*. 301

CHAP. L. *Conſtance*, a Biſhopric. The famous Council held there. The Hiſtory of Pope *John* XXIII. who was depoſed in it. The Hiſtory of *John Huſs*, and *Jerom* of *Prague*. A Copy of the Paſs given him by the

the Emperor *Sigiſmond*; a very rare Piece. *Jerom*'s Harangue to the Council. His Firmneſs in Death. Fine Teſtimonies rendered to the Memory of theſe two Martyrs by their Enemies. Other Particularities touching this Council, and the Conſequences of it. 306

CHAP. LI. *Conſtance*. The grand Hall where the Council met. A Convent of Monks Minors, A Picture of St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, and its Legend. The Church of St. *Stephen*. A remarkable Epitaph. The Church of the *Cordeliers*. Tomb and Hiſtory of the Cardinal of *Florence*. The Church of the *Dominicans*. Very ſingular Sculptures. A Deſcription of *Conſtance*. Its Fortifications. The Biſhop and his Dioceſe. A Digreſſion concerning the Eccleſiaſtical Princes of the Empire. 311

CHAP. LII. Lake of *Zell*. *Reichnaw*, a remarkable Iſland in that Lake, and Deſcription of it. A rich Abbacy in this Iſland. The Church. The Tomb of the Emperor *Charles* the Fat. His Epitaph and Portrait. Other Curioſities. Singular Relicks. A prodigious large Emerald. The The Library. Hiſtory of this Abbacy. No venemous Beaſts in this Iſland: And why? 318

CHAP. LIII. Towns, and fine Country between *Reichnaw* and *Shaffhouſen*. Mr. *Hollander*, Magiſtrate of that City, Poſſeſſor of the Conſular Medals of *Charles Patin*. Reflexion upon thoſe who collect ſuch Kind of Curioſities. The famous Caſcade of the *Rhine* deſcribed. A ſurpriſing Hiſtory. *Schaffhouſen* deſcribed. The Origin of its Name and Arms. 323

CHAP. LIV. *Zurich*, Capital of a Canton. The Cathedral. The Townhouſe. The Arſenal, and the Curioſities in it. The public Library very conſiderable. Divers Manuſcripts, and other Singularities. The Hiſtory of the Reformer *Zuinglius*. 327

CHAP. LV. *Zurich*. Its Situation very agreeable. A ſmall Iſland in its Lake called *Huttenica*, and why. Public Edifices here. The Fortifications, *&c.* Hiſtory of this Town. Cuſtoms and Manners of its Inhabitants. Luxury forbid by their Sumptuary Laws. The Women very reſerved. Bad Politics. The great Men of *Zurich*. This Canton rich, and the firſt of the Thirteen. A miraculous and moſt ſingular Image of the Virgin five Leagues from *Zurich*. 332

CHAP. LVI. A fine Country between *Zurich* and *Baden*. *Imrapen*, a large Village, where are the famous Baths of *Baden*. A Deſcription of them. *Baden*, where the general Diet of the *Swiſs* aſſembles. Its Situation and Government. Inſcriptions. *Mellingen*, the ſmalleſt Republic in *Europe*. A Deſcription of it, and Hiſtory. *Lentzburg* and *Aaraw* in the Canton

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lord *JOHN SACVILLE.*

My LORD,

DEdications to Perſons diſtinguiſhed by their Rank and Merit, are often intended and uſed by way of an innocent Stratagem to help a Work in making its way into the World: But being fully perſuaded of the Excellence of this, and ſure of the good Reception it would meet with from the Public without that Aid, if, I preſume, my Lord, to addreſs it to you in that Form; 'tis merely out of real Reſpect, and, if I may uſe that familiar Expreſſion, a moſt tender Regard for your Lordſhip.

In a long continued Intimacy, which I formerly had the Honour of enjoying with your Lordſhip, I could not avoid diſcovering a great many excellent Virtues, happy

Diſpo-

DEDICATION.

Endeavour, my Lord, by your Zeal, by your Love for your native Country, to equal that moſt excellent Model. This will lead you to Glory, and tranſmit your Name with Honour to Poſterity. I am with the moſt profound Reſpect, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient

and

Moſt humble Servant,

DANIEL SOYER.

PREFACE

BY THE

EDITOR.

THIS Work lay buried in Oblivion for upwards of thirty ſeven Years, and without my helping Hand would, in all Probability, have been irrecoverably loſt. It is therefore high Time to communicate to the Public, a Performance ſo uſeful, and, at the ſame time, ſo entertaining.

It doubtleſs may appear very ſtrange, that the Author, who died but nine or ten Years ago, did not publiſh it himſelf. But after having conſidered very attentively a ſhort Preface of his, (which, in my Opinion, was not material enough to be prefixed to this Work) I have ſufficient Grounds to conclude, that he was reſtrained chiefly, on that Occaſion, upon the three following Accounts.

Firſt, by his Illneſſes, which were many, long, and very grievous, eſpecially in the laſt Years of his Life: So that being confined to his Apartment, and very often to his Bed, he conſequently was incapable of producing and recommending his Work, in a proper Manner, to the learned World.

It appears, ſecondly, that, through an Exceſs of Modeſty, he dreaded the Judgment of the Public; and that, never ſatisfied with what he had done, he was perpetually employed in reviſing and amending his Writings, and making conſiderable Additions to them: A noble Example indeed! and which ought to intimidate many Writers, who, with far leſs Capacity than our Author, have the Confidence to brave that inexorable Judge.

Laſtly, I conjecture that Monſieur *de Blainville* was aw'd by another kind of Fear. In many Places he had ſpoke with an uncommon Freedom of ſeveral Perſons, and thoſe too of the higheſt Rank and Diſtinction, moſt of whom were living a long Time after he had ended his Travels. Now, calling to mind the extenſive Power of Princes, and how ready they generally are to reſent the Reflexions caſt upon them by Writers, he, in all

Probability, dreaded ſome Storm from that Quarter: eſpecially from *Italy*, and *Rome* in particular, whoſe Grandees he had often laſhed, and that with the utmoſt Severity.

I own, that by ſuppreſſing or ſoftning ſome of the harſheſt of thoſe Paſſages, he might eaſily have got rid of this Uneaſineſs. But then, as he was naturally inclined to ſatirize, I am apt to think that he was particularly fond of thoſe very Paſſages; and conſequently that he could ſcarce have been prevailed upon to retrench them. When I mention his ſatirical Inclination, I don't mean that Mr. *de Blainville* was for traducing, right or wrong; but that after the Example of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Perſius*, he loved to call Things by their true Names; and to cenſure, without the leaſt Reſerve, the groſs Vices of thoſe whoſe ill Example is extremely pernicious to Mankind.

However that be, I have endeavoured to ſupply this Defect, if it be one to profeſs a downright Sincerity, by ſoftning here and there ſome of theſe Strokes; and that merely for the Sake of ſuch delicate Readers as are perhaps too much accuſtomed to ſpeak, or rather to hear others ſpeak, with an exceſſive Regard for Men in exalted Stations, eſpecially Sovereign Princes; who in Fact, ſeem only entitled to our Veneration in proportion to their real Merit; or, in other Words, according to the more or leſs Good they do to thoſe who live under them.

For this very Reaſon, I did not always think proper to obſerve that Rule; and now and then left my Author entirely to his own Sincerity: For Inſtance, in the Caſe of the two late Emperors *Leopold* and *Joſeph*, Father and Son, whoſe Characters he has drawn with the utmoſt Freedom. But then, they appeared to me to reſemble ſo much the Originals, and ſo perfectly anſwered the Idea which Hiſtory has given us of theſe two Princes, that I could not allow myſelf the Liberty of ſoftning even the moſt inconſiderable Feature in their Pictures.

But if Monſieur *de Blainville* be inexorable, in expoſing the real Defects of ſome Sovereigns, I muſt do him the Juſtice to obſerve, that he ſhows no leſs Impartiality with Regard to the eminent Virtues of others. In the Courſe of his Travels, he met with ſeveral whom he repreſents under ſuch amiable Colours, that the Reader is almoſt tempted to worſhip them, as ſo many living Images of the Supreme Being, as Tutelar Angels ſent among Mankind, in order to make them as happy, as it is poſſible for Men to be in this World.

As I never had the Advantage of being acquainted with our Author, I am by no means able to anſwer the Expectation of the Public, who, doubtleſs would be very deſirous to learn ſome Particulars of his Life. We generally are fond of knowing every thing, and even the minuteſt Circumſtances, relating to a Man whoſe Lucubrations have afforded us ſome Amuſement or Inſtruction. But all my Endeavours to gratify the Reader in that Particular have hitherto proved unſucceſsful.

What

What I could gather from all my Enquiries amounts to this. Monſieur *de Blainville* was born in the Province of *Picardy* in *France*. Having apply'd himſelf cloſely, in his younger Years, to the moſt uſeful Branches of Learning, eſpecially Polite Literature, he left his Native Country, on account of the Revocation of the famous Edict of *Nants*, in 1686, and retired into *Holland*. Here he lived ſome Years; and was ſent in 1693, to *Madrid*, in Quality of Secretary to the *States General*'s Embaſſy, when *Myn-heer van Citters* was Embaſſador at that Court. This Poſt, of very great Truſt, he filled with Diſtinction four Years at leaſt; and then quitted it on account of the Death of the ſaid Miniſter *. From *Spain* he came directly to *London*, where having reſided a conſiderable Time without any Employment, he was at laſt invited, by a Gentleman of Diſtinction, † to accompany his two Sons in making, what they call, *the Grand Tour of Europe*. He joyfully accepted this Offer, as it gave him a freſh Opportunity of ſeeing the World; eſpecially that Part of it which he had not yet viſited, I mean *Italy*. In a Word, he ſpent no leſs than four Years in this delightful Journey, which afforded him the Materials of the curious and entertaining Collection I now offer the Public, and of which I ſhall here give an Account.

This Account, I imagine, will be more acceptable, and of greater Uſe to the Reader, than any Particulars I might have collected concerning the Author's Life. Strictly ſpeaking, we are concerned only with his Works; and by a thorough Knowledge of them, we ſhall be far better acquainted with his true Character, than if we had had a perſonal Acquaintance with him: Nothing being more certain, than that an Author can ſcarce avoid drawing himſelf to the Life in his Writings. And as I have peruſed thoſe before us a very conſiderable Time, and with all poſſible Attention, I preſume that I am thereby enabled to give the Reader a compleat Satisfaction in that Reſpect.

This Work is written by way of Journal, or in an exact Chronological Order. 'Twas Mr. *de Blainville*'s Cuſtom to ſet down his Hints daily, and ſend, at Intervals, to a learned Correſpondent in *England*, an Account of the ſeveral Particulars which had happened to him, as well as of the various remarkable Objects he had met with in the Courſe of his Travels. He looked upon this Method as the eaſieſt and moſt natural, and as giving him the Opportunity of treating with Wit and Humour, the ſeveral Subjects handled by him. In this Epiſtolary Style a Writer may deliver himſelf with a peculiar Life and Spirit; be cheerful, and rally as much

* The Reader may well imagine, that our ingenious Traveller could not reſide ſo long in that Kingdom, without making a vaſt Number of curious Remarks upon it: And this he had actually done, as appears by ſeveral Paſſages of this Work. But the Ship that carried to *Holland* the Corpſe of the late Embaſſador, and on board of which were his Papers, was unfortunately caſt away. By this Accident we are deprived of his Obſervations; a Loſs the more to be lamented, as that Country is ſeldom frequented by Travellers, and conſequently very little known.

† Mr. *Blathwait*, then Secretary at War. The Eldeſt of his two Sons is dead, and the Second, a very worthy Gentleman, is now Colonel in the King's Horſe Guards.

as he pleaſes; now and then make his Friend ſpeak in his Turn; ſtart a Difficulty, or raiſe an Objection; in order to give him an Occaſion of anſwering the one, and reſolving the other. In ſhort, he may ſay a thouſand pleaſant Things, which would ſcarce be ſuffered in a Diſſertation, or in a mere Hiſtorical Relation.

This of our Traveller is amazing on many Accounts, eſpecially with Regard to the endleſs Variety of curious Subjects contained in it. 'Tis unaccountable to me, how he could have leiſure enough to put his Materials together, to range them in ſuch Order, and deſcribe them with the extreme Accuracy, which is ſo remarkable throughout his whole Work. I know by my own Experience how difficult it is, amidſt the Toils, Fatigues, and numberleſs Diſtractions which are inſeparable from a long Journey; and that confuſed Multitude of Objects which offer themſelves to the Eye and Mind of a curious Traveller, for him to ſet down every thing conſiderable he meets with. But the Truth is, Monſieur *de Blainville* was one in ten thouſand; a Man equally ſagacious and indefatigable. He was beſides, ſober and temperate in the higheſt Degree, he ſeldom allowing himſelf even the moſt lawful Pleaſures of Life. Thus he found Time, when other Travellers can ſcarce find any, and theſe invaluable Moments he improved uſefully at Home; he, whenever he had loſt a few Days, ſometimes ſpending whole Nights in enriching and adorning his Compoſition.

The more I peruſe it, the more I am convinced, that it far exceeds whatever has been hitherto publiſhed of this Kind. Our Author ſeems to have poſſeſſed, by Nature and by the ſtrongeſt Application, all the Qualifications requiſite in One, who intends to communicate his Obſervations to the World. In the firſt Place, he was Maſter of moſt Modern Languages, at leaſt of ſuch *European* ones as are generally eſteemed the moſt uſeful. He underſtood *Engliſh*, *French*, *German*, *Dutch*, *Spaniſh* and *Italian* almoſt equally well. Thus qualified, he could inform himſelf, by Reading and Converſation, of a numberleſs Multitude of Particulars, which muſt neceſſarily have eſcaped the Obſervation of other Travellers, who were commonly deficient in that Reſpect. He alſo was thoroughly enabled to enliven, as he has frequently done, Narratives, with his agreeable and uſeful Quotations, and to ſpeak of every thing with uncommon Accuracy. For want of it, how ſtrangely have many Hiſtorians, and Writers of Travels diſguiſed numberleſs Names of Places, as well as of Men and Things? How aukardly have they often copied Paſſages of Authors, Inſcriptions, and ſuch like, that happened to be writ in a Tongue to which they were utter Strangers? But here, I may aſſert with Confidence, that every thing is correct; and that the Author's Orthography is unqueſtionable in the ſeveral Languages above-mentioned.

As to thoſe commonly called, the Learned ones, I mean the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages, every Page of his Work demonſtrates how familiar they were

were to him. Witneſs the numberleſs Quotations, and happy Applications made by him of the moſt beautiful Paſſages in ancient Writers, eſpecially the Poets, which he explains on thoſe Occaſions, and thereby adorns almoſt every Subject treated of by him. The late ingenious Mr. *Addiſon*, an the ſhort Account of his Travels, had diſtinguiſhed himſelf thereby in a peculiar Manner; and yet that excellent Writer is not, I dare venture to affirm, any way comparable, in this Reſpect, to Monſieur *de Blainville* *.

Next to Languages, the Knowledge of Geography and Chronology, of Hiſtory Ancient and Modern, are highly neceſſary to a Traveller, and in all theſe Branches of Learning our Author excelled. Nothing can be more entertaining than to follow him from one Province to another, and from Town to Town; to hear him give an exact Account of their Situation, of their Paſt and Preſent, their Civil and Eccleſiaſtical State, as well as of the various Revolutions they have undergone. One cannot but admire the Strength of his Memory, which furniſhes him, upon almoſt every Subject, with ſome curious hiſtorical Fact, and the Judiciouſneſs with which he applies it. The *Roman* Hiſtory, in particular, he had ſtudied with a more than ordinary Attention; inſomuch, that he had compoſed a delightful Abridgment of it, which I have by me; and may, perhaps, one Day communicate to the Public.

Our Author was equally well verſed in moſt of the Liberal Arts; ſuch as Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Fortifications, &c. This is evident from the very accurate Deſcriptions he gives of the magnificent Buildings, Ancient and Modern, Sacred and Prophane, which he ſo frequently meets with, eſpecially in *Italy*; as well as of the many ſtrong Towns, whoſe Works he deſcribes, and very often diſcants upon, with as much Art and Skill as the ableſt Engineer could have done.

His Diligence and Accuracy are likewiſe remarkable in many other Inſtances: In his copying an endleſs Number of curious Inſcriptions and Epitaphs, ancient and modern, moſt of which had never been publiſhed, and ſome very imperfectly: In giving a full and judicious Account of the moſt famous Libraries, Cabinets of Curioſities, Collections of Medals: Of great Men both dead and living, Princes, Generals, Scholars, Artiſts: Of the Courts of many Sovereigns, of their Character, their Miniſters, Politics, Revenues; in ſhort, of every thing uſeful and entertaining. And in treating of theſe ſeveral Particulars, he ever ſhews a ſuperior Taſte and Judgment.

His very Digreſſions are extremely entertaining and inſtructive: Witneſs the many Anecdotes, or ſecret Hiſtories, ſcattered up and down his Work: His judicious Remarks upon the Government of *Venice*, and his hiſtorical Detail concerning the ſeveral Changes it has undergone, from

* *Mr.* Addiſon's *Book had juſt made its firſt Appearance in Public, when Mr.* de Blainville *was at* Vienna, *and returning to* England *after his Travels. Sir* Philip Meadows, *then* Britiſh *Miniſter at that Court, lent it him, and deſired his Remarks upon it; Mr.* de Blainville *did accordingly; all which critical Obſervations will be ſeen together in the laſt Volume of this Work. I thought it neceſſary to mention this, on account of the Uniformity of both Authors in quoting and applying ſeveral Paſſages from ancient Writers; and thereby to prevent a Suſpicion which otherwiſe might have ariſen, as tho' Monſieur* de Blainville *had copied Mr.* Addiſon,

Time to Time: His accurate Deſcription of Mount *Veſuvius*, with his Account of its ſeveral dreadful Eruptions: His Experiments upon the Lakes of *Conſtance* and *Geneva*, in the Neighbourhood of *Naples*, at *Pouzzol*, and in the *Solfatare*; and a Multitude of Subjects of this Kind, all highly worthy a Reader's Attention.

But what ſeems to crown his Performance, is the Vein of judicious Criticiſm which runs through every Part of it. Many learned Travellers had gone before him in the ſame Career, and publiſhed their Obſervations; ſuch as the Author of the *Mercurius Italicus*, a *German* named *Pflaumeren*, whoſe Work was printed at *Lyons*, in 1628: The anonymous Writer of Travels through *France* and *Italy*, printed at *Paris* in 1667: *Jouvin de Rochfort*, who viſited moſt Parts of *Europe*, by Order (as he ſays) of *Lewis* XIV: *Huguetan* a famous Lawyer of *Paris*: Meſſieurs *Charles Patin* and *Spon*: Father *Mabillon*, and Monſ. *Miſſon*: Among the *Engliſh*, Dr. *Burnet*, late Biſhop of *Saliſbury*; *Richard Laſſels* a *Romiſh* Prieſt; Mr. *Addiſon*, and a few others. Now Monſieur *de Blainville* has made it his Buſineſs to follow theſe ſeveral Authors Step by Step, and to rectify all their Miſtakes. And, I will not ſcruple to affirm, that he has performed this difficult Part of his Taſk with ſuch a Juſtneſs and Solidity of Reaſoning, as ſeems irreſiſtibly to extort the Aſſent of the Reader, who is amazed at ſeeing the numberleſs Overſights and Errors of theſe otherwiſe moſt ingenious Writers.

To compleat our Author's Character, and conſequently that of his Work, I cannot forbear taking particular notice of four other valuable Qualifications, that conſtantly ſhine in him; and which, in my humble Opinion, gave him the Preeminence over all other Travellers I have hitherto met with: I mean, his judging with Impartiality of all Nations: His being by no means a Bigot: His not having the leaſt Tendency to Libertiniſm; and his being a ſworn Enemy to Slavery and Arbitrary Power.

He judges with ſo much Impartiality of all Nations, that were it not for his Language and the Purity of his Diction, it would be extremely difficult to find out what Part of the World he was born in; he never exalting his own Nation above others, and always expreſſing himſelf like a true Citizen of the World. Few of his Countrymen leave their native Soil, to view other Parts of *Europe*; and many of thoſe who do, are ſo puffed up with Self-Conceit, that they ſeem to have ſcarce any other Deſign, than meerly to deſpiſe all other Nations; and to talk contemptuouſly both of their Languages and Manners. Our Traveller, on the contrary, perceives, in all Countries and Places viſited by him, many Maxims, Practices, &c. which appear to him praiſe-worthy; though he, at the ſame time, takes notice of whatever is evidently ridiculous and vicious. In ſhort, go wherever he will, he finds, even in the moſt ſavage and moſt unfrequented Places, rational, good-natured, and even polite People; ſuch as, perhaps, are no ways inferior to thoſe who ſet themſelves up for the ſole, the perfect Models of fine Breeding and good Manners.

I own that he has made pretty free with the Character of the *Italians*, and with that of the *Romans* in particular. But how could he do otherwiſe? As an honeſt Traveller, as a ſincere Hiſtorian, it ſurely was incumbent upon him to mention, and conſequently to cenſure the moſt notorious Vices of that Nation, ſuch as are almoſt peculiar to it. Yet, even on thoſe Occaſions, he has kept within due Bounds, and gone far ſhort of many *Italian* Writers themſelves. This is evident from the many long and curious Paſſages cited by him, at the End of his Article of *Rome*, from thoſe Authors, who were all excellent Poets.

Such as don't underſtand *Latin*, will perhaps be diſpleaſed to ſee ſo great a Collection of Verſes, in that Language, in one Place. However, by only turning over a few Leaves they may eaſily get rid of them. But thoſe to whom that Language is familiar, will, I am pretty confident, be highly delighted with the Sight. By thoſe beautiful Specimens they will perceive, in the firſt Place, that Modern *Italy* is not deſtitute of very ingenious *Latin* Poets, who almoſt equal, if not thoſe of the *Auguſtan* Age, at leaſt ſuch as flouriſhed under his immediate Succeſſors. In the next Place, thoſe beautiful Paſſages prove, that, even in the preſent degenerate State of the *Italians*, there ſtill exiſts among them a conſiderable Number of Men of Honour, who, ſo far from ſharing in the ſcandalous Vices of their Countrymen, have the noble Aſſurance, vigorouſly to oppoſe the Torrent of Corruption; and to fulminate againſt it with a Zeal and Fervour worthy of the Primitive Chriſtians.

But to return, I obſerved in the ſecond Place, that Monſieur *de Blainville*, was no ways a Bigot; ſo far from it, he perpetually, exclaims with the utmoſt Vehemence, againſt Bigotry in all Parties without exception. In his Opinion, (which indeed is that of all thinking Men) Superſtition deſtroys the very Foundation of Religion; at the ſame time that 'tis the Bane of all uſeful Knowledge, and of every Moral Virtue. It even deprives thoſe who are enſlaved by it of moſt, if not all, their worldly Advantages, by perſuading them to ſacrifice their Wealth to a numberleſs Multitude of chimerical Objects of Devotion.

But in inveighing againſt it, our Author never enters into a ſerious Argument, as thinking it would be intolerably tedious to act the Part of a Controverſiſt; and do too much Honour to ſuperſtitious People, gravely to diſpute againſt them. In ſhort, he treats Superſtition as it ought only, in my Opinion, to be treated; I mean, by burleſquing and ridiculing it. And this he has ever done with great Wit and Humour; conſequently, that Part of his Work will neceſſarily be very entertaining.

Libertiniſm is the oppoſite Extreme to Bigotry, and with that, as I obſerved in the third Place, Mr. *de Blainville* was not in the leaſt tainted. 'Tis my firm Opinion that our Author, in Matters of Religion, as in all other Things, thought like a true Philoſopher; that is, with perfect Freedom, and without confining himſelf to any particular Creed. But then, I muſt do him the Juſtice to obſerve, that he never attacks, directly or indirectly, any of thoſe which are commonly received among the true Chri-

ſtian Churches. Much leſs does he ever attempt to ſap any of thoſe Doctrines, which are generally conſidered as Fundamentals, or as the Baſis of our preſent or future Happineſs. On the contrary, we often hear him inveigh againſt Atheiſts, and ſuch who deny the Immortality of the Soul; whoſe Number (ſays he) is prodigious, even in that Country which pretends to be the very Center of Chriſtianity. And, with regard to Morality, nothing can exceed the Purity of his Notions in that particular; conſtantly ſpeaking like a Man of ſtrict Honour and Virtue. Thus nothing will be found, in this whole Work, that can in the leaſt corrupt the Mind, or rather which does not tend to produce a quite contrary Effect.

Laſtly, I aſſert, that our Traveller appears, on all Occaſions, a ſworn Enemy to Slavery, and Arbitrary Power of every Kind; a Circumſtance which cannot but recommend him highly to this Free Nation. Having ſpent far the greateſt Part of his Life in *Holland* and *England*, he thus had long been an Eye-Witneſs to the invaluable Liberty, and conſequently to the Happineſs with which both theſe Countries are bleſſed. Now from theſe fortunate Regions he, on a ſudden as it were, enters many others, where Things are upon a quite different Foot. To ſeveral of them Nature has been extremely bountiful in every Reſpect; and yet moſt of them are very thinly peopled, and their Inhabitants miſerable in the higheſt Degree; a Circumſtance which is wholly owing to the conſtant Oppreſſion of their deſpotick Government. No Wonder therefore, that he ſhould entertain, at the Sight of theſe melancholy Objects, an utter Averſion to the true and only Cauſe which neceſſarily produces them.

But of all Tyrannies, that of the Church appeared to him moſt intolerable; and, unluckily, the Hiſtory of that Church in all Ages and Places, abundantly proves that he is not miſtaken. The Prieſtly Government is the more burthenſome, as its Power extends over every thing; over our Minds, as well as over our Bodies and Eſtates. Its poiſonous Influences are obvious in numberleſs Parts of the Globe, but much more in *Italy*, and particularly in the Pope's Dominions. That beautiful Country, which formerly could ſcarce contain its Inhabitants; which, by its Fertility and a vaſt many other Advantages, might have been crouded with People to this Day, is now either a frightful Solitude, or interſperſed with a few Inhabitants who lead a miſerable Life. Now, their ſad State could not but ſtrongly affect a generous and humane Traveller, and put him often upon extolling to the Skies the Prudence and Felicity of thoſe Nations, who have ſtruggled hard for, and luckily preſerved, their ſpiritual and temporal Liberty.

Such, in my humble Opinion, is the true Character of Monſieur *de Blainville*, and that of his Travels. As to the Stile, it is pure, elegant, lively, and full of Humour; and therefore, in Juſtice to ſo valuable a Work, it ought naturally to have been firſt publiſhed in *French*; nothing being more certain, than that the beſt of Tranſlations, can ſcarce ever come up to the Beauties of the Original. For which Reaſon many People would, no doubt, have read it with much more Satisfaction in *French* than in *Engliſh*. But as the

the Number of thoſe who underſtand the former Tongue is very inconſiderable in this Country, compared to thoſe who do not, I thought it my Duty to pay a due Regard to the Majority of the Readers.

Beſides, had I done otherwiſe, and this Work meeting with ſo favourable a Reception from the Public, the natural Conſequence would have been this: It would ſoon have been tranſlated into *Engliſh* by another Hand; and pyrated, at the ſame Time, beyond Sea: Whereby I ſhould have been deprived, in a great meaſure, of the Fruit of my Labours; and conſequently not have been indemnified for the vaſt Expence I have been at, in purchaſing, fitting for the Preſs, and publiſhing this valuable Manuſcript.

Having mentioned my Labours, it may not be improper to give a ſhort Account of them. My firſt Care was, conſiderably to abridge this Work, which, though ſtill very extenſive, was, at leaſt, one Fourth larger when it came to my Hands. The Author did not, it ſeems, at firſt intend it for the Preſs; and as he wrote to a Friend who was deſirous to be acquainted with every Particular, how minute ſoever, which happened to him in his Journey, he, in Compliance to his Requeſt, uſed to ſet down in his Journal a Multitude of Incidents, which might be very acceptable in familiar Letters, but would perhaps appear too trifling in a printed Book. For Inſtance: He informed his Correſpondent of all Parties of Pleaſure, Entertainments, Balls in which he had been engaged; as well as of the ſeveral Operas, Plays, of which he had been a Spectator; of almoſt every Perſon, high or low, he had been acquainted with; and of his many Converſations with them: In ſhort, of the various Illneſſes, and ſuch like Accidents which had befallen him or his Fellow-Travellers.

I muſt confeſs, that I myſelf peruſed theſe little Particulars with great Pleaſure, becauſe moſt of them were related with Wit and Humour. But then, reflecting on the Size of the Work; and conſidering that many Readers might not be of the ſame Taſte with myſelf, and conſequently would diſlike thoſe numerous and long Digreſſions concerning Matters of no real Uſe, I thought it incumbent upon me to retrench theſe Superfluities. But this was a very difficult Taſk: To ſuppreſs, in a voluminous Work, a numberleſs Multitude of Paſſages, and then to rejoin the various ſevered Members; to connect them together ſo as to appear in a natural and eaſy Order, could not be well performed without great Toil and Labour.

There were ſeveral other very conſiderable Defects in this Work, which muſt have rendered it very tedious. The whole was written in an uninterrupted Strain, without proper Stops or Diviſions; and even without Marginal Notes or the Contents of the ſeveral Paragraphs, at leaſt, of accurate ones; a Thing ſo highly neceſſary in Works of all Kinds, eſpecially in one of this Length. In fine, the Paragraphs themſelves were either very ill divided, or of an exceſſive Length. Now, the ſupplying of all theſe Defects required vaſt Application, and took up very near two Years of my Time.

Shall

Shall I dare add, that as I have abridged this Performance conſiderably, I alſo have ventured to extend and enlarge, here and there, ſome Paſſages, which appeared to me either too conciſe, or not to explain ſufficiently the Author's Meaning; and even to correct others where I was ſure he was miſtaken.

Nay farther, I now and then have been ſo free as to introduce, in the Body of the Work, ſome Obſervations of my own, which I imagined would add ſome little Luſtre to it, and render it more acceptable to the Public. I ſhall give only one Inſtance, and that a pretty remarkable one, of this Kind. The Diſſertation upon the *pretended Continence* of *Alexander the Great*, and of *Scipio Africanus*, and found under the Article of *Augſburg*, is not by Monſieur *de Blainville*. He, indeed, hinted that curious Subject to me, and furniſhed me with the two moſt material Quotations contained in it; *viz.* that of *Valerius Antias* and *Nævius*: And upon this ſlight Foundation, conſiſting but of a very few Lines, I raiſed the whole Superſtructure, which, with the other Interpolations of mine, will not, I hope, prove diſagreeable.

Having mentioned this, I cannot forbear obſerving, that though our Author cited *Valerius Antias*'s own Words upon this Subject, he yet did not inform us of the Source from whence he had taken that moſt important Paſſage, which decides the whole Controverſy concerning *Scipio*'s Continence and Moderation towards the *Iberian* or *Spaniſh* Princeſs. After many Reſearches, I at laſt was enabled to ſupply this Omiſſion, and found, that it was *Aulus Gellius*, (*Noct. Att.* Lib. VI. Cap. 8.) and he only, who had preſerved this invaluable Fragment of an Hiſtorian, whoſe Works are otherwiſe entirely loſt, though he was in very high Eſteem among the Ancients. And this Paſſage, as well as the Satyrical Verſes of *Nævius* againſt *Scipio*, are found in a more Modern Writer, who has collected all the Fragments of ancient Hiſtorians, particularly thoſe of our *Valerius Antias* *.

The copious Index added to this Volume, and thoſe which I propoſe to annex to each of the ſucceeding ones, is the laſt, and perhaps not the leaſt difficult Part of my Taſk. The Want of an exact Table of proper Names, Things, &c. in moſt of our Modern Books is, methinks, an intolerable Defect; and no Book, perhaps, ever ſtood more in need of ſuch an Aid than Monſieur *de Blainville*'s Travels. They contain a vaſt Variety of important Particulars, which a curious Reader is fond of having always ready at Hand; and within Call, as it were: And a compleat Index, ſuch as this I hope will be found, is the only Way to procure him that Satisfaction.

It may be proper to inform the Public, that, beſides the preſent large Work, our Author had compoſed another, which, though much ſmaller, will perhaps be found no leſs entertaining; I mean, a very curious Hiſtory of the Republic of *Geneva*. He ſpent, upon his Travels, four Years in all; fifteen or ſixteen Months of which, he paſſed in that celebrated City. The

* *Riccobonus* De Hiſtoria, p. 429.

Con-

Conſequence of ſo long an Abode was, that he was neceſſarily obliged to break off the Thread of his Journal: For how could he continue it in a City, where the way of Living is pretty uniform; and in which Curioſities, ſuch as Antiquities, magnificent Buildings, and ſuch like, are not very numerous?

Under thoſe Circumſtances, Monſieur *de Blainville*, being ever averſe to Idleneſs, reſolved one way or other to make amends for this Suſpenſion, and advantageouſly to fill up this great Chaſm of his Work. Accordingly, he, with Pleaſure and Induſtry, made uſe of a full Permiſſion, which was granted him by ſome of the Principal Magiſtrates of *Geneva*, to look into and ſearch all the Monuments and ſecret Archives of that City. He then, by a conſtant Application, collected a vaſt Number of Materials, ſuch as remarkable Facts, curious Anecdotes, &c. which having diſgeſted maturely, he put them at laſt into a natural, chronological Order, and thus formed this valuable Piece of Hiſtory. Since it came to my Hands, it has been peruſed by ſeveral very ingenious *Genevans* ſettled in this Country, and they all admired it. I therefore preſume it won't be amiſs, to annex this ſhort, but very entertaining Account, to the preſent Work.

The Hiſtory in Queſtion contains a moſt exact Narrative of the ancient and modern State of that ſmall but renowned Republic; of its numberleſs Differences with the Dukes of *Savoy*, and its Alliances with other neighbouring Powers: A very accurate Journal of the great Revolution which happened there in the ſixteenth Century, when the Inhabitants ſhook off the Yoke of their Biſhops, and that of *Rome*. Then follows, a very particular Deſcription of the City and Territory of *Geneva*; of its excellent popular Government, and its admirable Police, which might very well ſerve for a Model to many other States.

Our Author, as well as many other Travellers, ſeems to have been quite in love with *Geneva*; and therefore 'tis no Wonder that he ſhould not omit any thing which may ſet it off; that he is never tired with enumerating the ſeveral Excellencies of that delightful little State; and with exhibiting in its ſtrongeſt Light, the amiable Character of its Magiſtracy and Inhabitants.

He concludes this agreeable Account, with a very judicious Criticiſm upon the celebrated Monſieur *Spon*'s Hiſtory of that Republic, which is crouded with Blunders and groſs Miſtakes.

But theſe Remarks are ſufficient to give the Public a compleat Idea of our whole Work, which, if I am not very much miſtaken, will equally pleaſe two Kinds of Readers, though of different, nay quite oppoſite Characters. The firſt Sort are young, active, vigorous Perſons, who fear none of the Toils and Fatigues inſeparable from long Travels: The ſecond, being more advanced in Years, and commonly indolent, would think themſelves in a manner undone, were they to remove ever ſo little a Diſ-

tance from their native Country. The former, by reading this Relation, where ſo many curious Particulars are naturally deſcribed, will, in all Probability, be ſtrongly excited to viſit them: The latter, no leſs deſirous of Information, will be highly delighted to find, that our Author, by his accurate Deſcriptions, has ſaved them this Trouble; and that, without ſtirring from their Fire-ſide, they may be Spectators, as it were, of that immenſe Variety of pleaſing Objects drawn from the Life.

With Regard to myſelf, I freely confeſs, that I am one of the Latter; and conſequently, in a particular Manner obliged to our ingenious Traveller. My Curioſity is ſo fully ſatisfied, by his lively Pictures, that I could ſcarce be prevailed upon to go and view the Originals upon the Spot, though I ſhould be enabled to do it with all imaginable Conveniency.

THE

SUISSE or SWITZERLAND

Together with their Allies & Subjects &c.

By H. Moll Geographer

CAN. Canton.
Cou. County.
Bal. Bailywick.
Ter. Territory.
Æ. Abbey.

0 5 10 20 30 40
English Miles

Pag. 255.

PART OF GERMANY

P. OF FRANCE

BOUR-
GOGNE

SWABIA

ALSACE

TIROL

PART OF SAVOY

P. OF PIEMONT

PART OF MILAN

PART OF VENICE

Rhine R.
Danube R.
Inn R.
Etsch R.
Adda R.
Lake of Geneve
Lake of Constance
Lake of Zurich
Lake of 4 Can.
Lake Magiore
Lake di Como
Alpes Mountains
Lantza R.
Aouste
Mt. St. Bernard
Grimsel
Furca
Splugen
Bernardin
Julier Berg
Albula R.
Engadine
Valais County
Grisons
League of the House of God
League
Jurisdictions
Basel
Zurich
Lucern
Berne
Fribourg
Soleurn
Schaffhausen
St. Gallen
Appenzel
Glaris
Uri
Schweitz
Underwalden
Zug
Valais
Geneve
Rep.
Lausanne
Neufchatel
Constance
Lindow
Bergentz
Balgach
Oberriedt
Feldkirch
Alt Sax County
Pludentz
Meyenfelt
Leaguer
Riemus
Zernetz
Bormio County
Cepina
Grosotto
Tiran
Edolo
Chiavenna
Riva
Trecco
Como
Lugano
Locarno
Bellentz
Domo d'Osula
Lake Magiore
Palanza
Deredro
Val Magia
Val Telina
Val Sonderi
Val Leventina
Val Blegno
Val Maggia
Val Camonica
Val Trompia
Val Codelago
Val Solda
Val Mendrisio
Val Brenta
Val Lugano
Val Intelvi
Val Blenio
Val Formazza
Val Tavetsch
Val Bregaglia
Val Poschiavo
Val Munster
Val Engelberg
Val Gastern
Val Lauterbrun
Val Crindelwald
Val Sanen
Val Gessenay
Val Simmenthal
Val Ormont
Val Illiez
Val Entremont
Val Bagnes
Val Herens
Val Anniviers
Val Tourtemagne
Val Conches
Val Hasli
Val Urseren
Val Leventina
Val Blegno
Val Maggia
Val Camonica
Val Trompia
Val Codelago
Val Solda
Val Mendrisio
Val Brenta
Val Lugano
Val Intelvi
Val Blenio
Val Formazza
Val Tavetsch
Val Bregaglia
Val Poschiavo
Val Munster
Val Engelberg
Val Gastern
Val Lauterbrun
Val Crindelwald
Val Sanen
Val Gessenay
Val Simmenthal
Val Ormont
Val Illiez
Val Entremont
Val Bagnes
Val Herens
Val Anniviers
Val Tourtemagne
Val Conches
Val Hasli
Val Urseren

TRAVELS

THROUGH

Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, &c.

———*Ire quò vult fortis, terraſque per omnes*
Currere, diverſos hominum perpendere mores,
Diverſos ſpectare locos, & vivere ubique :
Quælibet urbs totuſque orbis patria eſſe videtur
Egregio, fortique viro. ———

MARCELLUS PALINGENIUS.

SIR,

I HAVE examined upon the Spot all the Accounts of the *United Provinces* which have been publiſhed, that by Mr. *Miſſon*, very lately, in particular, and I find them ſo full of *Faults of Omiſſion and Commiſſion*, to uſe a favourite Phraſe of Mr. *Bayle* ; ſo unaccurate, or ſo deficient ; ſo imperfect in almoſt every Matter of Conſequence, that it is by no means an unneceſſary Undertaking to correct their Errors, and ſupply their Defects, and to give a more full and exact Relation of this truly curious Country. One has no great Reaſon to expect more Accuracy in their Deſcriptions of other Parts of the World, there being none that better deſerves the Attention of Travellers than this. But, tho' I ſhould not find my Predeceſſors, who have given us their Travels, quite ſo faulty, when I come to compare their Deſcriptions of other Countries or States with the Originals ; ſince you were pleaſed at parting to deſire a Journal of mine, I

1705. *January.*

1705. *January.* shall, in Obedience to your Commands, send you from time to time the best Accounts I am able, of whatever seems to me most worthy of Observation, where I make any Stay, with Relation to Government, Policy, Religion, Manners, Arts, Commerce, Learning, Natural Curiosities, *&c.* In Truth I am obliged to you for laying this Task upon me; for while I consider myself as engaged to give you a faithful, and as satisfactory Information as I can, about every Thing of Moment; my Attention can never flag; but every Thing worth communicating to you will give me double Pleasure. I now send you some Miscellaneous Observations upon the *Netherlands*, in which many Mistakes, or Inaccuracies of Mr. *Misson* and others, who have described this Country are corrected: Afterwards you shall have a Journal continued in Form: We are soon to set out for *Germany*.

CHAP. I.

Of Rotterdam, *its Name and Origin. A Description of it. The Statue of* Erasmus. *Many Particulars of his Life. The great Church. Several Tombs of Admirals. The* Meuse.

ROTTERDAM. The Origin of its Name.

I Begin with the City of *Rotterdam*, which took its Name from its Situation, at the Mouth of a small River called *Rotte*: For *Dam* in the *Flemish* Tongue signifies a Bank, Mole, or Rampart: So that *Rotterdam* signifies the Mole, or Rampart of the River *Rotte*. I should not have made this Observation, which is indeed of very little Importance, if *Edward Brown*, a learned *English* Physician, had not said, that it derived its Name from one *Rotterus*, King of the *French*, who is interred here: But not to insist upon the Etymology just mentioned, which is much more natural, it is certain, that the name *Rotterus* is not to be found, neither in the fabulous nor in the true Chronology of the Kings of *France*.

Its Description.

The Harbour of this City is large, and divided into three Basons, in which there are at all Seasons, besides a great Number of Merchant-Ships, a good many Men of War of the Squadron of the *Meuse*: (for the Naval Force of the *States-General* of the *United Provinces* consists of five Squadrons, that of the *Meuse*, that of *Amsterdam*, that of *Zeland*, that of *North Holland*, and that of *Friesland*.) That Part of this Town which lies along the *Meuse*, is at present the best peopled, and most busy and mercantile; but every Corner of it is pretty much so. Yet it is quite an open City; its Fortifications being of no Consequence. It is however one of those which contributed the most towards the Establishment of the Common-wealth. All the Streets and Houses in it are exceeding neat, as they are indeed in all the Towns of *Holland* in general.

Erasmus.

Assuredly I ought not to miss putting you in mind, that the celebrated *Desiderius Erasmus*, one of the principal Restorers of polite Literature, was born here. His Mother conceived him at *Tergoud*, but for certain Reasons she came to *Rotterdam* to be brought to Bed. His vast Erudition emboldened him to attack the Infallibility of *Cicero* in the *Roman* Tongue, which the Learned

Learned of that Age so greatly revered; and he shewed several Spots in *that Sun of pure Latinity*, which none before him had discovered: This daring Attempt embroiled him in a Quarrel with *Scaliger* the *Father*, a great Admirer of *Cicero*; * and *his Highness of Verona* gained nothing in this Literary-Skirmish, but the Nickname of *Ciceronianus*. I am surprised that *Scaliger* should have been offended at a Modern for finding Fault with *Cicero*'s Language, since one of his extensive Learning could not be ignorant, that an Ancient had long ago charged him with having a Tincture of the *Savoyard*, as we learn from *Juvenal* in his 7th Satire.

He finds Fault with *Cicero*'s Stile.

> *Sed Ruffum atque alios cædit sua quæque juventas;*
> *Ruffum, qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.*

This *Ruffus* was, as you know very well, a famous Rhetorician, tho' born in *Gaul*, *Cicero*'s Cotemporary, and one of his Rivals, as well as the Orator *Hortensius*.

As to *Erasmus*, there never was any Person in the learned World who gave so much occasion to talk of him both Ways, *i. e.* good and bad. 'Tis not in our Days only that he has been railed against by all Parties: The *Calvinists* always accused him of having wish'd a Reformation much less rigid than theirs, and of entertaining no small Complaisance for *Rome*. The *Lutherans* could never forgive him for having said in his Writings, *Poteram in Lutheranâ factione esse Coryphæus; malui totius Germaniæ in me odia concitare quam à sacrosanctæ ecclesiæ consortio discedere.* This and some other such Expressions in his Works have made not a few suspect him of having ambitioned of a Cardinal's Hat; and the Monks of his Time, who were, the greater Part of them, very ignorant and debauched, charged him with Latitudinarianism and Impiety. There have however always been very many of all Sects who have greatly honoured him, and looked upon his Reputation as immortal.

Erasmus blamed by all Parties.

He was loaded with an Infinity of Presents by the Princes of his Time, whom he has celebrated in his Epistles. I have read some where, that when he went to the *French* Court, he desired that *Francis* I. (who was a great Patron of Learning;) might be told, *That a Stranger come from a Country where the Land is much lower than the Water, and the Inhabitants burn their Mother, desired the Honour of an Audience from his Majesty.* And that having obtained it, he told the King his Name, and thus explained this Riddle to him: That without the very strong Banks, which the *Dutch* support at a vast Expence, the Sea would soon lay their whole Country under Water; and the Fuel they commonly use is Turf, dug out of the Earth, the common Mother of Mankind. This Prince caress'd him not a little, entertained him with great Respect at his Court for a considerable Time, and honoured him with very distinguishing Presents.

He was well received at the Court of *France*.

* The Translator begs leave, out of Regard to *Cicero*'s Writings, to observe, that *Erasmus* having contracted some Prejudices against *Cicero* when young, made a Recantation of them when old, in a Letter to his Friend *Ulatenus*. See *Eras. Ep. ad Jo. Ulat. in Cic. Tusc. Quæst.* and Dr. *Middleton*'s Preface to his Life of *Cicero*, p. 32.

A pleaſant Trick the King of *England* played him.

Henry VIII. King of *England*, did him the Honour to write ſeveral Letters to him with his own Hand, in which he earneſtly entreated him to come to his Court, that he might confer with him about the Change he had made in his Kingdom with Regard to Religion. *Eraſmus* obey'd, and went into *England*; and this Prince, who was naturally haughty, and of very difficult Acceſs, received him in the moſt gracious Manner. They ſpent ſeveral Days in Conference about the Reformation of the Clergy, the greater Part of whom lived very ſcandalouſly; and it is believed that this learned Man gave Advices to the Monarch, which he happily followed. When *Eraſmus* was about to return into his own Country, the King gave him new Marks of his Favour, and preſented him with a hundred *Angels* of Gold, which at that Time made a very conſiderable Sum: But he ſent private Orders under his own Hand to the Cuſtom-houſe at *Graveſend*, which viſits the Baggage of all who leave *England*, to take his Money from him, under Pretence of executing the Law which forbids exporting more Money out of *England* than is barely neceſſary for one's Expence to the firſt Sea-port he intends to land at. This Order being punctually obeyed, *Eraſmus* returned to *London*, and went to the King, who aſk'd him with a Smile, what was the Reaſon of his ſudden Return. *Eraſmus* told the King his Adventure with a very melancholy Tone. His Majeſty laughed moſt heartily, and commended the Diligence of his Officers. In fine, after diverting himſelf a while with this Frolick, he owned to him, that it was done by his Order; made him a Preſent of another hundred *Angels*, with Proviſions of all Sorts for his Voyage, and commanded a *Paſſ-port* to be given him, with Orders to the Cuſtom-houſe of *Graveſend* to reſtore him the hundred *Angels* they had taken from him. And thus *Eraſmus* went back to *Holland*, charmed with his gracious Reception, and the Honours the King of *England* had done him; and with two hundred *Angels* of Gold in his Purſe.

His braſs Statue.

A braſs Statue of this very learned Man is one of the principal Curioſities in *Rotterdam*. It ſtands in the great Market-place, and is as big as the Life; it has for Drapery a long Gown, and a Doctor's Bonnet on its Head, and holds an open Book. It was erected by Order of the Magiſtracy in Memory of this moſt illuſtrious Citizen, with this Inſcription in Capital Letters.

DESIDERIO. ERASMO.

And its Inſcription.

MAGNO. SCIENTIARUM. ATQUE. LITTERATURAE. POLITIORIS. VINDICI. ET. INSTAURATORI. VIRO. SAECULI. SUI. PRIMARIO. CIVI. OMNIUM. PRAESTANTISSIMO. AC. NOMINIS. IMMORTALITATEM. SCRIPTIS. AEVITERNIS. JURE. CONSECUTO. S.P.Q. ROTTERODAMUS. NE. QUOD. TANTIS. APUD. SE. SUOS. QUE. POSTEROS. VIRTUTIBUS. PRAEMIUM. DEESSET. STATUAM. HANC. EX. AERE. PUBLICO. ERIGENDAM. CURAVERUNT.

On

1705. *January.* ROTTERDAM.

On the Front of the Pedeſtal to the Left are the following Verſes :

Barbariæ talem ſe debellator ERASMUS,
Maxima laus Batavi nominis, ore tulit.
Reddidit en fatis ars obluctata ſiniſtris,
De tanto ſpolium nacta quod urna viro eſt.
Ingenii coeleſte jubar, majuſque caduco
Tempore qui reddat, ſolus ERASMUS erit.

This City had firſt of all ſet up a Statue of Wood in Honour of *Eraſmus :* One of Stone was erected afterwards ; and laſt of all that of Braſs, which ſtill ſubſiſts, in 1622. He died at *Baſle* in 1536. *Mandeſlo* in his Voyage of *Holland* places the Birth of *Eraſmus* in 1457, and makes this great Man ten Years older than he was when he died.

Inſcriptions on the Houſe where *Eraſmus* was born.

Miſſon, who ſeems to value himſelf ſo much upon his Exactneſs, has not only not given us the Inſcription on the Pedeſtal of this Statue, but he has alſo omitted the two laſt Verſes of that on the Front of the Houſe where *Eraſmus* was born. Here it is at full Length.

Ædibus his ortus mundum decoravit ERASMUS
Artibus ingenuis, Religione, Fide.
Fatalis ſeries nobis invidit ERASMUM,
At DESIDERIUM tollere non potuit.

There is another Inſcription in *Flemiſh* on the ſame Front, with a Buſt of *Eraſmus*, and theſe four *Spaniſh* Verſes.

En eſta Caſa es naſcido
ERASMO Theologo celebrado,
Por Doctrina ſenalado
La pura Fe nos a revelado.

This Houſe viſited by ſeveral great Princes.

As mean and pitiful as this Houſe is, it has had the Honour to have been viſited by ſeveral great Princes, and amongſt others by *Philip* II. of *Spain :* This Monarch being at *Rotterdam* in the Year 1595 would needs ſee it, and accompanied by *Mary* Queen of *Hungary*, his Aunt, went into the Chamber where *Eraſmus* was born. But this Houſe, rendered ſo remarkable by the Birth of ſo conſiderable a Perſonage, is at preſent a little blind Tavern.

Tombs of three Admirals in the great Church. Of Admiral *de Wit.*

The ſame Traveller, in his Account of the great Church of *Rotterdam*, and its *formerly* hanging Tower, does not deign to take the leaſt Notice of three remarkable Tombs in it. The firſt is that of *Admiral Corneille de Wit*, built in the Form of an Altar, and adorned with Pillars of white Marble. There is a long *Latin* Inſcription on it in Praiſe of the Defunct, which informs us, among others Things, that this brave Man was Admiral for the

Space

1705. January. ROTTERDAM. Space of twenty Years, that he fought fifteen pitch'd Sea-Battles, *Rarò æquatâ clade, plerumque Victor & Triumphator.* He was killed by a Cannon-Ball in an Engagement with the *Swediſh* Fleet in the *Baltick*, in the Year 1658, the 8th of *November*; but not till he had maintained a very long and bloody Fight, and diſabled the Enemy's Admiral and Vice-Admirals.

Of Admiral *Cortenaer.* The ſecond is that of *Admiral Egbert de Cortenaer*; and it is alſo of Marble, and almoſt in the ſame Taſte of Building with that juſt mentioned. His Statue is of white Marble, and adorned with Armour of all Sorts: It lies ſtretched out at full Length, with his Head leaning upon a Cannon; the Battoon of Admiral is in his Hand; and the Helmet at his Feet: Over all which there is a magnificent Trophy of all Kinds of Arms; and upon the Statue there is the following Inſcription.

Herci incomparabili Egberto Bartholomæi à Cortenaer
Archi-Talaſſo. Hoc virtutis, & glorioſæ mortis Monumentum
Poſuere Nobiliſſimi Domini Præfecti rei maritimæ ad Moſam.

Of Admiral *Brakel.* The third and moſt remarkable, in one Senſe, is that of the famous Admiral *Brakel*, killed by a Shot from a Cannon in the Sea-fight, gained by the *French* in 1690. All the World knows that this Battle was loſt, and this brave Commander killed, becauſe Lord *Torrington*, Admiral of the *Engliſh* Fleet, which ought to have vigorouſly aſſiſted the *Dutch*, kept off during the Action, and contented himſelf to be a ſimple Spectator, ſuffered his Maſter's Allies to be beat without coming to their Aſſiſtance. It is true, at the Requeſt of the States-General, King *William*, of glorious Memory, made a Council of War call him to Account; but moſt of its Members being Friends or Creatures of *Torrington*, Means were found to exculpate him. Let us however return to Admiral *Brakel*. His Buſt is of white Marble; and his Epitaph on black Marble in Golden Letters, was wrote by the learned Profeſſor *Francius*, an excellent *Latin* Poet. Here it is.

Hoc tegitur ſaxo Brakelius *æquoris horror,*
Cui flamma & ferrum ceſſit, & unda maris.
Fallimur, an flammas & nunc vomat; adſpice, jamjam
Ferrea qui rupit vincula, rumpet humum.

The Beginning of the laſt Line alludes to *Brakel*'s undertaking to break through the Iron-Chains that were ſtretched acroſs the River *Miaway*; which that he accompliſhed is well known.

Rotterdam conſiderable for Trade. It is not true, as Mr. *Miſſon* aſſerts, *That* Rotterdam *is not reckoned amongſt the principal Cities of that Province.* For beſides that, it is the firſt of the five Admiralty Seats in the *United Provinces*; it is known to be the moſt conſiderable in Commerce next to *Amſterdam*: And indeed it has puſhed its Trade, within this ſhort Time, in ſuch a Manner, as to threaten no ſmall Diminution to that of the other. As *Rotterdam* is incomparably better ſituated for Commerce on Account of the *Meuſe* that waſhes one Side of it, and runs into the Sea the

Distance of about four or five Leagues from it; this Town has for sometime engrossed almost all the Trade with *England*, and no small Part of that with *France*. If Things continue so for some Years, the Prediction of a certain Person, whom many look upon as a Prophet, but one of very difficult Interpretation, may happen to be fulfilled.: I mean the famous *Nostradamus*, who says in one of his Centuries. 1705. *January.* ROTTERDAM. *Nostradamus*'s Prophecy concerning it.

Un jour viendra qu'en sage République
Noble Cité rivale d'Amsterdam ;
Se fera riche & puissante à son dam ;
Meuse *au* Texel *ôtera la Pratique.*

You know that the *Meuse* is classed among the great Rivers in *Europe*. Its Sorce is near *Montigny le Roy* in *Champain*, and not, as some Maps place it, from Mount *Vegesus*. It runs to *Verdun*, *Sedan*, *Mezieres*, *Charlemont*, *Dinant*, *Namur*, *Huy*, *Liege*, *Viset*, *Maestricht*, *Maseick*, *Ruremonde*, *Venlo*, *Grave*, *Ravensteyn*, *Heusden*, *Worcum*, *Gorchom*, *Dordrecht*, *Rotterdam*, *Delfs-haven*, *Schiedam*, *Vlaerdingen*, *Maeslandsluys*, the *Brille*, and discharges itself into the Ocean, a League beyond this last Town ; but not without being enlarged by several other Rivers, as the *Sambre*, the *Vese*, anciently called *Viturgis*, the *Ourte*, the *Albe*, the *Ecker*, the *Rure*, which flows into it at *Ruremonde*, the *Wahal*, the *Ling*, the *Leck*, the *Issel*, and the *Rotte*. The *Meuse*, a fine River. Its Origin and Course

CHAP. II.

Of the City of Delft. *Its Churches, Sepulchres. The splendid Monuments of the Princes of* Orange. *Tomb of* Tromp. *Other Singularities. History and Description of this City.*

WHAT is most remarkable at *Delft* is the Tomb of the famous Prince of *Orange*, Founder of the *Dutch* Republic. And here I must tell you, that Mr. *Misson* certainly did not know that all the Princes of *Orange*, who have governed it, are buried at *Delft*, except *William* III. King of *England*. For in his first Volume he just mentions to his Friend the Monument of *William* I. without giving any Description of it, tho' it be the most curious one in the whole *United Provinces*. I will give you a short Account of it, tho' you have formerly seen it, if it were only to call it back to your Memory. DELFT. Tomb of *William* I. Prince of *Orange*, very magnificent.

The Brass-Statue of the Prince is placed under a Sort of Dome at the Entry of the Sepulchre: The whole of it is clad in Armour, except the Head: It holds the Battoon of supreme Command in one Hand: And the Helmet is laid upon one of the Steps, which are all of Touch-Stone. Behind this Statue there is another of white Marble, in a long Gown, and laid out at full Length, to represent the Habit in which he was assassinated. Some have fancied that the Brass-Statue is done for Prince *Maurice*'s Son, and that it was not placed there till after his Death: But the Epitaph only mentions

1705. *January.* DELFT.

mentions the Father. As beautiful as these two Statues, and all the others, with which this magnificent Tomb is adorned, must be confessed to be, yet the Figure representing Fame is incontrovertibly far superior to all the rest, which is also of Brass. She holds a Trumpet in her Mouth to sound aloud the glorious Atchievements of the interred Hero. Let me just add, that this Statue supports itself wholly upon the Toes of the left Foot. At the four Corners of this Monument there are four other Statues of Brass, all as big as the Life, representing some of this Prince's Virtues, *i. e.* his Prudence, Justice, Piety, and above all his Love of his Country. On the Top of each of the four Corners there is a Pyramid: The Arms of the Princes of *Orange* are on every Part of it; but in the Middle there is an Inscription in Golden Letters, which Mr. *Mandeslo* has sadly spoiled and mangled by his wrong Pointing, and by leaving out several Words. Here it is exactly copied from the Original.

Its beautiful Inscription.

D. O. M.
Et Æternæ Memoriæ
GUILLIELMI NASSOVII.
Supremi Arausonienſium Principis.
Patr. Patriæ.
Qui Belgii Fortunis ſuas poſthabuit
Et ſuorum.
Validiſſimos Exercitus ære plurimùm privato
Bis conſcripſit, bis induxit.
Ordinum auſpiciis Hiſpaniæ Tyrannidem propulit.
Veræ Religionis cultum, Avitas Patriæ Leges,
Revocavit, Reſtituit.
Ipſam denique Libertatem tantùm non aſſertam
MAURITIO PRINCIPI
Paternæ Virtutis Hæredi Filio,
Stabiliendam Reliquit.
Hercis verè Pii, Prudentis, Invicti,
Quem PHILIPPUS II. *Hiſp. Rex, ille Europæ timor timuit.*
Non domuit, non terruit.
Sed empto Percuſſore, fraude nefandâ ſuſtulit.
FŒDERATI BELG. PROVINC.
Perenne Meritor. Monument.
P. C. C.

The Prince of *Orange* aſſaſſinated at *Delft*, in 1584.

This great Prince was most unhappily assassinated at *Delft*, by a Shot from a Pistol, loaded with three Balls, the 10th of *July*, 1584, in the 32d Year of his Age. His vile Murderer of *Franche Comté*, whose Name was *Balthazar Gucrard*, being taken and broke alive upon the Wheel, was cried up by the Preachers in the *Spaniſh Netherlands* as a Martyr and an exemplary eminent Saint: The *Dutch* on the other Hand look upon *William* I. as the real Founder of their Republic, who suffered most terrible Persecu-

tions, in order to make them free, and rescue them from the tyrannical Yoke of the *Spaniards*. The whole History is well known to you: But, perhaps you may not have met with one little Incident that happened when *Vargas*, by Order of *Phillip* II. his Master, carried off the eldest Son of that Prince, who was a Student at the University of *Louvain*: The Rector of this University complained, in a fine *Latin* Harrangue he made to *Vargas*, that he had highly violated the Privileges of the University: But the *Spaniard*, not having much Clergy, answered the Rector in barbarous *Latin*: *Non curamus Privilegios vestros.* 1705. *January.* DELFT.

They shew'd us likewise, in this old Church, the Tomb of the renowned *Peeer Heyn*, the first *Dutch* Admiral, who from the *Spaniard* took a whole Fleet loaded with Gold and Silver, returning from *America*. History informs us, that in this Fleet there was found a huge Heap of Ingots of Gold, 156,496 Pounds of Silver, a great Quantity of Plate, and a vast Number of Chests, filled with Pieces of Eight, not to reckon all various Sorts of the most valuable *Indian* Goods. This rich Seizure contributed not a little to put the Republic in a Condition to support with Vigour the War against *Spain*, and she at last obliged that arrogant Monarch to agree to a long Truce with her. Other Tombs of memorable Persons in this ancient Church. Of Admiral *Peter Heyn*.

There is also the funeral Monument of the famous *Martin Harpit Tromp*, Father to the last Admiral of that Name. The Father entirely defeated and ruined a powerful *Spanish* Fleet, commanded by *Don Antonio d'Oquendo*, in your Road of the *Downs*, the 22d of *October* 1639. The Son often beat the *English* and other Enemies of his Country. These two Sepulchres are ornamented with marble Pillars and Trophies of Arms; and the Statues of the Admirals lie extended at full Length in compleat Armour, Head-pieces only excepted. The Inscription on the second is well worth mentioning. Of Admiral *Tromp*, the Father.

Its Inscription.

ÆTERNÆ MEMORIÆ
Martini Harperti Trompii.
Qui Batavos, qui virtutem, & verum Laborem amas,
Lege ac Luge.

Batavæ gentis decus, virtutis bellicæ fulmen hîc jacet, qui vivus nunquam jacuit; & Imperatorem stantem mori debere exemplo suo docuit. Amor Civium, Hostium terror, Oceani stupor, Martinus Harpertus Trompius, *quo nomine plures continentur laudes quàm hic lapis capit sanè angustior: cui Schola Oriens & Occidens, Mare materia Triumphorum, Universus Orbis Theatrum Gloriæ fuit. Prædonum certa pernicies, commercii fœlix assertor, familiaritate utilis, non vilis. Postquam nautas & milites (durum genus) paterno & cum efficacia benigno recit Imperio; post quinquaginta prælia, quorum dux fuit & pars magna; post insignes suprà fidem Victorias; post summos infrà meritum honores; tandem Bello Anglico, tantùm non victor, certè invictus*, x. *Aug. anno Æræ Christianæ* MD. LIII. *Æt.* LVI. *vivere ac vincere desiit.*

Fœderati Belgii Patres
Heroi optimè merito
Monumentum hoc posuerunt.

1705. *January.* DELFT. Tomb of *Philip de Marnix's* Daughter.

We were conducted in the ſame Church to ſee the Tomb of the only Daughter of the learned and much celebrated *Philip de Marnix*, Lord of St. *Aldegonde*, who equally employed his Pen and his Sword againſt the Enemies of his Country. This Lady was married to an *Engliſh* Knight, Sir *Charles Morgan*, of the noble and ancient Family of the *Morgan*'s, in the Kingdom of *Wales*. Her Statue of Marble is likewiſe extended upon her Monument, with the Head ſupported by a rolled up-Matt, which is very naturally repreſented. The greateſt Virtue of which the Epitaph of this Lady vuants is, that ſhe had the Art always to pleaſe her Huſband: *Rara avis in terris, nigroque ſimillima Cygno.* Here is the Epitaph.

Illuſtri ſerie, longæque ab origine gentis,
MORGANI *hîc conjux* Elizabetha *tegor.*
Marnixi *ſoboles, quod non neſcitur in Orbe*
Nomen, & invito tempore ſemper erit.
Virtutum ſatis eſt uni placuiſſe Marito,
Quod pro me loquitur tam pretioſus amor.

Other Singularities in *Delft*.

The other moſt obſervable Particulars in *Delft* are, the Cabinet of natural Curioſities belonging to the *Sieur Van den Boomgaert*, the Town-houſe, the Arſenal, which was once blown up by its own Magazine of Powder, and laid a Part of the City in Ruins, and under them buried a great Number of its Inhabitants; the Market-place, where the Town-houſe ſtands (which the Sieur *Pontier*, in his Cabinet of the Great, ſays, is the Fellow of that of *Amſterdam*, and of the ſame Architecture, what Abſurdity!) the Palace of the *Stadtholder*, the grand Hoſpital, and the beautiful Store-houſe belonging to the *Eaſt India* Company. Let me juſt tell you by the by, that the *Eaſt India* Houſe of *Rotterdam*, and that of *North-Holland* together, have but a fourth in the Stock of this rich and famous Company, *Zeland* another fourth, and *Amſterdam* a half.

Hiſtory of this City.

Delft, in *Latin Delphium*, is not a very ancient City. It was built about the End of the eleventh Century by *Godefroid*, ſirnamed the hump-backed, Duke of *Lorraine*, and Uncle to the famous *Godefroid de Bouillon*, King of *Jeruſalem*, with a ſtrong Citadel without it, in which the Duke ordinarily reſided, during the four Years that he governed *Holland*. *Albert* of *Bavaria* took it after a long Siege in 1361; and razed its Caſtles and Walls to the Ground. In the Year 1536, this City was almoſt reduced to Aſhes by an Accident: But it was rebuilt with greater Beauty and Magnificence. It is ſaid to have taken its Name from the Canal which its Inhabitants dug from it to *Delfs-havem*, becauſe *Delven* in *Flemiſh* ſignifies *to dig*. However that may be, the fatal Cataſtrophe of *William* I. Prince of *Orange*, its Cloath Manufactury, which formerly paſſed for the beſt in *Holland*, its fine Earthen Ware, and its Beer, are the Things that have made it known *Frederick Henry*, the youngeſt Son of this great Prince, and Grandfather to King *William* III. was born at *Delft*. This City has the third Rank in the Aſſemby of the States

Its preſent State.

States of the Province: Its Streets are exceeding neat, and so are most of its Houses, and the Trees which are planted on the Sides of its Canals are extremely large, and must be very old. It is like most Towns, that think themselves secure from all Danger of War, without any Fortifications: A simple Wall with a Ditch full of Water is all its Defence. *Delft* perhaps appeared so much the more solitary to me, that we sometimes took a Walk from the *Hague* to it: It appears ill peopled, because the greater Part of its Inhabitants are People who live upon their Rents, and seldom appear on the Streets, but keep at home, or make little Parties, every Family in its own Neighbourhood. *Hugo Grotius* so justly renowned for his Learning, and many useful excellent Works, was a Native of this City. 1705. *January.*

CHAP. III.

The Prodigious Birth by the Countess of Henneberg, and a Refutation of that Story. Considerable Omissions in Mr. Misson's *Travels. The Tomb of Admiral* Obdam. *The magnificent Way from the* Hague *to* Scheveling. *The plentiful Fishing there. A compendious History of Mr.* de Wit. *The* Hague *described.*

THE first Thing I shall mention in this Article is, the pretended Birth which has made such a Noise in the World, by *Margaret* Countess of *Henneberg*, Daughter to *Florent*, fourth Count of *Holland*. The Legend says, that this Lady having reproached a Beggar-Woman, who carried about Twins in her Arms, as if she could not have had them both by one Man; the poor Woman in her Indignation lift her Eyes to Heaven, praying, that God to convince this Lady of her Innocence, and punish her for such a rash Judgment, would grant that she might bring as many Children into the World at one Lying-in, as there are Days in the Year. After this short Prayer the Beggar went away all in Tears. Some Time passed before the Countess found herself to be with Child, but so soon as she perceived that she was, she asked leave of her Husband to go to lie in at the House of the Count *Florent* V. her Nephew being Son to her Brother *William*, King of the *Romans*, which he granted to her very willingly. Her Time being come, she was laid at the Village of *Loosduyn* of three hundred and sixty five Children, one half Boys, and the other Girls, all of them alive and sound, and they were all baptized in two large Basons of Brass. The Boys were all named *John*, and the Girls *Elizabeth*; but they were no sooner christen'd than they all died, and the Mother too. In Commemoration of this Miracle, they shew now in the Church of *Loosduyn* the two Basons which were used in baptizing this vast Spawn, upon which there are two Inscriptions, one in *Latin*, and the other in old *German*. Here follows the first, which I Yesterday took the Trouble to copy very exactly. HAGUE. The Story of the Countess *Henneberg.*

1565 January. HAGUE. MARGARETA *Hermani Comitis Henebergæ Uxor, & Florentii Comitis Hollandiæ & Zelandiæ filia: cujus mater fuit Mathildis filia Henrici Ducis Brabantiæ, fratremque habuit Guillelmum Alemanie Regem. Hæc præfata Domina Margareta, anno ſalutis* 1276. *ipſo die paraſceves horâ nonâ antè meridiem, peperit infantes vivos promiſcui ſexus numero trecentos ſexagintaquinque: qui poſtquàm per venerabilem Dominum Guidonem Suffraganeum Epiſcopi Trajectenſis, præſentibus nonnullis proceribus & magnatibus, in pelvibus duabus ex ære, baptiſmum percepiſſent, & maſculis Joannes, fœmellis verò Elizabeth nomina impoſita fuiſſent, ſimul omnes cum matre uno eodem que die ſatis conceſſerunt, & in hoc Looſdunenſi templo ſepulti jacent. Quod quidem accidit ob pauperculam quandam fœminam, quæ ex uno partu gemellos in ulnis geſtabat pueros: quam rem admirans ipſa comitiſſa, dicebat id per unum virum fieri non poſſe, ipſamque contumeliosè rejecit: undè hæc paupercula animo turbata ac perculſa, prolium tantum numerum ac multitudinem ex uno partu ipſi imprecabatur, quot vel totius anni Dies numerantur: quod quidem præter naturæ curſum, obſtupenda quadam ratione ita factum eſt, ſicut in hac Tabula, in perpetuam rei memoriam, ex vetuſtis tam manuſcriptis, quam typis excuſis Chronicis breviter poſitum & narratum eſt. Deus ille ter maximus hac de re ſuſpiciendus, honorandus, ac laudibus extollendus in ſempiterna ſæcula.* Amen.

Above this long Inſcription we find the following Verſe:

Hoc lege, mox animo ſtupefactus, Lector, *abibis.*

And below the Inſcription theſe Lines:

En tibi monſtroſum nimis & memorabile factum,
Quale nec à Mundi conditione datum.

A Refutation of this Story. Tho' this Story be related for Truth by many Authors, yet it has not the leaſt Air of Probability; and therefore People of good Senſe, who do not give Credit to every miraculous Legend, will look upon it as they do upon the fabulous Traditions concerning the Saints forged by the Monks, in the Times of Barbarity and Ignorance. Firſt of all, it is but too well known that all the Hiſtories wrote in thoſe Days are ſtuffed with Fables and Abſurdities, in ſuch a Manner, as if their Authors had contended one with another, who ſhould have the Honour of inventing moſt Prodigies. So that we may juſtly apply to thoſe weak Minds who give ſo readily into the Belief of Miracles, what the learned *Palingenius*, Author of a beautiful Poem, entituled, *Zodiacus Vitæ*, ſaid to his Cotemporaries.

Proh ſuperi! quanta eſt penuria mentis ubique!
In nugas quàm pronavia eſt! quid creditis iſta
Inſani, quæ nec poſſunt ratione probari,
Nec ſenſu agnoſci?

In

1705. *January.* HAGUE.

In the ſecond Place, thoſe who have handed down to us the Story of this prodigious Birth, ſaid to have happened in an Age wherein Superſtition and Ignorance were at their greateſt Height, bring no better Proofs or Teſtimonies to vouch for the Truth of it, than the Monk *Helinand* had to prove that the Poet *Virgil* was a Sorcerer, *i. e.* obſcure, uncertain Tradition, to which none can ever truſt without ſwallowing down the groſſeſt Abſurdities. Here very probably, as in many other ſuch Caſes, Authors have copied one another; and the Story grew as it paſſed from Hand to Hand till it was ſwelled to the monſtrous Size in which it is now told to us.

———————*Sic obſervatio crevit*
Ex Atavis quondam malè cœpta, deindè ſequutis
Tradita temporibus, ſeriſque nepotibus auĉta.

In good earneſt, what Probability is there, that the Counteſs of *Henneberg*, whom the Writers, who have mentioned her, repreſent to have been a Woman of good Senſe and exemplary Piety, could have been ſo ſtartled to hear of a Woman's bearing Twins; ſo ignorant or ſo uncharitable as to upbraid the poor Woman with it as a Crime: A Thing ſo common, a Thing, I ſay, one ſees every where Examples of every Day, and that ever did happen very frequently in all Ages and Countries? What Likelihood is there that any Woman ſhould imagine this could not be without Commerce with more than one Man? I would likewiſe aſk thoſe who believe every Thing that ſavours of Prodigy ſo eaſily, why the Counteſs, who ought naturally to have gone to lie in at the *Hague*, in the Palace of the Count *de Hollande*, her Nephew, having aſked Permiſſion from her Huſband for that Effect, ſhould have choſen the little Village of *Looſduyn* for the Place to diſcharge her Burden? Surely ſhe could not hope to be better attended and taken Care of there: Let me add to all this, that the Chronicles of *Holland*, which relate this ſtrange Story, do not agree with the Inſcription in the Church of *Looſduyn*, with Regard to the Biſhop's Name who baptized this huge Draught of Children. In the former he is called *Dom Guillaume*, Suffragan of *Treves*; but in the Inſcription he is called *Guido*, Suffragan of *Utretcht*.

All theſe Particulars incline me to apply on this Occaſion a Saying of *Lactantius: Turpe eſt hominem ingenioſum dicere id, quod ſi neges, probare non poſſit.* If the greater Part of Hiſtorians had taken as much Care to obſerve this Maxim, as they have to appear Learned, and to make an Oſtentation of their Reading, we ſhould not have had ſo many Fables put upon us for Facts. The Majority of Men are Liars, either thro' Weakneſs and Ignorance, or Intereſt: And many Authors of the beſt Parts like to make believe or impoſe, and hence it is that we find ſo many Falſhoods in their Writings:

Magni ſæpè viri mendacia magna loquuntur.

However this Story may be, in order to evince the Truth of ſuch an extraordinary Event, I think two good Witneſſes or Atteſtations ought to be

1705. *January.* HAGUE.

be produced in Form: His Teſtimony, who baptized theſe 365 Children of the Counteſs of *Henneberg*, (By the by, the Sieur *Pontier*, in his Cabinet of the Great, calls this Counteſs *Mathilde*, Counteſs of *Denneberg*: The ſame Author places the Statue of *Eraſmus* upon the great Bridge of *Rotterdam*; and Admiral *Tromp*'s Monument in the great Church of that City, tho' it be in the old Church of *Delft*;) and another from the Perſons of Diſtinction who muſt have been Godfathers and Godmothers on this Occaſion. However, Mr. *Miſſon*, who is one of them that ſeems to give Credit to this Story, aſſures us, in the 36th Page of his firſt Volume of Travels, *That the Diſagreement between the Annals and the Inſcription, as to the Name of the Biſhop who chriſtened theſe Children of the Counteſs of* Henneberg, *does not Prejudice the Truth or Probability of this Fact.* And what can thoſe who ſuſpect the Certainty of this uncouth Story, reply to that deep Reaſoning?

Other Omiſſions of Mr. *Miſſon.*

But to go on, I have always been exceedingly ſurprized at the Inſipidity and Dulneſs of this Traveller's Deſcriptions of the Towns of *Holland*, of the *Hague* in Particular. For a Man who values himſelf upon his Exactneſs in all Matters, ought, methinks, to be leſs ſuperficial in his Accounts of Things. For Inſtance, after telling us, *p.* 14. of his firſt Tom. That the *States-General* hold their Aſſemblies at the *Hague*, it would not have been improper to have added, that they have taken for their Motto this Sentence of *Salluſt*, in his *Jugurthin* War: *Concordiâ res parvæ creſcunt, Diſcordiâ maximæ dilabuntur.* That it is here alſo that the States of the Province meet; that the latter only take the Title of their *Noble Mightineſſes*, whereas the former take that of *High and Mighty Lords.* That beſides theſe two Aſſemblies there are in the ſame Village many other very conſiderable Ones, as the Council of State, the Chamber of Accompts, the Tribunal which they call *Het Hof van Holland*, *i. e.* the Court of *Holland*; that they call *Het Hooghen Read*, or a Sovereign Council, which was tranſlated from *Malines* to the *Hague*, in the Year 1582; that this latter judges finally of all Cauſes, like the Parliament of *Paris*; there being no Appeal from it to any other Tribunal; and nothing more being allowed than to demand a Bill of Review of the Proceſs under the Pretext of Error or Miſtake in Law, which muſt be propoſed inſtantly upon paſſing the Decree: That the Cities, who have Suffrages in the States, have their Houſes here, with their Names and Arms upon them, merely for lodging their Deputies, whom they ſend to the Aſſembles of the States.

Several Courts at the *Hague.*

The great Hall of the Palace of the Counts of *Holland.*

That in the great Hall of the Palace of the ancient Counts of *Holland* there is yet to be ſeen a vaſt Quantity of Colours and Flags, and other Trophies, taken by the Republic from her Enemies by Sea and Land; and amongſt others thoſe which the Prince of *Orange Maurice*, took from the Archduke *Albert*, at the famous Battle of *Nieuport*, which ſaved the State: That this Palace was built in 1250 by *William* II. Count of *Holland*, and King of the *Romans* (who removed his Court from *Graveſand* to the *Hague*) for him and his Succeſſors: That all the Wainſcotting of this Houſe is proof againſt Worms, Spiders, all Sorts of Vermin, and Putrifaction.

That it was at the *Hague* that the *States-General* declared, by a Decree of 26 *July* 1581, *Philip* II. King of *Spain*, to have loſt all the Rights of Sovereignty he might have had, or pretended to have over the *Seven United Provinces*, and ordered his Seal and Arms to be broke to Pieces publickly: That the *Hague* is the largeſt and moſt beautiful Village in *Europe*, ſince there are between four and five thouſand Houſes in it: That the greateſt Part of its Canals, Squares, and publick Places are planted with fine Trees, and adorned with magnificent Palaces and Buildings; the *Voorhout*, as they call it, in Particular, which is the Place where the Perſons of Quality take the Air in their Coaches: It was beautified with the fine Trees that ſtill adorn it, in 1536, by the Monks of the Convent, which *Marguerite*, Wife to *Albert* of *Bavaria* erected in that Place, and the ancient Church there ſtill bears the Name of *Clooſter-kerk*, *i. e.* Church of the Convent. 1705. *January.* HAGUE. Several Particulars concerning the *Hague.*

Here likewiſe is the great Church that was anciently dedicated to St. *James*, built in 1399, by the ſame *Albert* of *Bavaria*, in the Quire of which there are 32 Blaſons or Coats of Arms, of ſo many Knights of the Golden-Fleece, with this Inſcription in Capital Letters, PRÆMIUM NON VILE LABORUM, and the honorary Monument of the famous Admiral *Obdam*, who after a bloody Engagement with the *Engliſh* Fleet, commanded by the Duke of *York*, Brother to *Charles* II. and having ſadly ſhattered the Ship this Prince was in, finding himſelf encloſed amidſt ſeveral large Men of War of the Enemy, had the Reſolution to ſet Fire to his Powder-Room, and blow himſelf up rather than ſurrender: This Action is repreſented there on a Bas-relief, his Statue ſtands upon the Monument crowned by *Fame*, with this Epitaph. The great Church. Honorary Monument of Admiral *Obdam.*

Honori & Gloriæ.

Herois Illuſtriſſ. & ex vetuſtiſſima Nobilitatis Batavicæ ſtirpe percontinuam & legitimam Succeſſionem prognati, D. Jacobi Dynaſtæ de Woſſenaer, Domini in Obdam, *Fœderati Belgii Architalaſſi*, &c. *Rebus præclarè terrâ marique geſtis, non tantùm in Atlantico Oceano, unde ſparſa fugataque Luſitanorum Claſſe, magnâque onuſtus prædâ domum rediit: Sedet in freto Balticò, ubi pulſis adverſariis & inſigni partâ Victoria, laboranti Daniæ ſuccurrit, & ſimul Majeſtatem reip. aſſeruit & ſtabilivit. Ac tandem contra univerſam Regiam Anglorum Claſſem, cum paucis fortiſſimè dimicans, & undique cinctus, ne ſic quidem ceſſit hoſtibus, ſed magna priùs edita ſtrage, incenſaque demùm Prætoria ſua navi, Hercules exemplo, flammis viam ſibi ad ſuperos paratam invenit.* His Epitaph.

Anno ætatis LV.

Illuſtriſſ. & potentiſſ. fœderati Belgii proceres viro fortiſſ. optimèque de Rep. merito Monumentum hoc poſuere, Anno reparatæ ſalutis, 1667.

The Fabrick of this Church is of a very particular Kind, being neither ſupported by Columns, Pillars, nor Pilaſters.

But what is ſtill more unpardonable in Mr. *Miſſon*, is his ſaying ſimply, as he does Page 14 of the ſame Tome, that we may go in half an Hour from the *Hague* to *Scheveling*, by a *ſtraight Avenue cut acroſs Downs.* Firſt of all, 'tis at leaſt three Miles, that is, a full League from the *Hague* to *Scheveling*. And A fine noble and truly marvellous Avenue from the *Hague* to the Sea.

1705. *January.* HAGUE. Errors and Omiſſions of Mr. *Miſſon.*

And in the ſecond Place, all the Curious and Intelligent who have ſeen this Avenue, agree, that it is a Work in ſome reſpects as admirable as the famous Conſular High-ways of the ancient *Romans.* Yet the dry jejune Manner in which Mr. *Miſſon* ſpeaks of it, is not likely to give a very high Idea of its Magnificence to ſuch as have never ſeen it; whereas, had he attempted to have done it Juſtice, he would have ſaid, that with almoſt inconceivable Labour, and with Patience that demanded all the Phlegm of the *Dutch*, they have cut a Way acroſs Downs and many Mountains of Sand, extending from the Bridge of *North-Eynde*, i. e. from the moſt Northern Part of the *Hague*, to the Sea-Coaſt, which is four large Miles in length, and above 24 good Feet in breadth, ſo that three Coaches may very conveniently go abreaſt in it without incommoding Foot-Paſſengers. And he ought to have added, that this wonderful Way is quite ſtraight, and paved with ſmall yellowiſh Bricks extreamly hard, and joined Side-wiſe very cloſe together; that it is bordered on each Side with four Rows of lofty Trees planted in a Line, and an infinity of Gardens made in the Sand with vaſt Labour and Expence; and that the Village, Church and Clock of *Scheveling*, with the vaſt Ocean, terminate this admirable Viſto. It was the Chevalier *Conſtantin Huygens* Lord of *Zuylichem*, Secretary to the three laſt Princes of *Orange*, *Frederic-Henry*, *William* II. and *William* III. an excellent Poet, and Father to the celebrated Mathematician who made ſo many noble Diſcoveveries in Geometry and Aſtronomy, that projected and contrived this delightful Avenue. And after he had finiſhed it, he compoſed a very fine Poem upon the Subject, conſiſting of above 1200 Verſes, and put the following Inſcription above the Entry into it:

Inſcription on the Front of the Gate of this fine Avenue.

VIÆ
Per colles invios & immane Sabuletum
Magno Procerum animo, Impensâ Nobili,
Et Induſtriâ verè Batavâ,
Depreſſæ, complanatæ, munitæ.
Arborum pulchrâ ſerie Septo, Aggeribuſque perpetuis
Ornatæ; marginatæ, vallatæ.
Operis auguſti
Se Autore, pridem agitati, adumbrati, & promoti,
Conſtantinus Hugenius Eques
Initia, progreſſum, finem, fructumque,
Et in his æternum Patriæ decus Poſteritati,
Hoc qualicunque Monumento tranſmiſſum ac teſtat. voluit.

He likewiſe wrote the 12 excellent Latin Verſes engraved below a Print of this charming Avenue, which I had great Difficulty to find here.

Hic

1705. *January.*

HAGUE. Verſes on the ſame.

Hìc ubi tota ſtupens de ſe Natura triumphum
Ducier audaci victa labore videt,
Hìc ubi ſe Batavis tumidus ſubmittere Collis
Cogitur, & Laterem ſubter Arena latet,
Hìc ubi me ſterili ſabulo frondeſcere juſſa
Populus umbroſam ſpondet adulta viam,
Judice me, vili ſuſpenſis cardine clathris
Lignea magnificum Janua fædat opus.
Eia, Viri proceres, ſolido de Marmore Portam
Addite ; pro modulo noſtra papyrus erit :
Ecce, Patres, operæ tantum pars altera reſtat,
Dimidium facti fecit Epiſcopius.

CONSTANTER.

The plentiful Fiſhing at *Scheveling*.

Mr. *Miſſon*, after having mentioned this magnificent Way very ſuperficially, adds, with no leſs Coldneſs and Indifference, *that there is a good Fiſhery at* Scheveling. Now as to the Fiſhery here, in my Opinion, it well deſerves a higher Epithet, ſince it furniſhes throughout the Year ſuch a prodigious Quantity of Sea-fiſh, Lobſters, Crabs, Shrimps, and other Shell-fiſh, not only to the *Hague*, but to *Voorburg*, *Ryſwich*, *Delft*, *Leyden*, and not uncommonly to *Amſterdam*, and that at very moderate Prices. I will tell you, by the way, with Reſpect to this Fiſhery, that every Houſe-keeper in the *Hague* has the Privilege of aſſiſting at the Sale of Fiſh, which is publicly made here to the Fiſhmongers, and of buying at the ſame Prices with them whatever they chooſe, reſerving ſtill to the latter the Right of Out-bidding the former, if they think fit.

The vaſt Herring-fiſhing in *Holland*.

Upon a Subject of ſuch Conſequence, *Miſſon* might naturally have told his Friend of a Fiſhing carried on in this Country, that may, I think, be compared with that of the Whale-fiſhing, ſince it brings in Millions of Livres yearly to *Holland:* I mean the Herring-fiſhing, which ordinarily is ſet about here in the Month of *July*. The People of *Ziriczee* in *Zeland* were the firſt who went to fiſh Herrings in the Year 1165. And the Cities of *Amſterdam*, *Rotterdam*, *Enckhuyſen*, and *Vluſhing*, furniſhed each of them a Man of War to eſcort the Fiſher-ſhips, which very often were between 700 and 800 in Number, and this Fleet is called in their Language *Harîng-Buyſen*. It is well known that it is *Holland* that ſends Fiſh almoſt to the whole World; to the *Roman* Catholic Countries more eſpecially, which make a prodigious Conſumption of them during *Lent*, and their other meagre Times. It was one *Guillaume Bukking*, or *Bukkum*, who found out the Art of Salting, and preſerving them in Barrels, and of ſmoaking the Red-herrings, and hence the latter are called *Bukkum* in *Flemiſh*. He died in 1447, and was interred at *Biervliet* in *Zeland*. The Emperor *Charles* V. ſo highly eſteemed this Invention, that he went on purpoſe from *Middlebourg* to *Biervliet* in 1556, to viſit the Tomb of the Inventor. The Town of *Horn* in *North-Holland*, boaſts of having firſt found out the Secret in 1416 of making Nets proper for this Fiſhing, which

1705. *January.* HAGUE.

are woven in quite a different Fashion from other Nets. This Fishery brings in so considerable a Revenue to *Holland*, that it certainly deserved to be taken Notice of in a Description of this Country; as does also the prodigious Quantity of good Butter and of Cheeses of various Sorts, which they make here, and export to the *East-Indies*.

The grand Pensionary of *Holland* assassinated in 1672. by the Populace of the *Hague*.

Another Remark that deserves a Place here, is, that it was at the *Hague* that the Grand-Pensionary (that is to say, the first Minister of this Republic) the famous *Jean de Wit*, one of the greatest Men, perhaps the greatest Genius the *United Provinces* ever produced, was murdered by the Populace, together with his Brother *Corneille de Wit*, in the Year 1672, just four Years after the latter, with Admiral *de Ruyter*, had taken the Fort of *Sheerness*, and burnt the *English* Ships of War that were at Anchor in the *Medway*. The furious Mob not contented with pulling these great Men out of the Prison, where they were confined, in the most barbarous and outragious Manner, massacred them in the cruelest Way: dragging their mangled Bodies thro' the Streets to the Gallows, they hanged them up upon it by the Feet, ripped open their Bellies, tore out their Bowels, cut off their Privy-parts, their Ears, their Fingers, their Toes, which were sold to the Curious, who preserve these Fragments in Spirits of Wine to this Day. In one Word, every Barbarity was exerted upon these unfortunate Persons, and all this for their having shewn too much Zeal for the Liberty of their Country. It is believed, not without Reason, that the Intrigues of the Prince of *Orange*'s Faction contributed a great deal to bring about this horrible Tragedy. But what shall we say of Sir *Edward Veryard*, an *English* Physician, who published about four Years ago an Account of the *Netherlands*, *France*, &c. which I run over the other Day? This Traveller, speaking of *Dort* or *Dordrecht*, assures us, it was there the Populace cut the *de Wit*'s into Pieces. He says, the Countess of *Henneberg* was Wife to *Florent* IV. Count of *Holland*, to whom she was really Daughter, and he takes a Statue in the Entry of the Townhouse of *Amsterdam*, representing that City, for one of the Virgin *Mary*. What Stress can one lay upon such Relations? It is yet more surprising to find the famous Duke *de Rohan* (who was afterwards the Head of the Protestants in *France*, and made so great a Noise during the Civil Wars in the Reign of *Lewis* XIII.) saying in his Travels thro' *Germany*, *Italy*, the *Netherlands*, and *Great Britain*, *That the* Hague *having formerly been pillaged by* Martin van Rossem, *one of the Captains under the Duke* de Gueldres, *its new Inhabitants fearing that the Desire of Spoil might draw upon them another such Attack, determined to fortify themselves, choosing, for the Sake of Security, that the* Hague *should lose the Reputation of the most beautiful Village in* Christendom, *and only be called one of the finest Towns in* Holland. If I had not the Book before me I could not have believed that such an Error could have slipt from so great a Man. It is not however the only Mistake in this Author's Travels.

A Mistake of an *English* Traveller, and of the D. *de Rohan*.

In Fact, the *Hague* is properly speaking no more but a Village, tho' it be certainly the most delightful and magnificent one in the World, for 'tis quite open. You know it is for this Reason that 'tis not ranked among the Cities,

ties, tho' it deſerves the Name as juſtly as the fineſt one in its Neighbourhood. It enjoys the ſame Privileges, with Relation to Magiſtracy, and other political Employments, with this Difference only, that it ſends no Deputies to the States of the Province, tho' it be the Seat of that Aſſembly, as well as of the Aſſembly of the *States-General*. You have not ſurely forgot that the Air here is very pure and healthful, that it lies a full League from the Sea between *Delft* and *Leyden*, and that there is ſomething very peculiar in its Situation above all the other Towns in *Holland*, having arable Lands on the *Eaſt*, Downs, on the Weſt, Meadows of immenſe Extent to the South, and on the North towards *Leyden* a charming Wood. The Sieur *Gideon Pontier*, Author of the *Cabinet des Grands*, affirms, that this Wood is full of Deer, but it is not ſo. The Prince of *Orange* has a very fine Houſe, and many private Perſons have Gardens and Pleaſure-houſes in it; ſo that the Walks are ſo frequented, ſo crowded, that there needs no more to have ſcared and frighted away all the Deer, if ever there were any.

1705. *January.* HAGUE.

Its charming Situation.

Sieur *Pontier* criticized.

Over and above all theſe Advantages, the Miniſters from Foreign Courts reſide here, and, together with them, a vaſt Number of Perſons of Quality employed in Civil or Military Offices; and the Company here is much more ſociable than in moſt other Towns of *Holland*, witneſs the Aſſemblies of Perſons of Diſtinction of both Sexes that are held here every Evening, ſometimes in one Houſe, and ſometimes in another, and even in ſeveral Houſes at the ſame Time. There is likewiſe a very good Academy, with a well provided Riding-houſe, and excellent Maſters for all the Exerciſes. Coaches are here in Plenty, there being a very great Number of rich Families, which occaſions a good deal of Conſumption and Traffick: And Strangers, who are diſpoſed to make any Stay in this agreeable Place, may hire Coaches and Lacquies at very reaſonable Rates.

CHAP. IV.

Dort, *its National Synod, its Situation, Edifices, Commerce.* Leyden, *the Univerſity there. The Tomb of* Joſeph Scaliger. *Its memorable Siege. Its Illuſtrious Men.*

DORT, or *DORDRECHT*, is counted the Capital of the Province of *Holland*. The Counts were anciently inſtalled here in Preſence of thoſe who had a Right to aſſiſt at this Ceremony. And it is by Virtue hereof, that its Deputies ſtill hold the firſt Vote in the Aſſembly of the States, give their Opinions, and declare their Sentiments, immediately after the ancient Nobility, called in their Language *De Ridderſchap*. This has given occaſion to addreſs theſe two Latin Verſes to it.

DORT. Capital of *Holland*.

Cùm legit Hollandus communia vota Senatus,
A te, poſt Equites, Suffragia prima petuntur.

1705. *January.* DORT. Its famous Synod.

It is famous among the Proteſtants for the National Synod aſſembled and held there, in 1618. and 1619, under the Authority of their High-Mightineſſes. For Sir *Edward Veryard*, whom I have quoted above, and who tells us that the Tragedy of the Aſſaſſination of the *De-Wits* happened at *Dort*, ſays, this Synod was held in 1611. A very conſiderable Number of Profeſſors of Divinity and Miniſters aſſiſted at it, not only from the United-Provinces, but likewiſe from *Switzerland*, *Germany* and *Great-Britain*. The Republic of *Geneva* ſent to it its two moſt learned Profeſſors, *Jean Diodati* and *Theodore Tronchin*, the Firſt of whom was choſen, with five others, to draw up its Canons. If the *Arminians* were condemned by this Synod, without the ſmalleſt Regard to their Remonſtrances, there is nothing ſurpriſing in it. The *Gomariſts* ſupported by the Prince *Maurice* and his Faction, againſt the famous *Barneveld*, *Hugo Grotius*, and other Partiſans of the Liberty of their Country, which this Prince endeavoured to deſtroy, found themſeves to be ten againſt one. Accordingly the Remonſtrants have compared this Synod to the Council called the *Rabble of Epheſus*. Poor *Barneveld* loſt his Head on a Scaffold: *Grotius*, with the principal Men of that Party were impriſoned in the Caſtle of *Loveſtein*; and the *Arminian* Doctors were turned out of their Charges, and exiled with a Rigour unworthy of Chriſtianity.

An *Engliſh* Traveller corrected.

Unjuſt Proceeding of this Aſſembly againſt the *Arminians*

Situation of *Dort*.

Dordrecht is a very ancient City, being thought to have been built more than 1200 Years ago. Mean time we know nothing for certain about its Origin. It is ſituated upon three Rivers mingled together, the *Rhine* or one of its Branches named the *Wahal*, the *Lingen* which falls into that Branch at *Gorcum*, and the *Meuſe*, preciſely on the little Gulph which the *Romans* called *Foſſa Merovea*. It joined to the Land before the terrible Inundation that happened in the Year 1421. now it, with a Part of its Territory makes an Iſland. It is a Town of conſiderable Bigneſs, but longer than broad, and divided by ſeveral Canals running through it. The moſt remarkable public Edifices here, are, its great Church, a very bold Building, with a vaſt ſquare Belfry exceeding maſſy and ſolid, upon the Top of which are four large Dials, one to each Front, to which we mount by 312 Steps; the Town-houſe; one for coining Money, with an Inſcription on the Front, which tells us that *Charles* V. granted ſeveral Privileges to this City, and amongſt others that of minting Money. There is an Exchange where the Merchants meet, an Arſenal, publick Schools and many Charitable Foundations, i. e. an Hoſpital, an Orphan-houſe, a Houſe for the Maintenance of poor aged Men, another for old deſtitute Women; and a Place called *Le Doel*, where they uſed formerly to exerciſe themſelves in ſhooting at a Mark, in which is the large Hall where the Synod was held. The *French* and *Engliſh* have each a Church here, where divine Service is performed in their Languages. Its Fiſh-market is one of the beſt furniſhed with all Sorts of Fiſh, with Sturgeon and freſh Salmon in particular. The latter formerly ſwarmed in the Neighbourhood of this City; and made a chief Part of its Revenue. They were in ſuch Plenty, that by common Tradition, the menial Servants made it in their Bargain when they hired themſelves, that they ſhould not be obliged to eat Salmon above twice or thrice a Week. Now they are free from that Pain,

Public Buildings

Plenty of Fiſh.

Pain, for the Salmon have left *Dort*, and are gone towards *Gertruydenberg*: There is ſtill however conſiderable plenty of them not far from *Dort*. 1705. *January.*

DORT.

Trade hath greatly enriched this Place, that of the *Engliſh* Wool in particular, and of the *French* Wines of which it is the Staple, and which it diſtributes through all the Provinces under the Dominion of the States; a Privilege granted to this City, preferable to all the other Towns of the Province, by Count *Florent* V. The Beer of *Dort* is greatly eſteemed, and being very pleaſant to the Taſte, is ſent through all the Seven United Provinces; nay, to the *Eaſt-Indies*. Its Commerce.

Its Outlets are the moſt charming one ſees any where: They are nothing leſs than ſpacious Avenues of Trees planted regularly, on each Side of which are delightful Gardens. This Town is ſtrong by its natural Situation, tho' it be only ſurrounded with a ſingle Wall flanked with ſome old ruinous Baſtions, and a deep Ditch full of Water. Accordingly it was never taken by Force, and tho' it has its Gates, with ſeveral Openings on the Side of the River to let Ships and Boats in and out, the *Spaniards* were never able to make themſelves Maſters of it during their Wars with *Holland*. I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that *Thierry*, or *Theodoric* IV. Count of *Holland* and *Zealand* was killed here by a *German*, in the Year 1048, and that the Street where this Maſſacre was committed takes its Name from hence to this Day, being called *Grave-Straat*, i. e. the Count's Street. Outlets. Strength.

LEYDEN.

I have remarked to you in the Articles of *Rotterdam*, *Delft* and the *Hague*, ſeveral Blunders of Travellers in their Deſcriptions of theſe Places; I now proceed to give you an Account of *Leyden*, in Latin *Lugdunum Batavorum*. And here I ſhall add to what Mr. *Miſſon* has ſaid of it, that this large and beautiful City is the Capital of a Country they call *Rhynland*, which contains near 50 Towns and Villages, many of which are more conſiderable than ſome little Towns: That this is the moſt fertile Country in *Holland*, according to *Boxhornius*, who ſpeaking of it uſes theſe Words. *Ager circumjectus totius Hollandiæ uberrimus eſt, qui Rhinolandiæ nomine vocitari conſuevit.* And that next to *Amſterdam* it is the greateſt in the United Provinces.

Our Traveller after telling us, p. 18. that what renders *Leyden* moſt famous at preſent is its Univerſity, ſtops ſhort here, and ſays not one Word more of this renowned Univerſity founded in the Year 1575. by *William* I. Prince of *Orange*, after the Siege which the *Spaniards* had laid to this City was raiſed. He ought at leaſt to have mentioned ſome of the many learned Men who have profeſſed the Sciences here, and contributed greatly to its Fame. Such as *Joſeph Scaliger*, *Salmaſius*, *Baudius*, *Arminius*, *Coccius*, *Epiſcopius*, *Blondel*, *Junius* Father and Son, *Spanheim*, *Sylvius*, *Delboe*, *Le Moine*, *Drelincourt* and many others. Its Library, tho' inferior to many others in *Europe*, is however very conſiderable, having been augmented at different Times by the private Libraries of ſeveral learned Profeſſors, and amongſt others, by that of the celebrated *Joſeph Scaliger*. Its Univerſity founded by *Will.* I. Prince of *Orange*, in 1575. one of the moſt famous in *Europe*.

Blunder of Mr. *Miſſon* concerning *Joſeph Scaliger*.

This Name puts me in mind of a Blunder of *Miſſon*, with Relation to the *Scaligers*. He ſays in a Marginal Note, that *Julius Scaliger* lies interred in the

1705. *January.* LEYDEN. *Walloon* Church of *Leyden*. *Julius Scaliger* never saw *Holland*: This learned Man died and is buried at *Agen* in *Guienne*, where his Tomb is yet shewn to Strangers. It is his Son *Joseph* who was enterred in the *Walloon* or *French* Church at *Leyden*, with this Epitaph that deserves to be transcribed, because he has carried the Prize of Glory from Hundreds who were infinitely superior to him in Erudition.

The tomb of *Joseph Scaliger*.

DEO
OPT. MAX.
SACRUM

Et æternæ Memoriæ Josephi Justi Scaligeri, J. Cæs. à Burden F. Principium Veronensium Nepotis ; Viri qui invicto animo unà cum Patre Heroë maximo contra Fortunam adsurgens, ac jus suum sibi persequens, Imperium Majoribus ereptum, Ingenio excelso, Labore indefesso, Eruditione inusitatâ, in Litteraria Rep. quasi fataliter recuperavit ; sed præsertim ejusdem Modestiæ, quod sibi fieri vetuit, iidem qui in Urbem hanc vocarunt Curatores Academiæ, ac Urb. Coss. hoc in loco Monumentum P. E. L. C.

Ipse sibi æternum in animis Hominum reliquit.

Upon the Top of this Monument, an Eagle with expanded Wings holds a Laurel Crown in its Bill, and a Book in one of its Talons. Below are the Arms of the *Scaliger* Family, Princes of *Verona*. A Portrait of him is carefully preserved in the public Library.

Some Particularities relating to the Siege of *Leyden*.

Let us not omit some Particularities in the famous Siege of this City ; as for Instance, that it lasted more than five Months: That the *Spaniards* exasperated by the holding out of this Town so much longer than was apprehended, spared no Labour to take it, and lost a vast many Men in this Siege ; that their General *François Valdez*, finding Force would not do, flattered the Inhabitants with many specious Promises to persuade them to surrender ; but that they always answered him in the same Tone.

Fistula dulce canit, volucrem dum decipit Auceps.

Adding, that after they had eat, for want of Provisions, each his Left Arm, they should still have their Right left to defend themselves ; and that they were resolved, like the *Saguntines* in *Spain*, to set Fire to their City, and burn themselves, their Wives and their Children, rather than give themselves up to their cruel Enemies: That a large Fish having been taken up out of a Well in the Castle, called *Le Burg*, which some say was built by the *Romans*, and others by the Counts of *Holland*, they threw it with a Loaf of Bread over the Walls of the City to the Besiegers, to make them believe that they did not want Provisions, tho' they had been reduced to the Necessity of eating Cats, Dogs, Rats, Mice, and the Leather of their Coaches.

A generous and heroic Action of a Burgomaster.

That at the height of the Pestilence and Famine with which the Besieged were equally distressed, a Band of mutinous Persons having gathered together before the House of a Burgo-master, whose Name was *Peter Adrianides Vander-*

Vander-Werff, and crying aloud, that it was more eligible to surrender upon any Terms, than to be miserably consumed by Famine or the Plague: This generous Magistrate (remembering with what Barbarity the People of *Harlem* had been treated by the *Spaniards* two Years before, notwithstanding their Capitulation) offered his whole Body to those Mutiniers to be divided among them, to allay their Hunger. "*Atque hoc tam masculo responso adeo omnes perculsi sunt*, says the learned Boxhornius, *ut pedem inde statim referrent.*" This Action equals, in my Opinion, that of the *Decii*, of *Marcus Curtius*, and other *Romans*, who voluntarily devoted themselves for the Safety of their Fellow-Citizens, since we may say of this Magistrate of *Leyden*, what *Valerius Maximus* said of one of the *Archons* of *Athens*: *Et hic quidem pro Republicâ non est extinctus*; *sed admirabili virtute ne Respublica extingueretur*, *providit. cupiebat enim Patriæ*, *quam vitæ suæ longiores esse terminos.* 1705. *January.* LEYDEN.

Another very memorable Particular in this Siege, is, that while it lasted the Inhabitants made use of Pigeons to convey Intelligence from time to time of the Condition they were in to *William* I. Prince of Orange, who sent them back his Answers by the same Messengers; that these wonderful Couriers are preserved still embalmed in the Town-house; and that this Prince, after the Siege was raised, would have the Citizens, who had learned and taught the three Pigeons to perform this singular Service to their Country, take three Pigeons for their Coat of Arms. Let me add, that the very Day the Enemy retreated, there fell suddenly a large Piece of the Wall above 26 Fathom in breadth, and that there happened a strong southerly Wind, which dried up almost all the Waters they had let out from their Sluices, which Incidents would infallibly have put the Besieged into the Hands of their Enemy, had the latter but waited one Day longer before they retired from before the Town. This unexpected and almost miraculous Retreat of the Enemy, made the People of *Leyden* strike a Medal, representing it with this Legend

Pigeons made use of to carry Letters.

Remarkable Accident.

Sicut Sennacherib à Jerusalem.
Sic Hispani à Leyda Noctu Fugati.

There happened yet another very singular Thing during this famous Siege. It was this: The horrible Cruelty of the *Spaniards* at the Siege of *Harlem*, *Naerden*, *Zutphen*, and other Towns, had enraged the *Dutch* with such implacable Fury and Hatred against this Nation, that a Sailor in the Fleet which came to the Succour of this City having killed a *Spanish* Soldier, ripped up his Breast, pulled out his Heart, bit off a Piece of it warm and bloody as it was, swallowed it, and threw the rest to a large Dog that attended him. 'Twas on Occasion of this inhuman Act, that *John Vander-Does* Lord of *Nordwick*, so well known in the learned World, by the Name of *Janus Dousa*, and who was one of the Governors of this City during the Siege, made this Epigram.

A barbarous Action of a *Dutch* Sailor.

Lugdunum

1705. *January.* LEYDEN.

Lugdunum *cingit Batavorum miles* Iberus
A Batavo contrà cingitur ille Mari.
Non opus eſt Gladiis, ferroque rigentibus armis,
Solæ pro Batavo belligerantur Aquæ.
Jacturam Pecoris Batavus quam fecit & Agri,
Humano decies ſanguine, Ibere, *luis.*
Macra caro eſt, nuper cùm Cor guſtaſſet Iberi,
Reſpuit, & canibus Nauta vorare dedit.
Tolle metus, Hiſpane fuge, & ne reſpice terras,
Pro quibus Oceanus pugnat & ipſe Deus.

Many Particularities relating to *Leyden.*

The chief Church of *Leyden*, anciently dedicated to the Apoſtle St. *Peter*, is the largeſt in the Province, after that of *Harlem.* This City has eight Gates. Its Walls are of Brick, its Ditches large and deep, and full of Water to the Level of the Banks, without any other Fortifications. It was enlarged for the laſt Time in 1658, by *William* II. of that Name, and fifteenth Count of *Holland*, who was elected Emperor in 1246. in the Room of *Frederic* II. who was born at *Leyden*, in 1222. His Son *Florent* V. of that Name, who was aſſaſſinated when he was a hunting, in 1296. by a Gentleman called *Seigneur de Velſen*, to revenge himſelf upon that Count, for having forced his Wife in his own Caſtle, while he had ſent him out to negotiate ſome Affair, was alſo born here. This City likewiſe gave Birth to the famous *John Buckold*, who of a ſimple Taylor, found Means to make himſelf King of the *Anabaptiſts*, after having ſurprized the City of *Munſter* in *Weſtphalia*; and to the celebrated Painter *Lucas Van Leyden*, of whoſe Hand there is a Capital Picture carefully kept in the Town-houſe, repreſenting the laſt Judgment, to purchaſe which, 'tis ſaid, the Emperor *Rodolph* II. would have covered it over with Ducats of Gold to the Magiſtrates of *Leyden.*

The Country about *Leyden*, and its Manufacture.

The Fields about *Leyden* and all its Out-lets are charming: not to mention the magnificent Mall juſt at its Gates, it is ſurrounded on all Sides with an Infinity of beautiful Gardens, Pleaſure-houſes, and Meadows which abundantly yield the beſt Milk, Cheeſe and Butter in the World. This City is alſo famous for its Cloth Manufactury, its Camelots, Fuſtians, and Silk-Stuffs, and yet more for the beautiful Printing of its *Elzivirs*, to whom we owe ſuch charming Editions of all the *Claſſic* Authors, and of many other good Books.

CHAP.

1705. *January.* HARLEM

CHAP. V.

Harlem. *The Siege it ſuſtained againſt the* Spaniſh *Army, and the Barbarity of the* Spaniards *to its Inhabitants. The Origin of this Town. Many Particularities relating to it, and among others, the Invention of the Art of Printing, by* Laurent Coſter.

LET us ſupply ſome Omiſſions of our modern Traveller [*Miſſon*] with regard to *Harlem*, and give ſome Account of the no leſs memorable Siege, than that of *Leyden*, which this City held out againſt the *Spaniards*, in 1573. *Frederic*, or to give him his own proper Name, *Caſtillan*, *Dom Fredriquez de Toledo*, Son to the cruel and inhuman Duke of *Alba*, who was then indiſpoſed at *Bruſſels*, having received Orders from his Father to reduce the Cities of *Holland* that had rebelled on Account of his unheard-of Cruelty, inveſted *Harlem* in the Beginning of *December* 1572. *Embald Riperda*, a Gentleman of one of the moſt Illuſtrious Families in *Frieſland* commanded there, aſſiſted by *Batard de Brederode*, and ſeveral other Perſons of Diſtinction. The Monſtrous Outrages *Frederic* and his Army had committed at the taking of *Naerden*, *Zutphen* and other Places, had made the Citizens of *Harlem* reſolve to defend themſelves to the laſt Extremity. It is impoſſible to expreſs the Miſeries to which this brave People were reduced by Famine. To ſuch an Extremity were they pinched, that a young Girl of three Years of Age, who had died a few Days before, was dug out of her Grave by her Father and Mother to uphold their miſerable Life. This Siege was very deſperate, bloody, and long; it laſted from the Beginning of *December* 1572, to the End of *July* 1573. The *Spaniards* loſt in it between ten and twelve Thouſand Men, with many Officers of Diſtinction; among others, the Sieur *Creſſonier* Grand-maſter of the Artillery, and *Barthlemi Campi* of *Piſaro* in *Italy*, one of their ableſt Engineers.

Siege of this City no leſs famous than that of *Leyden*.

The learned *Boxhornius*, in his Theatre of the Towns of *Holland*, relates, that a Widow-Woman about 46 Years of Age ſo ſpirited up the Women of *Harlem* to defend their Liberty, that they excelled the Men in Courage, and repulſed the Enemy with great Bravery, in the ſeveral Aſſaults they made upon the Town. *Illuxit in hac obſidione virtus fœminarum, & præcipuè Kennavæ virilis animi viduæ, annos natæ quadraginta ſex, quæ cæterarum Dux, robore & conſtantia animi in propulſandis Hoſtibus, non ſexum ſuum modò, ſed viros vicit.* *Frederick* tired by ſuch a long and vigorous Reſiſtance, and almoſt deſpairing of Succeſs, ſent to aſk leave of his Father to raiſe the Siege. But the Duke of *Alba*, blaming his Impatience, ſent him word that he would come himſelf, ſick as he was, to continue it, or that if the Exceſs of his Illneſs ſhould not allow him to do it, he would ſend for his Mother from *Spain* to ſupply his Place; a Reproach which determined *Dom Fredriquez* to go on with it.

The remarkable Courage of a Woman of *Harlem*, named *Kennava*.

1705. *January.* HARLEM Several remarkable Events during that Siege.

Many very remarkable Incidents happened during this Siege. The Prince of *Orange* having ſent a Succour of two thouſand Men under the Command of *Philippe de Kening*, a brave Officer, in order to ſteal ſome of them into the Town: The *Spaniſh* General, having Intelligence of the Deſign, prepared an Ambuſcade for them, which defeated it, and proved fatal to a great Number of the intended Reinforcement. Among thoſe taken Priſoners were *Kening* and *Antoine* the Painter, who the Year before had by the Information he gave to Count *Ludovic* of *Naſſau*, Brother to the Prince of *Orange*, greatly facilitated his taking *Mons*, the Capital of the *Hainault* by ſurpriſe. *Frederic*, as cruel as his Father, ordered, with Inhumanity unparallelled, thoſe two Priſoners to be beheaded, and their Heads to be caſt into the City, with this Inſcription, *Here are the Heads of* Philip de Kening, *who came to aſſiſt* Harlem *with his two thouſand Men, and of* Antoine *the Painter, who delivered the City of* Mons *into the Hands of the Rebels.* The Citizens of *Harlem* exaſperated by ſeeing the moſt ſacred Laws of Nations ſo abominably and outrageouſly violated in the Perſons of thoſe two Priſoners of War, put to Death eleven *Spaniards*, and packed their Heads into a Barrel, which in the Night they rolled into the Enemy's Trenches, with this Writing upon it. *The Inhabitants of* Harlem *ſend the Duke of* Alba *ten Heads in lieu of the Tenth-penny that he demands from them, and give him the Eleventh for Intereſt.* The *Spaniards* and they went on inſulting and committing terrible Outrages one upon another in this Manner mutually for along Time; the one hoping to be Maſters of the City in a very few Days, and the other daily flattering themſelves with receiving Succours: The Beſiegers held up to the View of thoſe within the City, Figures repreſenting the Prince of *Orange*, the Magiſtrates, Miniſters, and chief Perſonages of this City, which they pierced thro' in their Sight with a thouſand Wounds. The Beſieged, on the other Side, repaid them in the ſame inſulting Coin: They ſtuffed Figures of Prieſts, Friars, Cardinals, and Popes with Straw, and ſetting them on their Walls, put Fire to them: All which only ſerved to exaſperate one another more and more.

The City ſurrenders at laſt to the *Spaniards.*

In fine, after a Siege of eight Months, the City being reduced to the laſt Extremity by a Dearth, which had ſwept away above 15000, and the laſt Recruit which the Prince of *Orange* ſent to them, under the Conduct of Count *La March* and Baron *de Batemberg*, being deſtroyed; the beſieged, ſeeing no Hopes of Relief, were forced by the Cries and Tears of their Wives and Children, who had eſcaped the Famine, to capitulate; for as to the Men, they had reſolutely determined to ſally forth in a Body, and to die glorioufly, or cut a Paſſage for themſelves Sword in Hand through the Enemy.

The barbarous Manner in which the Surrenderers are treated.

The perfidious *Frederic*, far from keeping his Faith, committed the moſt horrible Cruelties againſt the Rights of Nations and the Laws of War. The Garriſon was put to the Sword. *Riperda* and *Lancelot Batard de Bredcrode* were beheaded by the common Hangman. And this Monſter, worthy Son of an equally villainous Father, cauſed to be hanged and drowned for ſeveral Days above 3000 Perſons, and amongſt them all the Magiſtrates, Miniſters, and chief Inhabitants. So inhuman a Proceeding hurt the *Spaniſh* Intereſt exceedingly, inſtead of ſerving

ſerving it. The People became reſolute, and determined to ſuffer every Thing rather than to ſubmit themſelves to ſuch a cruel and tyrannical Domination, their natural Hatred of the *Spaniſh* Nation being thus inflamed to a higher Pitch than ever. The *Dutch* agreed unanimouſly to uſe the bloody Word *Harlem-Harlem*, to animate and excite one another on every Occaſion, to give no Quarter to thoſe who had treated their Compatriots ſo barbarouſly. Accordingly the Town of *Alkmar*, to which the ſame *Frederic* laid Siege ſome time after taking *Harlem*, boldly repulſed his moſt vigorous Efforts, and at laſt obliged him to make a ſhameful inglorious Retreat. Much about the ſame Time the Prince of *Orange*, having ſurprized the City of *Gertrudenberg*, his Soldiers upon crying out *Harlem*, with great Fury, cut every one of the *Spaniards* to Pieces, notwithſtanding all the Care of this humane Prince, to hinder them from taking ſuch cruel Repriſals. 1705. *January.* HARLEM

This City is not very ancient; yet its Riſe is very much diſguiſed by Fables, in moſt Hiſtorians who have mentioned it. *Boxhornius* thinks it was founded by the *Normans* who came into this Country from *France*, under the Conduct of the Duke *Roux* or *Raoul:* Others make it older, and aſcribe its Foundation to *Lem* Son of a King of *Frieſland*, who lived about the 300th Year of *Chriſt*. *Petrus Scriverius* refutes this Opinion, in his Encomium upon this City, where he ſays: Origin of *Harlem*.

Non quod ab antiquo repetas primordia Lemo.

What appears moſt inconteſtable, is, that it was founded by *Lem* or *Willem*, Son to *Thibaud*, Viſcount, or Bargrave of *Leyden*; that it was originally no more but a little Hamlet, with a Caſtle where this *Lem* kept his chief Reſidence; whence 'tis called *Heer-Lems ſtede*, i. e. the Reſidence of Lord *Lem*; but that in Proceſs of Time it was enlarged and beautified, and became the Capital of a Diſtrict which is called *Kennemerland*.

It is ſtrange that ſo judicious a Traveller as the Sieur *Mandeſlo* ſhould have affirmed in his Travels, that make a ſecond Volume to thoſe of *Olearius*, that *Harlem* is the largeſt City in *Holland* next to *Amſterdam*, ſince every one knows that *Leyden* is much greater. *Harlem* before the Reformation was the only Biſhoprick in the Province, founded by Pope *Paul* IV. in 1559; and its great Church formerly dedicated to St. *Bavon*, is indiſputably the moſt beautiful in *Holland*. Miſtake of *Mandeſlo*.

The ancient Building called *Het-Princen-Hof*, *i. e.* the Princes Court, took that Name from hence; that *Florent*, ſirnamed the *Fat*, Count of *Holland*, and his Conſort *Petronilla*, Daughter to the Duke of *Saxony*, tranſported their Court to *Harlem*, and ſettled it there. *Jean*, the eldeſt Son of *Florent* V. ſick of the Buſtle of the World, reſigned his States to his Nephew *Jean* II. retired to *Harlem*, and paſſed the reſt of his Life quietly in the ſame Palace to his Death, which happened in 1300. In this *Princen-Hof* there are Portraits of the ancient Counts of *Holland*, and a Picture of the taking of *Damietta* in *Egypt*, by theſe Princes in the third Croiſade againſt the *Saracens* in 1190. Thoſe of *Harlem* who accompanied *Florent* III. Count of *Holland*, in this Expedition, obſerving, that the Infidels had ſhut up the Entry into their Port, with Old Palace of the Counts of *Holland*. A fine Stratagem of the People of *Harlem* at the Siege of *Damietta*.

1-65. January. HARLEM

with two vaſt maſſy Chains of Iron, faſtened to two large Towers which defended it, contrived a Manner of fixing with Cramp-irons to the Keels of their Ships twenty Saws of Steel, and upon the firſt favourable Wind, crowding all their Sails, ruſhed full drive againſt theſe Chains, and cut thro' them both; and by this Stratagem opened an Entry to the Chriſtian Fleet into the Town. In Recompence of this noble Action the Emperor *Frederic Barberoſa* added to the Arms of their City, which before were three Gates, with four Stars-Field-Argent, a Sword ſurmounted by the Croſs of *Jeruſalem*, with this Motto: *Vicit vim Virtus.*

Mandeſlo and *Brown* corrected.

Mandeſlo, whom I have already mentioned, aſſures us, in Page 641. of his Travels. *That they got for their Reward the Bells of* Damietta, *which were remarkably well caſt, and that they brought them home with them to* Harlem, *where they are ſtill. Edward Brown*, a Phyſician, and Member of the Royal Society at *London*, ſays, *That theſe Bells were of Silver.* But with Submiſſion to thoſe Gentlemen-Travellers, if I am not miſtaken, the Uſe of Bells was unknown to the *Saracens*. In this Hall there are ſeveral excellent Pictures by *Heemſkerk*, *Goltzius*, and *Cornelius van Harlem*; among others, a *Prometheus* by the ſecond; the Murder of the Innocents, and a Feaſt of the Gods by the laſt, which are eſteemed the beſt.

Lake of *Harlem.*

Since Mr. *Miſſon* has thought fit to mention the lofty Wood near to *Harlem*; he ought not to have forgot its Lake, which is about ſix Leagues in Length, and ſubject to Storms and Tempeſts like the Sea. *Frederic* V. King of *Bohemia*, who retired into *Holland* after he was driven out of his Dominions, being curious to ſee the Fleet loaden with Silver, which the Admiral *Hein* had taken from *Spain* and brought to *Amſterdam*, had almoſt been loſt in this Lake. The Birk he was aboard of was run againſt with ſuch Violence by another that came upon it full Sail, that it was ſplit and ſunk. With great Difficulty was this Prince ſaved, after he ſaw his eldeſt Son, who attended him, periſh. While the Prince of *Toledo* beſieged *Harlem*, there was a Naval Engagement upon this Lake, in which the *Spaniards* loſt Part of their Fleet. It freezes in Winter ſo hard, that the People go from End to End of it on Skates and Sledges.

Its Inhabitants, why called *Floriſts.*

The People of *Harlem* were anciently nick-named *Floriſts*, for this Reaſon; that in the Year 1634, 35, 36, and 37, they were poſſeſſed with ſuch a Rage, or to give it its proper Name, ſuch an Itching after Flowers, as to give one, two, nay often three thouſand Crowns for a Tulip that pleaſed their Fancies; a Diſeaſe that ruined ſeveral rich Families. The Duke of *Rohan* in his Travels, ſays, that between *Harlem* and the *Hague*, which makes ſeven Leagues, *there is a Foreſt, which he believes is the only one in* Holland; yet in the Paragraph immediately following this he mentions, the *Charming Wood of the* Hague, and beſides, that of *Harlem* is at its very Gates.

Errors in *Miſſon* and the Duke *de Rohan* about the Invention of Printing.

Our Traveller, among the *Germans*, who diſpute with *Coſter* of *Harlem* the Invention of the Art of Printing, names firſt of all *Guttemberg* of *Straſbourg*, and then the pretended Magician *John Fauſtus* of *Mayence*, *Peter Scheffer*, *Peter Gernſheim*, and others. If *Miſſon* had carefully read *Pancirollus*, whom he cites two Pages after, he could not have fallen into three ſuch conſiderable Blunders

as

as he has here committed. He would have learned from the Appendix *ad Titulum XII. de Typographiæ inventione* ; and from *Salmuth*, who hath commented upon *Pancirollus*, in the first Place, not to have confounded the pretended Magician *Fauſtus*, of whom many ridiculous Tales are told, with an honourable Burgeſs of *Mayence*, whoſe Name was *John Fuſt*, the firſt Inventor of Characters cut in Wood according to the *Germans*, who was never accuſed of Magic. At the End of *Cicero's Offices* and other Books printed by him, he always calls himſelf *Johannes Fuſtus civis Moguntinus : Salmuth* calls him *Johannes Fuſtius* and not *Fauſtus* : Secondly, he would have learned that *Guttemberg*, whom he gives (copying the Duke of *Rohan*'s Error) for the firſt Inventor of Printing, was not of *Straſbourg* but of *Mayence* ; and that far from being the Inventor of this Art, he was no more than one of *Fuſtus*'s Partners, and that a long time after *Fuſtus* had invented the Art he learned from him : But theſe two falling by the Ears about ſome Money matters, and *Guttemberg* being caſt in the Suit then retired to *Straſbourg*, where he ſet up a Printing-houſe, after having by Force of Money allured thither many of thoſe who had worked under *Fuſt*. In the third Place *Peter Scheffer* and *Peter Gernſheim*, of whom he makes two different Perſons, were but one and the ſame Perſon, who was firſt Apprentice to *Fuſt*, and then became his Son-in-Law, on Account of his having invented the Art of caſting Types, and not *John Mentel*, to whom Mr. *Miſſon* attributes the Honour of that Invention ; He added to his Name of *Peter Scheffer*, that of *Gernſheim*, a little Town in *Germany* the Place of his Nativity, as may be ſeen at the End of the Books which he printed afterwards for himſelf, where he always takes the Name of *Petrus Scheffer* of *Gernſheim*.

1705. *January.* HARLEM

Miſſon, Page 25 of his firſt Volume, after having mentioned the firſt Book printed at *Harlem* by *Coſter*, intituled *Speculum humanæ Salvationis*, which is kept in the Town-houſe in a Silver Cheſt ; He ſays, that there is in the ſame Town-houſe, a Statue of this *Coſter* : If it be true that he had ſeen it, as is probable, why did he not give his Friend the Inſcription as he ought naturally to have done. I will tranſcribe it to you as it is.

Coſter was the Inventor, as the People of *Harlem* pretend.

M. S. VIRO CONSULARI.
Laurentio Coſtero Harlemenſi, alteri Cadmo, & Artis
Typographicæ circà annum Domini 1430. *Inventori primo,*
De Litteris ac toto Orbe optimè merenti, hanc Q. L. C. Q.
Statuam quia Æream non habuit, pro monumento poſuit Civis gratiſſ.
Adrian. Roman. Typogr. Anno 1630.

All I have further to add is, that *Harlem* is the Second in Precedency of the Towns in the Province of *Holland*.

CHAP.

1705. *January.*

AMSTERDAM.

CHAP. VI.

Amſterdam, *its magnificent* Town-houſe. *The famous* De Ruyter's *Monument, and the Tombs of ſeveral other Admirals. Charity-houſes. The Arſenal of the Admiralty, and Magazine of the* East-India *Company. The Trade of this Company. Its Power; a ſhort Hiſtory of it. A Deſcription of* Amſterdam. *Its Fortifications. Some Particulars relating to* Utrecht.

The Town-houſe, why its Gate ſo ſmall.

IN the Article of *Amſterdam*, Mr. *Miſſon* has omitted to tell his Friend, that this famous City derives its Name from *Amſtel*, a ſmall River which runs into it under the great Bridge at what is call'd the *Utrecht* Gate, and loſes itſelf in its Canals. He ſhould have added that this City was enlarged at three different Times, before it came to be what we now ſee it.

In the very ſhort Deſcription he gives us of the Town-houſe of *Amſterdam*, Page 10, he expreſſes ſome Surpriſe that they ſhould not have given it a magnificent Entry, inſtead of the low and narrow Gates which lead into this vaſt Palace; tho' the Reaſon of this be very well known. After the ancient Town-houſe (built as is imagined in 1428, in the Time of *Philip* the *Good*, Duke of *Burgundy*, and Count of *Holland*) was burnt in 1652, none could ever diſcover how; the Magiſtrates who ordered the Building of the new Town-houſe, reflecting that the Bank of the Seven *United Provinces*, conſiſting of immenſe Sums, in which moſt of the Merchants in *Europe* were concerned, muſt be lodged there; and well knowing, that the Populace of *Amſterdam* is compoſed of the Dregs of all Nations, and naturally inſolent, mutinous, and exceedingly given to plunder, judged it expedient to make the Gates of this Town-houſe low and narrow, that it might be more difficult to force them, and eaſier to defend them.

Short Deſcription of that Building.

It is ſtill more aſtoniſhing that Mr. *Miſſon*, who is ſo copious upon a hundred other Things that do not ſo well deſerve it, ſhould paſs over in Silence, the Beauties of this vaſt Palace. In fact this Town-houſe is ſuitable to this grand and ſplendid City. It is very regular without, being built of hewn Stone, and within it is proportionably beautified. In Architecture nothing equals this Houſe in the *United Provinces*. Within there is throughout it a Profuſion of Marble, Alabaſter, Jaſper; in the Galleries, Halls, Apartments, Pavements, Incruſtations, Bas-reliefs, Statues by *Artus Quellin*, Pillars and Pilaſters of the *Corinthian* Order; Frizes, Chapiters, Corniſhes, and all the moſt exquiſite Ornaments. Every thing is of the moſt finiſhed Workmanſhip; and all the Paintings are of excellent Maſters. The Pavement of the Great Hall is ineſtimable, not only becauſe it is all of Marble, but chiefly on Account of the admirable Finiſhing of three large Globes, Celeſtial and Terreſtrial, on which every thing is marked and adorned with the greateſt Correctneſs and Beauty; the different Countries, being diſtinguiſhed by Stones

of

of different Colours, ſo joined, as agreeably to repreſent their different Situations and Forms. The principal Cities, Sea-ports, Gulphs and Rivers, are perfectly well delineated. This large Sale is 120 Feet in Length, 56 and a half in Breadth, and 98 in Height. And what is moſt admirable, is, that this prodigious Maſs of Stones and Marbles is ſupported by 13659 Piles, which with the Building coſt above 12 Millions of Livres, and that in a very ſmall Space of Ground. Mr. *Charles Patin* makes this Expence amount to 30 Millions, which is exaggerating: On the other hand *Miſſon* ſays three Millions, which is ridiculous. 1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM. Mrs. *Patin* and *Miſſon* corrected.

As you have formerly ſeen all this Magnificence, I judge it would be ſuperfluous to give you a particular Detail of it. I will juſt put you in mind of the *Latin* Inſcription above the Grand Tribunal of white Marble, that immediately preſents itſelf upon entering into this Palace. This Tribunal, from which Sentence of Death is pronounced againſt Criminals, is of the fineſt white Marble of *Carrara*, the Steps as well as the Benches of the Judges. It is adorned with charming Bas-reliefs repreſenting the Judgment of *Solomon*; the elder *Brutus* cutting off the Heads of his own Sons,, and *Zaleucus*, King of the *Locrians*, who having made a Law condemning Adulterers to the Puniſhment of having their Eyes put out, to ſupport the Authority of his own Law, cauſed one to be plucked out of his own Head, and another out of his Sons, who had been ſurpriſed in this Crime. The *Latin* Inſcription I am to give you marks the Æra, when the firſt Stone of this magnificent Building was laid. Beau iful Tribunal. Its Inſcription.

IV. CAL. NOV. M.DC.XLVIII.

Quo compoſitum eſt Bellum, quod fœderati inf. Germ. Populi cum tribus Philippis potentiſſ. Hiſpaniarum Regibus, terrâ marique per omnes ferè Orbis oras ultrà octoginta annos fortiter geſſerunt: Aſſertâ Patriæ libertate & Religione, auſpiciis Coſſ. pacificatorum optimorum, Gerb. Paneras, Jac. de Graef, Sibr. Valkenier, Petr. Schaep, Conſulum Filii & Agnati, jacto primo fundamenti lapide, hanc curiam fundarunt.

It is under a fine Statue of the City of *Amſterdam*, which Sir *Edward Veryard*, as I have already remarked, took for a Statue of the Virgin *Mary*.

Monſ. *Miſſon*, in a Marginal Note, lets us know, that *de Ruiter*'s Tomb is worth ſeeing. And ſince this Traveller condeſcends to deſcant to his Friend upon the Play-things for Children in the Glaſs-houſe, and ſuch little Trifles; I think he might have ſaid ſomething of a Monument he tells us is worth noticing: It is in the new Church, at the Bottom of the Quire, incloſed by a Rail of Braſs, which hath always been eſteemed a moſt curious Piece of Workmanſhip in its Kind. There is a Statue of *Ruiter* bedecked with all Sorts of Arms, and with the Admiral's Battoon in his Hand, laid out at full Length, with his Head leaning upon a Cannon. It is accompanied with two Tritons that ſeem to riſe out of the Sea, and to ſound each a Trump Marine. In *Lontano* is repreſented a Sea-fight in Bas-relief, above which is *Fame*, proclaiming the Atchievements of this Hero. On the Sides The famous Admiral *de Ruiter*'s Tomb.

1705. January. AMSTERDAM. are two Female-figures, one of which repreſents *Prudence*, and the other *Valour*. Several Angels ſupport the Family-arms of the Defunct, crowned with a Duke's Coronet, with which Title *Charles* II. King of *Spain* had honoured him. The whole is of exceeding fine black and white Marble, except the Pillars and Pilaſters, which are of a charming red Marble, with white Veins running through it. There are three *Latin* Inſcriptions upon it, the middle one in Proſe, and too long to be tranſcribed here, containing a particular Hiſtory of his Actions: The other two are in Verſe as follows.

And Epitaphs.

MICHAELI RUITERO.
I.

Ruiteri hoc cinerem victoris et oſſa Sepulchro,
Adſerta æquoreo Marte recondit humus.
Tantillum Exuvias ſpatii complectitur omnes,
Funere de tanti quas tulit Urna viri.
Nil tamen egiſti, Mors importuna, Triumphum
De te perpetuum Fama ſuperſtes aget.
In titulos Europa parùm eſt, ſcit Americus Orbis,
Africa laurigeri ſcit decus Ora Ducis.
Vix capit Oceanus, vix Sol Orienſque, cadenſque,
Tot palmis gravidum, tot ſpoliiſque manum.
Maxima quod ſi quem virtus ſacravit Olympo,
Hanc Animam æthereâ fas jubet Arce frui.

MICHAELI RUITERO.
II.

Martius hîc tumidi Moderator & Incola Ponti,
Qui ſibi ſe totum debuit, eccè jacet.
Ipſe lapis, Cinis ipſe Viri ſpirare videntur,
Inclyta pro Patriis quæ tulit arma focis.
Hoſti intentat adhuc marmor clademque, fugamque,
Saxa cruentatas ſtrage minantur aquas.
Naufragas hunc ſenſit ſcopulum quicunque Batavas
Æquora turbanti claſſe premebat opes.
Hîc Hoſtes ubicumque jacent: commune Sepulchrum
Cum Duce ſortiri, Patria, crede tuos.
Si tamen eſt Tumulus, moribundis vita Saluſque
Civibus, & dextræ laus redit undè ſuæ.

This great Man's Elogy. Mr. *Miſſon* in the Sequel of his Relation commends I know not how many Perſons, who did not merit Praiſe equally with *Ruyter*; yet he ſays not a ſingle Word of this great Man Lieutenant-Admiral, and Commander in chief of all the Naval Forces of the *States* of the *United Provinces*, who had ſerved in above twenty Land Battles, or Sea Engagements; who from a Cabbin-boy raiſed himſelf to that high Rank by his Merit alone, and was an equally good Sailor, Pilot, Soldier and General: I may add, that he was the greateſt

and beſt Sea-Officer that ever ſailed; and at the ſame time, one of the moſt virtuous and pious Men that ever breathed. 1705. *January.*

You know that he was wounded in the Sea-fight between the *French* and *Dutch* at *Agouſta* in *Sicily*, the 22d of *April*, 1676, and that he died of his Wounds ſeven Days after, on board his own Ship, in the Road of *Syracuſe*. His Body was brought to *Amſterdam*, where he was moſt magnificently buried. And the *States-General* chearfully gave twelve thouſand Florins for erecting to his Memory this ſuperb Monument; your Idea of which I have been attempting to refreſh. A certain Poet who delighted much in Puns and Conceits made this *Latin* Couplet upon him after his Death. AMSTERDAM.

Terruit Hiſpanos Ruiter, *ter terruit Anglos*,
Ter ruit in Gallos; *territus ipſe ruit.*

I very opportunely call to mind here that Mr. *Braakel* Captain of the *Waſſenaer*, in which we embarked for *Cadiz*, in 1695, told us ſomething very particular concerning him. He aſſured us of it, as a certain Truth, that he had from Mr. *Engel de Ruyter*, Son to the Admiral himſelf; that his Father and the famous Mr. *Du Queſne*, two great Commanders of the naval Forces of *Holland* and *France*, whom their Merit alone had raiſed, and whom we may with good Reaſon call the two firſt Sea-Captains who eſteemed and feared each other, mutually apprehended being forced to engage, and to avoid all Occaſions of it, kept a ſecret Correſpondence, and informed one another of all their Motions, ſo that they might not meet, tho' they appeared to be in queſt of one another. But at laſt the Wind, and *de Ruyter*'s bad Fate, triumphed over all their Precautions. Anecdote concerning this Admiral and Monſ. *du Queſne.*

De Ruyter was at *Ivica*, an Iſland on the Coaſt of *Spain* in the Mediterranean. He received Intelligence that Mr. *Du Queſne* was in *Sicily*, and that he was preparing to ſail towards *Naples*. The Wind which was North-North-Weſt, abated ſuddenly, ſo that Mr. *Du Queſne* could not get out from *Sicily*. *Ruyter* on the other Hand, had a Southerly Wind, which drove him to *Meſſina*, from whence the Wind would not let *Du Queſne* ſtir; ſo that he was at Anchor when the other firſt came in Sight. He put to Sea inſtantly, taking Advantage of a ſmall Weſterly Breeze, and came up with the *Dutch* Admiral, who could not retire out of his Way. It would have been unpardonable Cowardiſe in the Former not to have gone out to meet the other, and in the Latter to have fled from him: They were both Perſons of too great Honour to behave ſo baſely; eſpecially after having ſeemed to have been looking out for one another for four Months paſt. They met, and made mutually a terrible Fire for more than two Hours, without loſing one Point of Wind, or making either of them one wrong Step in the whole Management of their Fleets. At laſt, the *Dutch* Admiral's Veſſel committed a Blunder that made *Du Queſne* believe that *Ruyter* was dead, or at leaſt wounded; being perſuaded that had he been himſelf in a Condition to command, he would have kept to the Wind, and advanced Broad-ſide, and not expoſed his Stern ſo much in coming up as he did: For when Mr. *Du Queſne* ſaw him do it,

1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM.

he could not help crying out to his Men, that *Ruyter* was certainly killed; upon which they redoubled their Fire, and would have come immediately to boarding; but the *Dutch* retreated, and Mr. *Du Queſne*, very well ſatisfied with the Days work, did not purſue them very far. He was very much diſtreſſed, his Ship being pierced through and through in ſeveral Places; almoſt all his Maſting being ſhattered, and all his Tackling broke; and beſides, he ſaw there was a vaſt Number of Dead and Wounded: In ſhort, he ſtood in great Need of Time to recruit and repair, and therefore he returned to *Meſſina*, and the brave *Admiral de Ruyter* died of his Wounds aboard his Veſſel in the Road of *Syracuſe*. Mr. *Du Queſne* openly gave him this Eloge, that he had done all that could be expected from a great General, good Soldier, and expert able Sailor.

The tomb of Vice-Admiral *Jean van Galen*.

There is beſides in the ſame Church behind the Pulpit, the Tomb of the famous *Jean van Galen*, who tho' the Son of a Tavern-keeper, raiſed himſelf by his Bravery and good Conduct, to the Dignity of Vice-Admiral. This Monument is of Marble, and his Statue is almoſt in the ſame Attitude with that of *De Ruyter*. Underneath it is a Bas-relief, exhibiting the Victory he gained over the *Engliſh* near to *Leghorn*, which coſt him his Life; and above there is the following Inſcription in Letters of Gold.

Its Inſcription.

Generoſiſſimo Heroi Joanni à Galen Eſſenſi.

Qui ob res ſæpè fortiter & feliciter geſtas, ſexies uno anno Duinkerkanorum Prædatoriam navem captam, & à Barbaris opima ſpolia reportata, ordinum claſſi in mari mediterraneo præfectus, memorabili prælio ad Livornam, Deo Auxiliante, Anglor. navibus captis, fugatis, incendio & ſubmerſione deletis, commercium cum dicti maris accolis reſtituit Idibus Mart. A°. MD.C.LIII. *& altero pede truncatus, nono poſt victoriam die, annos natus* XLVIII. *obiit, ut ſæcula per gloriam viveret. Illuſtr. & præpotentiſſ. Ordin. decreto nob. & potentiſſ. Architalaſſ. qui eſt Amſtelædami* M. H. P.

This Inſcription is environed with a Trophy in white Marble, compoſed of large and ſmall Flags, Streamers, Weather-flags, Pikes, and other Kinds of Arms.

A very particular Tomb and pleaſant Calculation of an Epicurean.

To the South in the Quire, there is a very ancient funeral Monument of whitiſh Marble, on which are engraved a Pair of Slippers of a very ſingular Kind, with theſe *Flemiſh* Words, *EFFEN UYT*, i. e. *Exactly*. The Story, if you chooſe to hear the Tradition, is, that a Man tolerably rich, and who dearly loved good Eating, took it into his Head, that he was only to live a certain Number of Years and no longer. In this Whimſey he counted, that if he ſpent ſo much a Year, his Eſtate and his Life would expire together. It happened by Chance, that he was not deceived in either of theſe Computations. He died preciſely at the Time he had preſcribed to himſelf in his Imagination, and had then brought his Fortune to ſuch a Paſs, that he had nothing left but a Pair of Slippers, after paying his Debts. His Relations buried him creditably, and would have the Slippers engraved on his Tomb,

with the above-mentioned *Laconic* Deviſe, to expreſs the Exactneſs of the whimſical Calculation of this *Epicurean Hog*, or if you pleaſe *Modern Apicius*. 1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM.

Mr. *Miſſon* in a Marginal Note ſays, there was once a deſign to erect near to this Church a very high Tower, but that this Enterprize was given over, becauſe that Building ſunk in proportion as they raiſed this Spire. *Olivier Dapper*, a Learned *Dutch* Phyſician ſays, in his ancient and modern Hiſtory of *Amſterdam*, that the Reaſon for not finiſhing it was, that the Magiſtrates were afraid that this Spire might conſiderably eclipſe or obſcure that of the Town-houſe. He adds, that it is a vulgar Error to believe that the Foundation gave way, that it was built upon ſix Thouſand three Hundred and ſixty three Piles; and that they were more than thirteen Months in driving thoſe Piles into the Ground. A fine Steeple begun and not finiſhed, and why.

In the ancient Church there are alſo two Tombs of two Admirals, which are much talked of. One is that of the famous *Heemſkerk*, who deſtroyed the *Spaniſh* Fleet before *Gibraltar*, after having rendered his Name renowned from Pole to Pole. *Mandeſlo*, p. 646, of his Voyage, has made Nonſenſe of this Inſcription, partly by changing Words, and partly by his incorrect Pointing. The Epitaph ſtands thus. Other Tombs. Of Admiral *Heemſkerk*.

Honori & Æternitati.
Jacobo ab Heemſkerk Amſtelædamenſi. His Epitaph.
Viro fortiſſimo & optimè de Patria merito.
Qui poſt varias in notas ignotaſque oras Navigationes.
In Novam Zemblam ſub Polo Arctico duas.
In Indiam Orientalem verſus Antarcticum totidem.
Indèque opimis ſpoliis anno MD. C. IV. *reverſus victor.*
Tandem
Expeditionis maritimæ adverſus Hiſpa. præfectus.
Eorundem validam Claſſem Herculeo auſu aggreſſus.
In freto Herculeo ſub ipsâ Arce & Urbe Gibraltar.
VII. *Kal. Maji anno* MD. C. VII. *fudit ac profligavit.*
Ipſe ibidem
Pro Patriâ ſtrenuè dimicans gloriosè occubuit.
Anima cœlo gaudet, corpus hoc loco jacet.
Fave Lector, famamque viri ama, & virtutem.
Cujus ergo
ab
Illuſtriſſ. & Potentiſſ. Fœderat. Provin. Belgii Ordinibus P. P.
H. M. P.
Vixit annos XL. *menſ.* I. *dies* XII.

Under this Inſcription there is a fine Baſs-relief repreſenting a Sea-fight before *Gibraltar*, in which this brave Admiral was killed, after having burnt or ſunk the greateſt Part of the Enemy's Fleet.

The other Monument is that of Admiral *Cornelis Jansz van Amſterdam*, ſirnamed the *Cock*, on Account of his Vigilance and Activity. His Epitaph

1705. *January.* taph is in Verſe, compoſed by the learned *Caſpar Barlæus*, Profeſſor of Eloquence and Poetry, in the celebrated School of *Amſterdam*.

AMSTERDAM. Tomb of Admiral *Cornelis Janſz*, and Epitaph.

Virtuti ac Famæ fortiſſimi Ducis
Cornelii Joannis Amſtelodamenſis, cognomento Galli.
Directores & vindices Oceani Septentrionalis
H. M. P.
Aſpice Spectator noſtræ miracula gentis,
Geſta que victrici bella ſtupenda manu.
Hic jacet Eoum qui duxit vela per Orbem,
Atque Arabum Heſperio ſanguine tinxit aquas.
Quem modò prædatrix potuit Duinkerka timere,
Cùm Morinum captæ ſuccubuere rates.
Una triumphantis toties ſeſe torſit in hoſtem
Puppis, & adverſos exuit una Duces.
Ut vincatur Iber Batavo non claſſibus ultrà
Eſt opus; una ratis, Dux ſatis unus erit.
Qui dum ſe Patriæ mediis Bellator in undis
Devovet, illuſtri fuere victor obit.
Jam Decios jactare mihi ceſſate Quirites,
Hæc etiam Decii marmora corpus habent.
M.DC.XXXIII.

I likewiſe obſerved on the North-ſide of the Quire a Picture, to which very few ſeem to have given any Attention, on one Side of which is the Imperial Eagle, and on the other, theſe *Latin* Words.

Anno 1559.
Hôc in loco celebratæ ſunt Exequiæ Caroli Quinti
Imperatoris ac Hollandiæ Comitis, viceſimo primo & ſecundo Aprilis.

You did not know, perhaps, that the Funerals of *Charles* V. were ſolemnized in this Church.

Raſp-huys, or Houſe of Correction.

In the ſame Volume, *Page* 32, Mr. *Miſſon* ſpeaks of a dark Vault, *in which a young Debauchee pumped without intermiſſion, otherwiſe the Cave would in a Quarter of an Hour have been full of Water, and he in danger of periſhing.* In a marginal Note he adds, that *the Uſe of theſe Pumps has been aboliſhed ſince the firſt Edition of his Book*, without giving the Reaſon why. I will therefore tell you what it was. The Reaſon was becauſe a Scoundrel put into the Houſe of Correction, becoming deſperate, when he found himſelf condemned to ſaw *Braſil-wood* as long as he ſhould live (for they are obliged to ſaw fifty Pound weight every Day between two of them, which is an extreamly hard Taſk) choſe rather to let the Water come in to drown him, than to pump to ſave himſelf. Since this Accident, this Kind of Puniſhment has not been in uſe, leaſt ſome other deſperate Malefactor ſhould follow ſuch an Example.

1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM. Charity-Houſes.

But after he had mentioned, which he does very ſuperficially, the Houſes of Correction and the Stews, called in the Language of this Country *Muſykhuyſen*, ſurely thoſe of Charity well deſerved a Place in his Relation. They are admired by all who ſee them, and add greatly to the Reputation of *Holland*, on account of their rich Endowments and Revenues, but chiefly for the prudent Oeconomy and admirable Order with which they are governed and managed. Beſides the great Hoſpital called *Gaſthuys*, there are Houſes for Orphans of all Nations and Religions; others for receiving and taking Care of expoſed Children, which ſometimes amount to above two Thouſand, Boys and Girls: Theſe Children are taught uſeful Trades: They are kept in theſe Hoſpitals 'till they are in a Condition to gain their Living, and then ſomething is given to eſtabliſh them. There are likewiſe Houſes for the Aged of both Sexes, who have nothing to ſubſiſt upon, where they are very well lodged and taken care of all the reſt of, their Days. And there are Infirmaries for Lunaticks, and the Diſordered in Mind.

The Principal Magiſtrates of the City are the Governors of thoſe Charity-Houſes, and their Wives and Daughters do not diſdain to paſs in their Turns a Day in the Week in one or other of them, to overſee and direct the Houſhold-management. All theſe Foundations and the good Police of this City have this excellent Effect, that there are no Beggars in the Streets.

Other Inſtances of Charity and Policy.

The Number of thoſe Houſes is very conſiderable. But there is one that more particularly merits our Attention; and that ſo much the rather that no Traveller, as far as I know, hath ever taken Notice of it. It is the only one of the Kind, perhaps in the World. *Amſterdam* is the perpetual Reſort of Perſons of all Nations, who come to it by Accident or about Buſineſs, a great Number of whom have not much to ſpend; and the Taverns are in general very dear. Now the Wiſdom of the Magiſtracy has above a hundred Years ago provided againſt this Inconveniency.

They have built and well rented ſpacious Edifices, where all poor Strangers of both Sexes, who are obliged to make any Stay in this City, are received, neatly lodged, and have Bed, Board and Waſhing for three Days and Nights, during which Time if any of them happen to fall ſick, they are tranſported into a neighbouring Hoſpital. But after three Days (which Time is ſuppoſed ſufficient for the Diſpatch of Buſineſs to ſuch ſort of People) they muſt move from hence, and they are not allowed to return hither for ſix Weeks. If any are found out tranſgreſſing this Rule, they are ſeverely puniſhed.

Moreover to maintain good Order in this Houſe, amidſt ſuch a confuſed Mixture of Perſons of the loweſt Ranks, there are ſeveral excellent Regulations, which are all obſerved and executed with the utmoſt Exactneſs. In fine, to prevent that ſcandalous Practice, which is tolerated in ſo many Chriſtian Countries, though it evidently be the Source of an Infinity of Diſorders and Crimes, I mean that of ſuffering Perſons to beg in the Streets, there are Officers to take up all ſuch Vagabonds, and convey them forthwith into Houſes on purpoſe, where they are forced to work every one in his own Buſineſs, and in proportion to his Strength and Ability. Here alſo all the Poor who

1705. January. AMSTERDAM.

who want Work, who offer themſelves voluntarily, are received. And what compleats the Police in this Country, is, that at *Amſterdam*, and in moſt of the conſiderable Cities of *Holland*, there is a public Office, where all poor Travellers that can give any Account of themſelves may go and take a Loaf, a Penny, and a Paſs-port, by Virtue of which they are received gratis into the Boats which carry Paſſengers and Goods from Town to Town.

The Arſenal of the Admiralty

The Arſenal and Yards of the Admiralty well deſerve our particular Notice, as well as the Magazine of the famous *Eaſt-India* Company, of which Mr. *Miſſon* hardly ſays two Words. The firſt is a Houſe of three Stories, exceedingly well ſtored with all the Neceſſaries for equipping Ships of War, and where People are inceſſantly at Work about all Sorts of Things, proper for the Sea-Service: It is 200 Feet in Length, and in Breadth 228. Its Walls are thick; and this vaſt Edifice, tho' built amidſt Water, was begun and finiſhed in nine Months. 'Tis a Pleaſure to ſee here the Order and good Arrangement of Cannons, Bullets, Cartridges, of all Sizes. In another Place, are Cables, Ropes, and Rigging of all Sorts; higher up are Sails in vaſt Quantites; and in another Place, Muſquets, Carabines, Piſtols, Cutlaſhes, Half-pikes, and other Arms. In the uppermoſt Story are Sea-charts, Mariners-Compaſſes, Aſtrolabes, Ship-lights, Pullies, Flags, Streamers, Bandrols, Fanes, Sand-glaſſes, Matches, and a hundred other Things belonging to Ships of War. But what is the fineſt Spectacle of all is about ſeventy large Men of War, the ſmalleſt of which carry 40 Cannon; theſe are incloſed with a double Fence of Paliſades. 'Tis true they are not armed or rigged, but lying ſo near the Arſenal they could ſoon be fitted out for Service in Caſe of Need. The Rope-yards are likewiſe very near the Arſenal. We ſee Docks here, and Carpenters at Work building Ships, ſome are juſt begun, others almoſt finiſhed, and ſome are ready to be launched. What a Quantity is here of Maſts, Yards, Floor-Timbers, Pully-pieces, Keelſons, Ribs, Spars, Pieces for eking Girts, every Thing in ſhort, for Carpenter's Work in the Building of Ships? On the other Side are Anchors, and all Sorts of Iron-work; at making which a vaſt Number of *Cyclopes*, in the Service of the Admiralty, labour hard from Morning to Night. In one Word, this Arſenal, tho' not ſo celebrated as that of *Venice*, well deſerves a Viſit from Travellers.

Eaſt-India Company's Houſe.

The *Eaſt-India* Company Houſe lies a little further to the Right-hand; and it is ſtill a much larger Building: For it is in breadth 636 Feet, and 70 in length. It is four Story high, and has two large Pavilions for Wings. It is ſo filled with all Sorts of precious Merchandiſe from the *Eaſt-Indies*, that it is impoſſible to expreſs its Riches. This vaſt Edifice is ſo ſurrounded with Water, that we muſt go to and from it in Boats. Beſides this prodigious Fabrick, there are other Houſes ſeparated from it for all Sorts of Works and Crafts, neceſſary to fit out Ships for ſuch long and important Voyages. Among ſeveral other Ships, belonging to this Company, we were pointed to one in particular that had made ſixteen Voyages to the *Eaſt-Indies*. It is true, it is ſo ſhattered and wore out that it is now kept merely for Curioſity, and not for Uſe. The Rope-yard, where all Kinds of Handicrafts are inceſſantly carried on, is above 2000 Feet in length. It is divided into ſeveral

Allies,

Allies, separated by Walls of three Feet thick. It is the longeſt I have ever ſeen. 1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM.

Mr. *Miſſon* has had very bad Information concerning this Company. It was not eſtabliſhed, as he tells us, pag. 29. Tom. 1. in 1594. About the End of that Year ſome private Perſons freighted four ſmall Ships, which they ſent for the firſt Time to try their Fortune in the *Eaſt-Indies*. They did not fail from the *Texel* till the 2d of *April*, the Year following; and after a painful Voyage, and loſing one of their Ships, which they were obliged to burn, ſo leaky was it become, the other three returned at the Cloſe of 9 Months. They brought with them Rarities and Spiceries enough from that Country to encourage other Merchants to ſend back in 1598 eight Veſſels, which had much better Succeſs than the former. The effectual Eſtabliſhment of the *Eaſt-India* Company, with a Patent from the *States-General*, was not till many Years after in 1602. And their Patent has always been renewed every twenty Years. This Company brings immenſe Riches into the Commonwealth, and is become ſo powerful in *Aſia*, that it poſſeſſes whole Kingdoms there, and often bears head againſt the greateſt Princes with no bad Succeſs. Yet its firſt Fund was but ſix million and ſix hundred thouſand Gilders.

Errors in *Miſſon*, in Relation to that famous Company.

Its vaſt Commerce

Tho' this vaſt *India* Trade be carried on under the Name of a particular Company, it is however very certain, that the whole Republic is intereſted in it. The ancient *Romans* aimed at the Conqueſt of the World, by *Dint*, of warlike Valour and Force; and they ſucceeded while they were united; their Ruin was owing to their Factions and civil Animoſities. The Republic of *Holland*, more refined in her Politics than ancient *Rome*, does not aſpire at governing all, but at giving Motion to all, and takes a more cunning Way to accompliſh her End: namely, by univerſal Commerce. She knows that *Philip le Bon*, Duke of *Burgundy*, to whom the *Netherlands* belonged, furniſhed his Subjects Money without Intereſt, to be employed in Commerce, and That in order to ſtrengthen them for bolder Enterprizes. Moreover, forſeeing that Commerce would one Day bring in vaſt Riches into his States, he not only granted great Privileges to thoſe who engaged in it, but honoured them with Titles and Diſtinctions of all Kinds. Yet this wiſe Prince never engaged in Trade himſelf, farther than to ſupport the Union, Peace, Credit and Honeſty neceſſary to its Flouriſhing. He well knew that it is the Merchant alone who underſtands Commerce; the Negociant only who can manage Trade. Afterwards in the War which the *United-Provinces* were involved in againſt *Philip* II. King of *Spain*, whoſe Yoke they had ſhaken off, the *States-General*, following the Example of the Duke of *Burgundy*, encouraged Particulars to ſend Ships to the *Indies*, to make Settlements, and thereby to do all the Prejudice they could to their Enemy. Theſe private Perſons ſucceeded in their Project, and formed a Society of Traders to the *Eaſt-Indies*, under the Authority and Protection of the *States-General*.

Philip the Good, and the *States General*'s excellent Policy in relation to Trade.

That Company's great Power in *Aſia*.

See here the Beginning of the Grandeur and Opulence of this Republic, now richer than many Crown'd Heads joined together. Let her be ever ſo much cruſhed or oppreſſed in *Europe*, ſhe can never be deſtroyed while ſhe continues to be well united at Home. Her *Indian* Commerce, in which

all

1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM.

all her Subjects are concerned, will always support her. It is by extensive Commerce and wise Policy, supported by great Oeconomy, and a flegmatic Patience proof against every thing, that this *Common-wealth* hath gradually spread its Settlements so far into this Country, acquired such large Territories in it, and been able to make so many Kings of *Asia* her Tributaries and Vassals, whom she keeps in greater Awe and Subjection, than ever *Rome* did those Princes whom she had subdued. In truth, she leaves them the empty Title of Kings, and the Power of Life and Death over some of their Subjects, but they have no Authority over any in the *Dutch* Service, or any of the *Dutch* Allies, not even over any that put themselves under their Protection. And all this enhaunces the Authority of this *Republic* to such a Pitch, that those Princes dare neither make War or Peace, but as it pleases the *Dutch*, who regulate as Mediators all the Terms and Articles conformably to their own Interests, without the least Regard to those of the *Asian* Princes. Not but that they feel their Slavery, but because it is not in their Power to shake it off, and they have lost all Hopes of recovering their Liberty, since the *Portuguese* were shamefully driven from the Island of *Ceylon*. It is true their Pride and insupportable Tyranny, and their brutal abominable Dissoluteness obliged the King of that Island to call the *Dutch* to his Assistance, to expel so perverse and corrupt a People: But he has long ago found, that he is a greater Slave than when the *Portuguese* were in his Island.

How she domineers over the *Indian* Kings.

Its refined Politics in that Country.

Another Reason which hinders the Eastern Princes from attempting to throw off the Yoke the *Dutch* have imposed upon them, is that the Latter have the Cunning to involve the Former in intestine Wars one against another, and to stir up Seditions and Insurrections within their Dominions in order to weaken them, and establish their own Power upon their Ruins: Witness, the Emperor of *Mutaran*, the Kings of *Bantam*, Father and Son, and many others. The *English* and *French* established in *Asia*, accuse them of having fomented under-hand, the Revolt of *Sevagi* and *Remraja* his Son, against the Grand *Mogul*, *Aurengzeb*; either by supplying them secretly with Money, or by privately furnishing them with *Dutch* Engineers, much more brave and expert than the *Asiatic* ones of the *Mogul*. They have, in short, so dextrously managed their Affairs, that they are now in Possession of ten or twelve Places in the Dominions of this Prince so strongly fortified, that they are in a Condition to hold out against a Royal Army. The Sovereign Princes of *Europe* count for nothing all the Conquests and Settlements of the *Dutch* in *Asia*: This proceeds from their being entirely taken up in *Europe*, with Objects that more immediately strike their Senses, and not extending their Views to Futurity. Yet they may have a Glimpse of future Events in what hath happened. How many Things are there which are necessary, or are made so by the Opinion of Mankind, that other Nations, the *English* not excepted, only have through their Channel? By engrossing Commerce, will they not always be able to have Sovereigns in their Pay and dependent upon them? Such more especially with regard to whose States, the *Dutch* Settlements in the *Indies* are of no Consequence? Hath not this appeared in several Instances? What supported the Treaty of the *Triple Alliance*, but the *Dutch* Money? What hath

Mistaken Politics of the *European* Princes.

hath induced so many Princes to make such Diversions in *Europe* in Favour of this Republic? It was the vast Sums with which she furnished them, and she alone perhaps could furnish them. Thus having nothing to fear while she is Mistress of the vast *East-India* Commerce, she may always say, *Sæpè premente Deo, fert Deus alter opem.* Let the Fops of *Versailles*, and the Cockneys of *Paris*, and the Writers of the insipid Romances of the *Pont-neuf*, there call her *Banker* with a Sneer: This Name, which they politely look on as a Reproach, will gain this State Honour in the Sentiments of all the Thinking and Wise: It is an infallible Mark of the Wisdom of her Government, and not a Term of Contempt, as these Fools and Coxcombs imagine. 1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM.

It was at the Cape of *Good-Hope* that the Foundation of the Power of the *Dutch* in the *Indies* was laid. This Nation, set upon pushing Commerce, and well acquainted with its Interests, immediately saw the Importance of this Station to their Trade, and resolved to make themselves Masters of it. The *English* had seized it, but had not fortified it sufficiently for its Defence. The *Dutch East-India* Company took the Advantage of a War between *England* and the *States-General* in *Cromwel*'s Time, and sent thither a Squadron of ten Ships well manned and armed, having on board above ten thousand Land-Forces. The pitiful Fortress of the *English* was soon taken: The Company took Possession of it, and has never been prevailed upon to give it back, for any Equivalent whatever *England* hath offered. They built a strong Fort there which nothing commands, and is almost inaccessible. The Mouth of the Harbour is at present better defended than that of *Constantinople*, by the *Dardanelles*, and the Company keeps always a Garrison there of from twelve to fifteen Hundred regular Troops. She took the Opportunity of a Peace lately concluded, and of a Reduction of the Forces, to choose the Officers and Soldiers that had most distinguished themselves in the War, and who had nothing to trust to besides their Arms. These she sent to the *Indies*, and distributed them there as was most necessary or expedient. This Company treats her Servants with Humanity and Mildness, and makes no partial Distinction, either of Nations or Religions; it is no Wonder if she be well served, and her Troops faithful. This, in my Opinion, is one Cardinal Point in her good Politics: But another that surpasses it is, that the Company hath obtained from the *States-General* equal Jurisdiction over all her Officers and Soldiers, as over the Native *Dutch*, even to the Power of Life and Death, without being accountable to the same *States-General*.

How they established themselves at the Cape of *Good Hope*.

Their Military Forces at the Cape.

Upon what the Fidelity of its Officers and Soldiers is founded.

If this Company be rigorous in punishing Crimes, it is no less punctual in recompencing Merit, and every good Action of every Subject of whatsoever Rank or Condition. This engages every one to do his Duty, as well through Fear of Punishment, as Hope of Rewards; so that till this Moment hath none betrayed the Interests of this prudent Company. The Power of Life and Death with which this Company is vested, may seem to make a double Sovereignty in the *United Provinces*: But it is a Mistake. The Company has this Power in the *Indies* only, and not in *Holland*, there the Authority of the *States-General* is undivided. It is the Interest of the Republic, that this Company should have this Power as far as it extends. It makes the Society more

1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM. feared and reſpected, and the Republic profits in general by the Riches that it brings from *Aſia*. We don't hear of Officers who ſerve this Colony ill, as we ſo often do of bad Officers in the Settlements abroad of other Nations, in thoſe of *France* more eſpecially, in which the Officers ſerve againſt their Hearts, and are perpetually murmuring that they ſhould be obliged to ſerve Merchants while they are, as the Saying is, in *France*, diverting themſelves with their Wenches. The Officers of this Company in the Nomination of whom neither * favourite Petticoats of Princes, nor three Corner'd Caps have any thing to do, and who owe their Preferments purely to their Merit, uphold themſelves by the ſame Methods which raiſed them. And thus a noble Emulation is inſpired into their Inferiors, becauſe every one hopes to arrive as well as they, by their good Services, to Employments, which are always beſtowed according to Merit.

Vagrants and Rakes are ſent to the *Indies*. I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that the *United Provinces* gain another very conſiderable Advantage from this Eſtabliſhment; which is, that it purges them from time to time of the Rakes and Vagabonds that infeſt it: This is making Profit on all Hands. *France* might eaſily do the ſame, if the Commerce with *Aſia* and *America* were as prudently conducted there, as it is by the *Dutch*. *Paris* itſelf alone would furniſh more than fifty thouſand Scoundrels, who do nothing, but ſpin and twiſt, ſo to ſpeak, a Rope to hang themſelves. This Vermin in the Capital of the Kingdom, would find the Correction proper for them, in being obliged to indiſpenſibly neceſſary Work: The Children would not be tainted by the Infection of their Parents bad Example; and thus by degrees we might come to have an honeſt Brood. This happened at ancient *Rome*, the firſt Inhabitants of which City were only a confuſed Tribe of Robbers conducted thither by two Baſtards: This we alſo ſee at preſent in ſeveral Colonies, which Originally were nothing better than a Company of Whores and Scelerates.

A Deſcription of *Amſterdam*. Let us now return to *Amſterdam*: And we may ſay of it in general, that it is one of the moſt beautiful, and without Controverſy, the richeſt City in *Europe* of its Bulk, and it indeed well deſerves the high Renown it is in throughout all the World. Its Situation would very nearly reſemble that of *Venice*, being wholly built upon Piles, and divided into ſeveral Iſlands, were it not joined to the Land on the Side where the Meadows lie, if we may call a Country ſo, which is pierced and cut by Canals, and where the Water is higher than the firm Land. And this whole large City is a Robbery, the Patience and Induſtry of the People have committed on the Sea. The vaſt Number of Paliſades which defend it againſt the Violence of the Waves on the Side of the River, and the *Zuyderzee*, is as wonderful as neceſſary; and its Port is the Rendezvous of all the Riches of the Eaſt, Weſt, South and North. It hath carried its Commerce farther than ancient *Rome* did its Conqueſts. It has enriched itſelf with the Spoils of two Worlds, whereas *Rome* contented herſelf with thoſe of one. The vaſt Foreſt of Ship-Maſts one ſees there, ſo far beyond what is any where elſe to be ſeen, proclaims *Amſterdam* the Miſtreſs of the

* *Madame de Maintenon* and the Jeſuits.

Sea,

Sea, and the Source and Reſidence of the beſt Sailors that have ever been in the World. While one is amidſt this prodigious Concourſe of Ships, he imagines himſelf to be in the general Mart or Fair of the Univerſe. For how can he think otherwiſe of a City where ſo many different Nations center, and where ſuch vaſt Riches are diſplayed and expoſed to Sale? The Canals which cut the principal Streets, the Rows of fine Trees which make ſo many charming Alleys running along the Sides of them, and the prodigious Number of Stone Bridges, adorned with Rails of Iron Breaſt high, which make Communications over all the Town, are none of its leaſt Ornaments. The magnificent Houſes, the Proſpect of which is truly admirable, built with great Uniformity on the Keys of the Canals, add exceedingly to its Beauty, and an immenſe Number of Magazines, Ware-houſes and Shops, that are filled with the richeſt and moſt valuable Commodities in the World, teſtify its vaſt Opulence. Its Streets, which are for the moſt part upon a Level, afford on all Sides the moſt enchanting Views. The People ſwarm here, and all Hands are buſy, ſo that all is in Motion: In one Word, here Idleneſs hath no footing, no ſhelter; and here reign Induſtry and Commerce, with their inſeparable Attendants and Companions, Wealth and Plenty. And yet it is not above 300 Years ſince it was only inhabited by Fiſhermen. 1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM.

On the Land-ſide there is a broad Ditch without a Counterſcarp, for there is no need of one. Its Strength conſiſts in its being eaſy to cut a Paſſage for the Water, and ſo drown all the Works that can be made in order to approach it. The Sea runs twice a Day into this Ditch which is very deep, and not leſs than 80 Paces in Breadth; and the Fields being much lower than the Waters, and the *River Amſtel*, one may eaſily comprehend what Condition Works of Approach would ſoon be in, if an Outlet for the Water were cut through the Bank which confines them. There are no Out-works, for they could be of no Utility; but upon this Side, the City is covered by 27 Baſtions, all of which are faced with Bricks, and are as regular as the Figure of the Town's Circumference permitted. The Gates are placed in the middle of the Courtaines, with a Clock upon each, and all the Bridges are made to draw up and let down: The Platforms are very good, and there are Wind-Mills on all the Baſtions, a great Conveniency in a Siege, for the Beſiegers will not erect Batteries againſt every Mill. Yet a ſevere hard Winter would render all theſe Fences uſeleſs; and the Prince of *Orange*, Father to King *William* III. had in all probability ſucceeded in his Deſign of making himſelf Maſter of *Amſterdam*, had he beſieged it in that Seaſon. Its Fortifications.

I ſay nothing to you of *North-Holland*, nor of the exceſſive Neatneſs of its Inhabitants, who carry their Cleanlineſs to ſuch a Pitch, as to waſh and clean ſeveral Times in a Day the Stalls for their Cows, and to tie the Tails of thoſe Animals by a Rope to a Poſt, that they may not dirty them by their Urine or Dung, and an hundred other ſuch Extravagancies which are almoſt incredible. You, who have formerly ſeen this Country know, that it abounds with excellent Paſturage that greatly enriches the Peaſants, among whom there are who poſſeſs above a hundred thouſand Crowns of Eſtate. You know alſo that its principal Towns are *Enckhuyſen*, *Horn*, *Alkmaer*, *Medemblyk*, *Elam* ſo *North Holland.*

1705. *January.* AMSTERDAM.

famous for its excellent red-crusted Cheese; *Monickendam*, *Purmurend*, and *Surdam*, where yearly a great Number of Ships are built.

Their Turf.

Mr. *Misson* has very well corrected the Mistake of *Monconys*, who said that *Erasmus* invented the Use of Turf; for besides *Julius Scaliger*, whom the Former quotes, *Charles Patin*, in his Treatise upon Turfs for Fire, assures us that Turfs have been used in *Holland* for above 400 Years. But Mr. *Misson* ought not to have stopt there; here was the proper Place for informing his Friend, that these Turfs or Peats consist of a viscous Substance, dug out of fenny or marshy Grounds, called in *Dutch Veenen*; that after digging them, they are exposed to the Sun and Wind to dry and harden them; that they are cut into square Pieces, and transported over all the *United Provinces* in Barks made on purpose; and that they are so full of Sulphur and bituminous Matter, that all who sit in Winter round a great Peat-fire, appear pale and livid like Ghosts; which puts me in Mind of an Enigma that will quickly be unriddled.

Dic quibus in terris pereunt sua rura Colonis,
Ipsaque concepto fomite flagrat humus?
Et mox effossi vectantur navibus agri,
Naïadesque natant nunc ubi Vesta fuit?

Several Remarks on *Holland* in general.

I think, before leaving his Description of *Holland*, Mr. *Misson* ought to have observed, that this Province alone is richer and more potent than the six others together; that it has three of the five Courts of Admiralty that are in the whole *United Provinces*; one at *Rotterdam*, one at *Amsterdam*, and the third at *Horn* and *Enckhuysen* in North *Holland*: The other two are at *Middlebourg* for *Zeeland*, and at *Harlingen* for *Friezeland*; but, on the other hand, when a Sum of an hundred thousand Crowns is raised for the Service of the State, the Province of *Holland* alone furnishes 57500 of them: That it contains 30 good Towns, and near 500 Villages. That anciently there were but Six Cities in it; *Dort*, *Harlem*, *Delft*, *Leyden*, *Amsterdam*, and *Gouda* or *Tergoud*, which had Votes in the States of the Province; but at the very Foundation of the Republic, *William* I. Prince of *Orange* added twelve more, viz. *Rotterdam*, *Gorcum* or *Gordichem*, *Schiedam*, *Schoonhove*, *Brill* or *Briel*, *Alckmaar*, *Horn*, *Enckhuysen*, *Edam*, *Monickendam*, *Medemblyck*, and *Purmurend*; that these Cities might by this Honour conferred upon them by turns, be more affectionately attached to him in the Assembly of the States, and because he thought they would contribute more chearfully towards the public Relief, when they were thus made better acquainted with its Distresses.

To draw towards a Conclusion, though this Province produces nothing but excellent Butter and Cheese; yet, we may justly say that the Conveniencies of Life are here in greater Abundance than in any other Country of *Europe*. Here is an Epigram addressed by the learned *Joseph Scaliger* to his Friend *Janus Dousa*, upon this Subject.

Ignorata

1705. *January.*

AMSTERDAM. Epigram of *Joseph Scaliger* upon that County.

Ignorata tuæ referam miracula Terræ
DOUSA, *peregrinis non habitura fidem.*
Omne Lanitium hîc laſſat Textrina Minervæ;
Lanigeros tamen hinc ſcimus abeſſe greges.
Non capiunt operas fabriles oppida veſtra;
Nulla fabris tamen hæc ligna miniſtrat humus.
Horrea triticea rumpunt hîc frugis acervi;
Paſcuus hîc tamen eſt, non Cerealis ager.
Hîc numeroſa meri ſtipantur dolia cellis;
Quæ vineta colat, nulla Putator habet.
Hîc nulla, aut certè ſeges rariſſima Lini;
Linifici tamen eſt copia major ubi?
Hîc mediis habitatur aquis: Quis credere poſſit?
Et tamen hîc nullæ, Douſa, bibuntur aquæ.

Its Arms are a Lion Gules, armed or langued azure. Its ancient Inhabitants were the famous *Batavi*, Friends and Allies to the *Romans*, and who, in the Time of *Vitellius* and *Veſpaſian*, carried on a War ſo vigorouſly, under the Command of their valiant Chief *Claudius Civilis.*

UTRECHT. Curious Obſervations concerning this City.

Our Traveller, who boaſts ſo much of his Exactneſs, has likewiſe forgot, in ſpeaking of *Utrecht*, to tell his Friend, that this City, ſo famous for the Treaty of Union between the *Seven Provinces*, which was concluded there in 1579, was anciently called in *Latin*, *Civitas Antonina*, and now *Trajectum ad Rhenum*, or *inferius*, to diſtinguiſh it from *Trajectum ſuperius*, or *ad Moſam*, which is *Maaſtricht*. That *Willebrode*, an *Engliſh* Gentleman, was the Apoſtle who firſt preached the Goſpel here, and was firſt Biſhop: That this Biſhoprick was founded by *Dagobert* I. King of *France*, about the Year 630. That a Council was held here in 697, in which it was reſolved to ſend the moſt celebrated Preachers as Miſſionaries into Foreign Countries, into *Germany* particularly, to preach the Chriſtian Religion there: That the Succeſſors of *Willebrode* became ſo potent here, that they were not unfrequently able to raiſe Armies, and make War againſt the Counts of *Holland* and Dukes of *Guelderland*: That the learned Pope *Adrian* VI. who did not change his baptiſmal Name, as Popes commonly do, was Son to a Brewer in this City, and raiſed to the Papal Chair by the Intrigues of the Emperor *Charles* V. to whom he had been Preceptor: That this Prince held a Chapter of the Knights of the *Golden Fleece* here in 1546: That the Univerſity of this City was founded by the States in 1636: And that it gave Birth to the much celebrated *Maria Schurman*, one of the moſt learned Ladies that ever lived, who wrote with equal Elegance in *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, and *Dutch*: That there is here a Portrait of this Lady done by herſelf (for ſhe painted very well, and was alſo a perfect Miſtreſs of Muſic) with theſe two Verſes under it of her own Compoſure.

1705. *January.* UTRECHT.

Cernitis hic pictâ noſtros in imagine vultus,
Si negat Ars formam, gratia veſtra dabit.

Its Fortifications.

He ought alſo to have added, that *Utrecht* is a beautiful and large City, and the Capital of one of the *United Provinces:* That its Streets and Places are open, large, and for the moſt Part very ſtraight: That its Fortifications conſiſt only of ſome large detached Baſtions, raiſed upon the Ditch, but upon a Line very diſtant from it, and beyond Bullet-reach: That that Ditch is deep, large, and full of Water: That it is only incloſed by a pretty high Wall, without any other Flanks but thoſe detached Pieces, which I have juſt mentioned: But its Ramparts are fine, continued Walks, ſhaded by beautiful Trees: That its Mall is one of the moſt delightful that can be ſeen, of an uncommon Length, and ſo ſtraight that the Sight loſes itſelf in it: So are two other Allies which run parallel with it: The Trees are ſo thick and buſhy, that there are no finer Walks in *Europe*. *Lewis* XIV. was ſo charmed with them that he forbid cutting them down in 1672.

Errors in *Miſſon*.

Beſides, Mr. *Miſſon*, page 38. ſpeaking of one of the Pillars in the Church of St. *Mary*, now the *Engliſh* Church, which is founded upon Ox's Hides, and on which there is the Figure of a Bull, with theſe two *Latin* Verſes, dated in 1099.

Accipe poſteritas, quod per tua ſæcula narres,
Taurinis cutibus fundo ſolidata columna eſt.

ſays to his Friend, *Give any meaning you can to theſe Lines*; yet the Senſe is very obvious, as you ſee; but what made the Obſcurity to this accurate Traveller, was his Reading *tria ſæcula narres*, inſtead of *tua ſæcula*. The Foundation of this Church, the Manner in which this Pillar was fixed, and the fatal Conſequences of it, deſerved to have been particularly mentioned in his Relation, ſince they lay ſo directly in his Way. Here is the Subſtance of what the great Chronicle of *Holland*, *Zeeland*, *Utrecht*, *Friezeland*, &c. ſays of theſe Things.

The Foundation of St. *Mary* of *Utrecht*.

Conrad of *Suabia*, Father to the Emperor *Henry* IV. after having accompanied this Prince in all his Wars, was made by him the 22d Biſhop of *Utrecht*. Now he knew that the Emperor greatly regreted the Deſtruction of a Church, dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*, which was burnt to the Ground in the Sack of *Milan* in *Italy*, and therefore he deſired Permiſſion to build one at *Utrecht*, to the Honour of our good Lady, and to make up her Loſs at *Milan*. This Prince not only granted his Deſire, but made him great Gifts to aſſiſt him in the Expence of carrying on this Work. After the greater Part of the Pillars were fixed, which were to ſupport the Vault, a Part of the Ground towards the South was found to be ſo miry, that it was impoſſible for a long Time to lay any ſolid Foundation there. Among the Maſons, employed in this Building, one from *Friezeland*, named *Plober*, engaged upon the Peril of his Life to fix the Pillar that muſt be placed preciſely in that

muddy marſhy Spot. But as he demanded a vaſt Sum for that Time, the Biſhop *Conrad*, a ſubtle, artful Man, bethought himſelf of a Stratagem to get this Maſon's Secret from him, which was to bribe his Son with ready Money and Promiſes. And he having ſuddled his Father, diſcovered that his Scheme was to make uſe of a vaſt Quantity of Ox-Hides, in order to ſettle ſtrongly this Pillar. The Biſhop found by Experience that the Method was very good, ſo that the Church was finiſhed in a ſhort Time, and dedicated to the holy Virgin. Some have wrote, that *Plober* having detected the Arts his Son had uſed to pump and betray him, killed him clandeſtinely. However that may be, the Maſon could never forgive the Biſhop for having ſtole his Secret from him, and towards the Cloſe of the Year 1099. he ſtabbed him as he was coming from ſaying Maſs. The Murderer was taken and executed, and as to the poor Biſhop he was buried in the Church he had founded, after having poſſeſſed this Biſhoprick 24 Years. There are *Latin* Verſes in the Archives of this Church, which relate this Story. But they are too long to be copied. 1705. *January.* UTRECHT.

Theſe are the Remarks I had to make upon *Holland*. As we are about to quit this Country very ſoon, I am now, according to my Promiſe, to give you a regular continued Journal, from Day to Day, of all I meet with that is worth while in my Travels.

CHAP. VII.

Departure from Holland, *into* Germany. *The chief Towns between* Amſterdam *and* Duſſeldorp, *with Obſervations upon each of them.* Muyden, Naerden, Amersfort, Arnhem, Doeſbourg, Weſel, Rhin-Berg, Duis-bourg, Kayſerswert,

THIS Morning we ſet out from *Amſterdam* at the opening of the Gates, in our Poſt-Chariot, as they call it. Theſe Machines are very high mounted, mounted, one may ſay, upon Stilts: Beſides, they are adorned without with certain moving Plates of Iron, which make a terrible Rattling: in other Reſpects they are convenient enough, if they were hung with Springs, and were not a Ladder neceſſary to get up into them of which one is faſtened to each Door. FEBR. 6. Poſt Chariots of *Holland*.

About Nine in the Morning we paſſed through *Muyden*, a little Town that in the Year 1672, ſurrendered itſelf to three *French* Cavaliers in a panic Fright, with which the People and Burgo-maſters were fooliſhly ſeized. Theſe three Sparks going a Marauding, met with one of their own Trumpeters that was returning to *Naerden*, of which the *French* were then Maſters, who joined them. After having rambled ſometime, they loſt their Way, and inſtead of the Road to *Naerden*, were got into that to *Muyden*. Theſe Droles immediately diſcovered their Miſtake, and to make the beſt of it they could, they had the Impudence to ſummons this Town by the Trumpeter along with them, who told the Magiſtrates, that a numerous Detachment of *Muyden*, a ſmall Town taken by the *French*, in 1672.

1705. FEBR. 6 UTRECHT. of the *French* Army was not above half an Hour's March from the Place with a Deſign to inveſt it. This News ſo frightened theſe Fools, that they reſolved immediately to carry them the Keys of the Town, with the Olive-branch.

The Marauders forthwith diſpatched the Trumpeter full ſpeed to *Naerden* to make ſome Troops come, which arrived ſoon after and took Poſſeſſion of *Muyden* without ſtriking a Blow. The three brave Wags were found at a Burgo-maſter's Houſe with the Glaſſes in their Hands very merrily entertained. We need not aſk what Praiſes they had from their Officers; nor how this Exploit was celebrated by the merry Wags, and Glaſs-breakers of the Army in their Sonnets. This Town was one of thoſe the *French* afterwards abandoned voluntarily.

NAERDEN and its fine Fortifications. An Hour after we breakfaſted at *Naerden*. This is the laſt Town in the Province of *Holland* on this Side, and the Metropolis of a little Territory called *Goyland*. It is within Cannon-ſhot of *Zuyderzee*, and three Leagues from *Amſterdam*. It is but a ſmall City, but in Point of Fortifications it is a *Jewel*, both for Regularity and Beauty. They were executed upon a Plan given by the renowned Engineer *Storff*, a Colonel in a *Dutch* Regiment of Foot, who likewiſe fortified *Grave* and *Breda*. The Fortifications are all lined with good Bricks, and encompaſſed with large and deep Ditches, that are filled with Water in all Seaſons of the Year.

Taken by the *French* in 1672. During the War of the King of *France* with the *Dutch* in 1672, The Marquis of *Rochefort*, who commanded a flying Camp, ſent thither after the taking of *Amersfort*, a Detachment of 600 Men. This Handful of Men no ſooner appeared in Sight of *Naerden*, than the Garriſon and Part of the Inhabitants were ſo frighted, that they took to their Heels and run to *Amſterdam* as faſt as their Legs could carry them, and thoſe who did not fly opened the Gates and delivered this ſtrong Place into the Hands of a few *French*, on the 20th of *June*, 1672.

Retaken the Year following, by the Prince of *Orange*. The Year following, the Prince of *Orange* finding that this Town blocked up the Province of *Holland*, *Amſterdam* in particular, on that Side, beſieged it in the Beginning of *September*. He continued to attack and batter it Day and Night without Intermiſſion, and ſo obliged it to capitulate the 13th of the ſame Month, *i. e.* in nine or ten Days after opening the Trenches. This was the firſt Town that this Prince re-took from the *French*, and this Succeſs revived the Courage of the *Hollanders*, which was ſadly ſunk by the Loſs of three of their Provinces in a ſhort Time.

* 1572. That Town cruelly uſed by the Duke of *Alba*, in 1572. A Hundred Years * before, the Duke of *Alba*, having re-taken *Mons* the Capital of the *Hainault*, ſent his Son *Frederic* of *Toledo* to beſiege *Zutphen*, which he moſt inhumanly pillaged after they had capitulated. Afterwards having laid ſiege to *Naerden*, the Inhabitants, more brave than their Succeſſors in the Year 1672, defended themſelves to the laſt Extremity; ſo that *Frederic* deſpairing of taking it by Force, ſent *Julian Romero*, an Officer of conſiderable Diſtinction in his Army, to offer them honourable Terms of Capitulation. The Garriſon and Inhabitants having no Hopes of Succour, accepted

cepted and fell into the Hands of the *Spaniards*; who were no ſooner Maſters of the Place than the perfidious *Frederic* broke his and *Romero*'s Word; cruelly maſſacred all the Inhabitants, without Diſtinction of Sex or Age, and left the dead Carcaſſes three Weeks in the Streets, without burying them. Not ſatisfied with this, he burnt the Houſes to the Ground, and razed the Walls; Outrages which were looked upon, even by the moſt cruel, rather as deteſtable Crimes than the juſt Puniſhment of their Revolt. 1705. *Febr.* 6.

About Mid-day we got to *Amersfort* to Dinner. This is a pretty large Town, and the ſecond in Rank of the Province of *Utrecht*. The ſame Marquis of *Rochefort*, who took *Naerden*, had poſſeſt himſelf of *Amersfort* the Day before, without loſing one Man; ſuch Terror and Conſternation had the *French* Arms at that Time every where ſpread. After the Death of King *William* of *England*, the Populace of this City made an Inſurrection againſt the Magiſtrates, depoſed them in the moſt violent Manner, and put new ones in their Room. The *States-General*, being informed of this Diſturbance, ſent Deputies immediately to reduce thoſe Male-contents to their Duty; but to ſo little Purpoſe, that they found themſelves obliged to have recourſe to what is commonly called, *Ratio ultima Regum*, that is to ſay, to ſend Troops and Artillery, which made them open their Gates three Days after. They ſatisfied themſelves with making Examples of the moſt guilty, amongſt whom was one of the new Burgo-maſters, the chief Author of this Rebellion, who was hanged. *Amersfort*, of the Province of *Utrecht*, and its Hiſtory.

After we left *Naerden*, the Face of the Country quite changed; we ſaw no longer the Canals and Meadows of *Holland:* Now the cultivated Fields riſe upon us inſenſibly. Between *Amersfort* and *Arnheim* there are ſeveral Plantations of Tobacco, which produce a Quantity ſufficient for carrying on a conſiderable Commerce of that Sort. Every Plant is propped as Vines commonly are. We ſaw nothing very remarkable between theſe two Towns, except the Houſe in which *Frederic* V. King of *Bohemia*, and Elector-Palatine, lived with his Family for ſome Years. You know, Sir, with what daſtardly, ſhameful Tameneſs your King *James* I. of *Great Britain*, who was fitter to govern a College than a Kingdom, ſuffered the Emperor *Ferdinand* II. to ſtrip this Prince of his Dominions, tho' he had eſpouſed his only Daughter. The Gates of this City were ſhut before we came to *Arnheim*, but a ſmall Gratification to the Porters ſoon opened one of them to us. Money you know is a Maſter-key that unlocks every Thing. The Face of this Country, different from that of *Holland*. Houſe of the King of *Bohemia*, and his Hiſtory.

Arnheim, called in *Latin Arenacum*, is ſituated upon the Bank of the *Rhine*, in that Part of the *Dutch Guelderland*, called *Veluive*. It is the Capital of it, and not *Nimegue*, as ſeverals have ſaid, and among others the learned *Patin*. The latter is in the *Betuive*, on the other Side of a Branch of the *Rhine*, called the *Wahal*, and famous on Account of the Treaty of Peace, concluded there in 1678, and 79. between *France* with her Allies, and the other Powers of *Europe*. In *Arnheim* the States and the Nobility of the Province hold their Aſſemblies: And here likewiſe reſides the Court of *Guelderland*, which judges of civil and criminal Cauſes. *Febr.* 7, 8. *Arnheim*. Capital of *Guelderland*.

1705. *Febr.* 7, 8. The Sovereignty of this Province offered to the Prince of *Orange*, and refused.

During the War in 1672. this City surrendered itself to the Marshal *Turenne*, without making the least Resistance. It was, during this War, that the States and Nobles of this Province thought it expedient to offer the Sovereignty of this Town to the Prince of *Orange:* But young as he then was, he had so much command over his Ambition as not to accept of this Present; reflecting, not improbably, that those who propose to enlarge their Power and Authority by over-turning Laws, Immunities, and Privileges, which have been long established in a State, run head-long on their own Ruin; and that it is equally unjust and dangerous, to trust to such Politics. However that may be, without doubt this Prince had his Reasons for refusing such an advantageous offer; and the Event justified his prudent Conduct in so delicate an Affair.

Dr. *Burnet* tells us, that this Prince refused, among other Offers that were made to him, the Sovereignty of the chief Town in the *United Provinces*, which was profered to him by a solemn Deputation; adding, that he has authentic Memoirs to vouch this Fact. Undoubtedly *Amsterdam* is the chief Town in the *United Provinces*; but the Sovereignty of that City was never offered to him, and perhaps he might not have refused such a Gift, if it had, as he did that of the chief Town in the Province of *Guelderland:* So that I think we may safely call in Question the Authority of these Vouchers, without offending the learned Bishop of *Salisbury*, for whose Merit I have a very high Regard.

Several Particulars concerning *Arnheim.*

Arnheim is a very ancient City: *Othon* IV. Count of *Guelderland*, surrounded it with a strong Wall, and built the principal Church there, dedicated to St. *Eusebius*. Its Fortifications are pretty good, tho' somewhat tattered and worn out. But here we do not find the Neatness of the Towns in *Holland*, neither in the Houses nor Streets. Mr. *Misson* says very gravely, pag. 40. of his Travels, that one must have a Ladder to mount up to the Beds in the Inns here: that is, exaggerating a little, for hardly can a Step or two at most be so called. The Inhabitants of this Country were named *Menapii* in ancient Times.

Doesburg, and its History.

We set out pretty early from this Place in a Vehicle, yet ruder than our last. Being assured that the Road by *Emmeric*, which is the ordinary Rout, was impracticable at this Season of the Year, we crossed by *Issel* at *Doesburg*; which is a Town in the Lordship of *Zulphen*, three Leagues from *Arnhem*, and situated at the Mouth of the Canal, which was dug by *Drusus*, Brother to *Tiberius*; its ancient Name was *Drusiburgum* and *Arx Drusia*. It was a very strong Place in 1672. having nine Bastions, four half Moons, as many Ravelins, and a horned Work. But *Lewis* XIV. having besieged it in Person, the 17th of *June*, that same Year, the Governor had the Cowardice to give himself up four Days after, Prisoner of War, with the whole Garrison, consisting of above 3500 Men. Now *Doesburg* is a pitiful little dismantled Town. At Noon we dined in another Town, called *Dotekom*, remarkable for nothing but its Beer, which is highly boasted of in that Country. The Prince of *Condé* took it in 1672.

We

We came next to a little Town called *Terburg*, which, with its tolerably good Caſtle, belongs to the Prince of *Naſſau-Zigken:* Then after paſſing through a Country, very much under Water, we came to *Anholt*, a very inconſiderable Town, where however there is a magnificent Palace. An Inhabitant, who appeared to us to be a Perſon ſomewhat above the ordinary Rank, ſeeing us ſtop to look a little at the Building, aſſured us, that the Inſide was ſumptuous, and well worth ſeeing; but it was too late to ſtay to ſee Furniture. The Prince of *Salms*, firſt Gentleman of the Chamber to the King of the *Romans*, is Lord of this Town and Caſtle. Thence we went to a little naked Place called *Iſſelbourg*, the firſt Town on this Side, in the Duchy of *Cleves*, which belongs, as you know very well, to the King of *Pruſſia*.

1705. *Feb.* 7. 8. *Terburg.* *Anholt*, and its magnificent Caſtle *Iſſelbourg.*

Next Morning we went on in our Journey to *Weſel*, thro' a moſt diſagreeable Road, where there is nothing to be ſeen but Heath and Foreſt. There we ſaw a very fine Citadel, built by Order of his *Pruſſian* Majeſty, which is a Pentagon, ſituated upon the *Lippe*, a ſmall River, that not far from thence diſcharges itſelf into the *Rhine*. All its Courts have Ravelines; all its Baſtions Orillons, there are Places of Arms upon Places of Arms, double Counterſcarp, and, in a Word, a great many Out-works, but no Caſernes. It is a large, nay vaſt Building, and beautiful enough, but would require a Garriſon of 5 or 6000 Men to defend it: Its ſandy Foundation made it neceſſary to line the inner Rampart with Stone, to make it the ſtronger. This Citadel is not yet finiſhed: They are inceſſantly at Work to compleat it.

Weſel. Its Citadel

The Fortifications of this Town are far from being deſpicable; it has 8 large Baſtions, and ſeveral Ravelins; of which only the five principal ones are lined, and beſides there is within Cannon-ſhot of the Town a Fort of four Baſtions, upon the Bank of the River called the Fort of the *Lippe*, but a little ſhattered. *Weſel* is likewiſe in the Duchy of *Cleves*, and one of the Hanſe-Towns.

Fortifications of the Town.

It was beſieged in 1672. by the late Prince of *Condé*, notwithſtanding all the Efforts of its Magiſtracy to obtain a Neutrality, as Subjects of the Elector of *Brandebourg*. All their Inſtances were ineffectual, and the Town ſurrendered, without making any Oppoſition, partly through the baſe Cowardice of its Governour and his Aſſociates, and partly on Account of a Mutiny that ſome Officers, one Captain in particular, whoſe Name was *Alexandre d'Hinioſſa*, had raiſed to diſpirit the Garriſon and the Inhabitants. All the Officers and Soldiers were made Priſoners of War, except Colonel *Van Zanten*, the Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel *Kopes*, Major of the Town, his Son, ſome other Officers, and Captain *d'Hinioſſa*, Ringleader of the Sedition, who had Liberty to withdraw whitherſoever they would with their Arms, Baggage, and Domeſtics.

It was beſieged by the *French* and cowardly ſurrendered in 1672.

Some time after theſe Officers, giving themſelves up to the Army of the States, commanded by the Prince of *Orange*, Captain *d'Hinioſſa*'s Head was chopt off by Order of a Council of War; the Commander and the Town-Major were degraded with Ignominy, baniſhed out of all the *United Provinces*, and their Eſtates were confiſcated. So little was ſuch baſe Cowardice apprehended in *Holland*, that ten or twelve Days after this ſhameful Capitula-

1705. *Feb.* 7, 8. tion, Wagers were laid at *Amſterdam*, ten and twenty to one, that *Weſel* was ſtill under the Command of the *States-General*. We have no more to add but that the *Roman* Catholics have a Church here, in which they have the free Exercife of their Religion; the *Lutherans* another; and the *Calviniſts* the two principal ones. The *Jews* too have here a little Synagogue..

Feb. 9, 10. *Burick* alſo taken by the *French* in 1672.

So ſoon as we got without the Gates of *Weſel*, we ſaw on the other Side of the *Rhine* the ſmall Town of *Burick* upon this River; a pretty ſtrong Place, defended by five Baſtions, four Half-moons, and a Horn-work. Yet in 1672. the Marſhal *Turenne* took it in four Days after opening the Trenches, and made the Garriſon Priſoners of War. 'Tis true there were not, Officers included, above 300 Men in it, and it would require as many thouſands to hold it out: *Burick* is likewiſe in the Dutchy of *Cleves*.

The River *Lippe*, and its Courſe.

About a Quarter of a League from *Weſel* we croſſed the *Lippe*. It is a narrow River, not above fifty Paces in Breadth, where we paſſed it in a Ferry-Boat, but it is rapid, and in the Winter overflows its Banks in a ſurpriſing Manner. Its Source is in *Weſtphalia* above *Lipſta*, in the County *de la Marck*, and it flings itſelf into the *Rhine* near to *Weſel*. Not long after we paſſed thro' *Dinglaken*, a little Town, belonging to the King of *Pruſſia*, where there is a fine Caſtle, flanked by ſeveral ſtrong Turrets, the ordinary Reſidence of the Bailif whom that Prince nominates for the Adminiſtration of public Affairs.

Dinglaken, Town and Caſtle.

Rhinberg, a Hanſe-Town. Its different Sieges.

Oppoſite to it, at the Diſtance of one League, is *Rhinberg*, one of the Hanſe-Towns, ſituated upon the Border of the *Rhine*, and that formerly belonged to the Elector of *Cologne*. The *Spaniards* having ſurpriſed it, *Frederic*, Prince of *Orange* beſieged it in 1633. and was not able to recover it to the States, but by a long and coſtly Siege. This Town is an Entry of Importance, covering the *Dutch* Frontiers.

Its Fortifications.

It is well fortified, all the Points of its Baſtions have Ravelins at their Angles flanked, and its Gates are in the middle of Courtaines, and defended by oppoſite Baſtions: Beſides its Ditches are full of Water, and the River covers it on one Side. Yet Dr. *Burnet* ſays, the Fortifications of *Rhinberg* are a Trifle.

Lewis XIV. inveſted it the 2d of *June* 1672, and this Place which was in a Condition to hold out two Months againſt a much greater Army than that which then attacked it, was ſurrendered without firing a Cannon, by the Treachery of the Baron d'*Oſſery*, Colonel of a Regiment of Horſe, and Aſſociate to the Commander, Colonel *Van Baſſum*. Indeed it coſt him dear, for he was beheaded ſome time after by the Prince of *Orange*'s Order, and the Sentence of a Council of War.

Orſoy.

Four Leagues from *Rhinberg*, is the Town of *Orſoy*, ſmall, but well fortified, being defended by five good Baſtions, and as many Ravelins: However the King of *France* took it at Diſcretion, in 1672, after it had ſtood a few Volleys of Cannon. 'Twas the getting ſo eaſy Poſſeſſion of theſe Towns, the Barriers of *Holland*, and of the Paſſage of the *Rhine* near *Tolhuys*, ſo ill maintained by the Count *de Manbas*, which put it into the Power of the *French*

to make themſelves Maſters of the Provinces of *Guelderland*, *Utrecht* and *Overyſſel*, in leſs than fifty Days. 1705. *Feb.* 9, 10.

Towards the Evening we paſſed the *Roer*, anciently called *Rura*, a narrow but deep River, which takes its Riſe alſo in *Weſtphalia*, and runs into the *Rhine* at *Duiſburg*. I have very little to ſay of this Place, where there is nothing remarkable, but that it is the *Teutoburgium* of the *Romans*. Some Authors have ſaid, that it was at this Place that the *Franks* or *French*, under their King *Clodion*, croſſed the *Rhine*, in their Incurſion into *Gaul*. It likewiſe is in the Duchy of *Cleves*; and it appeared to us very ill built, the Houſes being moſt of them low and of a mean Look, and the Streets very dirty; yet there is an Univerſity here, which is frequented by a large Number of Students, who walk through the Streets in their Morning-gowns, as thoſe of *Leyden* and *Utrecht*. Here the Roman-Catholics have the free Exerciſe of their Religion, as in all the other Towns of this Duchy, by Virtue of a Treaty between the Elector *Palatine*, and the Elector of *Brandebourg*, upon Condition that the Former ſhould grant the ſame Liberty to the *Calviniſts*, or the Reformed in general, in the Duchies of *Berg* and *Juliers*. Let me juſt add, that this Town is leſs than *Weſel* by a Third, tho' Mr. *Miſſon* ſays, theſe two Towns are equal in Bigneſs. The firſt is only encloſed by a ſingle Wall, without any other Fortifications. *Baronius* relates, that a Council was held in it for the Reformation of the Eccleſiaſtics, in 927.

Roer, a ſmall River.

Duisburg, a Hanſe-Town, and its Deſcription.

About a League's Diſtance from *Duiſbourg*, we entered into a ſpacious Foreſt, which it coſt us a long while to croſs. I took Notice of ſeveral empty Spaces in it, and a Number of little round Places like Tombs, and a good deal of Moraſs. An Eccleſiaſtic who happened to dine with us at *Weſel* had ſaid, that before we got to *Duſſeldorp*, we ſhould paſs through the Wood where the Learned imagine *Quintilius Varus*, (whoſe Death *Horace* laments) in the XXIVth *Ode* of the 2d Book, was cut to Pieces, with three *Roman* Legions, and the Auxiliary Troops of their Allies, by the Valiant *Arminius* Prince of the *Cheruſci*. As Hiſtory takes Notice, that this General was ſurpriſed and routed in a marſhy Foreſt, this is probably the Place where that Defeat happened. The Learned *Bertius*, in his *Adverſaria*, ſays poſitively that it was in *Saltu Teutobergenſi*.

The Place where it is thought *Quintilius Varus* was defeated by *Arminius*.

However that may be, it is hardly poſſible to read of the Conſternation with which this Loſs ſtruck *Auguſtus*, and the Extravagancies it made him commit, without having a very bad Opinion of his Courage and military Capacity. 'Tis true that before this he had run away in certain Engagements: *Mark Antony* reproached him with having turned his Back in a very ſhameful Manner, at the firſt Battle that was fought before *Modena*. *Ac ſinè paludamento equoque, poſt biduum demùm apparuiſſe.* And at the famous Battle of *Philippi*, againſt *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, did not he let his Camp be forced, and did he not with great Difficulty ſave himſelf by running into the Wing which *Mark Anthony* commanded? *Caſtris exutus, vix ad Antonii cornu fugâ evaſit*, ſays *Suetonius* in his Life.

Auguſtus Cæſar, a Man of no Courage.

I can forgive him this Weakneſs and Timidity while he was but the young *Octavius*, that is, raw and unexperienced; but at a riper Age, and when he was

1705. *Feb.* 9, 10. His unaccountable Behaviour on the Loss of his three Legions.

was Master of the whole World, that the News of his having lost three Legions, which did not amount to twenty thousand Men, in the extreamest Part of *Germany*, should have terrified him to such a Degree, that he not only filled *Rome* with Troops, as if *Arminius* had been at its Gates, and made as many Vows to the Gods, as any silly Woman could have done in Danger; but was even such a Fool as to run about in his Chamber for three Months, and knock his Head against the Door of it, crying out like a Madman? *Quintilius Varius, restore me my three Legions!* These are such ridiculous Meannesses, that one cannot possibly pardon them in *Augustus*, who in many Conspiracies against his Life, and in several other Cases of imminent Danger had shewn a good deal of Presence of Mind and Resolution. In truth one could scarcely believe it, did not the Writers of his Life, *Sueton* in particular, so positively aver it. *Adeò consternatum ferunt*, says he, *ut per continuos, menses, barbâ capilloque submisso, caput interdùm foribus illideret, vociferans Quintili vare! redde Legiones.* For ever afterwards he bemoaned yearly the Day of this Defeat, with Tears and most extraordinary Grief.

Varus, remarkably mentioned by *Horace* and *Virgil*.

Horace, as I have already said, lamented the Death of *Varus*, in a very fine Ode; but it was in the Quality of Friend. *Virgil* likewise makes honourable mention of the same *Quintilius Varus*, in his sixth Eclogue.

Nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes
Vare, *tuas cupiant, & tristia condere Bella)*
Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.
Non injussa cano: Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget, te nostræ. Vare, *Myricæ,*
Te nemus omne canet: Nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quàm sibi quæ Vari *præscripsit pagina nomen.*

Keyserswert upon the *Rhine*, and its several Sieges.

After traversing this Forest, we came to a pitiful Village called *Hockam*, which is the first in the Dutchy of *Berg*: This Dutchy as well as that of *Juliers*, now belongs to the Elector *Palatine*, as Duke of *Nieübourg*. By eight a Clock next Morning, we passed by *Keyserswert*. It is situated upon the *Rhine*, and belongs to the Elector of *Cologne*. Its Fortifications have been demolished since the Allies made themselves Masters of it: But you know very well, that the Siege of this pitiful Place cost them a vast Number of Men, through ill Conduct in the Beginning of this Enterprize: For they left one Side of it quite open to Succours of Men and Provisions which the Count *de Tallard* sent into it when he pleased.

William II. Count of *Holland*, being elected Emperor after the Death of *Frederic* II. laid Siege to this Town about the Middle of the XIIIth Century, upon the Refusal of the Governor, to whom *Frederic* had given the Command of it, to put it into his Hands. The Siege lasted more than a Year, a Proof that the Art of Besieging was not well understood in these Days: But at last their Provisions being exhausted, the Governor capitulated; and *William* admiring his Valour, as well as his Fidelity to the deceased Emperor his Master, gave him in Marriage a Daughter of the Lord of *Brederode* his near

Relation, with the Lordſhip of *Keyſerswert*, to be held by him and his for ever, of the Empire in Fief. 1705. *Feb.* 9, 10.

The whole Duchy of *Berg*, the Country of the ancient *Tenctheri*, abounds in all the Neceſſaries of Life, and is thick with Villages and Caſtles. The little Town of *Zollingen*, famous for Sword-blades, is alſo in this Duchy. About Eleven we arrived at *Duſſeldorp*. Duchy of *Berg*.

CHAP. VIII.

Duſſeldorp. *Its Churches. The Elector and Electreſs. The Splendour and Magnificence of their Court. Diverſions. The Gallery of Pictures, Cabinet of Curioſities. Deſcription of the Town and its Government.*

THIS City which was formerly no more than a Village, takes its Name from the ſmall River *Duſſel*, which runs through a Part of it, and diſcharges itſelf into the *Rhine* near the Caſtle, the Walls of which it waſhes. We had a good deal of Trouble to find Lodging, and paid very dear for a very ordinary one. The Reaſon of this is, that the *Elector Palatine* keeps his Court here, ſince his Palace at *Heidelberg* was demoliſhed by the *French*, and the Opera, Comedy and other Diverſions which are here in great redundancy, bring a vaſt Number of Perſons of Diſtinction from all Parts of *Germany* to this Place, who cram the Inns. However at length we light upon a Sort of Garret, into which we ſqueezed ourſelves 'till we could find ſomething better, after having been a full Hour on the Streets. *Duſſeldorp* Reſidence of the Elector *Palatine*.

To Day we have viſited ſome of the Churches here, which was well worth while. That of *Loyola*'s Children is indiſputably the fineſt: Nor is it ſurprizing that the *good Companions of Jeſus* ſhould love Magnificence in every thing, and they are well able to ſatisfy this noble Paſſion. There is in the Church of the *Capuchins*, a Picture of the laſt Judgment, by *Reubens*, which belongs to the Elector, but is too large for his Gallery of Pictures; and therefore he is building one higher in the Roof: This Picture is near 25 foot in Height, and in Breadth 15. *Rubens* has put his own Portrait in this Piece, but you may eaſily believe he has not placed himſelf in Hell. They ſay here, that it is the beſt Performance of that Maſter; and to ſupport this Aſſertion, they tell us, that it coſt his Electoral Highneſs 20000 *French* Crowns. Draw any Conſequence from this Argument you pleaſe. In what they call the Great Church, there is an Altar-piece which did not coſt near ſo much, but that is in other Reſpects pretty Singular. A King appears in it ſeated on a Throne, who cauſes a naked Man to be nailed to a Croſs, which puts me in mind of this Verſe of *Juvenal*. *Febr.* 11. Several Churches, and their chief Pictures.

Ille crucem pretium ſceleris tulit, hic Diadema.

In

1705. *Feb.* 11. In the remoteſt View of this Piece, there are other Croſſes innumerable with Perſons faſtened upon them, and upon the Border of the Picture there is this Inſcription.

DEO. OPT. MAX.
Deiparæ Virgini. SS. Achatio & X. mille Martyribus Dedicatum.

De Launoy and de Valois, famous Demoliſhers of Saints.

Had Meſſieurs *de Launoy* and *de Valois*, theſe famous Saint-demoliſhers ſeen this Picture, I am tempted to think, that they would have treated this poor *Achatius* and his Companions as Counterband-Saints, as they have done the Eleven thouſand Virgins of *Cologne*, upon which Model, the Story of the ten thouſand Martyrs of *Duſſeldorp* ſeems to have been formed, that they might not be far behind their Neighbour. There are ſometimes dangerous Neighbourhoods, which infect all about them, leſs or more, with Fooleries. The Troop of male-Martyrs here at *Duſſeldorp*, is but one Thouſand ſhort of the Female-Tribe at *Cologne*.

Feb. 12. to *March.* 7.

What a grand Marſhal in the *German* Courts is.

Monſieur the Baron *de Berg*, to whom we had recommendatory Letters, being informed of our Arrival at *Duſſeldorp*, came next Morning to take us in his Coach, and conduct us to Mr. the Baron *de Wand*, Grand-Marſhal of this Court. Let me tell you, by the by, that there is no Court in *Germany*, even the ſmalleſt, that has not its Grand-Marſhal. This Office is ſomething like that of Maſter of the Houſhold to the King: He has the Inſpection of all the Officers of the Houſhold, who are obliged to lay before him the Accounts of the Expences in it. He appoints every one of theſe Officers his Station at the Elector's Table, according to their different Ranks and Qualities, and in this Reſpect is a ſort of Maſter of Ceremonies. He has a Table for himſelf which is ſerved at the ſame Time with that of the Prince, to which Strangers are invited, and where ſome other Perſons of the Court are admitted. All his Domeſtics are entertained at his Maſter's Expence. It is therefore a very advantageous and lucrative Poſt, in the Hands of a Perſon of Ability. Theſe two Gentlemen gave us a very kind Reception, and introduced us to Court, and preſented us to his Electoral Highneſs, who received us very graciouſly: When one kiſſes his Hand, he is obliged to ſtoop very low, for he does not raiſe it two Foot above the Ground. This is likewiſe a Cuſtom among the *German* Princes.

The preſent Elector Palatine, and his Family.

We ſaw their Electoral Highneſſes dine, whoſe Table is very elegantly ſerved. The Court is numerous and magnificent, every thing is done with Splendor and Pomp. The Elector is eldeſt Son to the late Duke of *Nieubourg*, formerly the leaſt conſiderable of the Sovereign Duchies in *Germany*; but yet his Family is allied by Marriages with the firſt Houſes in *Europe*. His Eldeſt Daughter is married to the preſent Emperor *Leopold*: The Second is Queen Dowager of *Spain*: Another is Ducheſs of *Parma*; and a Fourth is Conſort to Prince *James*, the Eldeſt Son of the late King of *Poland*. As to the Sons of the Duke of *Nieubourg*, beſides the Elector *Palatine*, there is Prince *Charles*

Charles Governour of the *Tyrol*, under the Emperor, who reſides at *Inſpruck*, where he has a very gay Court. The Grand-Maſter of the *Teutonic* Order; the Biſhop of *Breſlau*, Co-adjutor to the Biſhop of *Mayence*; and the Biſhop of *Augsbourg*. 1705. *Feb.* 12. to *March* 7. DUSSELDORP.

To come to the Elector himſelf: This Prince is of a middle Stature, ſquare built, has a wide large Mouth, and his Under-lip very thick and turned up. His Name is *John William*, and he is about 46 Years of Age. He is a very courteous, affable Prince, not of a very equal Temper, however, being ſo eaſy as to be the Dupe of the firſt Rogue that has the Courage to put upon him, eſpecially in Matters that he imagines may contribute to his Grandeur, for he is ambitious beyond all Bounds. His character. He is eaſily impoſed upon by Knaves.

At preſent he is beſet by an *Italian Jeſuit* in diſguiſe, whoſe Name is Count *della Torre*, a great Projector and Wheedler, who promiſes no leſs than Mountains of Gold, that is, as many Millions as one can wiſh for. But in the mean while till theſe Millions come, the *Jeſuit* is well lodged, has a fine Coach and a good Table, and which is more, has already fingered conſiderable Sums of the Elector's Caſh: So that the Elector muſt in all Likelihood wait a little longer with Patience for the promiſed Treaſure, and Monſieur the Chymiſt may happen to end his Days in the Bottom of a Dungeon. 'Tis the ordinary Exit of ſuch Impoſtors. Common Fate of thoſe who pretend to make Gold.

Qui feignant de chercher la Pierre bien aimée *
A l'Art de convertir Or, Argent, *en fumée*,
Et montrant à des Sots *à fondre le Métal*,
Les mene au grand galop mourir â l'Hôpital.
Ce Fou qu'on peut nommer Empereur de la Lune,
Leur promet du Grand-Oeuvre *une groſſe Fortune*;
Sur ſa parole on ſouffle, & l'on ſouffle ſi bien,
Qu'enfin le Coffre fort ne renferme plus rien:
Mais à quoi d'ordinaire aboutit ſa Science?
A le faire étrangler au haut d'une Potence.

* Philoſopher's Stone.

Bragadin the famous Alchymiſt boaſted alſo of having found out the Philoſophical Powder of Projection, but his Knavery being detected, the Elector of *Bavaria* put him to Death, in 1591.

Can Fancy carry one of tolerable good Senſe to a greater height of Extravagance, than to perſuade him that a beggarly Wretch, deſtitute of all the Neceſſaries of Life, as thoſe Projectors commonly are, has the Secret of transforming Metals? The *Philoſopher's Stone* is an idle Chimera, a Trap to catch Fools: A Man of Judgment will never ſuffer himſelf to be deceived by ſuch a Whim, had he read no more but the Dialogue of *Eraſmus* on this Subject. This *Italian Conceit* has hit of the Folly tolerably well. Folly of ſuch who believe it to be practicable.

Feb. 12. to *March.* 7. DUSSELDORP.

Sono ſei coſe che acquiſta
Il pazzo è matto Alchemiſta,
Fattiche, fumo, fame,
Fetore, freddo, fune.

Mr. *de la Nouë* had good Reaſon to ſay, in his *Military Diſcourſes*, that "the *Popes* alone had found out the real *Philoſopher's Stone*, being able to "change the gilded Lead of their Bulls which they ſend into *France*, *Spain*, "*Germany*, and other Countries of their Communion, for Millions of ſub-"ſtantial true Gold and Silver:" An inveterate deep-rooted Evil, and hitherto remedileſs, ſince the Sovereign Powers will ſuffer themſelves to be ſo duped!

Character of the Electreſs.

Madam the Electreſs is only Daughter to *Coſmo* III. the preſent Grand Duke of *Tuſcany*. She is tall and eaſy, of a genteel Shape, very fair in her Complexion for an *Italian* Lady, has black Eyes, large and well cut. Her Hair is of the ſame Colour: She has a pretty Mouth, only her Lips are a little too thick: Her Teeth are white as Ivory; but her Voice is a little too maſculine, and ſhe laughs too loud. She is about 37, and has as yet never had any Children, and has aborted but once. They ſay here, that ſhe is extremely jealous of her Huſband, to ſuch a Degree, that ſhe has not unfrequently expoſed herſelf to Inſults, by following him in the Night vailed with a Mantle to find out his Gallantries. There is nothing aſtoniſhing in this, conſidering that ſhe was educated in a Country where Jealouſy prevails to Madneſs; and all the World knows, that the Elector is no Enemy to Gallantry.

Ceremonies obſerved at their Meals.

This Evening we were preſent at a very fine Symphony in the Chapel of the Palace. For his Highneſs has a Band of excellent Muſicians. After this Entertainment, we ſaw their Highneſſes ſup in the Apartment of Madam the Electreſs. The Table was ſerved by her Maids of Honour, who make a ſmall Genu-flexion when they preſent Wine to them, after having firſt poured out a little of it upon the Salver and taſted it.

Againſt falſe Grandeur.

All theſe and a Thouſand more Ceremonies in the Courts of Princes are forſooth called *Grandeur*. This Notion, or rather Prejudice, does not at all ſurpriſe me, after having been ſo long accuſtomed ſo ſee Glory, Honour and Greatneſs made to depend upon Whimſies and fantaſtical Imaginations, which have no Foundation in the Reality of Things! But how many are truly little and mean with all their fancied Grandeur? They are not Great, but are only environed with certain Things which giddy Opinion repreſents as ſuch. The Glare of this pretended Greatneſs dazles vulgar Minds; but it never raiſes the Admiration of thoſe who have their Eyes open and clear. The ſplendid Birth, the illuſtrious Pomp of Princes do not excite my Attention: All that is the Effect of mere Chance; nothing of this Kind can be called theirs; 'tis their Love to their Subjects, preferring their Happineſs to ambitious Views, their Goodneſs and Affability to every Perſon, their juſt Diſcernment of true Merit, their Averſion to Flattery, their generous Compaſſion towards the Diſtreſſed; in fine, 'tis the many moral Virtues to which moſt Princes are ſuch Strangers, that only can attract my Eſteem to their Perſons.

Mes

1705.
Feb. 12. to
March 7.

Mes yeux ne ſçauroient s'ébloüir
De l'éclat d'une fauſſe Gloire,
Dont le temps fait évanoüir
Les vains appas & la mémoire,
Le ſeul luſtre de la Grandeur
N'a rien que révere mon Coeur,
S'il n'eſt accompagné de plus auguſtes marques :
Et par cent vices enchaîné,
Chez moi le plus puiſſant, le plus fier des Monarques,
N'eſt qu'un Eſclave couronné.

Other Officers of this Court.

Let us not forget to obſerve here, that beſides the Grand Marſhal and the Grand Chamberlain, the Elector has over and above at his Court, a great Number of Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber, who are, for the moſt Part, Counts or Barons, and obliged to attend at his Meals till the ſecond Courſe is ſerved up; after which every one of them may withdraw. This is not all; when the Prince goes through the Town, theſe Gentlemen march on Foot before his Coach with his Life-Guards, who make two Wings with their Muſquets on their Shoulders and a Lieutenant-Captainat their Head. His Highneſs's 20 Pages all in their Uniform march immediately before the Coach, at each Door of which are half a Dozen *Heyducks* and *Halberdeers* all Swiſs.

Its exceſſive Pride.

All this Pageantry is ſurpriſing, eſpecially about a Prince whoſe Father t'other Day was but ſimple Duke of *Nieubourg*, that is, one of the leaſt conſiderable Princes in *Germany*. But what is moſt aſtoniſhing of all is, to ſee him debaſe Perſons of ſuch a Rank as moſt of theſe Gentlemen of his Chamber are, ſo much as to make them trot on foot before his Coach like ſo many Lackeys, or rather Spaniels, and that through a Town in which one walks in Dirt to the Ancles. I don't know that any ſuch Thing is done at preſent by the greateſt Potentate in *Europe*. As for Madam the Electreſs, when ſhe goes out, whether by herſelf or with the Prince, it is almoſt with the ſame State, which ſeemed to me intolerable; though the Courtiers here never murmur at it in the leaſt.

Diverſions

In fine, every Thing is in Proportion to this Pomp. Balls, Operas, Comedies, Concerts of Muſic, Feſtivals, all is equally ſplendid; of all which Diverſions we ſhared regularly every Day during the Month we were there: Nothing could be more tireſome and inſipid than to give you from Day to Day a particular Detail of theſe Entertainments which are here diverſified almoſt beyond Expreſſion.

Gallery of Pictures.

To tell you ſomething more inſtructive, you muſt know that we were permitted to ſee the Picture-Gallery of his Electoral Highneſs, and that we were conducted to it by a Painter in his Pay, who has acquired a great Reputation by his Works, which are indeed very fine, but finiſhed to a Degree of Exactneſs and Affectation, that the *Michael Angelo*'s, the *Raphael*'s, the *Titian*'s, the *Caraches* and the *Tintorets* moſt heartily deſpiſed. " Leave, ſaid theſe great " Genius's, that gewgaw Toy-work to *Flemings*, who are mere Drudges

1705. *Feb.* 12 to *March* 7. DUSSELDORP. *Van der Werff*, a celebrated *Dutch* Painter.

and whoſe Phegm is exhauſtleſs. However that be, the Painter I am now ſpeaking of, is of *Rotterdam* in *Holland*, and his Name is *Van der Werff*, and he has a Penſion of twelve hundred Crowns from the Elector, who over and above pays very ſwinging Prices for all the Pictures he does for him. This Gallery is tolerable for Length, but its Cieling is far too low. A Proof of this is, that the Picture of *Rubens* I have already mentioned, is too high for it. But they are now building a loftier one, which indeed, according to the Plan of it we were ſhewn, will be very magnificent, and fit for receiving the moſt Capital, large Pictures.

Chief Pictures of this Gallery.

Among the vaſt Number of Pictures in this Gallery, the leaſt conſiderable of which coſt a very great Sum, here is a Liſt of thoſe which ſeemed moſt worthy of our Attention, but not juſt in the Order they are placed. The Hiſtory of the Puniſhment of Pope *Nicolas* IV. for having had the Curioſity to peep upon the Body of St. *Francis d'Aſſiſi* in his Tomb, by *Douffet* a famous Painter of *Liege*. This Piece is much eſteemed by the Intelligent: Monſ. the Elector payed ten thouſand Crowns for it to the Rector of the *Minims* at *Liege*, and after all had a long Suit with that Religious Houſe, before he was allowed to move it from thence.

The Hiſtory of the Invention, as it is called, or the Diſcovery of the Croſs on which our Saviour was Crucified, by the Empreſs *Helen* Mother to *Conſtantine* the Great, who is ſaid to have had that Honour and Happineſs. This Picture is highly eſteemed, it is by the ſame *Douffet*, and is 10 Feet in Height, and 12 in Breadth, and coſt, they ſay, 15000 Crowns.

Pictures of *Italian* and other Maſters.

A lively Family by *Raphael d'Urbin*. The ſame Subject by *Titian*. A Nativity by the ſame Hand. Another holy Family by *Guido Rheni*. An *Ecce Homo*, by *Correggio*. The Birth of Chriſt, by *Andrea del Sarto*. A Holy Supper, by *Leonardo da Vinci*. A Crucifixion, by *Tintoret*. An Annunciation, by the ſame Maſter. An Oblation of the Virgin *Mary*, by *Paul Veroneſe*. A *Judith*, by *Dominichini*. The *Samaritan* Woman, by *Baſſan* the Elder. A laſt Judgment, by the ſame Painter. *Venus* and *Adonis*, by *Albano*. A holy Family, by *Camillo Borgocini*. Our Lord preaching in the Deſart, by *Lucas Jordano* of *Naples*. A Crucifixion by him. Theſe two laſt are looked upon here to be the Maſter-pieces of his Pencil; but I am ſure I have ſeen Fifty of this Maſter's nothing inferior to them in the King of *Spain*'s Palace at *Madrid*, where there are more than a Hundred Pictures of this Hand. A Dead Chriſt, by *Andrea Caboni*. A Nativity, by *François* of *Parma*; and a *Magdalen* by *Carlotti*.

Picture-Gallery, and Pieces of ultramontan Painters.

The Murder of the Innocents, by *Rubens*: It is one of his beſt Works; but it is a horrible Subject: As is likewiſe a St. *Laurence* upon the Grid-iron, by the ſame Maſter. *Theſeus* combating againſt the *Amazons*, by him likewiſe. The Rape of the *Sabines*, by the ſame. The Fall of the rebellious Angels, by *Vandyck*, and a laſt Judgment by the ſame Pencil. As likewiſe, a *Suſanna*, a *Jupiter* diſguiſed under the Form of a *Satyr* and *Antiope*. A Deſcent from the Croſs, and the four famous Penitents, *i. e. David*, St. *Peter*, the good *Thief*, and *Mary Magdalene*.

A

A St. *Sebaſtian* full of Arrows, by the ſame Maſter; as likewiſe a St. *Roſalin.* A fine Portrait of his Maſter *Rubens*, and his Wife in one Picture; and his own Portrait. A Nativity by *le Brun*, and St. *Leonard* in Priſon by him likewiſe. Twelve Pieces of *Teniers*. An *Ecce Homo*, and four other excellent Performances of *Schalck* a famous *Dutch* Painter. One by *Vanderwerff* our Conductor his Scholar. The Portraits of the Elector and Electreſs, by the ſame Hand; two very fine Pictures indeed, and extremely finiſhed. Theſe are but a ſmall Part of this vaſt Collection, but perhaps they are the moſt conſiderable, and a longer Liſt would but tire you as well as me. 1705. *Feb.* 12 to *March* 7. DUSSELDORP.

Though his Electoral Highneſs's Cabinet be ſeldom ſhewn but as a Favour to Perſons of the firſt Diſtinction, yet we obtained this Privilege without much Difficulty, under the Conduct of the ſame Painter who had attended us through the Gallery. We enter into it through a Hall of Audience richly furniſhed, and adorned with moſt beautiful Tapeſtry and excellent Pictures. The Tables, the Frames of the Glaſſes, the Sconces, the Dogs, the Branches, and all the Moveables of that Kind are of ſolid Silver. In a Corner of this Hall there is a large Picture repreſenting his Highneſs on Horſe-back, big as the Life, by a *German* Painter called *Douben*; and on the Caſements of the Windows are the four Parts of the World, with their principal Cities for a Border, executed by the celebrated *Van-Keſſel* of *Antwerp*. Audience-Hall of the Elector.

The Prince's Cabinet is divided into two Apartments. The Flooring of the firſt is very fine Inlaid-work of different Sorts of curious Wood, which has a charming Effect. They gave us Slippers of Mat that we might not ſpoil this beautiful Floor (for the Streets of this City are extremely dirty) and this Officer who has the Title of Slipper-maſter is rewarded by a Touch of the Hand, that muſt leave ſomething in his; and were he Shoe-cleaner too, who would grudge the Fee? The Floor of the other Apartment is alſo Inlaid-Work of *Japan* Wood mixed with Ivory, Braſs, Tortoiſe-ſhell, and adorned with Foliage and other Decorations which make a very pretty Shew. The Cielings of theſe two Apartments are much vaunted of, being painted by a young Lady, Mademoiſelle *Spilberg*. Of an Infinity of Pictures with which theſe Cabinets are furniſhed, I ſhall ſatisfy myſelf with mentioning a few of thoſe our Guide pointed out to us for the moſt valuable. His Cabinet of Curioſities.

A Virgin *Mary*, with the Infant *Jeſus* in her Arms, by *Correggio:* A Circumciſion, by *Vaſari:* A *Chriſt* going to Mount *Calvary*, by *Baſſan:* An Aſcenſion, by *Spagnolet:* A holy Family, by *Parmeggianino:* A St. *Catherine*, by *Frederic Zuccari:* A Deſcent from the Croſs, by the ſame Hand: An *Adam* and *Eve*, by *Caravaggio:* A Virgin *Mary*, with an Angel, preſenting Flowers to him, by *Cyro Ferri:* Our Saviour's Head, crowned with Thorns, by *Albert Durer:* A *Marſyas* ſkead by *Apollo*, of *Van Dyck:* The four Seaſons of the Year, by *Breugel:* A St. *John* preaching in the Wilderneſs, by the ſame Hand; as alſo a Crucifixion; a large Garden, ſtuffed with little Figures; three Bacchanals; the Adoration of the *Magi*. The firſt ſix Pieces of this Painter are above all Price, ſaid our Conductor. The Deſtruction of *Troy*, by *Eyſhamer* of *Francfort*; this Piece coſt ten thouſand Florins of *Holland*. The Marriage of *Cana*, by *Rottenhamer*, highly eſteemed by the *Virtuoſi*; a Pictures by good Maſters in the Prince's Cabinet.

1705. *Feb.* 12. to *March* 7. DUSSELDORP.

Banquet; a Judgment of *Paris*; an *Actæon* and *Diana*, by the ſame Maſter. A Woman ſwooning away, with a Phyſician and a Maid-Servant by her, admirably painted by *Miris*. A Feſtival, by *Teniers*; a Hermit, by *Girard Douw*; a Feſtoon and a Garland of Flowers, by Father *Segers*, a *Flemiſh* Jeſuit; a Nativity of *Chriſt*, by *Vanderwerff*; a *Chriſt*, with *Joſeph* of *Arimathea*, and the three holy Matrons, by the ſame Hand; which is an exquiſitely fine Piece. Four Portraits of the Elector, and three of the Electreſs, enamelled Work, curiouſly finiſhed by a *Swiſs* named *Ariſing*. Among a great Variety of Ivory-Work, I took notice of the following as the moſt obſervable. A Crucifix all of one Piece, three Foot high, by *Bethel*, a famous Sculptor of *Augsbourg*; another of a Foot and a half, by an *Italian* Carver: St. *Paul*'s Converſion, by *Albert Durer*, who excelled in Sculpture as well as in Painting. A *Cain* and *Abel*, by an *Italian*; the Battle of the *Centaurs* and the *Lapithæ*, by the ſame Maſter. All theſe are admirable for the Workmanſhip, being extreamly delicate.

Deſcription of *Duſſeldorp*.

Thus I have named every Thing that is moſt curious and remarkable at *Duſſeldorp*. This Town is the Capital of the Duchy of *Berg*, and takes its Name from a large River, which, after running thro' a great Part of this Town, empties itſelf into the Ditches of the Caſtle, and from thence runs into the *Rhine*. It was but a Village a little Time ago; but now it is a Town of conſiderable Bulk, in which, however, the Houſes are generally but ill built, and the Streets badly paved. There are no Chairs or Coaches to be hired here, which is a great Inconvenience to Strangers. The Caſtle in which their Highneſſes have reſided ever ſince the *French* demoliſhed that of *Heidelberg*, is a very old Building, ſpacious, but in the antiquated *Gothic* Taſte. It ſtands upon the Border of the *Rhine*, and commands a very beautiful, extenſive Proſpect of the River, and of the Country on the other Side. The Apartments are not regular, but ſumptuouſly garniſhed, eſpecially that of the Elector, and the Hall of Audience. This City has no Suburbs. Its Fortifications are pretty good, and well kept up. But as to a Citadel, I aſſure you there is none here, tho' Mr. *Miſſon* has affirmed there is, ſaying, that it commands the Town and the *Rhine*.

Its Government, College, Revenue of the Sovereign, *&c.*

At *Duſſeldorp* there is a Council of State, a Privy-Council, and a Chancery, in which civil Cauſes of all Sorts are determined. We were aſſured, that the Elector, in Time of Peace, has a Revenue of above three Millions of Florins, and that ſometimes it even amounts to four. This Court, as we have ſaid, is numerous and ſplendid. The Generoſity of his Highneſs attracts thither very many Strangers, who have liberal Penſions from him; and the Electreſs favours the *Italians* above all others. There is likewiſe in this City a Seminary for poor Students in Divinity, built by one of the laſt Dukes of *Juliers*, and not out of a Fine impoſed upon a Prieſt for lying between two Women, as Mr. *Miſſon* ridiculouſly tells us.

After taking leave of their Highneſſes and all the Court, we ſet out this Day for *Cologne*.

CHAP.

1705. *March* 8.

CHAP. IX.

Journey from Duſſeldorp *to* Cologne. Nuys. *Character of* Charles *the* Hardy, *Duke of* Burgundy, *and his Hiſtory.* Worringhen. Cologne, *an Archbiſhoprick and Electorate. Its Flying-Bridge.* Duits *over againſt it. Church of St.* Urſula. *Her Matyrdom, and of her eleven thouſand Virgins. Errors of ſeveral Authors concerning them. Abſurdities of this Story, and its Origin. Theſe Virgins Relicks, and St.* Urſula's *Tomb.*

WE paſſed the *Rhine* a little below *Nuys*, a ſmall Town called anciently *Noveſium*. Thoſe who formerly inhabited this Territory were named *Uſipetes*. Now this Place belongs to the Archbiſhoprick of *Cologne*, and one has a full View of it in croſſing the River, upon the Bank of which it is ſituated juſt where this River receives the ſmall one called *Erpt*. *Nuys*, anciently *Noveſium*.

Charles the *Hardy*, laſt Duke of *Burgundy*, laid Siege to it for a whole Year in 1474. to ſo little Effect, that he was at laſt obliged to raiſe the Siege ſhamefully. That ambitious, moſt pragmatical Prince, who affected to be the *Attila* of his Age, that is to ſay, the Scourge of *Europe*, by ſetting all on Fire, may have with Juſtice ſtiled himſelf the Antipode of the famous *Demetrius*, King of *Macedon* He, you know, had the Secret of ſucceeding in all the Sieges he undertook, and was on that Account ſirnamed *Poliorcetes*; whereas *Charles*, Duke of *Burgundy*, almoſt never took one City he beſieged. In 1452. he ignominiouſly withdrew from before *Beauvais*, after having, during a Month, made many Aſſaults upon that Town, and cannonaded it furiouſly. In 1474. he was forced to raiſe the Siege of *Nuys* after it had laſted more than a Year. In 1476. he was thoroughly routed, and loſt two powerful Armies at *Granſon* and at *Morat* in *Switzerland*; and after having inveſted *Nanci* in *Lorrain* twice, he was totally defeated, and killed in the ſecond Siege by Duke *René*, aſſiſted by the *Germans* and the *Swiſs*, the Eve of the Feaſt of the Kings in 1476. Yet all theſe Towns, the laſt only excepted, had no other Fortification but a ſimple Wall and Ditch. Let us however return to *Nuys*. And in truth I could not learn that there was any one Thing in or about it worthy of our ſeeing. It was taken and retaken ſeveral Times in the Wars of the *Swedes*, and their Allies in *Germany*. Beſieged by *Charles* the *Hardy* in 1474. Character and Hiſtory of that Prince.

After we had paſſed the little Town of *Zons*, on the left we ſtopped at *Dormagen*, to dine and change Horſes. This Place is juſt half Way between *Duſſeldorp* and *Cologne*, and belongs to the *Elector Palatine*, as Duke of *Berg*, as does *Zons* likewiſe. Half a League thence we paſſed thro' another Town called *Worringhen*, depending upon the Elector of *Cologne*. It is totally diſmantled, and has no other Marks of its ever having been a City, but two very ruinous Gates at its two Extremities. The Country about it is very *Zons* and *Dormagen*.

1703. *March* 8. fine, which made me enquire why they did not rebuild its Walls. To which Queſtion it was anſwered, that the Prince was very indifferent about it, and the Inhabitants were ſo impoveriſhed by the preſent War, that they were not in a Condition to do it at their own Expence. At laſt we arrived at *Cologne* about four o'Clock in the Afternoon.

Cologne. We ſpent the two firſt Days, after our Arrival at *Cologne*, in making Viſits, and delivering our Letters of Recommendation.

March 10. Its Flying Bridge. The Houſe we lodged in ſtanding upon the Border of the *Rhine*, and the Town of *Duits* being juſt oppoſite on the other Side of the River, we could ſee from our Windows vaſt Numbers of People paſs it every Moment, upon a Flying-bridge, as it is called here, going or returning to that Borough. The Whim ſtruck us to go too after Dinner. This Flying-bridge, which I ſhould rather chuſe to call a ſliding or running one, is very well contrived, and is ſufficient for carrying over a Company of Cavalry at one Time. It is held by large flat Boats, ſo well belayed, and made ſo faſt with Ropes and Iron-chains, that it is impoſſible they can be looſened, and there are five or ſix Boats of a leſs Size lying in a ſtraight Line at Anchor, in the Middle of the River at equal Diſtances from one another, and two Muſquet-ſhot above the Bridge: Two ſtrong Cables are fixed to theſe Boats, the Ends of which paſs thro' Pullies, faſtened at the Top of Poſts, fixed within this Bridge, and make it when let looſe tack and veer, merely by the Current of the Water, without any need of Rowing, or any other working, except Steering. The Reſident of *Holland* here aſſured us, that the continual Paſſage by this Bridge brings in to the Chapter of the Cathedral a Revenue of above ten thouſand Crowns a Year.

Duits, a ſmall Town over againſt *Cologne*. Further, *Duits* is not a Part of *Cologne*, as the Biſhop of *Saliſbury*, Mr. *Miſſon*, and ſome others have ſaid; it has no Manner of Dependence upon it; but holds ſolely and entirely of the Elector, to whom it belongs. It is a pitiful Borough, ſcarcely worth ſeeing. The Houſes are built of Pieces of Timber, intermixed with white Clay, and the few Streets it has are extreamly filthy and ill paved; one ſees more Swine than Men in this Town: Three fourths and more of the Inhabitants are *Jews*; and thoſe crafty *Iſraelites*, who ſtudy above all Things Matters of Lucre, and are very ſubtle and refined Ploddiers in that Article, make no Scruple to take the Trouble of fattening Herds of theſe unclean Beaſts which their Law forbids them to eat, in order to ſell them at an exorbitant Price to Chriſtians who like that Food, and eat it without any Fear of polluting themſelves. There are no Churches in this little Town; but a Convent of *Benedictins*, and a parochial Church, ſituated upon the Brink of the River. I am not a little ſurpriſed that the Children of St. *Benoit*, who are ſo opulent and delicate, ſhould have choſen to build a Convent in ſo diſagreeable a Place, and amidſt that Spawn of *Mathuſalem*.

When one is at *Duits* he may ſee very diſtinctly the Situation of *Cologne* along the River. It not a little reſembles that of *London*; that Part, I mean, lying along the River-ſide from *Weſtminſter*-Abbey to the Bridge,

Bridge a little beyond it. There is a very large Church in that Part of this City which reſembles *Weſtminſter*, and a little lower ſome Edifices which have ſomewhat the Air of *White-hall*, before it was burnt: There are old Walls like thoſe of the *Savoy*; a ſort of *Somerſet-houſe*, and other ſpacious Buildings not unlike thoſe of the *Temple*, formerly the Reſidence of the *Engliſh Templars*, before that famous Order was exterminated under falſe Pretexts, by the Intrigues of Pope *Clement* V. and of *Philip* the Handſome, King of *France*, in order to get Poſſeſſion of their Wealth. All theſe Buildings are at almoſt the ſame Diſtances one from another upon the *Rhine*, as thoſe of *London* we have juſt mentioned are upon the *Thames*, and the Cathedral here is ſituated almoſt juſt as St. *Paul*'s there.

1705. *March* 10. COLOGNE. The Preſent of this City, compared to that of *London*.

To Day we payed a Viſit to the famous Saint *Urſula* and her eleven thouſand Maidens, all of them of as noble Blood as *Hugh Capet* and his Deſcendants. *Geofrey* Arch-deacon of *Monmouth*, and afterwards Biſhop of St. *Aſaph*, a Writer in the 12th Age, ſays this *Urſula* was only Daughter to *Dionnoth* King of *Cornwall*; that ſhe was ſent when very young, from *Great* into *Little-Britain*, to be Wife to *Conan-Meriadec* King of *Bretagne*, along with her eleven thouſand Companions who were to be married to as many *Knights* of that Country. You would perhaps be ſorely put to it at preſent in your Iſland to find as many Virgins, not only among the Nobility, but even though you ſhould be allowed to pick and chooſe among the Commons too, unleſs you took them at an Age for which there needs no Cautionry. However that be, theſe Eleven thouſand Maids and their Conductreſs *Urſula*, inſtead of landing in the Country where they were ſoon to ceaſe to be ſuch, entered, ſays their Hiſtorian, into the Mouth of the *Rhine*, and came up as far as *Agrippina*, now called *Cologne*. It was not ſurely the Road to *Little Britain*, nor the ſhorteſt Way to their deſigned Eſpouſals, and their Pilots muſt have been *Tiphys*'s and *Palinurus*'s in the backward Senſe.

St. *Urſula*, her eleven thouſand Virgins, and their Hiſtory.

Unfortunately for theſe poor Ladies, they encountered an Army of the *Huns*, who held the Part of the Emperor *Gratian* againſt the Tyrant *Maximus* in *Gaul*. Thoſe Barbarians, worſe than Men-eaters, maſſacred without Pity all theſe Virgins, with their Leader *Urſula*, and that becauſe the poor Innocents choſe rather to part with their Lives than grant the ſmalleſt Favour to theſe Ruffians, a very hot ſalacious Gang. Miracle, doubly miraculous, would the good *Homenas*, Biſhop * of *Papimania* have cried out, that eleven thouſand and one, all young Girls, ſhould have fallen into the Hands of brutal Soldiers, who oftener aim at the Honour than the Lives of Maids, and not one of ſo great a Number loſe her *Gloves* in ſuch a Scuffle! I fancy your modern *Britiſh* Laſſes would think oftener than once if they ſhould happen to be caught in the ſame Manner, and rather than be maſſacred, do like the fair *Alacielle*, Bride to the King of *Garba*, who paſſed thro' eight different Hands before ſhe fell into the right ones, and that purely out of compaſſion to her Lovers: And her Generoſity met with the Reward it merited, ſince after having ſerved a laborious Apprenticeſhip under eight different Maſters, the King of *Garba* her Bridegroom received her as found untouched Goods, that is, for as unviolated and pure a Maid as ever came into the World and imagined, as *Fontaine*, who has made a very fine Tale

They were all murdered by a barbarous People, and not defiled.

* *Rabelais*, lib. 4.

1705. *March* 10. COLOGNE

of this Adventure, tells us, that he had given her the firſt Leſſons of Love: How many Brothers has this good King of *Garba* in the World? But let us return to our Eleven thouſand Virgins.

Errors of ſeveral Authors, concerning theſe Virgins.

The Arch-deacon of *Monmouth* places this Event in the Year 383 of Chriſt. If he be right, Mr. *Miſſon* muſt be wrong, for he makes it to have happened in the Year 238. Old *Jacobus de Voragine* Arch-biſhop of *Genoa*, and *Petrus de Natalibus* Biſhop of *Aquileia* ſpeak of it in their golden *Legends*, as happening under the Reign of *Diocleſian*, and make *Urſula* Daughter of a King of *Scotland* whom they ſtile *Maurus*, a Name not to be found in the Chronology of the *Scotiſh* Kings: Other Legend-Compilers place this Event in the Year 254 under *Decius*: Others, in the Beginning of the fifth Century, in the Reign of *Arcadius* and *Honorius*; and others in the Time of *Attila* that Maſter-ſcourge of God, who plagued the World about the Middle of the fifth Age. The Sieur *de Juigné* Author of an Hiſtorical Dictionary in *Quarto*, is one of the *later* Claſs. He ſays, that *Urſula* Daughter of the King of *Great-Britain*, went out of her Native Country with eleven thouſand Virgins her Companions, to eſcape the Fury of the *Saxon* Idolaters, and that deſigning to go into *Little Britain*, they were driven to the Coaſt of *Germany*, taken by the *Pagans*, and carried to *Cologne* to *Attila* King of the *Huns*, by whoſe Orders they were martyred, in the Year of our Salvation 453. How many Abſurdities in a few Lines for one who pretended to be a Chronologiſt!

In the firſt Place, he is the only Author who makes *Urſula* a Daughter of the King of *Great-Britain*. In the next Place, it is abſurd to ſpeak of her leaving *Britain* to avoid the Fury of the *Saxons*, ſince all Hiſtory or Legend-writers tell her Story as having happened long before the *Saxons* made themſelves Maſters of that Iſland: And to conclude, it is equally abſurd to ſay they were brought to *Cologne* to *Attila* King of the *Huns*, by whoſe Order they were put to Death, in 453 of the Chriſtian Æra, ſince that King went out of *Pannonia* with an Army of 500000 Men, and pillaged a great Part of the higher *Germany*, but did not pierce ſo far as *Cologne*, where he never was; for after having deſtroyed *Augſburg* and ſome other Towns, he went into *Gaul* and was routed there in the *Catalaunic* Fields by *Ætius*, a *Roman* General, *Méroüée* King of the *French*, and *Theodoric* King of the *Viſigoths*, in the Year of Chriſt 451; after which having levied another Army, he went to wreck his Vengeance on poor *Italy*, of which he burnt the greateſt Part, and never returned to *Germany*.

Many Abſurdities in this Story.

But all this Time I have not reflected how you will laugh at me, for giving you ſo ſeriouſly the different Opinions about a Story which you and your Sceptic Friends believe no more of than of Fairy Tales. I know that with the learned Mrs. *de Launois* and *de Valois*, both of them very good Catholics, you treat theſe Legends as idle Fables, and look upon the Princeſs of *Cornwal* with her eleven thouſand Companions as ſo many imaginary Saints, and by conſequence Counterband. I grant that the venerable *Bede*, that famous *Anglo-Saxon* Doctor, who wrote the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of the *Britons* and *Engliſh*, and died *ann.* 735, aged 106, ſays not one Word of this Event, too memorable

memorable to have been paſſed in Silence by him, had it been true, or ſo much as poſſible: And that the good Monk *Uſuard*, who lived in the Beginning of the Ninth Century, only ſays, that theſe Virgins were a great Number; and that *Geoffroy* and *Monmouth* and *Sigebert* a Monk of *Gemblours*, (Authors thawn for Fable-mongers, who lived in the 12th Century) were the firſt knowho fixed the Number to eleven Thouſand. 1705. *March* 10. COLOGNE

Geoffroy took theſe *Latin* Words in a Martyrology, *SS. Urſula & Ximillia V. M.* for *Sanctæ Urſula & undecim millia V. M.* without dreaming that *Ximillia* was the proper Name of one Virgin Martyr. The other was deceived by this *Roman* Cypher found upon an ancient Tomb, XI. M. V. that is to ſay, *Eleven Martyr Virgins*. This the poor Monk *Sigebert* took for *undecim millia Virginum*. You won't fail to add to all this, that it is falſe, that ever the County of *Cornwal* had the Title of a Kingdom, either in the Time of the ancient *Britons*, or when the *Romans* were Maſters of *Great-Britain*, or even during the famous *Saxon* Heptarchy; ſo that *Dionnoth*, pretended King of *Cornwall*, and Father of S. *Urſula*, is a mere *Chimera*, together with his pretended Daughter and her Eleven thouſand Companions. To this I anſwer, that if this Fact be not true, a Biſhop of St. *Aſaph*, two learned Monks, two *Italian* Archbiſhops, and many others, would not have given it out for ſuch; in fine, Father *Crombach*, a *German* Jeſuit, hath taken the Trouble of writing a large Volume in *Folio*, to prove the Truth of that Hiſtory, which ſo many Millions of Catholics believe with obedient Faith; and theſe Virgins are in the Martyrology and in the *Roman* Calendar, and their Feaſt is celebrated in the Church yearly. Origin of this ſilly Legend.

In the Church dedicated to them in this City there is a Chapel, the Walls of which are adorned with ſome Rows of Buſts gilded; and with ſome Shrines, in which are preſerved the Heads of many of thoſe Virgins; the whole is garniſhed with a rich Crimſon Velvet, and a Gold Stuff embroidered with Pearls and Jewels. Above all this there is a Tapeſtry of their Bones, among which I obſerved ſome of Children, of five or ſix Years old; which Circumſtance would almoſt make me doubt of the Truth of the whole Story: But, a celebrated Phyſician of this Place was formerly treated as a Heretic, for having ſaid, that there were among them two or three Bones of large Maſtif-dogs: Having boaſted that he could prove this beyond all Contradiction, he was condemned to pay a conſiderable Fine, and baniſhed out of the Dioceſe of *Cologne*. *Tantùm Religio potuit ſuadere malorum.* Church of St. *Urſula*, and Relicks of ſeveral of the holy Virgins.

They ſhewed us upon the Altar of the Chapel, St. *Urſula*'s Head in a Buſt of Silver, between that of *Conan-Meriadec*, King of *Bretagne*, her Bridegroom, and that of the Principal of her Companions named St. *Adelaide*. If you aſk me by what chance the King of *Armorica*'s Head came to *Cologne?* I will anſwer, that the ſame *Geoffroy* of *Monmouth* and *Sigebert* of *Gemblours* aſſure us, that this Prince came to this City ſome time after the Martyrdom of his Bride, and was likewiſe put to Death here. And how can you refute theſe Teſtimonies? Mr. *Miſſon* makes this *Conan-Meriadec*, King of *England*, and changes his Name into that of *Etherus*, and ſays he was the Huſband of *Urſula*: And thus by unmaiding this poor Princeſs of *Cornwall*, 13th or 14th S. *Urſula*'s Head. Miſtake of Mr. *Miſſon*.

1705. *March* 10. COLOGNE

Centuries after her Death, he degrades her from the Virgin-Dignity, which she holds in all the Legends. For how could she be a Virgin if she was married; unless we suppose her Husband to have made a Vow of Continence? Or to have been what the Parliament of *Paris* hath lately pronounced the Marquis *de Gesvres*. Under these three Heads there is a Golden Cup out of which *Conan-Meriadec* used to drink, with three of the Thorns of our Saviour's Crown, carefully kept in a Shrine, with a Door of Glass, thro' which we may see these precious Relicks. And on one side of the Altar, in a Niche, with a Glass-door to it, we saw a Vase of Alabaster, which they assured us was one of those our Saviour filled with Water at the Marriage of *Cana*, in order to change it into Wine: The Works of St. *Denis* in *France*, and a Convent in *Angers*, boast likewise each of having one of these Vessels; and perhaps we may learn before we return to *Great Britain* what is become of the rest.

S. Ursula's Tomb.

The Church is full of the Tombs of several of those Virgins: That of St. *Ursula* is of black and white Marble, about two Palms long, and six in breadth: Her Statue is of white Marble, it lies at full Length, and is crowned with a Garland of Flowers: At her Feet is a Pigeon, the Image of that real one which appeared ten or twelve Days successively upon the Place where this Monument now is, and so distinguished the Body of *Ursula*, from those of her Companions, with which it was before that confounded. This Miracle was attested to us by an *Old Maid* who shewed us these Relicks of the holy Virgins. For that she was a Maid, she assured us, upon our asking why the Commission of shewing these Relicks to Strangers was not rather entrusted to a Man than a Woman? To which she very readily replied, That the Church being dedicated to Virgins, and the Relicks being chiefly Relicks of pure Virgins, it was necessary that the Care of them should be committed to a Maid, that they might not be defiled by an impure Keeper. This same Virgin assured us, that the Earth of this Church will not admit into its Bosom any other Bodies but those of holy Martyrs, and for proof of this marvellous Quality she shewed us the Tomb of a certain Duchess of *Brabant*, whose Corps being twice interred there, was as often thrown up again above Ground, and hovered in the Air; so that they were obliged to fasten her Coffin with Cramp-irons to one of the Pillars of this Church, at the Distance of two Foot from the Ground, as it now is. Here is the Inscription on the Left-side.

> Viventia *bis hîc sepulta*, *toties à terrâ ejecta*,
> *Modò hoc Mausoleo inclusa Anno* 644.

And on the Right we find this:

> *Anno* 462. Clematius *hoc S. Templum restaurans*,
> *In eo aliorum corporum Sepulturam sub pœna vetuit.*

Our Guide likewise assured us, that the whole Revenue of this Abbey, which must be very considerable, without counting the Offerings and Gifts made

made by Pilgrims and other devout Perſons, belongs wholly to an Abbeſs and ſix Canoneſſes, who muſt be all Counteſſes, to do Honour to St. *Urſula* of Royal Birth. In all Probability theſe good Ladies with this vaſt Revenue live better than the *Capuchins*, and don't get up in the Night as they do to ſing Pſalms. 1705. *March* 12. COLOGNE

CHAP. X.

Continuation of the Deſcription of Cologne. *The Church and Hiſtory of St.* Gereon, *and Criticiſm upon it. The Quire and Relicks. Church, Convent and Library of the* Jeſuits. *Riches of their Sacriſty. The Church of the* Maccabees, *and their Hiſtory repreſented, and that of the Eleven thouſand Virgins. The Heads of the* Maccabees, *and others very curious Relicks. Miſtake of Mr.* Miſſon *concerning a noted Crucifix. Strange Story of a Woman buried alive.*

MANY Authors ſay, that the Emperor *Conſtantin* the Great embraced Chriſtianity, partly becauſe he had ſeen in the Air a Croſs with *Greek* Words upon it, which promiſed him Victory againſt *Maxentius*: And ſome add, that this Apparition to him happened near *Autun* in *Burgundy*: Others ſay, near to *Rome*. But this Day we have ſeen a Hiſtory in the Collegiate Church of St. *Gereon*, which gives the lie boldly to all theſe Writers. In the Quire and above the Benches for the Canons, there are ſeveral Paintings with *Latin* Inſcriptions repreſenting and explaining the Hiſtory of St. *Gereon*; which relate, that this Holy Warriour ſet out from *Thebes* in *Egypt* with 300 Horſe-men in compleat Armour, and met in the Way with an *Ethiopian* Prince called *Gregory*, who was leading 900 *Mooriſh* Cavaliers, all of them Chriſtians like himſelf, to *Conſtantin*'s Army; and that being arrived, upon refuſing to ſacrifice to Idols with the reſt of the Army, in order to obtain Succeſs in the War againſt the *Gauls*, they were all beheaded by Order of *Conſtantin*, and their Bodies thrown into a Well. But it is better to give you ſome of the principal Inſcriptions, which will let you into the whole Hiſtory. The Church and Hiſtory of St. *Gereon*.

Gereon *de Thebis venit Cæſari præſidium,*
Chriſti Fide plenus, Gallis in excidium.
Pro ſucceſſu Diis immolatur.
Tantum nefas deteſtatur.
Cæſar ferus dedignatur.
Mox capite plectuntur,
Et in puteum merguntur
Innocentes.
Anno CCLXXXVIII. *ſexto Idus Octobris.*

The

1705. *March* 12. CLOGNE

The first Part of this Legend is a Copy, as appears from the Inscription, of that relating to *Mauritius* and the *Theban* Legion, which was martyrized on the same Account under *Diocleſian* and *Maximinian*. The following Part makes *Conſtantin* as great a Perſecutor and Butcher of the Christians, as any of theſe two cruel Emperors, and gives a quite different Turn to the Motives of his Converſion.

Contained in two Inſcriptions, who make a Tyrant and cruel Perſecutor of *Conſtantin* the Great.

Helena *hinc auream fundat Eccleſiam,*
Martyrum ſanctiſſimas colligit Reliquias.
Ab Hunnis Templum deveſtatur, Divûm decor profanatur;
Cæſar jubet reſtaurari, ne dicantur Chriſtiani.
Crucem nolunt ponere.
Conſtantinus urit, ſecat, Chriſtianos dirè necat:
Dum ſic furit odioſus Chriſtianis, fit Leproſus,
Magi ſuadent Innocentum Balneum mortiferum:
O conſilium cruentum!
Sancti Gereon & Gregorius ſalutiferum
Baptiſmi conſulunt Sacramentum.
Conſtantinus Baptiſatur, & à Leprâ emundatur:
In & extrà ſic ſanatur.
Aras, Fana deſtruit, & ſimulacra diruit.
Mater Helena *culpat, dum Chriſtum natus adorat.*
In Sylveſtro Papa, tanta ut vidit Miracula,
Helena *Chriſto credidit, ſacrum Baptiſma recipit.*

Criticiſm upon this Legend.

You no doubt will tell me, and with ſome Reaſon, that the Authors of this Rhapſody muſt have been very ignorant Blockheads, ſince after having related, that *Heten* Mother of *Conſtantin* had collected the Relicks of thoſe Holy Martyrs, and founded a Church to their Memory and Honour, they repreſent her as reproaching her Son for having embraced Chriſtianity, after having perſecuted the Chriſtians ſo outrageouſly (which he never did:) 'Tis to puniſh him for this pretended Perſecution that they inflict a Leproſy upon him, and it is to be delivered from this Diſeaſe that he reſolves to be baptiſed. They likewiſe aſcribe the Converſion of the Empreſs *Helen* to the Miracles ſhe ſaw Pope *Silveſter* perform, and make it poſterior to that of her Son. Yet *Conſtantin* did not receive Baptiſm till towards the Cloſe of his Life, and when he found himſelf at the Point of Death, becauſe he had always intended, from the Moment of his Converſion, to have received that Sacrament at *Jordan*, in Imitation of our Saviour: And as to his Mother *Helen*, what need was there of converting her who was born a Chriſtian, of Chriſtian Parents, in the City of *York* in *England*, where her Huſband *Conſtantius Chlorus* died.

Thus you ſee that this Legend of St. *Gereon*, or rather this abſurd Rhapſody, makes a very falſe Charge againſt thoſe Writers who narrate other Cauſes of *Conſtantin*'s Converſion; for it poſitively affirms, that St. *Gereon* and the *Black Prince* his Companion appeared to him after their Death, and adviſed him

him to get himſelf baptiſed, in order to his being cured of his Leproſy, and hindred him from bathing himſelf in the Blood of Infants, as his Soothſayers had counſelled him to do. In truth, I muſt own the Nonſenſe diſplayed with ſo much Impudence in the Catholic Churches to impoſe upon Idiots, inclines me to believe, that all the Legend-writers of the paſt Ages were the moſt ignorant Creatures imaginable, eſpecially in point of Chronology. Theſe Inſcriptions, for Example, place the Martyrdom of St. *Gereon* and his Companions in the Reign of *Conſtantin* the Great, in the Year 288 of the Chriſtian Æra; yet that Prince did not begin to reign till the Year 312. Of all the Legends concerning St. *Urſula*, hardly do two of them agree in the Date of her Story; and ſo it is with Regard to moſt others. 1705. *March* 12. COLOGNE

The Quire in the Church of St. *Gereon* is tapiſtry'd likewiſe with 900 Heads of *Mooriſh* Cavaliers, the Companions of the *Ethiopian* Prince *Gregory*: They are ranged in little Niches, between each two of which there is carving in Foliage gilded, which Decorations with the Caps of Scarlet adorned with Pearls, with which every Head is covered, have a tolerably fine Effect. Having teſtified to him who ſhewed us the Curioſities in this Church ſome Surprize, that none of theſe Heads was bigger than a Child's of 7 or 8 Years old, he told me very ſeriouſly, that he had heard it often ſaid, the Men of thoſe Times, thoſe Gentlemen eſpecially of the Ebony-complexion, had not ſuch big Heads as Men now-a-days have. Was not this an excellent anſwer to my Difficulty? I then aſked him what became of the Heads of the 300 Horſemen of St. *Gereon*. He replied, that there was no Account of them in the *Capitulary* of this *Chapter*, but that the common Tradition is, that they were diſtributed thro' the Churches in *Cologne*, and in other chief Cities of *Germany*. The Quire of this Church, and its Relicks.

The ſame Guide ſhewed us in a Corner of the Church, one of the Pillars of the Scaffold on which all thoſe holy Martyrs were beheaded: This Pillar is of fine Jaſpar, about a Foot in Diameter, and ſpotted with Blood in ſeveral Places. At laſt he conducted us into a ſort of Vault, or ſubterraneous Chapel, directly under the Quire of this Church, where he ſhewed us the Well into which the Corps of theſe bleſſed Martyrs (ſaid he) were thrown by the Emperor *Conſtantin*'s Order: But what is moſt marvellous of all, is that thoſe of St. *Gereon* and the *Ethiopian* Prince *Gregory* were miraculouſly diſcovered ſome Years after ſtretched out upon a Table of black Marble, no body could tell how, and that they were inſtantaneouſly found out to be theirs, though naked and without Heads as well as the reſt. Here is what we may call an authentic Miracle, and of *firm Rock* which admits of no Conteſt, like many of thoſe Miracles that have been forged in the Shops of ignorant and prejudiced Monks. Other Relicks.

Do not go about to chicane and aſk me how this Diſcovery could be made, ſince all the Bodies were naked and headleſs: For I will anſwer it was not done naturally, but miraculouſly; beſides, if you ſhould prove ſo captious, you would diſcourage me from telling you a Thouſand other Marvels I am likely to ſee or hear of in the Courſe of my Travels, which I cannot pretend to account for? Is it not abſurd to aſk a natural Explication of a Miracle? Take my Advice therefore, and reſolve to amuſe yourſelf with ſuch wonderful Things Smart Reflections upon them

1705. *March* 12. COLOGNE

Things as I ſhall relate to you from time to time, without endeavouring to diminiſh the Marvellous, by aſking Queſtions about their Poſſibility. I muſt not forget to tell you that we likewiſe ſaw the Table of black Marble on which the Bodies of the two holy Martyrs were diſcovered. Our Conductor likewiſe informed us, that the Collegiate Church of St. *Gereon* has but 10 Canons, but a great Number of Chaplains, who enjoy all of them a very plentiful Revenue, for which they have very little to do.

Jeſuits Church, Houſe and Library.

We have theſe laſt Days been taken up in ſeeing, firſt of all, the Houſe of the Reverend Fathers Jeſuits. One of the good Companions of *Jeſus* received us at the Gate of their College with great Civility, and conducted us forthwith into their Library. I was ſurpriſed to find it ſo ill provided. There are very few Books in it, and thoſe few are very ill choſen. *A Biblia Maxima*, and *the Councils*, are the principal Books in their Collection, nor had theſe been there, if a *German* Lord, who reſided ſometime in this Town, had not made this College a Preſent of them. Theſe poor Fathers have no Money to buy Books! All the reſt are Scholaſtick Traſh, and other ſuch old Trumpery: Our Conductor ſhewed us as Curioſities two Globes 4 Foot in Diameter, of Father *Coronelli*'s Workmanſhip. I wonder how theſe Gentlemen who have given us ſuch fine Geographical Maps, and have made ſo many curious Aſtronomical Obſervations in *Europe* and *Aſia*, could put any Value upon the Works of a Babbler, who had the Aſſurance to ſtile himſelf Coſmographer, Hiſtoriographer, and Aſtronomer of the moſt ſerene Republic of *Venice*.

Pictures of ſeveral of their Generals, and Hiſtory of *Ignatius Loyola*.

Before we entered into this Library, we paſſed thro' a Hall, where are to be ſeen the Portraits of the 13 firſt Generals of the Company of *Jeſus*: You need not doubt that the great *Ignatius Loyola* is at their Head, as is moſt fitting. I could not ſee the Picture of this brave Captain, without calling to Mind the Wound he received in his Knee at the Siege of *Pampelune*, which was the Occaſion of his ever dreaming of quitting the Vanities of the World, to found a Society of Angels on Earth. It likewiſe brought back to my Remembrance, the Indignity with which a Satyrical Poet (* a good Catholic indeed, yet he was burnt in the *Greve* at *Paris*, for having wrote a Satyr againſt the *Virgin Mary*) ſpeaks of St. *Ignatius* and his Succeſſors, in his *Paris Ridicule*.

* Mr. *Petit*, Advocate of the Parliament of *Paris*.

Satyrical Verſes of a *French* Poet upon him and the Jeſuits.

I.

Lâchons ici notre Eguillette
En mémoire de ce Saint Fou,
Qui ſe fit caſſer le genou
Pour avoir la jambe mieux faite :
C'etoit un plaiſant Roſſignol
Que ce Patriarche Eſpagnol,
Et que ſes Héritiers ſont rogues!
D'où vient qu'étant ſi triomphans,
Ils ſont devenus Pédagogues,
Et Feſſeculs *de nos Enfans?*

II. *Je*

1705. *March* 13, 14. COLOGNE

II.

Je ne ſçaurois donner croiance
A toutes ſortes de diſcours,
Je ſçai que la Vertu toûjours
Fut ſujette à la Médiſance ;
Qu'on les nomme Aſſaſſins de Rois,
Marchands de Bleds, Marchands de Bois,
Et préparateurs d'Antimoine :
Pour moi, j'excuſe leur penchant,
Si l'habit ne fait pas le Moine,
Le mal ne fait pas le méchant.

Beſides theſe Portraits of the firſt 13 Generals of the Order, there are likewiſe the Pictures of ſix Cardinals, who were Jeſuits before they were honoured with the Purple. *Palavicini* and *Bellarmin*, you may be ſure, are not forgot.

When we went out of the Library we croſſed a Garden, which muſt be very pleaſant in Summer, and entered into the Church. It is undiſputably one of the fineſt in *Cologne*, and the moſt regular. The Building is very lofty and well pierced, and againſt the Pillars ſupporting the Ceiling, there are Statues of the twelve Apoſtles, and of many other Saints, big as the Life. The Pulpit deſerves Attention, on Account of the Sculptures with which it is adorned. Before the principal Altar hangs a Lamp of Silver, which is about ſix Foot in Height. The Reverend Father who conducted us made two ſtrong Fellows let it down, that we might have a better Sight of it. 'Tis certain, that this gigantic Lamp is of exquiſite Workmanſhip. The Figures of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and of the five wiſe and five fooliſh Virgins in the Parable are repreſented very naturally, with ſuch Delicacy that it is a Pleaſure to ſee them. This Lamp coſt an immenſe Sum, not to this College, but to the Elector of *Cologne Maximilian-Henry*, who made them a Preſent of it. Deſcription of their Church.

I ſaw but one tolerable Picture in this Church ; but if it be wanting in Pictures, their Veſtry is filled with more ſolid Wealth. The Silver Plate in it is prodigious for the Riches as well as the Quantity : An Inventory of it would however be tireſome. I ſhall only take Notice to you of ſome of the Ornaments of the Altar, which are extremely ſumptuous and magnificent. Riches of their Sacriſty.

One Antipendium of an Altar is wholly covered with an Embroidery of Gold-wire and Pearls. Another is enriched with vaſt Numbers of Rubies, of which not a few are very large. Another is of maſſy Silver exceedingly heavy, containing in Baſs-relief, the Hiſtory of the Aſſumption of the holy Virgin, with St. *Ignatius* on one Side, and St. *Francis Xavier* on the other : Another alſo of maſſy Silver, with a Border of Gold covered with Pearls ; another a Gold Brocard with Pearls and Emeralds, among which there are many of great Value ; another of Crimſon embroidered with Gold, very heavy and ornamented with carved Figures of *Jeſus Chriſt* and *Joſeph* on one Hand, and the *Virgin* on his other ; the good *Ignatius* and *Xavier* are here too ; theſe Gentlemen thruſt themſelves in every where, and herein are

March 13, 14. Cologne

compleatly imitated by their Succeſſors. This laſt Piece is of exquiſite Workmanſhip, and of a very extraordinary Size, and it is only employed to adorn the great Altar, on certain more ſolemn Feſtivals which are repreſented upon it. I ſhall not trouble you with mentioning an innumerable Quantity of Branches and Candle-ſticks, Buſts, Vaſes, Luſtres, and other Silver-plate, there would be no coming to an End of ſuch a Detail: But I will juſt tell you, that one can hardly ſee any where a Sacriſty more richly furniſhed with Chalices, Pattens, Cups, Plates, Cruets, and other Utenſils for Maſs, all of Gold, and enriched with precious Stones.

Their Refectory.

Dazled with ſeeing ſo much Riches in one Place, we left the Sacriſty to go to the Refectory, which is very large and well wainſcoted: The Ceiling is adorned with Sculptures and Carvings. It is hung all round with Pictures, exhibiting the principal Events of our Saviour's Life. Theſe Pictures are but indifferent, though painted by *Jeſuits*; yet they not a little adorn the Refectory. While we were conſidering them, our Conductor ordered a Collation to be brought, which conſiſted of very good Things, accompanied with excellent *Rheniſh*: Theſe Fathers ſeldom have any thing that is bad. While we were at this Repaſt, he queſtioned us very ſoundly about the Affairs of *Great-Britain*, ſometimes about one thing, and ſometimes about another, but chiefly about King *James* and his Son, whom he called Exiles for the Catholic Faith.

Multa ſuper Priamo *rogitans, ſuper* Hectore *multa.*

Not one Word of Queen *Anne* his Daughter, but a great deal about the late *Mary* and King *William* III. who, ſaid he, turned their Father and Mother out of their own Houſe by the Shoulders. We made the beſt Returns we could to theſe Interrogatories, and parted in all Appearance good Friends.

March 15, 16. The Church of the *Maccabees*, and its Pictures

We have likewiſe been to viſit the Church of the *Maccabees*, and took Notice firſt of all upon the Gate on the Out-ſide, of a Picture repreſenting *Salomone* Mother of thoſe Martyrs, trampling under her Feet *Antiochus Epiphanes*. She holds her ſeven Sons crowned with Laurel under her Gown, four on one Side, and three on the other; under it is this Inſcription.

DIVA parens VII natis Strato SaLoMona tyranno, VICtr IX oVans.

Give any Interpretation to this you pleaſe. Their Hiſtory is painted upon the Wall in a Corner of this Church in Eight different Pictures, with theſe Words: S. *Salomone cum VII. filiis ſuis* Maccabeis *in ſummo Altare honorifice Conſervantur.* If you aſk me how all theſe Saints came to *Cologne*: I anſwer according to the Legend, that the Empreſs *Helen*, having flattered herſelf to eſpouſe in ſecond Marriage the famous *Charlemagne*, ſent their Bodies to that Prince, who built this Church to their Memory.

The Hiſtory of the Martyrdom of the Eleven thouſand Virgins is likewiſe painted on ſeveral Parts of theſe Walls; and very near to this Church

is

is a Well, into which, they tell us, the Blood of these Virgins was poured when they were killed, and that the Blood is still here; but we could not see it, for a Bishop who flourished about a thousand Years ago had shut it up, because it made a Noise that deafened People when they looked into it. And can one treat the Story of the Virgins after all this as a Fable? The Religious to whom this Church belongs, and who follow the Order of St *Bennet*, pretend, contrary to Tradition among the *Ursulines*, that the Princess *Ursula* was massacred on the Spot where their principal Altar stands. Before this Altar is the Tomb of an Arch-bishop of *Hungary* named *Pastelasius*, who was, said our Guide, chief Almoner and Confessor to the Princess *Ursula*, said Mass to her every Day, and was martyrized with her and her Companions. 1707. *March* 16. COLOGNE Martyrdom of the eleven thousand Virgins represented.

Our Guide next shewed us the Heads of the *Maccabees*, that are kept in the Tabernacle of the principal Altar, which is of Purple embroidered with Gold. We mounted a little Ladder to have a nearer View of these holy Heads, and enjoy the Perfume which they send forth: We were even allowed the Favour to touch them; a Privilege that would not have been granted to you *Heretics*, who treat the Relicks as * *common Bones, sacred Rags, and consecrated Ordure*. These Heads are ranged in the Tabernacle Escutcheon-wise, One, Four and Three; that of the Mother on the Top, the four Eldest in the Middle, and the three Younger below. Each has a Crown richly adorned with Pearls, Rubies, and Emeralds. The Heads of the *Maccabees*.

* Expressions used by Mr. *Misson*.

They likewise shewed us that of St. *Joachim*, or *Joakim*, Father to the Virgin *Mary*, and that of St. *Anne* her Mother; a Thorn of our Saviour's Crown three Inches long; a large Tooth from the Under-jaw of St. *John* the Baptist; a Bone of St. *Andrew*'s left Ancle; the Finger St. *Thomas* thrust into the Side of *Jesus Christ*; St. *Joseph*'s Scull; the Veil the Virgin *Mary* was in at our Saviour's Crucifixion, two of her Smocks, and both of them very dirty; with a little of her Hair inclining towards the Reddish: The Linen in which St. *Laurence* was wrapped when he was taken off the Grid-iron, upon which he was roasted by Order of the Emperor *Valerian*, which is no larger than an ordinary Handkerchief, so that the Good St. *Laurence* must have been of the Pigmy Size, if it was large enough to cover his Body. They likewise shewed us the Heads of three of St. *Ursula*'s Companions, named St. *Daria*, St. *Julia*, and St. *Gaudentia*. The first has no Scar, the second has the Marks of a terrible Blow of a Sabre in the Scull, and on the Middle of the third there is the Point of an Arrow fixed perpendicularly. I said to our Conductor, that the Iron-point of the Arrow must still be in the Head, and was going to thrust my Finger in to try if I could feel it. But he immediately withdrew the Head, assuring me, that the Iron was miraculously melted in the Head, as Grease melts in the Fire. A Miracle indeed! that a Head should have the marvelous Virtue of melting the Iron, and yet the Wood of this Arrow should have continued sound and entire for so many Ages. Other curious Relicks.

The last and most curious, in my Opinion, of all they shewed us, is, the entire Body of St. *Ursula*'s Aunt, by the Mother's Side, who was likewise her Governess. This good Lady was commissioned to deliver the Princess The Body of St. *Ursula*'s Aunt.

1705. *March* 16. Cologne

Princeſs of *Cornwall* into his Hands who was to be her Spouſe, and was martyriſed with her: Her Name was *Placidia*. I could not but admire the moſt edifying Learning of our Guide in Matters of Legend, and his incomparable Memory, that was able to retain the Names of ſo many holy Perſons, and their principal Adventures: For when I aſked him if this old Aunt was reckoned amongſt the eleven thouſand Virgins, he anſwered immediately, there was no doubt on't; that ſhe moſt certainly died a Maid, with as much Aſſurance as if he had a Certificate in all its Forms, from half a Dozen ſkilful Matrons of that Age.

A Miſtake of Mr. *Miſſon*, concerning a noted Crucifix.

Now we deſired to ſee the famous Crucifix, with the Wig in this Church, of which Mr. *Miſſon* ſpeaks. "This Peruke, ſays he, is truly marvellous in "this Reſpect, that it never diminiſhes, notwithſtanding all the Locks the "Pilgrims, who come here from *Hungary*, carry off with them." One would imagine, from his Account of the Matter, that this Peruke was believed here to have a vegetative Quality. But be perſuaded, that the Inhabitants of *Cologne*, as zealous and credulous Catholics as they are, know very well that the *Hungarian* Pilgrims have not Arms long enough to reach this Peruke; this wig'd Crucifix having been for more than an Age fixed perpendicularly to the Cieling of the Church, which is very high, and conſequently beyond the Stretch of the Pilgrims with their Sciſſars. *Non eſt laudandus is, qui plus credit quæ audit quam quæ videt.* When we told our Guide this Story, he, with all his Belief in Miracles, laughed very heartily at it. We took our Leave of him in the uſual Way, by droping ſomething into his Hand. In paſſing thro' the New Market, we were ſhewn a Burgo-maſter's Houſe, whoſe Wife is ſaid to have riſen from the Dead after ſhe was interred; and at the Windows of the Garret the Figures of the Horſes, and the Valet who knew their Miſtreſs ſo ſoon as ſhe came to the Gate after her Reſurrection. Mr. *Miſſon* tells this Story, and thinks it not incredible, ſo I need not repeat it. This Reſurrection, ſays he, was owing to the Avarice of a Grave-digger, who opened up the Grave to take a rich Ring off the Lady's Finger with which ſhe had been buried. This may perhaps be an Uſage among the Idolaters in *Aſia*. But I doubt if e'er a Chriſtian Huſband would be ſuch a Fool as to bury his Wife with a Ring of any Value, even tho' ſhe ſhould have been ridiculous enough to have deſired it.—However that be, I bought a Print repreſenting this Miracle. And according to it the Event happened in 1357; tho' Mr. *Miſſon* places it in 1571.

Strange Story of a Woman buried alive.

CHAP. XI.

The Church and Convent of the Carmes. *The* Chartreuſe. *The Inſtitution of that Order. The Cathedral. Remarkable Tombs in it. That of the three Kings in Particular. Reflexions on this Story.*

The Convent and Church of the *Carmes*.

WE went next to the Convent of the *Carmes*, whoſe Church is the only one at *Cologne*, in which the Altar is placed to the Eaſt. The Pulpit paſſes for the fineſt in this City. It is adorned with Carvings by two Monks

Monks of this Order, Twin-brothers, who are yet alive. From the Church we were conducted to a Hall, where a Collation was presented to us, according to the Custom of the Country. I took notice of the Arms of *England*, and those of the Knights, *Jenkins* and *Williamson*, on two Panes of Glass in a Window of this Room. These Gentlemen, with other Plenipotentiaries, negotiated a general Peace here in 1674: But this Treaty was broken all at once by the *French*, on account of the running away with Prince *William* of *Furstenberg* their Creature, who died a Cardinal. 1675. *March* 6. COLOGNE

We went for a Moment likewise into the Church of the *Cordeliers* to see the Tomb of the famous *John Scotus*, surnamed the *subtle Doctor*. Here are the two Epitaphs on it. And of the *Cordeliers*.

Scotia me genuit; *Anglia me suscepit*; *Gallia me docuit*; *Colonia me tenet.* The Monument of *John Scotus*.

The other is in Verse.

Ante oculos saxum Doctorem comprimit ingens,
Cujus ad interitum sacra Minerva gemit.
Siste gradum, Lector, fulvo dabis oscula saxo,
Corpus Joannis *hæc tenet urna* Scoti.
Anno milleno ter CCC *cumque adderet octo,*
Postremum clausit letho agitante diem.

Bzovius, *Paul Jovius*, and other Catholic Writers have said, that this Doctor, having been buried for dead, returned to Life in his Grave, but finding no Succour, gnawed his Fingers, and dashed his Head against his Coffin.

Hence we went to the *Chartreuse*, where these good Fathers received us with all the Politeness imaginable, and gave us a very jolly Collation. After which we made the Tour of their Cloisters. It is a vast square Gallery, built of Hewn-stone, every Side of which makes a Visto, in which the Eye almost loses itself. The Walls are adorned with Paintings by the Monks themselves, representing the whole Life of our Saviour. On the other Side are large Windows, facing a very pleasant Garden. The Refectory is very handsome and neat. Every Monk is allowed at each Repast a Pot of strong Beer and half a Pint of Wine, a Loaf, a Plate of Fish, and Fruit in Abundance, and every Thing is excellent in its Kind. So that with regard to Eating and Lodging these holy Personages could not be better provided in this World. The *Chartreuse*

Then we paid a Visit to their Cells; in each of which there is an Oratory, a Bed-chamber, and a Laboratory, where every one employs himself according to his Turn and Genius; a Closet adorned with Books, Maps, and Prints; a good Stove to warm themselves, a Granary, and a Cellar for locking up the little Refreshments which their Relations and Friends send to them. And behind each of these Cells there is a little Garden, in which they cultivate all Kinds of Flowers, and such like Things. In fine, it is a charming Retirement, that would not be disagreeable to a good many People, were The Cells of that Convent.

not

1705. *March* 16. COLOGNE. The Church and Convent of the *Chartreuſe*.

not the Law of Silence and Solitude ſo rigorouſly impoſed upon all who enter Members here. Their Church is beautiful enough, but they have but one Curioſity in it, and that is the Hem of our Saviour's Garment, the Touch of which cured ſo miraculouſly the Flux of Blood, and yet cures, ſay they, Women in that Condition.

We made ſome Stay in the Cell of one of the Fathers, who is a very dextrous Watch-maker, and who ſhewed us ſeveral Pendulums of his making, which were very curious; a repeating one chiefly, which chimes ſix different Tunes. In fine, while we were at a Collation they preſented to us, the Superior of this Convent was pleaſed to entertain us with the Hiſtory of the Foundation of his Order, to this Effect.

The Hiſtory of the Foundation of this Order

A Gentleman of a noble and rich Family of *Cologne*, whoſe Name was *Bruno*, was at *Paris*, when a Canon of a Cathedral there died with great Reputation of Sanctity: The Funerals of this pretended Saint were celebrated with great Magnificence, and attended with a vaſt Concourſe of People: Our Gentleman of *Cologne* was one of the forwardeſt in the Funeral-Pomp, and preſſed himſelf into the neareſt Place to the Body of this Canon, while they were ſinging the *De profundis*. And lo! he who it was thought would one Day be canonized, all on a ſudden thruſt away the Lid of his Coffin, and raiſing himſelf up three Times, pronounced, with a horrible Voice, thrice theſe dreadful Words:

Juſto Dei Judicio accuſatus ſum.
Juſto Dei Judicio judicatus ſum.
Juſto Dei Judicio condemnatus ſum.

At this terrible Sight the Aſtoniſhment and Fright of the Attendants were inexpreſſible; of *Bruno* in particular, who ſhook from Head to Foot every Joint of him. He became very penſive, and made ſeveral ſerious Reflections upon this Event. "If a Perſon, ſaid he within himſelf, who lived in ſo exemplary a Manner, be condemned to eternal Puniſhments, in what a deſperate Condition is ſuch a Sinner as I am, unleſs I make a long and ſevere Penance for my Sins." He recalled to his Memory in theſe Reflections thoſe Verſes of *Sedulius*, a famous Poet in the VIIIth Century, which are very pertinent to the Subject.

Et ſanè ipſa Dei Sententia grandis abyſſus,
Cui ſoli detecta manent abſcondita cordis.
Quos ſibi delegit, vel quos privavit Olympo,
Solus habet notos, ſolus diſcrevit ab ævo.
Nos homines cæci rerum ſecreta videmus
Sicut Apollincum diſcernit Noctua lumen.

Theſe grave Meditations terminated in a fixed Reſolution to retire from the World into a Deſart. He ſold Part of his Eſtate, and with ſix Companions whom he had induced to take the ſame Reſolution, he went to the Biſhop of

of *Grenoble*, a Man of a ſingularly holy Life, and communicated his Deſign to him. This Prelate gave him a Hermitage, ſituated amidſt wild Rocks, in the very ſame Place where the Grand *Chartreuſe* now ſtands. And there it was that *Bruno* built and founded the firſt Houſe of his Order. Some Years after, Pope *Urban* II. ſent for him to *Rome*, where he gave his Sanction to the Rules *Bruno* had laid down to his Companions; but this holy Man, inſtead of returning to *Dauphiny*, where he thought his Fame was too great, retired into a Foreſt in *Calabria*, where he lived and died in great Sanctity. The Count of *Calabria*, who loved and eſteemed him infinitely, took care to have him buried in a magnificent Manner, and to have this Epitaph inſcribed on his Tomb.

Primus in hac, Chriſti fundator Ovilis, Eremo
Promerui fieri, qui tegor hoc lapide.
Bruno *mihi nomen, genitrix Germania, meque*
Tranſtulit ad Calabros grata quies nemoris.
Doctor eram, Præco Chriſti, vir notus in orbe:
Deſuper illud erat, gratia, non meritum.
Carnis vincla dies Octobris ſexta reſolvit:
Oſſa manent tumulo, Spiritus aſtra petit.

It was this Adventure of the *Pariſian* Canon, as the *Chartreuſes* themſelves ſay, which occaſioned their Patriarch's Retreat from the World, and the Inſtitution of their Order. But you may tell me perhaps, that the *Chartreuſe* may ſay what they pleaſe, but that unfortunately for them, *Papirius Maſſon* and *Guy Patin*, Profeſſors of Phyſic in the Royal College at *Paris*, both very good Catholics, and very learned Men, aſſure us, that this Hiſtory is a mere Fable; and that a certain *Fleming* named *Cæſarius*, a mighty Dealer in Spiritual Tales, was the firſt who vented it in his Book of Marvels; and that he placed this Event in 1084, in the Reign of *Philip* I. King of *France:* But that neither *Marianus-Scotus*, or *Lanefranc* Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*, or *Radulf*, or *Sigebert*, or any other Hiſtorian of that Age, have made the leaſt Mention of this Affair, too remarkable ſurely to have been overlooked, had it been true as that Miracle-monger aſſerts. But let me aſk you, pray Sir, why you won't allow the *Chartreuſe* to make uſe of this Story to render their Founder more illuſtrious, ſince the moſt conſiderable Nations in *Europe*, to give themſelves a better Figure, deduce their Origin from the Aſhes of *Troy*, with as little Probability perhaps, as the *Chartreuſe* have for this Story of the Canon of *Paris*.

The Story refuted by *Maſſon* and *Guy Patin*.

The greater Part of this Day was ſpent in ſeeing the Cathedral and Rarities in it. The firſt Thing we did was to mount up 250 Steps, each a Foot thick, to the Top of the Steeple, whence one has a full View of this City and the adjacent Country. *Cologne* is juſtly ſaid to be a beautiful and large City: For it is both: What makes it appear yet more beautiful from this Height is, that all the Churches and Houſes are covered with Slates which preſerve

March 17, 18. The Cathedral, and its Curioſities.

1703. March 17. 18 Colours of

preſerve their Colour, and not with ugly Bricks which Rain and Wind ſo ſoon make very tawny. They have left upon the Platform of this Tower, a prodigious Crane, that was uſed in heaving up the large Stones of which it is built.

The Courage of a *Dutch* Sailor.

Our Guide told us that a few Years ago, the Thunder fell upon this Machine and ſet it on fire. Every body apprehended the Steeple muſt be conſumed, and Part of the Church: But a *Dutch* Sailor, who was there by Chance, ſcaled the Steeple, and without Rope or Ladder hoiſted himſelf up to the Top of this Crane, whence one ſees a tremendous Precipice; and by throwing Pails of Water upon it, which were handed up to him by long Poles, extinguiſhed the Fire, and ſo ſaved, in all likelihood, a conſiderable Part of the Church. The Mob who were preſent at this Action, ſhouted *Vivat*, and gave him a thouſand Bleſſings. But the Chapter of the Cathedral carried their Generoſity farther: You may imagine perhaps, that they gave him a conſiderable Sum, or ſettled a Penſion upon him that exeemed him from the Neceſſity of expoſing himſelf again to the Dangers of the Sea: Far from it: All they gave him was twenty *German* Florins, about ten Crowns *French*. This was their bounteous Reward for the Hazard he had run! And he did not fail to ſhew his Indignation, and to ſwear Sailor-like, that for the future, their Churches and City might burn to Aſhes for him: Adding, that ſoon or late he ſhould be revenged on them.

When we deſcended, we went into the Quire, which they ſay is the higheſt in *Germany*; and it is indeed a very bold piece of Work: The Chancel is ſupported by four Rows of large Pillars; and were this Church, which is dedicated to St. *Peter*, finiſhed according to the Plan made for it, it would inconteſtably be the grandeſt in *Europe*.

Tombs of ſeveral Archbiſhops.

Upon the chief Altar in the Quire, lies in a Coffin of Silver, the Corpſe of St. *Englebert* Arch-biſhop of *Cologne*, who was martyriſed, ſay the Legends, under the Reign of *Dioclefian* and *Maximian*. Here alſo is his Statue of white Marble in his Pontificals, laid along upon a Table of black Marble, the Head ſupported by his Hand: At his Feet ſtand two Angels of white Marble likewiſe, the one holding a Crown, the other a Branch of Palm gilded. Beyond the Benches where the Canons ſit, to the right and left, are the Monuments of two Brothers of the Family of the Counts of *Schurenberg*, both Arch-biſhops of *Cologne*, who died both in the ſame Year. At the extremity of the Quire there is the Tomb of another Arch-biſhop, whoſe Statue of white Marble is laid upon a Table of black Marble of fifteen Palms in Length, to ſeven and a half in Breadth, all of one Piece: About the Table is inſcribed this Epitaph, in *Gothic* Characters.

Anno Dom. milleſimo tricenteſimo ſexageſimo ſecundo, quinta decima die Menſis Septembris: Obiit Reverendus in Chriſto Pater Dom. Willielmus de Genepe, Archiepiſcopus Colonien. hic ſepultus, vacante tunc Sede Apoſtolica per mortem Felicis recordationis Domini Innocentii Papæ ſexti, & regnante eodem tempore Sereniſſimo Carolo Romanorum Imperatore. Anima ejus requieſcat in pace.

Here is a very Chronological Epitaph as you ſee; containing the Death of an Archbiſhop of *Cologne*, and that of a Pope, and marking at the ſame Time the Reign of an Emperor, with their ſeveral Dates. 1705. *March* 17.

COLOGNE Miraculous Image of the H. Virgin.

In a Chapel to the Right of the Quire, they ſhewed us a miraculous Image of the Holy Virgin, of a very ſwarthy Complexion. *Raynold* Archbiſhop of *Cologne* brought it hither from *Milan*, with the Bodies of the three Kings, in 1164.

Tombs in the Cathedral.

The Tomb of that pious Prelate is at the Virgin's Feet, with his Statue of white Marble, laid out at full Length. The tawny Face of this miraculous Virgin is not a very edifying Sight; but our Conductor told us, that many Attempts had been made to paint it afreſh, yet the Virgin would never ſuffer it to be done. You Heretics laugh at all theſe Miracle-working Statues, and treat them as Fables, forged by Prieſts to impoſe upon the Ignorant, and draw their Money from them. Yet all the Inhabitants of *Cologne* believe in the marvellous Virtue of this Figure as an Article of Faith, and many very rich Offerings are preſented to this ſwarthy Lady.

The Biſhop of *Straſbourg*, *François Egon de Furſtenberg*, is interred in this Chapel, without Monument or Inſcription, like a poor private Man. 'Tis true, that had it been required to give a particular Detail in his Epitaph of all the Talents of this Prelate, his noble Faculty of ſwallowing a dozen Bottles of Wine at each Meal muſt not have been forgot. In two other Chapels to the Left are the Tombs of two other Archbiſhops: That of *Conrad de Hoogh-ſteede*, who laid the Foundation of the Cathedral; his Statue is of Braſs: The other is the Archbiſhop *Arnold*, who encloſed the City with a Wall, without any Ditch. Round his Sepulchre, inſtead of a Rail, there is a ſquare Battlement, with little Turrets three Foot high, and a little Door to each Side of the Square.

The three Kings, and their magnificent Tomb.

I now come to the celebrated Relicks, which draw ſo many Pilgrims here to ſee and worſhip them: I mean the three Kings; or, if you will, the 3 Eaſtern Sages, who came from *India* to adore *Jeſus Chriſt*. Theſe Bodies are repoſed in a large purple Shrine, ſpoted with Gold, ſet upon a Pedeſtal of Braſs, in the Middle of a ſquare *Mauſoleum*, faced with Marble and Jaſper within and without. This *Mauſoleum* is in a ſmall Chapel behind the Quire; and the Shrine is opened every Morning at Nine o'Clock: Then theſe Kings are ſhewn lying at full Length; but this is not done except in the Preſence of two Canons of the Cathedral. Mr. the Count of *Hohenzollern*, whom we had known at *Duſſeldorp*, younger Brother to the Prince of that Name, happened to be here, and procured us a Sight of all the Rarities in this Monument.

The Populace crowded to preſent to the Chaplain croſs a Grate of Braſs gilt, Images, Primmers, Beads, and a hundred other Things, which you will perhaps call Bawbles. He received them with Tongs of Silver, and gave them a Touch of the Heads of theſe Kings. I obſerved, among the reſt, an old Woman, who preſented to him a little Crucifix to be touched. But the Chaplain rebuked her, telling her in great Wrath, that our Saviour had nothing to do with touching the Heads of thoſe Kings. This Rebuff moſt ſenſibly afflicted the poor Creature: I could not help pitying her, and ſaying to the

1705. *March* 17. COLOGNE

Chaplain, that perhaps the good Woman was not ſo far in the wrong as he thought, in imagining, that *Jeſus Chriſt* would not be diſpleaſed to have an Opportunity of ſaluting his old Friends, who formerly had made ſo long a Journey to ſee him. This Joke made the Count ſmile; but the Chaplain looked aſkew at me, and took me, no doubt, for a Heretic. The worſt was, that the poor Woman was ſet a-packing for all her Zeal, and could not procure a Touch of the three Kings to her wooden *Jeſus*.

Their Heads and Ornaments.

Their Heads are each bedecked with a Crown of Gold, garniſhed with precious Stones of various Kinds, as a Mark of their Royalty: Their Names are in purple Characters, upon a little Grate of the ſame Metal with that before the Shrine; and you, who are ſo verſed in Antiquity, know very well that their Godfathers have chriſtened them with the Names of *Gaſpar*, *Melchior*, *Balthaſar*: That the firſt offered Incenſe to *Chriſt*, the ſecond Gold, and the third Myrrh, and that the latter had a much more tawny Complexion than your good Friends *Abencerrages* of *Granada*, nor was he of ſo temperate a Climate. However that be, theſe three Kings have no Reaſon to complain of the Chapter of *Cologne*, ſince they are treated here like Kings, and the Shrine, in which they are lodged, is of immenſe Riches and Magnificence. It is adorned with an infinite Number of large and valuable Pearls, and other precious Stones of all Colours: Amongſt which the Count of *Hohenzollern* made us take notice of one Oriental Topaz, as big as a Pigeon's Egg, for which he aſſured us, the Jewellers had offered thirty thouſand Crowns. A little above the Shrine hang two large golden Cups, and a Man on Horſeback of the ſame Metal, which are Vows rendered to the *three Kings*, by Perſons who had felt the good Effects of their Interceſſion in divers Dangers: And oppoſite to them are ſix large Branches of Silver, with Wax-candles, or Torches of Virgin-wax, which burn Night and Day in Honour of them.

Remarks upon their Story.

All this you will ſay is, no doubt, very curious, and mighty fine; but that you would gladly know of what Kingdoms theſe Gentlemen were Kings; and the *Goſpel* poſitively ſays, that they returned into their own Country after they had payed their Adoration to *Jeſus Chriſt*; and ſo you cannot comprehend by what chance they came to *Cologne*. In Truth, one muſt be not only a very great Heretic, but very ill-natured to attempt to chicane theſe poor Princes upon their Quality after their Death; and could you but put a little Truſt in Mens Words, you would certainly believe a Thing, upon the unanimous Teſtimony of all the Inhabitants of a large City who aver it, and would, were it neceſſary, ſwear to the Truth of it, with whatever Execrations you could chooſe for the ſtrongeſt. Which is more, the famous Father *Cornelius Adrian*, Guardian of the *Cordeliers* of *Brugges*, a great Preacher (as famous for the Diſcipline he gave to his Devotees, quite naked, and his two Volumes of Sermons, much more entertaining than thoſe of *Barlette* and *Maillard*, as *Barrabbas* in the Hiſtory of the Paſſion) poſitively aſſerts in one of his Sermons, that *Gaſpar* was King of *Tarſis*, *Melchior* King of the *Iſles*, and *Balthaſar* King of *Nubia*, who is mentioned with Relation to *Solomon* in the 72d *Pſalm*.

This

This Deciſion ought to ſtop your Mouth. It is true, the famous *Mantuan* did not believe a Syllable of it more than you. But every Body knows that this Poet *Carme* ſmelled rank of the Heretic. Here is what he ſays of theſe Kings. 1705. *March* 17. COLOGNE

Not believed by ſome *Roman* Catholics themſelves

Nec Reges, ut opinor, erant: nec enim tacuiſſent
Hiſtoriæ ſacræ Authores genus iſtud Honoris.
Adde quod Herodes, *ut magnificentia Regum*
Poſtulat, Hoſpitibus tantis regale dediſſet
Hoſpitium, ſeciimque Lares duxiſſet in amplos.

As for their coming to *Cologne*, I think I told you before when I was ſpeaking of our Lady, who would not permit her tawny Face to be cleared up a little, that *Raynold* Arch-biſhop of this City brought them at the ſame time from *Milan*, in the Year 1164, and not 1162 as Mr. *Miſſon* ſays. Under the Vermilion-grate which is before their Shrine, theſe two *Latin* Verſes are engraved on Marble.

Corpora Sanctorum recubant hîc terna Magorum:
Ex his ſublatum nihil eſt alibive locatum.

A further Deſcription of the Kings *Mauſoleum*

At the Top of the Front of the *Mauſoleum*, the Hiſtory of the Adoration is repreſented in Bas-relief on white Marble, and over the Sculpture there is a great Star gilt, to picture that which conducted theſe three holy Perſonages into *Judea*. But that you may not take any Advantage from their being called *Magi* in theſe two laſt *Latin* Verſes, I muſt tell you that in another Part of the ſame *Mauſoleum*, there are theſe ſix following in which the Title of Kings is given to them.

Tres Reges, Regum Regi tria Dona tulerunt,
Myrrham Homini, Uncto Aurum, Thura dedere Deo.
Tu tria fac itidem, dones tua Munera Chriſto,
Muneribus gratus ſi cupis eſſe tuis.
Pro Myrrha lachrymas, pro Auro cor porrige purum,
Et pro Thure, humili pectore funde preces.

Upon the Back of the *Mauſoleum* is repreſented in Bas-relief of white Marble, the Hiſtory of the Tranſlation of theſe three Kings from *Milan* to *Cologne*, with the Proceſſion which marched before them. To put an end to this Affair, I can't but approve of the Canons here, for their Precaution in declaring to the World by two *Latin* Verſes, that they have the Bodies of theſe three *Magi* ſo entire, that there is not ſo much as a Nail of any of them to be found any where elſe. Had the ſame Care been taken every where, none would have dared to multiply the Head of St. *John* the *Baptiſt* to the Number of Six, or that of St. *Suaire* of *Veronica* to ten or twelve, as has been done: A

1705. *March* 17. Circumſtance that gives room to *Heretics* to call the Authenticity of ſacred Relicks into doubt.

COLOGNE Tomb of a very lewd Archbiſhop.

In the ſame Chapel where the three Kings are, two Electors of *Cologne* lie interred: The firſt is *Erneſt* of *Bavaria*, who, Prieſt and Archbiſhop as he was, had by no Means the Gift of Continence, like St. *Paul*; ſince according to Tradition, three or four Miſtreſſes whom he kept publicly in the Sight and Knowledge of the whole World, did not hinder him from going a plundering and ſnapping at whatever he could get without Diſtinction of Quality, *Tros Rutulusve fuat*. His Epitaph and his Arms are engraved upon a large Plate of Braſs inchaſed into the Wall and bordered with a Square of black Marble. Here it is.

And his flattering Epitaph.

Erneſtus Bavarorum Dux inclytus,
Archi-Præſul Colonienſis & Princeps Elector,
Religionis Columen, publicæ Pacis Aſſertor,
Patriæ Pater laudatiſſimus, hoc Tumulo
Glorioſam præſtolatur Reſurrectionem.
Devotis quondam ſui Gregis ſe commendans precibus.
Electus 23. *Maii* — *Obiit* 17 *Februarii*
Anno 1583. — *Anno* 1612.

I own the impudent Falſehoods with which Epitaphs, not only of the Great but even of private Perſons, are ſtuffed have always ſhocked me. This Archbiſhop, was he not a fine *Religionis columen*, Pillar of the Church and of Religion, who was daily ſcandalizing his Flock by his Fornications and Adulteries: It was probably this very Arch-biſhop, whom a Peaſant of his Dioceſe aſked, "what would become of the Arch-biſhop if Monſieur the Elector ſhould go to "the Devil." At leaſt it is of an Arch-biſhop of *Cologne* that this Story is told. The Title of *Pater Patriæ* given him in his Epitaph is that which fitted him beſt, in my Opinion, ſeeing he took through Pains to people it.

Tombs of Electors.

The other Elector buried on the left Side is *Maximilian Henry*, who died in 1688. There is no Epitaph for him; but his Arms are ſet into the Wall. This Prince was alſo of the Family of *Bavaria*, as well as his two Predeceſſors *Ferdinand* and the great Whore-maſter *Erneſt*; all three conſecutively Archbiſhops Electors of *Cologne*, and Biſhops and Princes of *Liege*. Before we left this Chapel, he who ſhewed us the Bodies of the Kings, made us a Preſent of a Dozen of Billets that had touched the holy Heads, upon which the Adoration of the *Magi* is painted in Miniature, and containing a Detail of all the Dangers from which one is preſerved by carrying this Billet about with him.

A wonderful Sight.

We obſerved in the Vault of the Church, immediately over the Chapel of the three Kings, a Hole about three Foot in Diameter, and upon the Pavement near to the ſame Chapel a pretty large Stone. Mr. the Count of *Hohenzollern* told us that the Vulgar called this *the Devil's Stone*, and believed that *Beelzebub*, jealous of the Worſhip rendered here to the Bodies of the *Magi*, had thrown this Stone through the Hole above in the Roof, with an Intention to ſquaſh thoſe ſacred Relicks; but that the holy Virgin had turned off the

the Blow: The Inſcription about this Opening tells a Story of this Stone every bit as improbable. You ſhall judge of the Matter yourſelf. 1705. *March* 17. COLOGNE

Anno M. CCCC. IV. *XXX. Octob. ventus de nocte flat ingens, grandem per tectum lapidem pellit.*

What Probability is there that ever ſo high a Wind ſhould have raiſed up that Stone to the Top of this Church, and driven it through its Roof! Above one of the Gates in the Inſide are 16 Battoons gilded, of two Foot in length each, to mark the Years the Prince *Clement* of *Bavaria* Elector of *Cologne* has reigned: He is living, but is at preſent a Fugitive, for being perhaps a little too much *French* in his Diſpoſition. The following Diſtich is inſcribed above thoſe Battoons:

Quot pendere vides Baculos, tot Epiſcopus annos
Huic Agrippinæ præfuit Eccleſiæ.

Beſides theſe touched Billets of marvellous Virtue, I bought a large Sheet on which all the conſecrated Relicks preſerved in this Cathedral are engraved. I'll ſend it you with other Things by the firſt Opportunity that offers. Its Contents are very curious. There are among other Rarities in it, ſome Shifts and Night-caps of the Virgin, and a little of her Milk, with the Staff St. *Joſeph* ſupported himſelf by in his Flight to *Egypt*. Theſe are the moſt remarkable Curioſities in the Cathedral of this City, which would be one of the nobleſt and fineſt Churches in *Europe* were it finiſhed, but it is not likely to be ſo.

Chapter of the Cathedral.

It is not true that this Chapter conſiſts of ſixty Canons, as *Miſſon* ſays: there are but forty, twenty-four of which have Suffrages in the Election of the Arch-biſhop. Mr. *Miſſon* is likewiſe miſtaken when he adds, that all theſe ſixty Canons muſt be Princes or Counts. The Baron *de Loo* Admiral of the *Rhine* at *Duſſeldorp*, and Canon of the two Cathedrals of *Cologne* and *Liege*, and ſeveral others who are neither Princes nor Counts, are living Proofs to the contrary. But this is certain, that the Chapter of *Cologne* is one of the moſt conſiderable in *Germany*. They pretend that St. *Maternus*, a Diſciple of St. *Peter*, came to preach the Goſpel here, and was the firſt Biſhop of *Cologne*. If this Tradition be true, this City muſt probably have been the firſt in *Germany* that embraced the Chriſtian Faith. But I will not warrant this Tradition, nor many others which I may happen to mention to you. It is ſure enough that this *Maternus* aſſiſted at the firſt Council of *Arles* in *Provence*.

CHAP.

1705. *March* 18.

COLOGNE

CHAP. XII.

The Description of Cologne *continued. A Proteſtant Church at* Cologne. *The Town-houſe; Its Apartments, Pictures, Inſcriptions.*

Proteſtants have here a free Exercise of their Religion.

HAVING told the *Dutch* Reſident here this Morning, that Mr. *Miſſon* had aſſerted in his Travels, that the Proteſtants, who are eſtabliſhed in this City, are obliged to go into the Territories of the Duke of *Neubourg*, in order to have the Exerciſe of their Religion; he anſwered, that if it would not be troubleſome to me he would ſatisfy me of the contrary in leſs than half an Hour. I was glad to take him at his Word, that I might be ſure of the Truth in this Matter. The Moment his Equipage was made ready he conducted us in his Coach to a Sort of Church, or large Hall, at the Bottom of a Court, into which we entered by a large Coach-gate. I own that I was amazed to ſee ſuch a Number of People there. Above and below the Houſe was as full as it could hold. There were no leſs than five or ſix hundred Perſons in it.

It ſurpriſed me, I muſt confeſs, that in a City ſo holy as this of *Cologne* (for *Cologne the holy* is the Epithet it bears) People they call *Heretics*, whom the good Jeſuite Emperor *Leopold* now reigning, and *Lewis* XIV. have treated in their Dominions, as Diſturbers of the public Repoſe, People, in one word, whom three fourths and a half of truly Catholic Souls look upon as Wolfs, as Peſts that deſerve to be burnt, ſhould have the Liberty of aſſembling in ſuch Numbers publicly in a Church, to preach and ſing their Pſalms in the Face of the World. Yet it is ſo: we were Eye-witneſſes of it. Don't therefore believe any longer, on Mr. *Miſſon*'s Word, that the *Hugenots* have not the free Exerciſe of their Religion at *Cologne*: *Plus valet oculatus Teſtis unus, quam auriti decem.*

March 19. Town-houſe.

This Day we have ſeen the Townhouſe, which is a vaſt *Gothic* Edifice. But *Gothic* as it is, here they will needs have it to have been built after the Model of the ancient Capitol at *Rome*. I obſerved upon the Front a Bas-relief, repreſenting a Man combating with a Lion. Our Guide aſſured me, that Tradition ſays, this Monument was put here in Memory of an ancient Conſul of this City, who for having oppoſed certain potent Eccleſiaſtics, that uſurped the Government here, was by the Malice of his Enemies expoſed to the Fury of a Lion, whom he bravely encountred and killed. Round the Balcony, in the Front of this Houſe, there are ſix Inſcriptions. The firſt of which ſays, that *J. Cæſar* received the *Ubii* into the Number of the *Roman* Allies, and built two Bridges of Timber over the *Rhine*. The ſecond makes mention of a Colony ſent hither by *Auguſtus*. The third regards the Enlargement of this City by *Agrippa*. The fourth ſpeaks of a Stone-bridge, *Conſtantin* the Great ordered to be built here, which was deſtroyed by the Biſhop *Brunon* in 1124. The fifth ſays, that the Emperor *Juſti-*

nian

nian gave ſome Laws to the Citizens of *Agrippina*. And the ſixth is in Honour of the Emperor *Maximilian*. Theſe Inſcriptions being moſt of them very long, I have not troubled you with Copies of them. 1705. *March* 19. COLOGNE

Every Body here knew we were *Engliſh*, and they ſhewed us with great Glee in the grand Hall five Pictures, with their Inſcriptions, ſet up to eternize the Memory of the famous Battle of *Hoghſtett*, which the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* gained laſt Year over the *French* and *Bavarians*. You will perhaps be pleaſed to ſee an Elogy made upon Q. *Anne*, the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, by Catholics. In the firſt Picture, the Goddeſs *Themis*, ſtanding upon a Globe, environed with Arms and Colours, has this Inſcription over her Head. Pictures of the Battle of *Hoghſtett*, and the Inſcriptions in the great Hall.

Themis adeſt; *alias Belli parit alea Sortes.*

And under her Feet a Cartouch, with theſe Words:

Hinc lætitia, indè lamenta.

And below the Picture theſe two Diſtichs.

Euge igitur veteres Germania proſpera Laurus
Induc, lætitiæ jubila quiſque ferat!
Vivat io Cæſar; *lux Anna Britanna perennet!*
Æternùm Batavus vivat! ad Aſtra ſonet.

The ſecond Picture contains the Arms of *Great Britain* at large, with theſe Verſes.

Hoſtis plange! Lyram ſic attendiſſe, periſſe eſt.

Below on a Cartouch to the Honour of the Queen.

Quæ te tam læta tulerunt Secula. Virg. *Æn.* 1.

And below the Picture, theſe four Verſes in Capitals.

CASTRA TREMENDA JACENT, HOSTIS PERIERE STRATEGI,
HORRENDÆ CÆDI NEC NISI NATA DIES;
O! RADIATA DIES! ATQUE ALBO DIGNA LAPILLO!
TAM BELLA IN BELLO NON IIT ANTE DIES.

In the third is painted the Eagle of the Empire, upon a Globe, holding in his Talons a Sceptre and a Sword, wreathed about with a Laurel Branch, with theſe Verſes above. Elogies on the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*

Quæ non vidit Avus facta, ſtupeſcit Avis.

1705. *March* 19. Upon the Globe.

COLOGNE

Firma Baſis concordia Regni.

And below the Picture theſe four Verſes.

Eugenii, Britonum que Ducis, Batavique Leonis
Parta trophæa rubris obſtupet Iſter *aquis.*
Hæc Trias, hæc radians Germanis Phoſphoros Oris,
An poterit Pacis candida abeſſe Dies?

In the fourth are the Arms of the *Seven United Provinces*, with this Diſtich above.

O! Gens terribilis, bellando imitata Leones!
Io! Leone Leo jam pede trite jaces.

And below the Arms theſe Verſes.

Abjicias longos Germania preſſa Dolores,
Priſca redit lætis ſors Alemanna rotis.
Io! Inter medias ingens ſors orta Procellas,
Io! Redit placido lenior aura pede.

The fifth and laſt repreſent *Victory*, holding a Palm, and a Crown of Laurel in her Hand, with a Trophy of Arms under her Feet. Over her Head is this Verſe.

Clarior in noſtris Palma refrondet agris.

And below the Picture.

Viam victoria pandit.

Town-houſe, and other Apartments and Pictures.

This grand Hall which contains theſe noble *Encomiums*, we went into a Chamber filled with Pictures. The Coronation of the King of the *Romans*, *Joſeph*, eldeſt Son to the Emperor, and his Marriage, ſeemed to us to be the beſt Pictures in this large Collection. But the moſt particular one, in my Opinion, is a large Piece, part Silver and part Azure ground. On the firſt are eleven thouſand Virgins Gules, i. e. all over Blood: On the ſecond the three Wiſe-men of the *Eaſt*, in Carnation Colour; and the third in *Hure de Sable*: You underſtand me no doubt, being well verſed in Blazonry, and I need not tell you in common Language that it is the Hiſtory of the eleven thouſand Virgins martyrized at *Cologne*, and the Adoration of the *Magi* repreſented in one Piece, with a Diviſion in the Middle of it. This Union of two Hiſtories 400 Years diſtant the one from the other, in the ſame Picture, appeared to me very particular, and I imagine the Painter took the Idea from the Arms of this City, in which the

eleven *Flames* Gules are in memory of the eleven thouſand Virgins, and the three Crowns of Gold ſignify the three Kings. 1705. *March* 19.

Hence we were conducted into the Chamber where the Council of the City meets, the Entry of which is a Veſtible of inlaid Work, in the Antique Taſte, repreſenting various Figures of Things. On each Side of this Veſtible is a Diſtich, containing Precepts which perhaps are not always obſerved now. COLOGNE. Council-chamber.

Here is that to the Right. Inſcriptions.

Ingreſſu affectus omnes antè Oſtia linque,
Et dic Judicii libera vota tui.

That to the Left, is

Egreſſu expedias ſtudio commiſſa fideli,
Et quæcunque palam ſunt nocitura tace.

Upon the Door of the Chamber on the Inſide, are theſe Verſes.

Princeps conſilio prudenti Publica curans,
Confert digna Bonis præmia, juſta Malis.
Subditus Imperio patienter paret utrique,
Ac ea quæ fuerint munia doctus obit.
Hæc dum quiſque facit, cunctos Dilectio jungit,
Quos Spes atque Fides coelica ad Aſtra ferunt.

In this Apartment there is a Picture of the Univerſal Judgment 16 Foot in Breadth, and 8 in Height. Our Guide told us that it was the joint Work of 3 good Painters. Upon the Chimney there is a very fine Chriſt crucified, by *Van-Dyck*; on one Side of it is the Portrait of the Emperor *Leopold*, and on the other, that of the Empreſs his Conſort, by a tolerable good *German* Painter. But the moſt curious Piece, in my Opinion, is a Profile of the City of *Cologne* with the *Rhine* upon Vellum, its flying Bridge, a great Number of Boats, and above 500 Figures ſmall and big: The whole done with the Pen by an Officer named *Wolfgangus Wilhelmus de Wittman*. We mounted up to the Top of the Tower, which is very fine, and commands a beautiful Proſpect of the Town and circumjacent Country. I obſerved among other things in this charming Landſkip, ſeven Mountains almoſt of the ſame Height and Form, and upon a Line, as if they had been placed at equal Diſtances from one another. They do not appear to be far from the Town; but we were aſſured they are at ſeven Leagues Diſtance from it, and that they produce excellent Wines. Pictures and other Curioſities.

1705. *March* 20.

COLOGNE

CHAP. XIII.

Continuation of the same Subject. Abbey of St. Pantaleon. *His History, and that of St.* Alban *and St.* Maurin. *Several Sepulchres. The Origin and History of* Cologne. *Its Government. Fortifications. The Illustrious Persons it hath given Birth to.*

The Abbey of St. *Pantaleon*, its History

THE chief Thing we have seen to Day is the Church of St. *Pantaleon*. On the left Hand as we go into it, we find Pictures of his History on the Walls. This Saint was a Physician in *Nicomedia*. His Story is represented in 18 Pieces. There is no Sort of Torments almost which the Emperor *Galerius Armentarius* did not order him to be put to, for his Adherence to his Religion. The most cruel is that exhibited in the tenth Piece, where he is plunged into a Caldron full of melting Lead; which, one would think, should have burnt him to the Bones; yet the Legend says he came out of it safe and sound. In the two last Pictures, the good *Pantaleon* is precipitated from a high Rock into the Sea, with a heavy Mill-stone tied to his Neck, but he does not sink: They were obliged after all this to cut off his Head, which was no sooner done, than out of it sprung two Fountains, one of Blood, and another of Milk. This is a Miracle in Truth, or rather a Complication of Miracles in all the Forms.

St *Alban*, martyriz'd in *England*

Our Conductor, who was a *Benedictin*, having led us behind the great Altar of this Church, and having received from a Brother who attended him an embroidered Stole, which he flung about his Neck, mumbling some Words of Conjuration, a pair of white Gloves which lie stretched on his Hands, continuing all the while his *Oremus*, a Silver Fork a Foot and a half long, and at last a Holy Water Sprinkle and the holy Water, he bedewed us with it as copiously as if he had taken us for * *Parpaillots*, out of whose Bodies he was to drive by Force of Prayers and Holy Water *Beelzebub* and *Belphegor*. But as these villainous Tyrants rather possess the Bodies of such *Heretics* as you and your Friends, who laugh at Miracles, than of poor Travelers who take upon Content whatever they are told, I took Courage: And in truth the Holy Water was only to purify and so prepare us for seeing the most holy Corpse of my Lord St. *Alban*, who repose in a fine silver Shrine behind this great Altar, and the Fork of Silver was only for moving about a little his Legs and Arms, but principally his Head, which was separated from his Body by you wicked *Britons*, in the Year 293 of Christ; and they were condignly punished for it: For our *Benedictin* assured us, that it was for having cruelly put to Death this brave St. *Alban*, that God sent some Hundreds of Years afterwards the *Saxons*, yet more reprobate than themselves, upon them; who, under the Pretence of assisting them against the *Picts* or *Scots* their Enemies, made themselves Masters of *Great-Britain*, and lived there at Discretion for many Ages, as you *English* and the *German Reisters* do at present in *Bavaria*, of which they have now

* A Nick-Name the *French* give to the Protestants

now taken Poſſeſſion. What do you think, are not we mightily edified in our Travels by the Opportunities we have of ſeeing ſuch holy Fragments? This good *Benedictin* promiſed to ſend us to-morrow an Abridgment of this Worthy's Hiſtory. But leſt he ſhould forget, I'll tell you all I have picked up concerning him. 1705. *March* 20. COLOGNE

This glorious Martyr was the firſt who ſuffered Death in your *Iſland* for the Cauſe of *Chriſt*. After having firmly refuſed to offer Incenſe to Idols, his Head was ſtruck off, as great a *Lord* as he was, under the Reign of *Dioclefian* and *Maximian*, in a Town not far from *London* which I need not deſcribe to you, built upon the Ruins of the ancient *Verulamium*, and that now takes its Name from this Saint who was murdered there. Many Years after the good St. *Germain* Biſhop of *Auxerre*, and the good St. *Loup* Biſhop of *Troye* in *Champagne*, tranſported his Body from *Great-Britain* to *Ravenna*, in recompence for the Trouble they had taken to preach the Goſpel in your Iſland, whither Pope St. *Gregory* the Great had detached them, with the Celebrated St. *Auguſtin*, called the Apoſtle of *Kent*. From *Ravenna* this Body was brought to *Rome*, and a long Time after the Empreſs *Theophania*, Wife to the Emperor *Otho* II. ſent it from *Rome* to *Cologne*, and made a Preſent of it to the Church of St. *Pantaleon*, where ſhe ordered it to be interred. For Proof of this, they ſhewed us the Coffin in which the Body of St. *Alban* was laid, with the Litter upon which it was tranſported from *Rome* hither. And which is indeed marvellous, the Coffin is at this Day as ſound as when it was firſt made, whereas the Litter is quite deſtroyed by Worms. 'Tis true, the Former is of good hard Oak, and the Latter is but of Fir. The Hiſtory of St. *Alban*.

We were ſhewn in the ſame Church the Corpſe of St. *Maurin*, Abbot and Martyr. This is a Man of another Sort from the two preceding, and many others who make more noiſe in the World. But why tell the Hiſtory of Saints to Scoffers! I know you laugh at them. Yet for all that I can't forbear telling you the Myſtery and Virtue of this one. Know then, that the famous St. *Genevieve*, and her good Friend St. *Marceau*, who are of your Acquaintance, and much renowned at *Paris* among the ſimple *Cockneys*, are but Apprentices in Compariſon of St. *Maurin*, in the Science of bringing Rain, when the Earth is chap'd and gapes for Thirſt. You have heard that the former two are ſometimes ſo fantaſtical as to ſuffer themſelves to be marched oftner than once through the Streets of that large City, without deigning to make one ſingle Drop fall: But as for this Saint, they have no ſooner beg'd him with the Croſs and Banner to take the freſh Air, (which he never refuſes to do, but on the Dog-days) than forthwith all the Cocks of Heaven are opened to let out Rain in plenty to refreſh the parched Earth, and not ſeldom more than enough. St. *Maurin*, and his Art.

Another Relick we ſaw here, is the Aſhes of the great St. *Pantaleon*, which are kept in a Box of Gold; and they told us, while they ſhewed them to us, that his Body was burnt at *Nicomedia* after cutting off his Head. This puts me in mind that I had forgot to tell you, that the Converſion and Martyrdom of St. *Alban* are painted upon the Wall to the right in this Church, in twelve Capital Pictures, as well as the Hiſtory of the other in eighteen. Aſhes of St. *Pantaleon*.

1705. *March* 20. COLOGNE

On the two Sides of the Altar are two Tombs with the Portraits of the Perſons buried in them, probably to ſave the Expence of Statues. One is the Portrait of the Empreſs *Theophania* whom I have already mentioned, with this Inſcription under it.

Tombs of the Empreſs *Theophania*, and of an Archbiſhop, Founder of the Abbey.

Auguſtiſſ. Imperatrix Theophania Conjux Ottonis II.
Quæ nobis donavit Sanctum Albanum Româ tranſlatum.

The other is that of an Abbot of this Monaſtery, who died with a great Reputation of Sanctity with this Inſcription, in which, as well as in that of *Theophania*, they have forgot to mark the Date of his Death.

Beatus Hermanus, cognomento Humilis,
Abbas hujus Monaſterii, nonus Zulphaniæ Comes,
Frater Beatæ Irmengardis Virginis.

Oppoſite to the Altar in the Middle of the Quire, is interred the Archbiſhop *Bruno*, Uncle by the Mother's Side to the Emperor *Otho* II. and Founder of the Abbey of St. *Pantaleon*. His Statue of Stone, in his Epiſcopal Habit, lies at full Length upon this Tomb.

The laſt Curioſity that was ſhewn to us in this Church, was the Diadem of the Empreſs *Theophania*, which is nothing but a ſimple Circle of Gold very thin, and ſet with Pearls and Emeralds of very little Value. He who preſented it to us told us, that ſince that Empreſs put it upon the Head of the Dead St. *Alban* out of Reſpect to him, in his Journey from *Rome* to *Cologne*, it had contracted the Virtue of curing all Diſtempers of the Head however violent. But having no Head-ach, I had not an Opportunity of making a Trial.

March 21. to *Apr.* 10.

But probably I have quite tired you with this tedious Recital of Things you hold very cheap. It would be ſtill worſe ſhould I enter into the Detail of all the Diverſions we were entertained with at *Cologne*. It will be enough juſt to tell you, that during the two laſt Weeks we have been here, a continued Round of Pleaſures ſcarcely left us Time to ſee the other Curioſities of this Place, which after all amount to no more than ſome Objects of blind ridiculous Superſtition. To make you ſome Compenſation for the Drineſs of my Journal from this Place: I am now going to impart to you all I have been able to learn with Regard to the Origin and Hiſtory of *Cologne*.

Origin and Hiſtory of *Cologne*.

Cologne was founded by the *Ubii*, a People that anciently inhabited the Country now known under the Name of the Duchy of *Berg*, and the County of *la Marck*. The firſt City they built there was *Cologne*, which they named *Oppidum Ubiorum*. The *Germans* their Neighbours, having driven them out of their Country, *Agrippa*, who was then Pro-conſul of *Gaul*, alloted to them for a Settlement, all the Territory which ſtretches from *Keyſerſwert* beyond *Andernach*. The *Romans* afterwards ſent thither a powerful Colony, and changed its

its Name to that of *Colonia Agrippina*, to do Honour to the virtuous *Agrippina* the Wife of *Germanicus*; others say, to his wicked Daughter the Mother of *Nero*, who was born here. The Emperor *Otho* the Great made it an Imperial City, in the Year 963, and granted it several noble Privileges, which it still enjoys. The Senate founded an University here in 1388. Numbers of young People from *Aix la Chapelle*, and from the Country of *Luxembourg* come here to study. They even take in gratuitously a large Number of poor Scholars, who subsist upon the Charities of the Inhabitants. 1705. *March* 21. COLOGNE

Cologne has now the Titles of Electorate and Arch-bishoprick; and it is one of the largest Cities in *Germany*, situated upon the Bank of the *Rhine* in a very Champain Country. It is also one of the four Capital *Hanse-Towns*, and has the Precedency of all the other Imperial Cities. It pretends to have always preserved its Liberty without interruption for many Ages: But the Misfortunes and Miseries of War have often occasioned great Disorders in its Government and Commerce. The Importance of this City incessantly gives rise to Cabals, which may happen some Time to give a Blow to its Liberty. However the *Dutch* make use of it as a Magazine for their Trade on the *Rhine*, and this has engaged them to defend this City on all Occasions against the Pretensions of the Elector. The exorbitant Contributions he exacts every Day from this City, rich as it is, distress it very much. War authorizes Violences of all Sorts from Friends and Enemies; and those who have the Sword once in their Hands, in *Germany* more especially, are extremely fond of profiting by the Occasions it affords, of pillaging with Impunity under vain Pretences; and this so much the more, that very little Regard is paid to the Complaints of the Sufferers. But it is not at present only, that Injustice hath been able to find out Opportunities of exerting its Cruelties with safety. Its present State.

Cologne is governed by its Chapter and by its Magistrates, consisting of two Burgo-masters and 49 Counsellors. The Elector also has some Power here, and nominates a Magistrate who is Judge in Criminal Causes, for he has the Power of absolving and condemning. This Prince is the last of the Ecclesiastical Electors, and Arch-Chancellor of the Empire for *Italy*; but the Empire being no longer in that Country, this is no more than a bare Title. I can't give you a certain Account of the Revenues of the Electorate at present: The most effective and real Part of them is swallowed up by a general Confusion that now reigns. The present Disorders render this Place a Scene of Violences and Injustices. The Poor are sacrificed to the Avarice of several Leaches, who raise their Fortunes on the Ruins of an infinite Number of miserable Sufferers. And what is worst of all, there is no Remedy against these Evils, and it is not in the Power of the Elector to put a Period to them, he himself being proscribed, as well as the Elector of *Bavaria* his Brother. Government and Revenues.

The other chief Towns of this Electorate are *Bonne*, *Nuiz*, *Keyserswert*, *Linz*, and *Andernach*. This Capital is seen at a great Distance coming to it from *Dusseldorp*, and before we arrive at it, we leave the little Town of *Mulheym* on the other Side of the *Rhine*. Other Town of this Electorate.

Cologne

1705. *March* 21. COLOGNE Consid. rable for Trade.

Cologne moreover is a Town of conſiderable Commerce and well peopled, yet your Learned Dr. *Burnet* aſſerts that it is very ill inhabited. *Ammianus Marcellinus* called it in his Time, *Urbem munitiſſimam, amplam, & copioſam.* And to this Day 'tis a common Saying in *Germany*; *Qui non vidit Coloniam, non vidit Germaniam.* They count 300 Churches in it, Convents and Chapels of Eaſe included; which together with the prodigious Quantity of Religious Relicks that are here, have procured the Name of *Holy* to this City, as well as to *Rome.*

Deſcription of *Cologne*

There are in *Cologne* five or ſix large open Places for Markets which are pretty enough. The Exchange is in one of theſe, and as there is a great deal of Trade here, you may perhaps imagine it is like that of *London* or *Amſterdam.* But far from it, it is but a little Spot of fifty Paces in Length, and twenty in Breadth, adorned with a Dozen of poor ſcabby Trees, and encloſed by an Iron-rail. Does this deſerve the pompous Name of an Exchange for the Merchants?

The *Jews* treated rigorouſly.

I have not yet told you that the *Jews* are not permitted to lie a Night at *Cologne*; nay not ſo much as to go to it about their Affairs, without paying a Florin of Gold for every Hour they ſtay; and into the Bargain, they are eſcorted by one of the Town-Archers or Guards, whom they are obliged to pay for his Trouble. The *Dutch* Reſident told me, that this is done as a Puniſhment to their Anceſtors, who had deſigned to poiſon the Wells and Fountains in the City, in order to kill the Inhabitants: *Ad Populum Phaleras.* All thoſe Calumnies with which the Chriſtians blacken the *Jews* have no other Foundation, but the Hatred of them inſpired into their Breaſts from their Infancy. For my part, I believe the real Reaſon for this Rigour with which the *Iſraelites* of *Cologne* are harraſſed, is, that the Magiſtrates of this City being crafty ſubtle Merchants, will not ſuffer the *Jews* among them, leſt they ſhould learn to be more *Jews* than they are.

It is not fortified.

This City is not fortified. It is only ſurrounded by a naked Wall, flanked with ſome antique Towers and a very bad Ditch. Some Bulwarks of Earth at a little Diſtance one from the other cover imperfectly the Courtains. The Gates of the City are in the Flanks of ſome other Bulwarks (a Fault known to the mereſt Novices in Fortification) and all the Defences are at ſuch Diſtances, that they cannot ſuccour one another but by Culverines. All the Counterſcarps, where there is no Out-work, are cut into Alleys of Trees which make very agreeable Walks: Thus the greateſt Strength of *Cologne* conſiſts in the Numerouſneſs of its Inhabitants, and in its being the Intereſt of their Neighbours the *Dutch* to defend them.

Its Gates, Streets, Houſes, *&c.*

It has but 20 Gates, tho' Mr. *Miſſon* ſays 24, counting 13 on the Land-ſide, whereas there are but 9, and 11 towards the *Rhine.* On the Side towards the River, there are two or three bad Ravelins, with two or three Pieces of Cannon on each, to ſtrike Terror into the Boats freighted with Merchandiſe, if they ſhould attempt to paſs without paying the Cuſtoms. The Streets here are dirty and ſo ſadly paved for Coaches, that one cannot be long upon the Stones without being bruiſed by the violent Jolting. The Houſes are commodious enough, but faced without with a kind of Plaiſter which Wind and Rain ſoon make very black, ſo that they make but a very indifferent Appearance. Add to this, that

1705. *March* 16. COLOGNE

that the Windows are in general compoſed of ſmall round Bits of Glaſs, not larger than a Crown-piece, ſo that the Apartments are very obſcure. And therefore I cannot comprehend how *Æneas Sylvius*, who was Pope *Pius* II. could ſay, *Coloniâ Agrippinâ trium Magorum oſſibus illuſtratâ, nihil magnificentius, nihil ornatius totâ Europâ reperies.* This good Pope probably had not ſeen much of *Europe.*

The illuſtrious Men of *Cologne*. *Cornelius Agrippa*, thought to be a great Magician.

Cologne has given Birth to ſome Men of Reputation: Amongſt others to *Bruno*, the Founder of the Order of the *Chartreuſe*, about the End of the eleventh Century, and to the famous *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, who was born here in the Year 1486, and died at *Lyons* in 1538, whom common Fame has endeavoured to make paſs for the Prince of the modern Magicians: But it is not in this Inſtance only, that vu'gar Opinion and Fame are a Chimera.

——————Quæ veris addere falſa
Gaudet, & è minimo ſua per mendacia creſcit.

'Tis true that *Paulus Jovius* Biſhop of *Nocera*, *Thevet*, and the Jeſuit *Del-Rio*, have ſuffered themſelves to be carried away by the Torrent of common Fame in this Caſe. But as for the *Italian* Biſhop, though in other Regards very learned, this Cenſure long ago paſſed upon him,

Venalis cui penna fuit, cui gloria flocci.

That Notion confuted.

ought to be a ſufficient Exception againſt his Teſtimony. As to *Thevet* an ignorant credulous Monk, if ever there was one, a moſt injudicious Writer and great Compiler of fabulous Stories, we may hardily compare him to the ſilly Divine, who being aſked, what the Word *Cabal* ſignified, anſwered, "that it was the Name of a wicked Magician and Heretic bedeviled, who "wrote a great many Blaſphemies againſt *Jeſus Chriſt*, and whoſe Followers "were called *Cabaliſts.*" And as to the *Spaniſh* Jeſuit *Del-Rio*, one of *Agrippa*'s moſt virulent Enemies, he ought to have been put in Mind, that this great Man himſelf had declared againſt Magic, and expoſed the Folly of Pretenſions to it, in his Book upon *the Vanity of the Sciences*, and in his Treatiſe of *Original Sin*; that he was Secretary to the Emperor *Maximilian*, Counſellor and Hiſtoriographer to the Emperor *Charles* V; that he was choſen by the Cardinal *de St. Croix*, to aſſiſt at the Council which was to be held at *Piſa*; that the Pope wrote to him a very obliging Letter, to exhort him to go on as he had began; that the Cardinal *de Lorraine* deigned to be Godfather to one of his Sons; and in fine, that he was in ſtrict Friendſhip with four Cardinals, five Biſhops, and the greater Part of the Learned in his Days: Beſides *Wier* who had long lived in the Houſe with *Melchior Adam*, and ſeveral others, ſpeak of him very honourably. Now I would willingly aſk *Del-Rio*, were he alive, why the Judgment of a Pope, the Eſteem and Favour of two Emperors and as many Kings, the Friendſhip of ſo many Cardinals, Biſhops and learned Men, are not Proofs equally ſufficient for exculpating *Agrippa* from the Charge of Magic, with that upon which

1705. *March* 21. COLOGNE

Del-Rio founds in his Apology for *Arnaud de Villeneuve*, of whom he says, in the first Book of his *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, that "he was not a Magician, because the Ecclesiastics of *Rome*, with whom he conversed sometime, would never have employed him, if they had taken him to be such.

Calumnies against *Calvin*.

It is in the same Manner that *Bolzec* and *Boterus*, most outrageous Calumniators, after having vomited out an Ocean of other Scandalous Libels against the Memory of your famous *Calvin*, accused him at last of having taught a diabolical Religion: What is their Proof for all this? "A "Goldsmith of *Chartres*, say they, having resolved to abandon the Catholic Faith, was willing first of all to make the best of his present Credit, "and persuading some Persons of his Acquaintance that he was employed to "make a great Quantity of Plate for the Marriage of a Person of eminent "Distinction, borrowed of them a very large Sum, and then went off to "*Geneva*, and, abjuring Popery, professed the Reformed Religion. Upon "this the Creditors demanded Justice from the *Syndics* of *Geneva*: But the "Apostate gave a Share of his Prey to *Calvin*, who having great Interest at "*Geneva*, mounted the Pulpit, and taught the People that they ought not "to give any Trouble to their new Brother, since he had done as the *Israelites*, who, when they left *Egypt*, carried away with them all the Gold and "Silver Vessels of the *Egyptians*. And so every one kept what he had." Is not your Patriarch thus dressed in very pure and white Garments?

Many other People called Magicians and used as such. Witness *Joan d'Arc* Maid of *Orleans*.

Let us conclude from all this, that Malice and Ignorance have not only sullied the Names of many great Men; but even sacrificed a vast Number of innocent Persons, under Pretences as ill founded as the Accusation of *Magic*. Witness, among others, *the poor Joan D'Arc*, so well known by the Name of the *Maid of Orleans*, whom you *English* burnt at *Roüen* for a Witch, being enraged that this brave Girl should have so often lashed you soundly. It is true, that *Charles* VII. King of *France*, made the Parliament of *Paris* declare her Innocent of that Crime, by an authentic Decree.

Tandem collatis Patres ultròque citròque
Articulis, flammas sub iniquo Judice passam
Darcida, *concordi decernunt ore*, *modumque*
Angligenas violasse fori, *jurisquetenorem.*

And Reparation of this Sort is something; but the dead are still dead; and for all this Decree concerning her Innocence, the Maid of *Orleans* had really been burnt. Mr. *Naudé*, in his political Considerations upon Pieces of Policy or State-tricks, says, that a large Block of Wood was thrown into the Fire in her Stead. But, with Submission to this learned Writer, if that had been true, the Decree of the Parliament of *Paris*, for *rehabilitating* the Memory of this poor Girl would have been mere Farce.

The Sieur *de Giez*, Marshal of *France*, and *Grandier*, a Priest.

Witness likewise the Sieur *de Giez*, Marshal of *France*, put to Death on the same Pretence, tho' perfectly innocent; and the poor *Grandier*, Curate of *Loudun*, whom Cardinal *de Richelieu* caused to be burnt for a Magician, because he had discovered the Imposture of the Nuns of that Town, who pre-

tended they were poſſeſſed, a Trick invented by the *Cardinal*, to make *Lewis* XIII. his Maſter, a greater Bigot and Coward than he was. 1705. *March* 21.

To return to *Agrippa*, the Character which the learned *Boiſſard* gives of him, in his Lives of illuſtrious Men, is by itſelf ſufficient to confound *Del-Rio*, the Jeſuit, and his other Revilers. *Cùm eſſet abditæ Philoſophiæ & Aſtrologiæ deditus Agrippa, fuerunt qui ipſum Dæmonum commercio frui dicerent, quos tamen ille Apologiâ anno* 1538. *ſcriptâ confutavit. Cornelii nomen ob multiplicem Doctrinam, non modò apud Germanos, ſed & apud exteros celebre fuit. Ipſe enim inter Divos nullos non carpit Momus; inter Heroas monſtra quoque inſectatur Hercules; inter Philoſophos ridet omnia Democritus; contra deflet cuncta Heraclitus; Neſcit quæque Pyrrhias, & ſcire ſe putat omnia Ariſtoteles; contemnit cuncta Diogenes: Nullis hic parcit Agrippa, contemnit, ſcit, neſcit, flet, ridet, iraſcitur, inſectatur, carpit omnia: Ipſe Philoſophus, Dæmon, Heros, Deus, & omnia.* COLOGNE Further Juſtification of *Agrippa*.

To conclude, the Elector of *Cologne* can't ſtay in his Capital more than three Days, without leave from the Magiſtracy, which is no ſmall Mortification to ſo conſiderable a Prince.

CHAP. XIV.

Departure from Cologne *to* Coblentz. *Several Towns on the Road:* Bonne; Lintz, Sintſigh, Andernach *deſcribed*; *Its Mineral Waters:* Zol-Engers *deſcribed.*

THE Roads from *Cologne* to *Frankfort* being very diſmal and incommodious, becauſe we muſt go thro' the *Weſterwald*, as they call it, *i. e.* the *Saltus Cæſius* of the Ancients; we rather choſe to go by Water, and hired for that Purpoſe, a Boat drawn by a Horſe, like the *Dutch* Schuyts. Theſe Boats are very convenient, one may even ſleep in them, which we propoſe to do ſometimes to gain Time, and avoid bad Inns. After bidding our Adieus we ſet out, and towards the Evening we arrived at *Bonne*. *April* 10. The Author's Travels by *Water*.

This Town, built, according to *Florus*, by *Druſus Nero*, Brother to *Tiberius*, was the *Ara Ubiorum* of the *Romans*, one of their Fortreſſes againſt the *Germans*, and the Winter-Quarters of their Sixth-Legion in the Time of *Tacitus*. It ſtands upon the Border of the *Rhine* in the Dioceſe of *Cologne*. Its Fortifications were tolerably good and very regular: But they have not yet repaired the Breaches made in them by the Allies laſt Year, when they re-took this Town from the *French* for the third Time. It is not very large. The Streets are very dirty, and the Inn-keepers here are the greateſt Extortioners in *Germany*. There is nothing elſe conſiderable here, though it be the ordinary Reſidence of the Elector of *Cologne*, whoſe Palace is very indifferent: But he has another on the other Side of the *Rhine* that would have been very magnificent, if the War and the Prince's Retreat into *France*, had not hindered his finiſhing it. It is a ſpacious Edifice of Brick, which will be very commodious if ever it be compleated. *Bonne*, its Hiſtory and Deſcription.

1705. *April* 11. After passing a Day and a Night at *Bonne*, we returned to our *Galley*; and for Expedition determined to lie the next Night in it. All along we were charmed with a fine Country, adorned with several Towns, Boroughs, and Villages, upon the Banks of the *Rhine*, and a good many Castles in the *Lontano* of the Landskip. The Serpentine Windings of the River through the Hills form several little Islands. We passed through one little Town of which all the Inhabitants are *Calvinists*, it is called *Oberwinter*. Soon after we arrived at another named *Remagen*, which belongs to the Elector *Palatine*. Opposite to it, on the other Side of the *Rhine*, there is one called *Erpel*, which is in the Dioceſe of *Cologne*. There we halted to dine, and found the most exquisite Wine in *Germany*. After Dinner we walked out to have a View of the Country and refresh ourselves. All about is a fine, well-inhabited Country, thick with Towns and Villages.

Fine Countries and Towns along the *Rhine*.

Lintz. The first that encountered our Sight is called *Lintz*, in the Arch-bishoprick of *Cologne*; a very pretty well-built Town; one half of it stands on the Bank of the *Rhine*, and the other on the Brow of a Hill, so that it makes a Sort of Amphitheatre. It is surrounded with an old Wall flanked with some antique Turrets. With no other Fortifications it held out 8 Days against the *Swedes*, in 1632. I counted three Convents, and three other Churches in it, and it contains above 5 or 600 Houses, all Slated.

Sintzigh, belonging to the Elector Palatin. After walking about an Hour or so we returned to our Boat, leaving to our Right the little Town of *Sintzigh*, near to which the River *Aare*, the *Abrinca* of the Ancients, runs into the *Rhine*: This Place belongs to the Elector *Palatine*, and there we were told the *French* often go a Marauding. They force, Pistol in Hand, bountiful Entertainment, and away they go without returning so much as Thanks. This Method of Procedure but ill becomes a Nation which boasts so much of Politeness: But such are the Fruits of War, let a People be as civil and well-bred as you please, they soon become brutal in the Service of *Mars*.

Aare, called anciently *Abrinca*.

Nemo unquàm bello melior fit, sivè secundâ,
Sive malâ infelix commiserit alite pugnam.

Andernach anciently *Antenacum* We stopped here about half an Hour at *Andernach*, one of the Fortresses which *Drusus* built to keep the *Germans* in awe. 'Tis believed that *Caligula* his Son was born here. This Town as well as *Lintz* is in the Electorate of *Cologne*; it is the handsomest and largest of all the Towns we have seen since we left *Bonne*. There are three considerable Monasteries in it, and several other Churches. The Chief of which has two huge twin Steeples, not unlike to the Towers of *Notre-Dame* at *Paris*. *Andernach* is enclosed by a strong well-flanked Wall: So that the *French* Soldiers take Care not to make quite so free here as they do at *Sintzigh*. Two Companies of Soldiers, kept here by the Chapter of *Cologne*, would receive them with a warm Salutation of Bullets. In 1632 a Detachment of *Gustavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden*'s Army, was but three Days in taking it, though there was then a Garrison in it of above 800 Men. At one of the Angles of the Walls, there is an antique

tique Tower which, as they pretend, was built by *Druſus* Brother-to *Tiberius*, when he made War in *Germany*. It has a good deal the Air of the *Torre d'oro* at *Seville*, upon the Bank of the *Guadalquivir*, called anciently *Bætis*, which the Inhabitants of that Country affirm to have been built by *Julius Cæſar*. There are famous Mineral Waters near to *Andernach* much frequented in the Summer. 1705. *April* 11. ANDERNACH.

At a quarter of a League's Diſtance from this Place, on the other Side of the *Rhine*, there is a vaſt Edifice which is now inhabited only by Screech-Owls and Bats. I called to mind that Mr. *Miſſon* in his Travels, tells us that a certain Burgomaſter of *Cologne* aſſured him, that it is haunted by *Hobgoblins*, which fright People from living in it. But the Maſter of our *Felucca*, a good ſenſible Man, who knew ſomething more than to pilot a Bark, gave me a more probable Account of the Matter. He laughed at the Burgomaſter's Story, and aſſured us, that the true Reaſon why this Tower is abandoned, is becauſe the Count of *Nieuwitz*, who built it, died Inſolvent, and conſequently did not leave his Heirs wherewithal to finiſh it. A ſilly Story of Mr. *Miſſon* confuted.

Some little time after, we paſſed through the little Town of *Zol-Engers*, which is the firſt in the Electorate of *Treves* we meet with in going up the *Rhine*. Then we came over againſt the Palace of the Elector, on the Left-ſide of the River; we ſtopped a little to conſider it, and the famous Fortreſs of *Ehrenbreiſteyn* above it upon the Summit of the Mountain. At laſt we got to the Confluence of the *Rhine* and the *Moſelle*, and a Moment after to *Coblentz*, called in Latin *Confluentia*, becauſe theſe two Rivers mingle here.

CHAP. XV.

Coblentz. *Arch-biſhoprick and Electorate. Its Fortifications and Stone-Bridge. Confluence of the* Rhine *and the* Moſelle, *and Courſe of the Latter. The Citadel exactly deſcribed. Its fine Proſpect and adjacent Countries. A dreadful Fall of a Man from very high Rocks. Convent of the* Cordeliers.

THIS City is the Capital of, and the Key to the Electorate of *Treves*, on Account of its moſt advantageous Situation. The *Rhine* on the one Side and the *Moſelle* on the other, cut it into a ſort of *Peninſula*, and ſerve it for Ditches. Over the Latter of theſe Rivers, there is a Stone-bridge very well defended. 'Tis the only Town I have yet ſeen in this Country that is fortified towards the River: Thinking themſelves ſtrong enough to the Land-ſide, they generally left that towards the River quite open. The Fortifications of *Coblentz* are now in a much better Condition, than when the *Spaniards* took it without any Difficulty, in 1632; but were a little while after driven out by the *Swedes*. They conſiſt of ſtrong Baſtions provided with *Cavaliers*, Ravelins, Half-moons, large and deep Ditches, a good Counterſcarp and Covered-way; and all of theſe well fraiſed and paliſaded, and ſufficiently mounted with Braſs-Canon. *April* 13. *Coblentz*, and its Fortification.

1705. *April* 13. Coblentz. A fine Stone-Bridge.

We passed over the Stone-bridge upon the *Moselle*, which has 14 Arches, though *Edward Brown* in his Travels says only 13 : It is narrow in Proportion to such a Length ; two Coaches can hardly go a-breast. At its Extremities are two double Gates, Towers and Port-cullis, and some Pieces of Canon to command the Passage. It was built in 1344, by the Arch-bishop *Balduinus*.

The Confluence of the *Rhine*, and the *Moselle*.

The *Moselle* is very rapid as well as the *Rhine*, and when the two Rivers meet, one may easily distinguish the Water of the one from the other ; that of the *Rhine* being yellowish, and that of the *Moselle* so clear and transparent, that one sees the Bottom very distinctly. What is surprising is, that there is such Scarcity of Fish hereabouts, that there is hardly enough for the Elector's Table on Meagre-days.

Course of this last River.

The last of the two, is the *Obrinca* of *Ptolemy*. It takes its Rise amidst the Mountains of *Vauge*, anciently Mount *Vogesus*, near to a Village called *Bussans*, upon the Frontiers of *Alsace* and *Franche-Comté*, and passes by *Epinal*, *Chatel*, *Baion*, *Merinville*, *Chaligni*, *Toul*, *Pont-à-Mousson*, *Metz*, *Thionville*, *Koningmacheren*, *Sirques*, *Wasser-billich*, *Treves*, *Mont-Royal*, and discharges itself into the *Rhine* at *Coblentz*, after having received into it the *Meurte*, near *Nanci*, the *Vaigny*, the *Vologne*, the *Durbion*, the *Vittel*, the *Maid*, the *Seille* at *Metz*, the *Orne* above *Thionville*, the *Seyn* above *Wasser-billich*, the *Nid* and the *Sare* above *Treves*.

Its Citadel exactly described.

One of the principal Things to be seen here is the Citadel. To get to it we passed the *Rhine* in one of those Flying-bridges I have before mentioned. It is situated at a little Distance from the River upon a Mountain, and the Ascent is pretty difficult ; we mount to it by a winding Road cut out of the Rock : We were out of Breath when we got to the first Gate, yet we had three more to pass through before we got into the Citadel : Upon the outermost there is a Statue of Brass, but very smoaky, representing the Virgin *Mary* with the Infant *Jesus* in her Arms, and she holds a Lily in her Hand. This Figure is above 15 Foot high, and has the Reputation of working Miracles, because it will no more suffer itself to be washed and new dressed than that of *Cologne*.

After passing through this Port, we come to a square Place in the Middle, on one Side of which is the Governour's House. Magazines and Barracks occupy the three others. Here they shewed us, among other Rarities, a Cannon of a prodigious Size : It is 18 Foot and a half in Length ; its Bore is a Foot and a half Diameter ; and its Breech 3 Foot 4 Inches. The Bullet weighs 188 Pound, and consequently its Charge is 94 Pounds of Powder. I don't know if there be such another in the World. The Inscription upon it tells us, that it was founded in 1529, by one *Simon*, without saying any more of him.

From this Place we were conducted into another, where there is a very fine Fountain. In the Middle of a large Bason of Stone, there stands a Pillar of Marble upon a Brass-pedestal, with the Elector's Arms, surrounded with four Dolphins of the same Metal. On the Top of this Column, there is a Statue of the Virgin *Mary* bruising the Head of the Serpent, which is also of Brass about 12 Foot in height ; but our Guide Mr. *de Gaertz* a Counsellor, did not

ſay it had any particular Quality. We ſaw next the Well of this Fortreſs, which they ſay is 550 Feet Deep, the Water is extremely good. This Well coſt, we were aſſured, immenſe Sums, and I have no Difficulty in believing ſo, ſince they were obliged to dig it out of the Rock, and it is a great Conveniency in a Fortreſs of ſuch Importance as this of *Ehrenbreiſteyn*. Above the Deſcent that leads to this Well, is this Inſcription in *Gothick* Letters upon a Braſs plate. 1705. *April* 13. COBLENTZ. A Well of a prodigious Depth

> *Anno Domini* 1487. *Johannes ex illuſtribus Jacobo March. Badenſi, & Catharinâ Lotharingiæ Duciſſâ natus : Trevir. Archiep. inter plurima in hoc & aliis Eccleſ. caſtris eximiè à ſe compoſita Ædificia, hoc in loco ſciſſis petris, aquam primus acquirere cœpit ; demùm poſt labores et ſumptus immenſos, aquâ abundè inventâ, totum & fontis, & circumpoſitæ turris opus confirmavit. Anno* 1484. *Menſe Septemb. Pontificatus ſui* 29.

The Foundery here is in very good Condition. We ſaw ſeveral Bells in it and a great Quantity of Cannon, with their Moulds, ſome of which are very large. Some little time ago, there was yet a greater Stock of Cannon here ; but they are employed in the preſent War.

After having ſeen every thing within, we went to ſurvey its Fortifications ; which are good but irregular, becauſe of the different Rocks on which they were obliged to build them. We may venture to ſay, that this celebrated Fortreſs is by its Site impregnable: And there is all that Art could add to Nature. The Gate is covered by a vaſt Horn-work, with a Ditch before it, beyond which there is a large Half-moon built on the Rock. The other Works are equally good, though ſomewhat irregular, and they are ſo well contrived that not an Inch of Ground is loſt: There is no advanced Work or Sally which is not flanked. On the Side towards the River, there are, to the right and left, Lines of Communication wrought through the ſteepeſt Parts of the Mountain; and wherever the Situation would permit of it, they have built well-faced Redoubts, which render the Acceſs to it extremely difficult. The Fort below is on a ſtraight Line, and conſiſts of 3 Baſtions, with their Courtains commanding the River. At the Foot of the Rock is the Elector's Palace, where he reſides in the Summer, and by Chance I diſcovered an ancient Marble inchaſed into a Parapet of one of the Baſtions, with the following Inſcription upon it in Capitals. Its Situation and Fortifications.

> . . . CÆS. ROM. EXER. IMP. P. P.
> S. C. AUG. TREVER. INGRESSUM.
> H. CASTRA SARRAE FLUVII. PRO.
> MILIT. CUSTODIA BIENN. POTIT. EST.

We may boldly aver, that there is the moſt delightful Proſpect in *Germany* from this Citadel. One ſees firſt of all, at the Foot of the Mountain, the Elector's Palace ſtanding on the Brink of the *Rhine*, this River and the *Moſelle* : Its fine Proſpect, and adjacent Countries.

1705. *April* 13. COBLENTZ.

felle: A little farther off, the whole Town of *Coblentz* from one End to the other, built upon a Neck of Land at the Confluence of theſe two Rivers. One ſees from hence the People walking through the Streets. In the Middle of the *Rhine* are two little Iſlands: That about half a League above the Town is ſhaped quite like a Heart, about a Quarter of a League in Length, and in it there is a very fine Convent of *Benedictins*. The other, about a ſhort League below the Town, is twice as long as the Former, and upon it ſtands a pretty conſiderable Village, and a Convent of *Bernardins*: So that this City is not ill guarded, ſince it ſtands between two famous Saints. The *Chartreuſe* ſituated upon a riſing Ground beautifies the Proſpect exceedingly; and the *Lontano* of this Landſkip preſents us with a charming Variety of little Hills, Vineyards, Plains, Valleys, Villages, Caſtles, Convents and Pleaſure-houſes. In fine, this Fortreſs is not commanded by any Height, and there is no approaching it but on one Side through a narrow Paſs which is mined to a great Diſtance. It wholly commands the Town, Bridge, and all the adjacent Country; wherefore it is not unjuſtly reckoned one of the ſtrongeſt Places in *Germany*: So much the rather, that there muſt be three different Armies to beſiege it in Form. Biſhop *Burnet* calls this Fortreſs *Hermanſtein*, but its Name is *Ehrenbreiſtein*.

A terrible Fall from very high Rocks.

In deſcending from this Citadel, by the only Road that leads to the Town cut out of the Rock, our Guide pointed to a Baſtion the higheſt of them all, from which, he told us, a Lackey of the Father of the preſent *Grand-Ecuyer* fell, and rolled from Rock to Rock, to the River without being much hurt; inſomuch that when he got up, his only Concern was, that his Maſter might not hear of his Fall and ſcold him. I own, the very Sight of this Precipice, and the Thoughts of ſuch a terrible Fall made me tremble.

Its Fortifications.

We went, after ſeeing the Cathedral, to take a View of the Fortifications of the Town. They appeared to us to be in very good Caſe, and they are all of Stone, and not of Brick as Biſhop *Burnet* ſays. In that he is miſtaken, as well as in ſaying, that *Coblentz* is a pitiful poor Town.

Convent of the *Cordeliers*.

The next Day we went to the Monaſtery of the *Cordeliers*, which, next to the College of the *Jeſuits*, is the beſt worth ſeeing in this City. A great Simplicity reigns thorough it, but with a perfect Neatneſs. The Library is not very large, but the Books are well choſen and in good Order. There are ſeveral Manuſcripts, but none of them worth particular Notice. Hence we went to the Elector's Palace.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

1705. *April* 13.

COBLENTZ.

Coblentz *continued. The Palace of his Electoral Highneſs of* Treves. *His Character and Court. The Chartreuſe. Comical Picture and Story. The Cloiſters, Refectory, Church and Relicks. Other Churches and Convents. Bombardment of the City, and miraculous Preſervation of St.* Mary's *Church. The Elector's Troops, Title and Revenue.*

The Palace.

IN this Palace the Apartments are not very large, but they are adorned with beautiful Tapeſtries. There is a large Hall above 100 Feet in length, on the Cieling of which are painted, in divers Compartiments, by an *Italian* named *Sanguinetti*, ſeveral Events in the Hiſtory of *Marcus Aurelius* and *Ælius Verus*. This Hall is likewiſe embelliſhed with a great many good Portraits; amongſt others, are thoſe of the Emperor *Leopold*, the late King of *Spain Charles* II, and the late Elector of *Brandeburg*, the Heroe of *Germany*. Among the chief Tapeſtry-hangings, I took particular Notice of the following: The Hiſtory of *Joſeph* and his Brethren, in twelve Pieces; that of *Belliſarius*, *Juſtinian*'s noted General, who was a remarkable Inſtance of the Inconſtancy of Fortune, in eight Pieces. But the fineſt of all, in my Sentiment, is that repreſenting the Story of *Meleager* and *Atalante*, in ſix large Pieces. The Bed-chamber of his Highneſs is hung with red Damaſk, the Bed and Arm-chairs of the ſame, and the whole enriched with gold Fringes. The Chapel is ſmall, but very elegant. This Cieling is adorned with gilded Sculptures, and the Chapel is ornamented with Paintings in ſeparate Compartiments, repreſenting the moſt remarkable Paſſages in our Saviour's Life; ſome by *Baptiſta* an *Italian* Maſter, and the reſt by a famous *German* Painter named *Hector*.

Its Tapeſtries.

The Garden.

From the Chapel we were conducted into the Garden, which is not of a great Extent, there being but very little Earth between the Rock and the *Rhine*: But it is kept well, and is embelliſhed with Statues, Water-works, and a charming Orangery. A large Arbour, which reaches along the River, is a very conſiderable Ornament to it, being more than 300 Feet in length. From this Bower, thro' the Openings, which are very well contrived, one ſees the *Rhine*, the *Moſelle*, the Town of *Coblentz*, the Bridge acroſs the *Moſelle*, the *Chartreuſe*, and a very fine Country to the Diſtance of three or four Leagues.

Character of the Elector.

After having entertained you with an Account of this Palace, it is juſt that I ſhould ſay ſomething of its Maſter. His Name is *John Hugues*, of the Family of the Barons of *Oſbeck*, and the laſt of that illuſtrious Family. He is near 72 years Old; a fine Perſon, and of a Goodneſs and Affability, which make him adored by every Body: A declared Enemy to all Injuſtice and Oppreſſion: Senſibly affected by the Calamities War brings upon his Subjects; he contents himſelf with a very moderate Revenue, rather than overwhelm them with Taxes. He is, in one Word, truly a Father of his Country. His Court which, follows his Example, is indiſputably one of the moſt regular.

1705. *April* 13. Coblentz. The Court there.

regular in *Germany*. It is compoſed of Perſons truly wiſe, who prefer Honour and Probity to all Things. *Tales ſunt ſubditi*, ſays *Cicero*, *quales ſunt in Republica principes*. Here Juſtice is impartially diſtributed, and one ſees not that Arrogance and Contempt for Virtue, or thoſe Impieties, in which the greater Part of thoſe bluſtering Courts ſeem to glory, where Vice triumphs, and is as it were upon the Throne. I am able to aſſure you of this, having had the Honour to converſe with all the more diſtinguiſhed Perſons in it, who loaded us with Civilities, as well as their Maſter. He deigned to admit us to his Table all the pretty long Stay we made here.

Chartreuſe

The *Chartreuſe* is charmingly ſituated, about the Diſtance of three Quarters of a League from the Town. We were not willing to neglect ſeeing a Convent of ſuch Importance. In the Way to it one is ever meeting with Chapels, in the Manner of Oratories, adorned with Statues, repreſenting the principal Actions of *Jeſus Chriſt*, from his Birth to his Reſurrection. I took notice of one among others very particular. But I know you will not fail to laugh and ſay, that the Painters and Sculptors quite diſfigure the moſt eſſential Myſteries in the Chriſtian Religion, by giving a Looſe to their fantaſtical Imaginations. That may be; mean time, in the preſent Caſe, I have an Authority to ſtop your Raillery.

A comical Picture, and Story.

In one of thoſe little Chapels there is a Repreſentation of our Saviour taking leave of the Virgin *Mary*. This affectionate Mother, in bidding him farewel, ſtretches out her Right-hand to him, and with her Left wipes away her Tears with a Handkerchief: Our Lord appears yet more afflicted than ſhe. Now if you ſhould ſay this is a groſs Impertinence in the Sculptor, ſince the Goſpel ſays not one Word of ſuch an Adieu. I agree that the Goſpel does not; but beſides that it may very *catholicly* be ſuppoſed: I refer you to a Book, entitled, *Evangelium Infantiæ Salvatoris*, which a learned *German* named *Sick*, of the Proteſtant Religion, might very well have ſaved himſelf the Trouble of tranſlating from the *Arabic*. If you read it, you will find in it, beſides this Particular of which I have been ſpeaking, an Infinity of other Actions of *Chriſt*, not to be found in the four Evangeliſts; the Story in particular, of the large Beam which *Joſeph* had in a Miſtake cut too ſhort, that was, by our Saviour's drawing it at one End, and *Joſeph*'s at the other, lengthened to a juſt Size.

Its Cloiſters, Refectory, & Church.

The Father, Prior of this Convent, received us at our Arrival there with great Civility. He firſt of all ſhewed us the Cloiſters and the Refectory, which are very neat, but yet do not come up to thoſe of the *Chartreuſe* at *Cologne*: On the other Hand however, the little Cells here are preferable to thoſe in the other, and the Situation of this Convent is incomparably finer. From the Cloiſters and Cells, we went into the Church, in which there is nothing remarkable but its Antiquity. The Father aſſured us, that it is more than 1200 Years ſince it was built. The Proteſtants can't ſhew any Church of that Age, unleſs they have taken them from the Catholics in Countries where they are Maſters. ——— "Therefore, ſays the latter, the Proteſtant Reli-
"gion is not the moſt ancient." An Argument they lay no ſmall Streſs upon

on, and that can't fail of having due Weight with the Worſhippers of Antiquity. 1705. *April* 13.

After having ſeen every Thing, even the Relicks, the chief of which are a Shift of the Virgin *Mary*, a Pair of old Slippers of St. *Joſeph*, and the Hair-cloth and Whip St. *Bruno* uſed to diſcipline his Fleſh with, the Reverend Father ſhewed us the Way into a Hall alloted for the Reception of Strangers. There we found a Table laid very neatly, with ſix Covers, *viz.* for us four, the Father-Prior, and the Father-Procurator. Theſe complaiſant Monks begged we would excuſe them for preſuming to make us keep *Lent*, and ſtarve with them. But in truth, if St. *Bruno*'s Children ſtarve or faſt always in the ſame Manner, the pretended Rigidity of this Order is a Tale of a Tub. For you muſt know we were regaled with two Services of excellent Fiſh, which are very ſcarce, as I told you before, in theſe Parts. And the Deſert and the Wines were equally exquiſite. COBLENTZ. Relicks.

After our Return to the City, we paid a Viſit to the principal Churches and Convents in it. But there is nothing curious in any of them, except the Jeſuits College, and the Hiſtory of the Martyrdom of St. *Laurent*, painted on the Wall of the Church of St. *Mary*, with this Prayer. Other Churches and Convents.

O Laurenti! qui prunarum vim viciſti jugiter,
Dele fomitem flammarum & repelle fortiter;
Ab incendio conſerva noſtrum habitaculum,
Et ab Hoſte nos præſerva velut propugnaculum.

You imagine perhaps that this Prayer is to little Purpoſe. But here's a Proof to the contrary. Not above a Month after this Painting, was finiſhed with the Prayer, the King of *France* being informed, that *Coblentz* was ſo well furniſhed with Troops, and all Sorts of Ammunition and Proviſions, that there was no Hopes of taking it by a Siege, ordered the Marſhal *Boufflers*, who was then in the Neighbourhood of this Town, to bombard it. His Commands were executed forthwith, and that ſo unhappily for the Inhabitants, that the half of their City, the Convent of the *Cordeliers*, and three or four others, with as many Churches, were reduced to Aſhes. 'Twas, ſay they, a frightful Sight to ſee the Quantity of Bombs which fell around the Church of St. *Mary*. Every Moment they expected to ſee it in Flames: But far from it, not one of thoſe infernal Engines touched this Church, and that thro' the Merits of the Prayer addreſt to St. *Laurent*, it being of a quite different Efficacy from that of St. *Julian*, of which *la Fontaine* makes a very pleaſant Tale in Verſe. The Bombardment of *Coblentz*, and miraculous Preſervation of the Church of St. *Mary*.

Before I leave this Place, I think myſelf obliged to tell you, that the Troops of his Electoral Highneſs (who when he is Maſter of all his Dominions, can keep on Foot 6000 Men) do not at preſent conſiſt of more than 2000 Infantry, 1500 of which are in this Town, beſides the *Dutch* Garriſon, and 500 in the Citadel, with his Company of Horſe-Guards, amounting to 150 Men. In fine, this Prince, beſides his Titles of Archbiſhop of *Treves*, and of Elector of the Empire, takes that likewiſe of Arch-Chancellor of *Gaul*. The Elector's Troops. His Titles and Revenues.

1705. *April* 13. The Pretenſions which the Emperors of *Germany* had in ancient Times to the Kingdom of *Arles*, gave riſe to the Creation of this Dignity, which is barely titular. The Revenues of the Electorate, Ordinary and Extraordinary, riſing out of the 24 *Bailliages* it contains, may amount in Time of Peace to 1200000 *German* Florins, that is, to 600000 *French* Crowns, whereas at preſent the Elector does not enjoy above 200000 Crowns. This Electorate is of no great Extent, and there are no conſiderable Places in it, beſides *Treves*, *Coblentz*, and *Ehrenbreiſtein*; but to compenſate this, the Country is extreamly fertile, and abundant in all the Neceſſaries of Life; and is indeed one of the moſt beautiful and pleaſant in *Germany*. Its ancient Inhabitants were called *Treveri*.

CHAP. XVII.

Journey from Coblentz *to* Mayence *by Water. A great Number of ſmall Towns in the Way. Some impertinent Cuſtoms in theſe Parts of* Germany. *Hiſtory of the Archbiſhop of* Mayence, *devoured by Rats. Reflexions upon it.*

Lounſtein. HAVING fully ſatisfied our Curioſity at *Coblentz*, and taken Leave of this Prince and his Court, we embarked early next Morning. About Mid-day we arrived at a ſmall Town in the Electorate of *Mayence*, called *Lounſtein*, where there is excellent Wine, at a very cheap Price. Four Hours after we *Broubach.* got to *Broubach*, a Town belonging to the Landgrave of *Heſſe-Darmſtat*, commanded by a pretty ſtrong Caſtle. Then we came to a little Town in the Electorate of *Treves* where we lay.

Boppert. This Town is pretty; it has an Air of Gaiety. The great Church in it is handſome, and has two very fine Steeples. There are three Convents of Monks and one of Nuns, the Churches belonging to which are not deſpicable. The Town-houſe is not contemptible, and the Streets are for the moſt part very neat and open. There is always a pretty ſtrong Garriſon here; but it is only defended by a Wall with ſome Towers in the antique Taſte, and a Ditch. A learned Man aſſured us here, upon pretty good Authorities, that it was founded upon the Ruins of the ancient *Bodobriga*, one of the chief Fortreſſes that *Druſus*, Brother to *Tiberius*, built upon the *Rhine*, when he carried on the War in *Germany*.

April 20. We ſet out from *Boppert*, and, as before, found ſtill a charming Country filled with Towns, Villages and Caſtles, moſt of which made a very fine Shew at a Diſtance. About nine a Clock we paſſed along the Town of *Wernich*, which is commanded by a ſtrong and large Fort, and belongs to the Elector of *Treves*. It is very particular to ſee Towns belonging to different Princes ſo oddly intermingled. For ſoon after we came to St. *Gewers*, which the *French* call *Saint Goar*, above which ſtands the Caſtle of *Rhinfels*, belonging to the *Landgrave* of *Heſſe-Caſſel*, who always keeps a ſtrong Garriſon in it. It is a Place of conſiderable Strength and difficult to take, by its Situation upon a very

Rhinfels to the Landgrave of *Heſſe-Caſſel.*

very high Rock. The *Marſhal de Tallard* found it ſo: He beſieged it towards the End of 1692, but was obliged to raiſe the Siege in the Month of *January* the Year after. 1705. *April* 20.

COBLENTZ.

A Sergeant of the Garriſon came to demand our Paſs-ports to carry them to the Governour, and brought them back to us in half an Hour, but we were obliged to give him *Trinck-galt* for his Trouble, *i. e.* we were obliged to give him ſomething to drink. Let me tell you, once for all, that there prevails a Cuſtom throughout all *Germany*, not a little expenſive to Travellers. Here not only the Valets and Maids in the Inns demand *Trinck-galt* with an arrogant Air, as if it were their Due, even after their Maſters have extortioned us moſt violently; but even the Boys in the Boats, the Coachmen, the Street-Porters, and all ſuch raſcally People, exact it in the haughtieſt Manner, over and above the Price for which they had agreed to ſerve us. Beſides, no ſooner does a Traveller arrive in a little Town, where there are four or five ſcurvy Bald-pates in Garriſon, than one of thoſe Scoundrels never fails to make him a Viſit at his Inn. To pay a Compliment? No. They come to aſk his Name, in order to carry it to the Governour, and then *Trinck-galt*. In fine, one can hardly make a Step without being aſked Drink-Money? And how remedy yourſelf? The beſt Way is not to conteſt the Matter, for it would be loſt Labour. It is an Abuſe. That is true. But it is one of thoſe Abuſes ſo eſtabliſhed in ſpite of common Senſe and Reaſon, which it is not in the Power of Travellers to cure.

An impertinent Cuſtom in Germany.

I muſt relate to you another very ridiculous Cuſtom here. In this Town of *San-Gewers*, on the Border of the *Rhine*, there is an Iron or Braſs-collar, faſtened by a Chain to a Wall, the Deſign of which is, to impoſe on Travellers in a very odd Manner. They are aſked in a ſly Way, if ever they paſſed through this Town before, and if they anſwer, that it is the firſt Time they have been here, they are immediately told, that *Charles* V. gave this Collar to the Inhabitants of this Town, with this rare Privilege, to put it about the Necks of all who paſs through it for the firſt Time and baptize them.

The Iron Collar of San-Gewers, and its Uſe.

After this fine Complement, Strangers are aſked, whether they chooſe to be baptized with Wine, or with Water: If one anſwers with Wine, he is quit for giving *Trinck-galt* liberally to the Executors of this Law. But if one chooſes rather to be heartily drenched than to part with a little Money, then they put the Collar about his Neck, and another of the Executors of this ridiculous Law throws a Pail of Water upon him and wets him heartily from top to toe. After this fine Ceremony, they preſent you with Wine in a Silver Goblet, which they ſay *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden* gave them as a Ranſom from their Baptiſm. This Sort of Baptiſm is, no doubt, in Imitation of that practiſed at Sea in certain Latitudes; under the Line, for Inſtance.

The next Place we came to, was *Oberweſel*, built on the ſame Spot where *Julian*, ſirnamed the *Apoſtate*, built a Fortreſs of conſiderable Strength, to check the Incurſions of the *Germans*: He called it *Ficellia*. It is now a tolerably pretty Town in the Electorate of *Treves*, with four Churches, and a very large Caſtle, upon an Eminence commanding it. From thence we

Oberweſel anciently Ficellia.

1705. *April* 20. *Caub. Pfaltz.* went to the Borough of *Caub*, belonging to the Elector *Palatine*, as well as the Fort of *Pfaltz*, ſeated on a Rock in the Middle of the *Rhine*. It is ſaid that the Counts *Palatins* of the *Rhine*, or the *Pfaltz-Graves* took their Names from this Caſtle. Here our Paſs-ports were likewiſe demanded, but returned to us in a Quarter of an Hour, with Leave to proceed in our Journey.

Baccharach to the Elector Palatin.

Sometime after we arrived at *Baccharach*, where we were detained half an Hour, there being a Toll here as well as at *Caub*, and at *San-Gewers*. We may well call the Inhabitants of theſe three Towns a Medley, ſince they are partly Catholics, partly *Lutherans*, and partly *Calviniſts*. *Baccharach* is a little Town, built upon the Declivity of a Mountain, anciently in great Reputation for its Wines: But now thoſe of *Hogheim*, *Rhingauw*, and ſome other Growths are in higher Vogue.

Baccharach, famous for its Wines.

Dr. *Burnet*, *Miſſon*, & *Charles Patin* refuted.

Dr. *Burnet* and Mr. *Miſſon* ſay its Name comes from *Bacchi-Ara*, and that this Canton was conſecrated to the good Father *Dionyſius*. They have in this Article, as well as in many other Things, copied *Charles Patin* who was the firſt that dream'd of this ingenious Etymology. But there are thouſands of *German* Names ending in *ach*, *bach*, and *rach*, which no Body ever thought of deriving in ſuch a Manner. Such grand Antiquaries as he never fail to land every Thing they can in venerable Antiquity. The Cuſtom of drinking pretty hard, which is ſo prevalent in *Germany*, and the vaſt Quantity of Vineyards about this Place, put this Etymology into *Patin*'s Head. And his Followers have taken it on Content.

However that may be, I don't know, but the Part of the *Rhine*, a little above *Baccharach*, may be ſubject to Hurricanes, as certain Latitudes at Sea are in the *Indies*. Mr. *Miſſon* ſays, that here one of theſe ſudden Storms had almoſt ſunk their Boat. The ſame thing happened to us to Day in the very ſame Place: A terrible Whirlwind, mixed with plenteous Rain, toſſed us about for half an Hour. But the Sun ſoon diſſipated this Tempeſt, and we got ſafe to *Lorigh*, a Town reaching along the *Rhine* a good *Engliſh* Mile. Oppoſite to it is the Town of *Dieſbach*, and half a League higher up the River, *Handbach*; but as for *Steeghbach*, which Mr. *Miſſon* places after theſe two, our Boat-men aſſured us, they had never heard of any ſuch Place in this Part of the World.

Lorigh, *Diesbach*, and *Handbach*, little Towns.

Hiſtory of *Hatton* II. Archbiſhop of *Mayence*, devoured by the Rats.

About four a Clock we paſſed by a ſquare Tower in the Middle of the *Rhine*, in the Language of that Country, called *Mauſs-Thurn*, *i. e.* the Tower of the Rats, which devoured the barbarous Archbiſhop *Hatton*. The Story or Legend, which you will, is, that *Hatton* II. Archbiſhop of *Mayence*, ſirnamed *Bonoſe*, Duke of *Franconia*, and Abbot of *Fulden* (who under the faireſt Outſide covered the Heart of a *Nero*) governed during the firſt Year of his Prelateſhip with great Mildneſs; but in the ſecond, a terrible Famine having happened in that Country, finding himſelf daily tormented by a vaſt Number of People who came to beg their Bread from him, he gathered them all together into a Barn, under Pretence of ordering Corn to be diſtributed among them. Theſe poor unhappy Souls were no ſooner entered into it, in hopes to get the Bread or Corn that had been promiſed them, than this inhuman Prelate ordered the Doors to be barricaded, and Fire to be ſet to the

Houſe;

Houſe; and thus put to Death in the cruelleſt Manner above 500 Perſons, amongſt whom was a great Number of Women and Infants. He had even the Barbarity to ſay, that this Vermin was a Kind of Rats, which were good for nothing but to conſume the Fruits of the Earth, and conſequently prejudicial to the Public. But as *Horace* ſays: 1705. *April* 20.

Rarò antecedentem Sceleſtum
Deſeruit pede Pœna claudo.

A numberleſs Multitude of Rats aſſembling from all Quarters, ruſhed upon *Hatton*, and purſued him wherever he fled to ſhelter himſelf from them. This inhuman Miſcreant thought he could eſcape the divine Vengeance, by retiring into a Tower ſtanding in the Middle of the *Rhine*: But theſe Animals ſwam after him, and in ſpite of all his Efforts to hinder them, fell upon, and devoured this deteſtable Prelate. They even eat out his Name in the Churches, and other public Places.

Let us reflect a Moment upon the extraordinary Puniſhment of this Scelerate. The Action was barbarous, execrable, beyond all Expreſſion, inſomuch that the Chaſtiſement hardly ſeems to be proportioned to his monſtrous Crime. But theſe poor Creatures were dying of Hunger in Multitudes every Moment, and we may ſay that this Monſter of Cruelty *Hatton* delivered them at once from all their Miſeries, without making them languiſh and pine a long Time. What Puniſhment then do thoſe many Princes and Tyrants, ſpiritual as well as temporal, merit, who, far from being ſo merciful as the generous Elector of *Treves*, are daily drawing the Blood out of their Subjects, and making them ſuffer the greateſt Miſeries all their Lives; and that to ſatiate their Avarice, Ambition, Luxury, Luſt, and Debauchery. For do we not every Day ſee cruel Examples of that tyrannical, abominable Maxim, of which *Seneca* ſpeaks in his beautiful Tragedy of *Hippolitus*. Reflexions on this extraordinary Event. The Tower of the Rats.

——————*Divites*,
Regnoque fulti, plura quàm fas eſt petunt.
Quod non poteſt, vult poſſe, qui ninium poteſt.

The Story of this wicked Archbiſhop *Hatton*, paſſes currently for Truth in this Country; inſomuch that one muſt be very ſceptical to doubt of it. *Joſeph Scaliger* has ſaid ſomewhere, *Sunt Fabulæ de Archiepiſcopo quodam Moguntino, qui à muribus interfectus eſt*; For my own Part, I am perſuaded of the Poſſibility of the Thing. Have we not upon Record an awful Inſtance of the Vengeance of God, in the Perſon of *Philip* II. King of *Spain*, who, after having put to Death the Prince *Don Carlos* his Son, poiſoned his Queen Conſort, and committed the moſt bloody Cruelties in the *Low-Countries*, upon Perſons of the firſt Quality, and all this to ſatisfy his Jealouſy, his Ambition and his revengeful Temper, was at laſt devoured alive by Lice, and died in the moſt terrible Torments and Agonies? I need not go ſo far back as to *Herod*, This Hiſtory may not be fabulous.

1705. *April* 20. *Herod*, to *Antiochus Epiphanes*, and such like Scelerates, who were eat up alive by Worms.

Nam si Sacrilegos repetens ab origine primâ,
Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina pergam,
Antè diem clauso componet Vesper Olympo.

The Tower of the Rats. The Story not improbable.

What Ground is there then for doubting that Rats might have devoured this Wretch! But it seems more probable that it happened in the Castle of *Pfaltz*, which is also in the Middle of the *Rhine*, and large enough to lodge an Archbishop and all his Attendants, than in this Place, which is a very little, narrow Tower, by no means fit for an Archbishop's Retreat.

The *Rhine* sometimes very wide and dangerous.

While we were rowing across the River to *Bingen*, a terrible Tempest of Rain and Hail rose of a sudden, which had almost overset our little Bark. This River is twice as broad hereabouts, as the *Thames*, a little above *London-Bridge*; but as your Watermen know much better how to manage a Boat, than those of the *Rhine*, we were a full half Hour in crossing it; so that we were heartily tossed before we got to *Bingen*, *Oppidum Bingionum*.

Bingen.

This Town belongs to the Elector of *Mayence*, is about 8 Leagues, tho' Mr. *Misson* says but three, from the Capital, and is tolerably neat. It is situated upon the Brink of the *Rhine*, in the District called *Rhingaw*, the rising Grounds about which produce Wines more esteemed by intelligent Palates than those of *Baccharac*. There is nothing remarkable in *Bingen*, but that it was one of the Forts which *Drusus* built to bridle the *Germans*: The others were *Bodobriga*, now called *Boppert*, *Rheno-Burgum* now Rhinfels, *Confluentia* Coblentz, *Antenacum* Andernach, *Ara Ubiorum* Bonne, and *Novesium* Nuitz. It was likewise near to *Bingen* where the Battle was fought in 1668, between the Troops of the Elector *Palatin*, and those of the Duke of *Lorrain*. *Julian* surnamed the *Apostate*, fortified all these Places just mentioned, and some others, when he commanded the Army of the Emperor *Constantius* in *Germany*. I must not forget, that in all the Towns along the *Rhine* there are Tolls, which bring in a considerable Revenue to their Sovereigns.

Several Fortresses built by the *Romans* in *Germany*.

April 21. Fine Prospect of the Country.

We left *Bingen* about Seven in the Morning. Between that Town and *Mayence* the River becomes much broader. It is at *Bingen* that the high Mountains end, amidst which it seemed to be pent up as a Prisoner all the Way from *Bonne*. In Proportion as it widens, there appears a charming Country; fine large Meadows bordered with little Hills, which make a most delightful Landskip. To enjoy this beautiful Prospect more freely, we went a-shore at *Rudisheim*, a pretty large well-built Town, which Mr. *Misson* places below *Bingen*, though it be above it and on the other side of the *Rhine*: We walked a-while and entertained ourselves with the Beauty and Fertility of the Country, which, the Vineyards apart, not a little resembles some Spots in your County of *Kent*: we passed through *Erpach*, and dined at a larger Town, called *Elfeld*. But there is nothing curious in them.

CHAP.

1705. *April* 21. MAYENCE.

CHAP. XVIII.

Mayence, *An Arch-biſhoprick and Electorate. Its Cathedral. Several Monuments. A droll Proceſſion of the Jeſuits. The Elector's Palace and Garden. The Citadel. The Chartreuſe. The Origin of the Arms of this Arch-biſhoprick.*

NEXT Day we ſet out to continue our Journey towards *Mayence*, keeping all along on the left Side of the River. About five a Clock we began to diſcover at a Diſtance the City of *Mayence*, which is ſeen very far off. Some time after we came to the little Town of *Caſſel*, on this Side of the long Bridge of Boats, which we muſt paſs to get to *Mayence*. *Mayence*, Archbiſhop and Electorate

Next Day, after having taken a Turn through the more beautiful Parts of this City, we went to the Cathedral. It is a vaſt Pile of Building, of reddiſh Marble. One immediately ſees at entring into it the ſepulchral Monuments of Six Archbiſhops of *Mayence*, who died long ago. Their Statues ſtand leaning againſt the Pillars which ſupport the arched Cieling of this Church. On the other Side are thoſe of the two laſt Electors. The Statue of the laſt but one ſtands erect in his Epiſcopal Robes. It is of white Marble, and as big as Life. Here is the Epitaph. *April* 22. The Cathedral, and ſeveral Tombs.

D. O. M.

Reverendo & celſiſſimo Principi D. Damiano Hartardo ex familia Baronum Vander Leyen. S. Sedis Mogunt. Archiep. S. R. Imperii per Germaniam Archi-Cancellario. Princ. Electori III. *die Julii* M.DC.LXXV. *electo. &* XII. *ejuſdem menſis poſtulato Epiſcopo Wormat.* VI. *autem Decembr.* M.DC.LXXVIII. *Moguntiæ in Domino defuncto. E regione in Sacello S. Laurentii à ſe, dum viveret, conſtructo, requieſcenti. Hæredes relicti, Monumentum hoc piiſſimæ memoriæ ergò Fieri curarunt.*

Thoſe of the two laſt Electors, and their Epitaph.

The Tomb of the laſt Elector is of black Marble, and his Statue of white Marble is in a ſitting Poſture. Two little Angels of white Marble ſtand, one before him, preſenting an open Book to him which he ſeems to read; the other at his Feet, playing with the Archi-epiſcopal Mitre. On the right Side there is a large Crucifix of white Marble, and on the Left, a large Croſs of the ſame Marble. This Work paſſes here for a finiſhed Piece: But there is nothing very extraordinary in it. The Inſcription is as follows.

D. O. M.

1705. April 22. May-ence.

D. O. M.

Eminentiſſimo, Celſiſſimo Principi ac Domino Anſelmo Franciſco, ex antiquiſſ. familia ab Ingelheim. S. Sedis Mogunt. Archiep. S. R. Imperii per Germaniam Archicancellario. Anno 1634. 16. *7bris nato. Anno* 1679. 7. *9bris Electo. & Anno* 16. *Regiminis, poſtquam* 1690. 24. *Jan. Joſephum Regem Hungariæ in Regem Roman. elegit; & ejuſdem Auguſtiſſ. Matri Eleonoræ-Magdalenæ-Thereſiæ Rom. Imperatr. Coronam impoſuit: tandem viribus fractis, Aſſhaffenburgi* 30 *Martii* 1695. *pientiſſimè de nato. Principi, Prudentia, Comitate, & Conſtantiâ conſpicuo. Monumentum hoc grato animo erigi fecit Hæres Franciſcus Adolphus ab Ingelheim S. R. Imperii Eques, Dominus in Schonberg, &c. S. Cæſareæ Majeſtatis Conſiliarius Intimus.*

Other Monuments. A ſingular Tomb and Statue of Count *Lamberg.*

There are two other Monuments in the Quire; one of *George Chretien* Landgrave of *Heſſe*, who died in 1677: The other of a Count of *Lamberg*, who was killed the ſame Day that the Marquis *d'Uxelles*, who defended *Mayence* againſt the Allies, cauſed a Parley to be beat and capitulated, which was on the 9th of *September* 1689. This we may call being ſhip-wrecked in the Harbour. The Statue of this Count has ſomething very particular in it: It is of white Marble, and covered with all other pieces of Armour, except a Helmet and Gantlets, in the Attitude of one uſing all his Efforts to get out of his Coffin, which is of black Marble; he puſhes up the Lid with one Hand, and ſupports himſelf with the other againſt the Bottom of the Coffin. Beſides the Oddity of ſeeing a dead Man in a Coffin compleatly armed, the Sculptor has likewiſe given him a full bottomed Peruke, quite in Buckle, juſt ſuch as your late Introductor of Embaſſadors Mr. B*** uſed to wear.

A fine Picture and Relicks.

I ſaw but one good Picture in this Cathedral: The Subject of it is the Reſurrection of *Lazarus*. They would fain make it paſs here for a *Rubens*; but moſt certainly it is not in the Manner of this Painter, which is ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed. The Relicks of St. *Martin*, Patron of the Archbiſhoprick of *Mayence*, are adored in a Chapel built, in a Cylindrical Form, and glaſſed all round.

Magnificent Proceſſion of the Jeſuits.

Paſſing through a Place on one Side of the Church, we met a magnificent Proceſſion, conducted by the Reverend Fathers *Jeſuits*. Firſt advanced a jolly little Band of Cavaliers, in pompous Equipage: Next followed, marching in good Order, two and two, an infinity of Children of about 10 and 12 years Old, each holding a Rod in his Hand, to the End of which was faſtened a little Bit of Wax-taper. After them came a Bay Horſe carrying the four *Sons of Aimon*, and this Horſe danced and capered marvelouſly well, to the Sound of ſome Violins. The Riders ſung at the ſame Time a very particular Air, and beat Time with their Arms and the Handles of their Swords againſt their Coats of Mail: That Noiſe, together with the Tinkling of the little Bells hung about the Bayard, made a Symphony of the moſt extraordinary Sort.

After

After this fine Interlude appeared a vaſt Number of Men of all Profeſſions and Ages, who alſo marched in Couples, and all along were ſome Reverend Father *Jeſuits*, on Wing like Serjeants to the Band, to keep every one in his Rank and Poſt. But the greateſt Preſs of the Children of *Loyola*, was round certain Young Girls who followed in the ſame Order, whom, as we were told, theſe good Fathers had taken great Care to adjuſt and bedeck to make them appear as charming as poſſible. It was ſaid they had ſo drained the Shops of Patches and Paint, that there was not a Bit of Red left to give a little Colour to pale or ſuperannuated Beauties. Theſe Girls repreſented, ſome the liberal Arts and Sciences; others, Religion, Juſtice, Temperance, and the reſt of the Cardinal Virtues: But in general, they gave themſelves ſome very affected prudiſh Airs, perhaps to pleaſe thoſe the better who had taken ſuch Pains to array and fit them out to the beſt Advantage. All this Crowd carried Litanies in their Hands and ſung all at once, which made a delightful *Charo-vari*. Beſides all this, there was an Infinity of Statues of Saints painted and gilded, which were carried moſt devoutly, and many others repreſenting the chief Myſteries of the Paſſion. In fine, in the Rear of this Proceſſion, came up ſome Gigantick Statues, which were made to dance very jollily. ——— And all this for the Inſtruction and Edification of pious Souls. 1705. *April* 21. MAYENCE.

The next Day we went to ſee the Elector's Palace, which is built of a ſort of red Marble in a magnificent Manner, and abundantly loaded with Ornaments of Architecture. It is but two Stories high, but the Apartments are very fine. There is however one very great Fault, which is, that after one has marched through a long Train of Rooms, he muſt return the ſame Way to get out. The Stair-caſe is very ordinary, but the Cielings are richly adorned, and the Furniture is very ſplendid and coſt vaſt Sums. The Cieling of the Hall, in which his Highneſs dines, contains, in different Compartiments, the Hiſtory of St. *Martin* the Patron of *Mayence*. The Tapeſtry with which it is hung repreſents the Story of the pious *Æneas* and the poor Queen *Dido*, whom that Arch-vagabond left without bidding her Good-b'ye, after having had his Will of her to the full. At the End of this firſt Apartment is a large and ſumptuous Cabinet of Glaſſes inchaſed in little gilded Squares. The Baſes are ornamented with Cartouches, upon which are painted fine Landſkips, which, as well as the Perſons looking at them, are multiplied infinitely by the Glaſſes. From hence one has a Proſpect of the *Rhine*, the *Mein*, and all the charming Country about. The Palace of the Elector.

The ſecond Story has nothing remarkable in it, but the Elector's Bedchamber. It is a very ſmall one for a Prince, but magnificently furniſhed. The Tapeſtry is exquiſitely fine, and repreſents in ſix Pieces, the whole Fable of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*. The Bed is of a Crimſon Brocade with a gold Ground, and the Roof or Canopy is quite covered with Pearls. The Chairs are carved and gilt, and covered with embroidered crimſon Velvet and gold Fringes. There is not ſo much as the Frame of the Mirror, which is eight Foot high, that is not covered with Crimſon Velvet laced

1705. *April* 21. MAYENCE.

with Gold. I would fain aſk, if the *Apoſtles* of *Jeſus Chriſt*, whoſe Succeſſors theſe *Modern Levites* pretend to be, were lodged ſo ſumptuouſly, and lived ſo pompouſly as they do?

A ſmall Arſenal, and its Singularities.

When we left this Apartment, the Houſe-keeper who ſhewed us all theſe fine Things, led us through ſeveral Garrets to bring us to the Place where the Elector's Fire-Arms are kept. This little Arſenal is nothing more than a Cloſet lined with Fuſils, Guns, Muſquets, Carabines and Piſtols, made by the moſt famous Armorers in *Europe*. And indeed there are not a few among them which are of exquiſitely delicate Workmanſhip. There are ſome Air-guns: Diabolical Arms, which kill People ſlily! The firſt Inventor of which ought to have been broke on the Wheel for his Reward! About an hundred Paces from the Palace, there is a fine Manage.

An Error of Dr. *Burnet*.

I muſt tell you, by the by, that Dr. *Burnet* muſt needs have been very ill recommended, or have had very little Credit at the *German* Courts; for this learned Gentleman complains, that the Princes of this Country make a mighty Myſtery and Ceremony of admitting Strangers to ſee their Palaces. He adds, that he could not have Leave to ſee that of *Coblentz* (which he calls the Palace of *Hermanſtein*,) nor that of *Mayence*. Yet the good Elector of *Treves* himſelf gave Orders to ſhew us his: One of his Nephews was ſo complaiſant as to take the Trouble of waiting on us; and the ſame Gentleman was ſo extremely kind as to come this very Morning to take us up in his Coach at our Inn, in order to accompany us through that of *Mayence*: And at *Duſſeldorp*, we not only ſaw the Picture-gallery of the Elector *Palatin*, but likewiſe all the Apartments in his Palace, his curious Cabinet of Rarities not excepted, and all this by the Prince's own Order. I perſuade myſelf that it is the ſame at the other Courts. What Difficulty, Myſtery or Ceremony then, is there in ſeeing the Palaces of *German* Princes?

The Garden.

After Dinner, we went to the Elector's Garden, called *La Favorite*, which is but about a Quarter of a League from the Town. It was begun by the late Dean of the Cathedral here, and the preſent Elector bought it from his Heirs and finiſhed it. It is not very large, but we found it neat and well kept. There are abundance of Statues and Water-works in it, a very common Thing in this Country. This Garden being ſituated upon a riſing Ground on the Bank of the *Rhine*, the Proſpect from it is very fine, and that is its greateſt Beauty. For as to the Building, at one End of it it is but very indifferent. I took Notice in a Corner of this Garden of an antique Marble, with this Inſcription.

D. M.
PRIMVLAE. COMITILLAE.
QVAE. VIXIT. ANNIS. XX.
)CIVES. MEDIOMATRICES.
AVLVS. MATERNVS. NEMAVSVS.
STRATOR. COS.
ET. L. LVCINUS. MENSOR. FRVMENTI
NVMER.

We went next to see the Citadel, which is not so despicable as Mr. *Misson* represents it. It is a pretty strong, well fortified Place, surrounded with a very deep Ditch, but without Water. The Tower in the Middle of it has always been a Tower, and never a *Mausoleum*, begging the Pardon of the People here, who call it the Tomb of *Drusus*. The Populace in all Times and Countries of the World have been credulous, and prone to believe, and spread idle Stories. You know *Seneca* calls vulgar Tradition, *Pessimum veritatis interpretem*. Besides it is certain, that *Drusus* did not die at *Mayence*: His Brother *Tiberius*, who succeeded *Augustus*, caused his Corpse to be brought to *Rome*, and to shew his extraordinary Grief for his Death, would needs march a-foot before the Coffin all the Way, as *Sueton* tells us. In fine, every Body knows, *Augustus* had such a Regard for *Drusus*, that he caused his Ashes to be put into a Tomb, which he had ordered to be built for himself and his Family.

1705. *April* 2. MAYENCE. The Citadel. Pretended Tomb of *Drusus*.

From the Citadel, we went to the *Chartreuse*. It is about a hundred Paces from the Elector's Garden, situated upon an Eminence, which gives it a very extensive and pleasant Prospect. The Reverend Father-Prior, who speaks *French*, conducted us thro' this Convent. It is incomparably finer, as to the Architecture, than that of *Coblentz*, but yet is not so magnificent as that of *Cologne*.

The *Chartreuse*

The Library is but ill provided as to Number of Books, but there are some very good ones. I fell upon one by chance, in which there is a Catalogue of all the Archbishops of *Mayence*. And here the cruel *Hatton* II. is not omitted, nor the miraculous Chastisement with which God punished this flagitious inhuman Prelate. See how he is characterised in it. I have copied it on purpose to confute your Incredulity. *Hatto der ander, den die Mautz frassen; sasse zwey Jahr, starbe anno* 970. i. e. *Hatto* II. whom the Rats devoured, possessed this See two Years, and died in 970. A Date which does not agree with Mr. *Misson*'s Account of the Matter, who places his Death in 967.

The Library.

This wicked Prelate little resembled another Archbishop of *Mayence* mentioned in this Book with high Encomiums. viz. *Willigisius* or *Willigis*, who consecrated in 1003 the Emperor *S. Henry*, sirnamed the *Cripple*. This good Arch-bishop was so humble, that for fear he should ever forget his Father had been a Cart-wright, ordered Cart-wheels to be painted upon all the Walls and Partitions of his Palace, and a Writing to be placed at the Foot of his Bed, with this Admonition; *Willigis, Willigis, recole undè veneris*. And ever since there is a Wheel in the Arms of this Archbishoprick, as the same Book informs us by those Verses which I transcribed.

Willigisius Archbishop of *Mayence*, and his great Humility.

Qui Wiligisus erat Antistes in Urbe Mogunti,
Plaustrorum fabro de Patre natus erat.
Ille suæ memor ut fortunæ & originis esset,
Antè oculos plures pinxit ubique rotas.
Hinc est ista, rotæ plaustri quod tempore prisco
Signa Moguntiacis sunt data Præsulibus.

1705. *April* 21. MAYENCE. Error of Mr. *Misson*

But it does not appear by this Book that this Archbiſhop was the firſt Elector of *Mayence*, as Mr. *Miſſon* aſſerts. The Origin of the Eſtabliſhment of the Seven Electors ought to be referred to the golden Bull, which the *Germans* preſerve as the fundamental Charter of their Empire. This Bull was given by *Charles* IV. of the Houſe of *Luxembourg*, in the Year 1356; and by it confines the Electors to the Number of Seven. It is true an Eighth was created afterwards, by the Treaty of *Munſter*, and in Proceſs of Time a Ninth was made by *Leopold*, in favour of his Highneſs the Duke of *Hanover*. But it is not in this Article alone, that the golden Bull has been and will be violated.

CHAP. XIX.

Mayence *continued. Pretenſion of this City to the Invention of Printing. Origin and Hiſtory of* Mayence. *Councils held there. Has been many Times beſieged. Exact Deſcription of its Fortifications. Precedency of the Elector in the Electoral College. The Chapter. The Elector's Prerogatives and Revenues.*

This City pretends to the Invention of Printing.

MAYENCE claims the Honour of inventing the Art of Printing. They ſay that *John Fuſt*, in Latin *Fuſtius*, and not *Fauſtus*, one of its Citizens, was the firſt Inventor of this Art in *Europe*; of this admirable Art, I ſay, which far ſurpaſſes all other Diſcoveries. Mean time the People of *Harlem* in *Holland* pretend, in their Turn, that the Glory of this wonderful Invention, is due to *Laurent Coſter*, founding on this Proof, that there is, ſay they, no Book printed by *Fuſt*, of ſo old a Date as thoſe of *Coſter*, who printed a *Donatus* and the *Confeſſionaria* upon Vellum, in the Year 1440. Here is however, an Epigram wrote in 1454, and related by *Paulus Langius*, directly contradictory to the Pretenſions of the People of *Harlem*.

Nuper ab ingenio Rhenanæ gentis & Arte,
Librorum emerſit copia longa nimis.
Et qui Divitibus, vix Regi, obvenerat olim,
Nunc liber in tenui cernitur eſſe casâ.
Gratia Diis primùm, mox Impreſſoribus æquè
Gratia, quorum operâ, hæc prima reperta via eſt.
Quæ doctos latuit Græcos, Italosque peritos
Ars nova, Germano venit ab ingenio.

That Pretenſion confuted.

'Tis true the Learned *Scriverius* refuted this Epigram a long Time after by another, ſpeaking of the Art of Printing.

Currat

1705. *April* 21. MAYENCE.

Currat penna licet, tantùm vix ſcribitur anno,
Quantùm uno reddunt Præla Batava die.
Addidit inventis aliquid Germania tantis;
Hollandus cœpit, Teuto peregit opus.

The Origin, and Hiſtory of *Mayence*.

Some *German* Hiſtorians of the moſt ancient Date ſay, that *Mayence* was built by *Magog* Son of *Japhet*; others ſay, it was founded by one *Moguntius* a *Trojan*, who arrived on the Banks of the *Rhine*, I know not by what Adventure. But why not? Do not your own ancient Authors, as fabulous as the *Germans*, make a *Trojan* named *Brutus* to have arrived in *Albion*, to have changed its Name to that of *Britain*, and to have built your City of *London*, to which he gave the Name of *Trinovante*, i. e. *New-Troy*? But all this is mere Reverie and Dream: For it is certain, that *Mayence* owes its Origin to *Druſus Nero*, Brother to *Tiberius*, who, if we may believe *Florus*, built more than fifty ſtrong Places upon the *Rhine*. *Per Rheni quidem ripam, quinquaginta amplius caſtella & urbes direxit*, ſays this Author.

Its Name in *Latin* is *Moguntia*, or *Moguntium* according to others, and it was in the Neighbourhood of this City, that the good Emperor *Alexander Severus* was killed, with his Mother *Mammea*, by the Treachery of the perfidious *Maximinus*, whom this good Prince had made General of his Army, when he was making War in *Germany*. *Mayence* was ruined by *Attila* King of the *Huns*, about the Middle of the fifth Century, and rebuilt by *Dagobert* I. King of *France*, in the Year 632. The Emperor *Frederic Barberoſſa* deſtroyed it almoſt entirely in 1150; but *Otho* IV. reſtored it.

Its Bigneſs, Situation, Dignity, and Univerſity

It is a City of a moderate Size, but ill peopled, with the good Leave of Mr. *Patin*, who calls it grand, magnificent and populous. Its Situation is charming, and in the Middle of a very beautiful Country. It was formerly an Imperial City; but it loſt that Privilege, on account of the Aſſaſſination of one of its Archbiſhops named *Arnoul de Zellenhoven*. Now it has the Title of Archbiſhoprick, and is the firſt Electorate in the Empire. Its Univerſity was founded by *Charlemagne*, in the Year 800, and re-eſtabliſhed in 1482, by the Archbiſhop *Ditherus* of the Houſe of the Counts of *Iſembourg*. *Martinus Polonus*, *Platina*, and ſome other Writers, make it the Native Country of Pope *Joan*. And ſeveral Councils have been held here; the moſt celebrated of which are, one in 848, againſt *Godeſcalc*; five in the Eleventh Century; one in the Beginning of the Twelfth, in which the Emperor *Henry* IV, was forced by the Prelates, and other Princes of *Germany*, who adhered to the Pope in Oppoſition to their natural and lawful Prince, to diveſt himſelf of the Empire, which they gave to his Son; and another in the Beginning of the XIVth Century, in which *Peter*, Archbiſhop of *Mayence* preſided. The Templars, conducted by *Hugues Waltgraff*, believing that this Council was aſſembled againſt them, came thither in a Body armed, pled their Cauſe, and

Councils held here.

1705. April 21. and got the Sentence, which would have been pronounced againſt them, to be ſuſpended.

MAYENCE. Its ſeveral Sieges.

Mayence was beſieged and taken by *Guſtavus Adolphus*, King of *Sweden*, upon his Birth-day in 1631. Among the other Booty this Prince found here, was a Crucifix of Gold, very maſſy, the Figure being as big as Life. *Frederic* V. Elector Palatin, and King of *Bohemia*, died here the Year following thro' Grief for the Death of this great King, who was killed at the bloody Battle of *Lutzen*, and who would infallibly have reinſtaled him into the Poſſeſſion of all his Dominions, if he had lived but one Year longer. Prince *Charles* of *Lorrain*, accompanied with the Elector of *Saxony* and *Bavaria*, laid ſiege to it, and took it, but not till 48 Days after opening their Trenches. The Marquis *d'Uxelles* who was Governour of it, and the *French* Garriſon, ſignalized themſelves here glorioufly, in ſeveral vigorous Sallies, and in the laſt general Aſſault.

Situation, and other Particulars.

The fine Situation of this City a little above the Confluence of the *Rhine* and the *Main*, its Citadel, its Bridge of Boats of an extraordinary Length, and the Toll it levies from all the Barks, from thoſe that only paſs, as well as from thoſe which unload here, render it very conſiderable. The Key reaching along the River is very beautiful, and is defended by ſeveral Works well provided with Cannon.

Its Fortifications.

Whatever Mr. *Miſſon* has ſaid to the contrary, the Fortifications of *Mayence* may be called conſiderable Works. They are well faced with good Ditches, and a very good Counterſcarp. It is true the Place is commanded on the South by an Eminence from which it is impoſſible to cover it, without taking it in, and extending thither great Out-works. The Gate on that Side being ſituated at the Foot of this Eminence is abſolutely in view, and command from it; but it is regularly placed in the Middle of the Courtain, and defended by Baſtions flanking it. The Figure of the reſt of the Fortifications is pretty extraordinary: This Kind of Fortification is called *Ouvrage à Chaudiere*. The Circumference conſiſts of 16 Polygons. There are however two Places where they could not follow this Plan, one more particularly, where they have left the Face of a Baſtion as it were in Air, *i. e.* cut like that of a half Moon, without being continued and joined to the great Line on the other Side of that Face: So that this Line muſt be defended from a Flank at a Diſtance, placed in the Form of a Shouldering-piece behind that Face.

I am willing to believe that theſe grand Faces may be a conſiderable Succour one to another, but as the Line is oblique, I imagine it to be faulty in that Reſpect: It is true they may play glancing Shot from theſe Flanks, but being ſo extremely ſmall, that there is hardly room for more than one Cannon, and at ſo great a Diſtance, they cannot be of great Uſe. I obſerved another Defect of great Importance: It is, that the Ditch appeared to me almoſt quite naked and defenceleſs; for the Figure of this Kind of Fortification being compoſed of Saliant and re-entering Angles, almoſt in the Form of a Star-fort, the Counterſcarp, in conſequence of that Figure, meeting the inferior Angle, neceſſarily juts out very far into the Ditch, and ſo cuts it off from the

the View of the two Faces. In fine, as it is a very extraordinary Plan, I imagine, that one might learn a great Deal by attacking it, and that Experience would better discover its Defects and Faults than any one can by a bare Sight of it. The Elector keeps a strong Garrison here. 1705. *April* 21. MAYENCE.

This is all I am able to tell you of this City. I shall only add, that the Elector of *Mayence* has the Precedency of all the other Electors, and that in Quality of Dean of the Electoral College, he appoints the Day of Election, upon the Decease of an Emperor, or when a King of the *Romans* is to be created. He takes the Title of Arch-chancellor for *Germany*, as those of *Treves* and of *Cologne* do, the one for *Gaul*, and the other for *Italy*. You know that the Dignity of Ecclesiastical Elector is elective, and that the Election belongs to the Chapter of each Electorate. That of *Mayence* consists of 24 Canons, who have Voices in the Choice, and who are called *Capitulaires*. The Chapter of *Treves* has 16 *Capitulaires*, and that of *Cologne* 24. All the others who are called *Domiciliares* have not Suffrages: The two former of those Chapters do not admit any into their Canonships, who are not noble for four Generations, and these Canonships are worth about 2000 Crowns of yearly Revenue: They admit neither Counts nor Princes, that being all of the same Quality, every one of them may have an equal Chance for succeeding to the Electorate.

The Elector of *Mayence* has the Precedency of all the other Electors.

The Chapters of *Mayence*, *Treves*, &c.

The present Elector, besides the Bishoprick of *Worms*, anciently *Vangiones*, likewise possesses that of *Spire*, formerly *Nemetes*, and that of *Bamberg* in *Franconia*: So that he is Metropolitan of twelve Bishopricks. There are three Places or Dignities in the Chapter of his Nomination, to each of which belongs a Rent of about ten or twelve thousand Crowns.

Power of the present Elector.

His Country is fruitful in Corn and Wine, and watered by three considerable Rivers, the *Rhine*, *Mein*, and *Necker*. The last has its Source in *Suabia* above the Village of *Zwein*, in the Black-Forest. It passes by *Tubingen*, *Wittingen*, *Stutgard*, *Canstat*, *Lauffen*, *Hailbron*, *Heidelberg*, and runs into the *Rhine* near *Manheim*.

Fertility of his Country. Source of the *Necker*

The Revenue of this Archbishoprick, which comprehends within it 25 Bailliages, may amount to about fourteen or fifteen thousand Florins: So that reckoning the Revenues of the Bishopricks of *Worms*, *Spire*, and *Bamberg*, which the present Elector possesses, this Prince is undoubtedly the richest of all the Ecclesiastical Electors.

Revenues of the Elector.

Tradition says, that Christianity was first preached in this Country by an *Englishman* called *Boniface*, who was the first Bishop of *Mayence*: But some Historians say *Boniface* was the third. He who was Archbishop of *Mayence*, when *Gustavus Adolphus* made War on *Germany*, named *Wambold*, was so obstinate that he would not enter into any Terms of Accommodation with this Prince, and so obliged him to besiege him in his Capital. He himself was so lucky as to make his Escape in the Night to *Cologne* by the River: But the poor Inhabitants paid dear for his Stubbornness: For they were forced to pay two hundred thousand Crowns to *Gustavus* to save their City from being pillaged. The *Jews* were expelled this City in 1433, but re-established afterwards. To conclude, the Elector not being here at present, we had not the Pleasure of seeing him.

Several Particulars touching this Country.

CHAP.

1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

CHAP. XX.

Departure from Mayence. *The River* Mein. Hochſt, *a little Town.* Francfort, *an Imperial City, and its great Commerce. Its celebrated Fairs. The great Church and its Curioſities. Falſe Traditions of the Proteſtants at* Francfort. *Reflexions on the golden Legend. The Quarter of the* Jews *in this City. Their Hiſtory and Cuſtoms.*

The River *Mein.*

WE embarked early in a Boat drawn by a Horſe, and after croſſing the *Rhine* a little above *Mayence*, we entered into the Mouth of the *Mein*, a large River, in Latin *Moenus*, and not *Moganus*, as Mr. *Miſſon* ridiculouſly calls it. We advanced at a tolerable quick Rate, and ſoon paſſed a ſmall Borough called *Coſtum*. In a little time after we dined at an indifferent Town in the Electorate of *Mayence* named *Hochſt*; which has a large Caſtle that was formerly very magnificent, but ſince deſtroyed by Fire: Now they begin to rebuild it. It was near to this Place, that *Tilly* and *Gonçales* defeated in 1622, the brave Duke of *Brunſwick Halberſtad.* The ſame Day towards the Evening, we got to the famous City of *Francfort*, where we deſigned to make ſome Stay.

Francfort. an Imperial Town. Its famous Fairs.

Next Day, we took a Walk through the Fair which is kept here twice a Year only, and not thrice, as Mr. *Miſſon* tells us; the firſt beginning 15 Days before *Eaſter*, and the ſecond, the 15th of *September*. During theſe two Fairs, which bring a vaſt Confluence of Merchants hither from all Nations, almoſt all the Houſes in *Francfort* are ſo many Shops or Magazines; and the Streets are filled with portable Tents and Stalls. All theſe overflow with Merchandize of every Sort, and are never empty of Buyers from Morning till Night. Here the Gallants and the complaiſant Huſbands, (but the latter are the ſmaller Number) come to purchaſe agreeable Preſents for their Miſtreſſes and Wives. There is a great Trade at theſe Times in Books of all Languages and Sciences, which are ſent here from all Parts of *Europe*; printed Catalogues of which are diſtributed: So that there is a mighty Buſtle and Stir here on theſe Occaſions: But the reſt of the Year there is not much Trade, not much Bookſelling more eſpecially; moſt of theſe kind of Shops are ſhut up. In theſe Fairs there is great Plenty of Horſes to be ſold, in a large open Place deſigned for a Horſe-market, at the North-ſide of the Town.

The great Church, and its Curioſities. The Chapel in which the Emperor is elected.

The chief Church of *Francfort*, is dedicated to St. *Bartholomew*: It is a large Building, but there are two Things only that render it worthy of Notice. The firſt is a little Chapel called, the *Conclave*, which is very long, but narrow. To the Left in it, is a very paultry Altar indeed, for ſo celebrated a Place, and along the Walls are Benches of very common Wood. It is here and upon theſe Benches however, that the Electors ſit when they chooſe an Emperor. According to the ancient Inſtitution, the Electors ought to come here

here fasting, and not stir till the Election is over: So that if they be long about it, they must suffer the Penance of being shut up all the while, without eating or drinking: But the Election is soon over, the Choice being fixed upon before they enter this Conclave. 1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

The other Thing which deserves Attention in this great Church, is a Chapel, to which the elected Emperor is conducted, to be crowned by the Elector of *Mayence*: It is nothing more than an Iron Cloister without any Ornament, joined to the Ballister of the Quire, somewhat like a Parrot's Cage. The Altar in it has no other Ornament, but a Crucifix of Brass of very indifferent Workmanship. Another Chapel wh. re the Emperor is crowned

These are the chief Things in this Church; and they are remarkable only on Account of the important Ceremonies which are performed in them. There is however a Curiosity of another Sort here. It is the Tomb of a Bishop of *Worms*, whose Statue of white Marble, big as Life, stands in a Niche of black Marble. The Inscription says, that this Prelate was named *John Charles*, and was descended of the House of the *Barons* of *Frankenstein*, who mount up their Genealogy from Father to Son, to more than 900 Years standing of uninterrupted Nobility. This surely we may call noble Blood, and ancient Nobility. I own I was not a little disappointed and surprised to find nothing more considerable in a Church where the Emperors are crowned, and that belongs to the Catholics, in a Town where almost all the Inhabitants are *Lutherans*. They say here, that it was built by *Pepin* King of *France*, and greatly enriched by his Son *Charlemagne*; but the Emperor *Lewis* of *Bavaria* took away the greatest Part of its Revenues, because its Chapter had sided with the Pope against this Prince. The Tomb of a Bishop of *Worms*.

We stop'd a few Minutes at the Entry to the great Bridge of Stone, which leads to *Saxenhausen*, to see a Picture, which is a terrible Libel against the *Jews*. We had often heard of it. It is a Picture, or rather a vile Daubing in Distemper, which represents a dead Infant besmeared with Blood, with this Inscription under it in *German*:

1475. *am grunen Donnerstag,*
war das kindle in Simon 2 ½ jahr alt
von den Juden umbracht.

That is to say, in the Year 1475, on *Palm-Sunday*, this little Infant *Simon*, about two Years and a half Old, was massacred by the *Jews*. Under the Figure of this Infant is exhibited a *Jew* in a black Cloak, with a Ruff riding astride a Hog, with his Face towards the Tail of the Grunter, which he holds in his Hand instead of a Bridle. A huge enormous Devil follows him and spits in his Face, and I know not how many Women, accompanied with a great Number of little Devils are round this poor *Jew*, insulting him with a thousand Outrages, as well as his Companion, whom another Devil carries on his Shoulders. A Story invented at *Francfort* to defame the *Jews*.

The Mob of *Francfort* believe this Story like Gospel: And really three Fourths of its Inhabitants are Mob in this Respect; God knows how you would be handled Great Credulity of the People of *Francfort*.

1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

handled if you ſhould take it into your Head to call it into Queſtion. In good Earneſt I am not ill ſatisfied to ſee the *Lutherans* guilty of the ſame Credulity with which the *Roman* Catholics are ſo often charged: This Story would afford me a good Opportunity to jeer the *Lutherans* in my Turn, were I of a revengeful Temper, and diſpoſed to render Evil for Evil. But I am willing to let People believe whatever they will, without giving myſelf any Trouble about the Matter.

This Story confuted.

Mean time I am perſuaded that this Story has been forged to make the *Jews* odious: And they are not the firſt to whom Crimes, of which they were entirely innocent, have been imputed: Witneſs the firſt Converts to Chriſtianity, whom the *Gentiles* treated as Sorcerers, Incendiaries, and Diſturbers of the public Peace; and all that out of Hatred to the Name they profeſſed. It is of this *Tertullian* complains, when he ſays: *Nomen, non Crimen in nobis damnatur; Sectam vox ſola prædamnat quia nominatur, non quia convincitur. Odio eſt in hominibus innocuis nomen innocuum.*

Trifling Foundation for it.

I had already endeavoured to inform myſelf of the Circumſtances of this pretended Murder, and of the Motive to it; the *Cui bono*: But I was always anſwered, that nobody could tell for what End the *Jews* murdered this Infant, and that there was no other Foundation for this Story, but an obſcure, imperfect Tradition. All that is alleged to verify the Truth of it, is, that the *Jews* had offered the Magiſtrates a vaſt Sum, if they would cauſe this Picture upon the Wall of the Bridge to be effaced; ſuch a ſcandalous Imputation, do they think, it brings them under. And is not this a very convincive Proof? Upon ſuch Evidence as this, what may not Tradition make to paſs for Truth? All I ſhall ſay, is, that as often as you are pleaſed to ſcepticize about the Catholic Traditions, I will make Repriſals, by calling into doubt thoſe of the *Lutherans* of *Francfort*, who hold more than one ſuch Story as an Article of their Faith. Here is another Sample of their Credulity no leſs glaring, and which has no better Credentials to vouch for it, than the Leger-demain-Tricks of Doctor *Fauſtus*.

Another Story as abſurd as the former.

The Steeple of the great Church here has never been finiſhed; and they give this Reaſon why. Two famous Architects, whoſe Names they have forgot, undertook at the ſame Time, the one to build this Steeple, and the other to build the Bridge which joins *Francfort* to *Saxenhauſen*. The Former laid a conſiderable Wager, that he ſhould have his Taſk finiſhed before the other; but the Latter was more cunning than he. For he made a Compact with the Devil, who engaged to make him win. And for that End; no ſooner had the Maſons and other Workmen, employed by the Architect to build the Bridge, done their Day's Work, than *Beelzebub*, accompanied with a Dozen of Subaltern Devils, came at the Head of a Legion of the ſtouteſt Ruffians in Hell, and worked at this Bridge all the Night; ſo that in leſs than ſix Hours this Bridge was farther advanced than the Steeple was in a Week, and ſo was finiſhed before the Steeple was carried higher than it is at preſent; which ſo afflicted its Architect, that he threw himſelf from it in Deſpair, and knocked out his Brains againſt the Street.

Now

Now after theſe two pretty Stories, believed here like the Scripture, I hope you will treat the Traditions of the Roman Catholics with a little more Reſpect and Mercy; above all the Lives and Miracles of the Saints contained in their famous *Golden Legend*, which have been ſo edifying to many a godly Soul for many Ages: Ever till the Heretics begun to burleſque them into a *Pantagrueliſme*, to chear their Spirits and baniſh the Vapours. 'Tis true, two very knowing Catholics, *Lewis Vives*, and *Melchior Canus* a *Dominican* Friar, and afterwards Biſhop of the *Canaries*, have very roughly handled the Author of this Legend *Jacobus de Voragine*, who was likewiſe of the Order of St. *Dominic* and Archbiſhop of *Genoa*; calling him, *Hominem ferrei oris, plumbei cordis, Judicii nullius aut hebetis.* They have paſſed the ſame Sentence againſt this poor Archbiſhop, that the famous Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Paris*, and *John Rawlin*, a celebrated Doctor in the ſame Univerſity, pronounced againſt the Authors of the Romance of the *Roſe*, and of *Oger* the *Dane*; in which they aſſert, that theſe Authors were as certainly damned as *Judas*, if they died without Repenting, for having compoſed and publiſhed ſuch Works.

1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

Some Remarks on the famous Golden Legend, and its Author.

However, as a Proof of the Sincerity and Simplicity of my Heart, I will frankly own to you, that amidſt many edifying and truly marvellous Things contained in this *Renowned Legend*, I have met with ſome that have not a little ſcandalized me as well as *Vives* and *Canus*. Above all, a certain Paſſage in the Life of St. *Dominic*, which I will relate to you for its Singularity. The Author ſays, that a certain devout *Nun*, having for a long Time been grievouſly afflicted with a ſecret Malady in a certain Part of her Body, (the Text ſays in preciſe Terms, at the Top of her Thigh) found herſelf, one Day, poſſeſſed with a ſtrong Inclination to addreſs herſelf to the above-mentioned Saint; which ſhe had no ſooner done, than he appeared to her, and after having greatly praiſed her Devotion towards him inſtantly cured her. All this is very well. But what ſcandalized me is, that this good Saint, ſays the Author, cured her by a certain Ointment which he drew from under his Frock; and the *Nun* raviſhed by the Sweetneſs and Fragrancy of this Ointment, had the Curioſity (Women you know being naturally curious) to aſk what it was; upon which the Saint told her, "that this precious Ointment was called, the "Unction of Love, and was ſo valuable, that it was above all Price." Now I frankly give you Leave, Sir, as for this Story with ſome others of the ſame Stamp in this Legend, and the Etymologies of ſeveral Saints Names to be found there, to ridicule them as much as you pleaſe. For I acknowledge that they are Abſurdities of the firſt Magnitude, and no-wiſe becoming ſuch a Book.

Comical Paſſages of this famous Book.

The Gilded Legend.

——— *Quas ipſe*
Non ſani eſſe hominis, non ſanus juret Oreſtes.

But if you preſume to ſcoff at the Lives of the Saints, wrote by the Father *Ribadinera*, whom *Patin the Elder* has ſo much burleſqued, calling the Author anagrammatically, the Father *Badineria*; I proteſt, I will retort upon you

Ribadinera's Lives of Saints.

1705. *April* 26. and the Learned *Gui*, and make merry with the *Francfort Lutherans*, and their jolly Packet of equally credible Legends.

FRANCFORT. We ſpent a whole Day among the Deſcendants of *Iſſachar*, *Zabulon*, and *Nephthali*. And in truth, this poor Offspring of *Methuſalem* have not the Air of having been able to pay for erazing that Picture of the Murder of *Simon*; for they have a very beggarly Look. The Street where they live is very narrow, but about an *Engliſh* Mile long, and execrably dirty. There is a Gate at each End of it, which Care is taken to ſhut every Evening, and the Keys are carried to the Magiſtrates. The Houſes are for the moſt Part four, five or ſix Stories high, and of a Neatneſs much like that of a Hog-ſtall. Don't imagine I exaggerate in the leaſt, for we had the Curioſity to viſit half a Dozen of them, with Snuff-boxes at our Noſes. This little Quarter contains, we were told, about 3 or 4000 Souls; and according to the *Jews* themſelves ſome Thouſands more: Yet Dr. *Burnet* ſays only 1200. The chief Commerce thoſe *Jews* drive is in buying and ſelling old Ware, and in going from Inn to Inn to ſhew their Toys and Fripery to Strangers, and change Money which is not current here: And this pitiful Buſineſs they are allowed to carry on but five Days in the Week; for *Saturday*, every body knows, is their own Sabbath; and on our *Sunday*, theſe poor oppreſſed Creatures dare not appear in the Streets, or they would be ſoundly pelted by the Chriſtian Mob, ſo much are they hated in *Germany*. It was purely out of Hatred, very ill founded in my Opinion, that their Anceſtors were pillaged and ſacked ſo cruelly, in the Year 1614, by the Populace here in an Inſurrection againſt them; the Hiſtory of which, you may perhaps not be diſpleaſed to hear.

The Jewiſh Quarter at Francfort.

Their Uſage from the People.

Great Sedition at Francfort in 1614.

The Citizens of *Francfort* having had ſome Quarrel with the Magiſtrates, on Account of Privileges, Matters went to ſuch a Height, that the ancient Senators, after having been beſet by the Mob in the Council-chamber for four Days, were forced to lay down their Offices and retire to another Place. The Emperor ſent hither an Imperial Mandate, ordering the ancient Magiſtrates to be re-eſtabliſhed, but to no Effect; they found Reaſons and Pretences for not regarding it, which they ſent to him in Writing. Upon this, another Order was diſpatched, to which they payed as little Reſpect as to the firſt; proteſting that they would ſuffer the utmoſt Extremities in their Perſons and Fortunes, rather than reſtore the ancient Magiſtrates.

The Storm falls upon the poor innocent Jews.

During this Squabble, the Principal Authors of the Sedition raiſed, by Means of their Domeſtics, a great Commotion in the City the 24th of *Auguſt*, the Eve of Saint *Bartholomew*, a Day formerly very fatal to the Proteſtants in *France*. In the Morning the Mob was ſeen in Bands through the Town, and ſome dreadful Scheme was apprehended, Maſſacre or Plunder, Things which commonly go together in popular Inſurrections. But after Dinner they went all in one Body to wreck their Fury upon the Quarter of the *Jews*. At firſt the *Jews* contented themſelves with barricading the Gates of their Street as well as they could; and ſome of the Inhabitants came to their Aſſiſtance. But the Mob thickned from all Corners of the City; and neither the Conſuls nor the Citizens, who came in Arms to prevent this Tumult, could hinder it.

The

The Gates were broke open, and the *Jews* putting themſelves in a Poſture of Defence killed and wounded ſeveral of the Ring-leaders of the Mob. This inflamed the Fury of the Populace, and the *Jews* were obliged at laſt to retire within their Houſes, to ſave, if they could, their Wives and Infants. But being driven from thence, they made their Eſcape into their Burying-place, where they fortified themſelves in the beſt Manner they were able, abandoning their Houſes and all they had in the World, which they could not carry with them, to the Plunderers. And accordingly there was nothing to be ſeen or heard, but the Noiſe of breaking up of Coffers and Cheſts, and pillaging till Night was well advanced. 1705. *April* 6. FRANCFORT. Endeavours to defend themſelves But to no purpoſe.

Next Day early, the greateſt Part of the Citizens, a-foot or a-horſeback, came well armed to the Quarter of the *Jews*, where the Riot was not yet over. They began by poſting ſtrong Guards at all the Entries, and then ſeized the Plunderers, and took from them what they were carrying off, and put ſuch Effects in a ſecure Place, in order to reſtore them to the Proprietors; and ſo at laſt put an End to the Inſurrection. The *Jews* ſeeing the Burgeſſes in Arms to defend them, and fearing that the Populace might force their Burying-place in which they had intrenched themſelves, begged Leave to retire out of the Town, which was immediately granted to them. The Citizens in Arms eſcorted them to the River where they embarked, with their Wives and Children and all the Effects which they had ſaved, or that had been recovered by the Citizens from the Plunderers. They are at laſt reſcued by the Citizens, and leave the City.

It has been remarked, that in all the Troubles which had ever happened before at *Francfort* the *Jews* had never ſuffered the ſmalleſt Damage neither in their Goods nor Perſons; and this fatal Day, they afterwards called, *The Day of their Tribulation*. It is likewiſe obſerved, that they had called their Quarter the *Little Jeruſalem*; and that the Day they were obliged to fly from *Francfort* was a ſolemn Faſt, they had been in Uſe to keep, in Memory of the Deſtruction of the ancient *Jeruſalem*, by *Nebuchadnezzar*, and by *Titus* Son to *Veſpaſian*. There are ſtill extant upon the Subject of this Diſaſter two *Leonine* Verſes, the laſt of which marks the Year in which this Accident happened. Remarks upon this Accident.

In Menſe Auguſto, Bartholomæique profeſto,
FranCfortI, heI MIſeros! ſerVI præDantVr Hebræos.

The Year following, upon *Eaſter-Sunday*, the People of *Worms* demoliſhed the *Jewiſh* Synagogue there to the Ground, maltreated the *Jews* moſt unmercifully, and drove them out of their Town, in ſpite of all the Oppoſition the Magiſtrates could make; and that becauſe their Anceſtors had crucified *Jeſus Chriſt*. Is not this a very proper and ſuitable Proof of true Zeal for the Chriſtian Religion, the Burden of which is Charity and Mercy? But let us return to the *Jews* at *Francfort*. Theſe miſerable oppreſſed Wretches are obliged under ſevere Penalties to fetch Water when Fire happens in any Part of this City, however diſtant from their Quarter it may be. In Recompence the Magiſtracy permits them to chooſe a Dozen of Judges of their own Body, They meet with the ſame Fate at *Worms* the next Year.

1705 *April 26.* FRANCFORT.

Body, to decide Differences and Quarrels that may happen among them, to which Judges they give the Appellation of *Bawmeeſters*. Thoſe who will not ſubmit to their Deciſions are allowed to appeal to the Tribunals of the *Lutherans*.

Habit or Apparel of Men and Women.

As to their Habit, it is ſuitable to the Cleanlineſs of their Dwellings. The Men generally wear Cloaks ſo coarſe and thread-bare that you may ſee the Threads at twenty Foot diſtance, flat Hats, old greaſy Ruffs, that ſeem to wait as impatiently for a Scouring, as their Maſters do for the *Meſſiah*, and thick pointed Beards. Their Women are not quite ſo ragged as their Men: They wear above their Cloaths ſhort Cloaks of black Crape, bound about their Necks by Claſps of gilt Copper, and round their Shoulders a ſparkling Border of Tinſel, ſhining like Gold, a Foot in Breadth. Their Head-dreſs was formerly like that of Chriſtian Women. But the Magiſtracy, to mortify theſe poor Creatures, have now ordered them to wear the moſt ludicrous one imaginable, *viz.* A coarſe Wrapper about their Head, ending at their Front, in two large Horns, about four Fingers in Breadth, one of which is covered with black Gawze; and the other with a Bit of Lawn dyed blue. Judge you what a Figure theſe party-coloured Horns muſt make on a Woman's Head.

Rambles of the Chriſtian Gentry among them.

As for thoſe they give to their Huſbands they are not viſible, tho' Scandal will have it that the Beaux and Coxcombs, among the young Merchants of this City, whoſe Pockets are well lined with Ducats, ſometimes aſſiſt at the Ceremonies of their Sabbath, and ſuffer themſelves to be ſhut up in the *Jewiſh* Quarter all Night, which they do not paſs in ſinging Pſalms. If this ſcandalous Rumour be true, the Chriſtian Women at *Francfort* muſt be ſo many Lucreces, ſince theſe Fops, as well fledged as their Purſes are, find themſelves neceſſitated to have recourſe to *Jeweſſes*, who ſtink ſo monſtrouſly of Garlick, not to mention the Elegance of the Chambers and Beds of theſe Charmers, the very Sight of which is enough to blunt the keeneſt Appetite.

Jewiſh Synagogue, a diſmal Place.

The Synagogue has more the Look of a Kitchen than of a Temple, ſo ſmoaky and black are its Walls; and ſo rank does it ſmell. All this however did not diſcourage us from not only venturing our Noſes into it, but ſtaying there all the while their Ritual laſted. The *Rabbi*, *i. e.* the grand modern Prieſt and Sacrificer, wears a long black Robe down to his Heels and had a large white Beard, a Foot and a half long.

Nam Dominus juſſit ſapientem paſcere Barbam.

As for his Lady, ſhe is covered with a ſhort Cloak of Velvet, dawbed all over with Gold Lace. They are both held in great Veneration, and have the firſt Rank amongſt the Deſcendants of *Abraham*.

Maids not admitted into the Synagogue.

Girls are not permitted to enter into the Synagogue: They muſt be married in all the Forms before they can enjoy this Privilege. They are diſtinguiſhed from the married Women by their Head-dreſs, which is nothing but a Piece of Red Taffety, bordered with a Gold Gawze, with which their Hair is gathered and tied.

One

1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

A comical Question about the *Jewish* Women, and Remarks upon it.

Singular Ear-rings they wear.

Jewish Baths.

One of our Company, not well verſed in the *Jewiſh* Hiſtory, aſked me very ſimply, Whether the *Jewiſh* Women were not circumciſed as well as their Men? Which Queſtion diverted us not a little for ſome time, and brought back to my Memory what I had formerly read in *Pancirolus*, a famous *Italian* Author, concerning *Gyges* King of *Lydia*, ſo famous for his Ring which rendered him inviſible, *viz.* That he was the firſt who took it into his Head to geld his Concubines, that they might always preſerve an Air of Youth.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that a great Number of *Jeweſſes* wear Ear-rings, which repreſent the Signs of their Houſes or Shops; as for Inſtance, if a Cat be the Sign, the Wife or Girl of the Houſe carries dangling at her Ears two little Kittens of Copper gilt, and ſo on as to the reſt.

By the Synagogue are their hot and cold Baths: The former are in two little Rooms, where there are Cauldrons for warming the Water: The Cold are in a ſubterraneous Place about thirty Foot deep, to which deſcends a Stair of as many Steps, each a Foot thick, ſurrounded by an Iron-rail, where twenty Women watch to ſee, that ſhe, who baths herſelf, plunge over Head and Ears into the Water; for their ancient Laws ordain that every Hair be purified. However that be, I am ſure one can't ſtay long in this Bath without periſhing; for we but juſt looked into it, and were almoſt frozen with Cold.

Place where their Victuals are dreſſed on the Sabbath-day.

We payed a Viſit to another of their Houſes, which put me in Mind of a Sutler in the Army's Kitchen or Shop. Its Furniture conſiſted of two or three long Tables, and as many Ovens for dreſſing their Sabbath-Victuals. The Eve each Family carries its Pot, with a Mark to diſtinguiſh it; and poor Chriſtians, who are paid for it, put theſe Pots into the Oven, while the *Jews* are keeping their Sabbath. When their Service is over, every one comes and diſtinguiſhes his own Pot, and ſends it home, and they go to Dinner.

They are in general very poor.

This is all I have to tell you of the *Francfort Iſraelites*. They are the very Picture of Miſery. Our Guides through their Synagogue, Habitations and Baths, paſſed for the beſt tufted among them; yet they did not fail to aſk us *Trink-Gelt* for their Trouble, as pitifully as the pooreſt Beggar could have done; ſo I leave you to judge whether it be probable that theſe Wretches could have proffered a large Sum to the Magiſtracy, if they would conſent to let the Picture of the Murder of the Infant *Simon* be deſtroyed.

CHAP.

1705. *April* 26.

FRANCFORT.

CHAP. XXI.

Francfort *continued. Its Fortifications, and thoſe of* Saxenhauſen *on the other Side of the* Mein. *The Town-houſe and its Singularities. Remarkable Story of a late Elector of* Saxony. *The Famous Golden Bull deſcribed. Several Particulars concerning the ſame. A Summary of the Articles contained in it. This Bull very little minded in ſeveral material Events. The Conſtitution of the Empire very much altered in many Inſtances. The Hall where the Emperor dines after his Election. The Entry of* Guſtavus Adolphus *into* Francfort.

Its Fortifications deſcribed.

WE went this Day to view the Ramparts and Fortifications of this City, which are both regular and ſolid. They make a *Decagon*, i. e. they conſiſt of ten Baſtions, all which are faced with hewn Stone. There was formerly, as I was told, a great Defect in them; to wit, that the Works were too low, and that in ſome Places the Counterſcarp was higher than the Parapets. I imagine the Deſign was to make the Lines as raſant as poſſible. But they have heightned the Works which were too low, and have raiſed others behind them in the Manner of Retirades or Retrenchments of Earth, well beaten and covered with Turf. I obſerved that to defend and flank their Ditches the better, they have opened along the Faces and Flanks of the Baſtions, ſome low Port-holes 'twixt Wind and Water; but they appeared to me uſeleſs, both on Account of the Impoſſibility of hindering the Water from getting into them, and becauſe the Smoke, having no Breathing-holes for evaporating itſelf, would blind and ſuffocate any one that ſhould attempt to go there to do any thing that could be of Uſe. The Ditches are deep and filled with freſh Water; and all the Out-works, I ſaw, conſiſt of certain flying ones placed before the Gates. The beſt defended is that in the Middle. It is covered by a detached Work that advances a little into the Ditch. This is a maſſy ſubſtantial Work, prolonging its Face in a right Line, upon the two Sides of which are two Perpendiculars that ſerve for Flanks, well faced with Parapets of Earth Bomb-proof. This ſhocks at firſt Sight; for one is apt to fancy the Faces of the neighbouring Baſtions not to be well ſo defended. And it is true, that Work hinders the Fire from Flank to Flank in a great Meaſure: But the Baſtions fronting one another are ſeen by the whole raſant Line, their ſecond Flank being drawn about a Third from the Courtain, and receive a powerful Succour from the Flank and two Thirds of the Face of the Advance-ſoſs; for it is conſtructed in ſuch a Manner that it has a full Sight of all the Works behind and on each Side of it.

Scarce any Cannon, and no Garriſon in theſe Fortifications.

What ſurpriſed me much was that there was not above a Dozen of Cannon in all theſe Works, nor not ſo much as a ſingle Sentinel. Our Conductor obſerving my Surprize at this, gave me this Reaſon for it. The Inhabitants of *Francfort*, ſays he, being chiefly Negotiants very much at their Eaſe, are wiſer

wiſer than to keep a Garriſon to eat them up; and think themſelves, in Caſe of Need, capable of defending their Town without having Recourſe to mercenary Soldiers, for the moſt Part inſolent and brutal. However, he added very ſincerely, that if a conſiderable Detachment of the *French* Army had threatned to bombard this Town, before the Battle of *Hoghſtet*, he did not doubt but the Magiſtrates would have forthwith carried the Keys to the Commander. 1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

A mighty pretty Thing indeed! and what do you think of the Bravery and Parſimony of Mercantile People in general? In Truth your King *Charles* II. was not far in the wrong when he ſaid, that Merchants bring Wealth to a Place, but that in another Senſe they are a ſad Race. What made him ſay ſo was, becauſe he knew that during the War which *Lewis* XIV. and he declared againſt the *Dutch* in 1672. great Numbers of Merchants in *Amſterdam*, *Rotterdam* and *Zeeland*, ſent ſeveral Veſſels into *France* loaded with Maſts, Sails, Cordage, Anchors, and all the other Neceſſaries for equiping the Fleet that was preparing to attack their Country by Sea, while a Land-Army of above 150000 Men had, with amazing Rapidity, made themſelves Maſters of three of their Provinces. But what was that to Merchants? among whom thoſe who can make moſt Money, at any Rate, are reckoned the beſt Men. Remarks on the Avarice of Merchants

——— *Lucri bonus eſt odor ex re*
Qualibet. ———

As ſaid the Miſer *Veſpaſian* to his Son *Titus*, when he upbraided him for his Meanneſs in impoſing a Tax upon Urine, as *Suetonius* and *Juvenal* inform us.

In walking through the Streets, I obſerved Pine-trees planted by the Doors of ſeveral Houſes, and Cyphers painted on the Poſts of theſe Doors. Our Guide told us, theſe Houſes were Taverns, and that theſe Cyphers marked the different Prices of the Wines in their Cellars. This laſt Article appears to me, a very great Convenience to the Votaries of *Bacchus*. Price of Wines on the Doors of the Taverns.

After having viewed the Fortifications of this Town, we croſſed the *Mein* to *Saxenhouſen*. I believe I have already told you, that this River is large, and pretty rapid. The Bridge which makes the Communication between *Francfort* and *Saxenhouſen* has 15 Arches, and is near 100 Paces in Length. At *Saxenhouſen* there is little worth Notice, except its Fortifications, which are tolerably good. There is a large Horn-work with a Ditch full of Water, and a Covert-way very judiciouſly contrived, ranging on the Head of the Ditch, which muſt be paſſed to go to *Saxenhouſen* on the Land-ſide. There are ſix Baſtions in all: But they are irregular Pieces, which flank one another very ill: They are out of all Rule and Proportion. There is, however, on one of them a large Cavalier to oppoſe a commanding Eminence to the Right in entring, which would be a good Defence enough, did not the Ground below ſlope, and widen as it ſlopes towards the River, in ſuch a Manner as to make by its Inequalities a Covert from this Cavalier as well as from all *Saxenhouſen*, its Fortifications.

1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT. the Works to the Left, under which Lines of Attack might be approached to the very Ditch. Some Saliant and re-entring Angles compleat the Fortification on this Side, and defend the Paſſage of the River. The Left alſo is very weak: The Baſtions are ſmall and ill flanked: The Counterſcarp is very high which makes the Glacis ſteep; but the Ditches are large and always full of Water, and meet the *Mein* at a Point of the laſt Baſtion, which is the ſtrongeſt of them all, and compleats the Defences on the Side of the River.

Exchange for the Town of *Hoechſt*.

Saxenhouſen formerly belonged to the Elector of *Mayence*; but it was bartered, about a hundred Years ago, for the Town of *Hoechſt*, which depended on *Francfort*; ſince this Change one of the Counſellors of this City muſt reſide at *Saxenhouſen*. There is here a very large Houſe belonging to the *Knights* of the *Teutonic Order*, which is a Sanctuary to Aſſaſſins and Bankrupts for 15 Days; but that Time being expired, they may be taken up. The greateſt Part of the Territory in the Juriſdiction of *Francfort* is on this Side of the River; that on the other is not of great Extent.

Gardens and Vineyards on the *Mein*.

There being no more to ſee at *Saxenhouſen*, we took a Walk by the Side of the *Mein*. It is adorned on this Side, with a vaſt Number of Gardens filled with Vines, ſome proped and others in the Form of Arbours: But the Wines they produce are not very ſtrong. Our Guide led us into one belonging to his Father, pretty large and in good Order. He aſſured us that the Wine of this Growth is reckoned the beſt in that Soil, eſpecially after it is two years old: But there is nothing extraordinary in this; for his Father, as he told us, every Year lays a golden Border about his Vines, *i. e.* he ſaves no Expence in dunging and dreſſing them, to make them fruitful in rich Grapes.

The Town-houſe deſcribed.

The Town-houſe is worth ſeeing: It is a vaſt Building. We were firſt of all brought into a Hall where the Emperor is choſen, which is not very large. We could neither ſee the Tapeſtry, nor the black Velvet Arm-chairs for the Electors, which, Mr. *Miſſon* ſays, make one of its Ornaments; but in Lieu of theſe, a large Table covered with a very ſorry green Carpet, and a Dozen of old Chairs covered likewiſe with green Serge, and ſome tolerably good Pictures.

Several remarkable Pictures.

One of *Eſther* and *Ahaſuerus*; but the Figures are cloathed according to the Mode about 100 Years ago, *i. e.* with Fardingales, Ruffs, Doublets with Skirts, and pointed Hats, *&c.* There is likewiſe the Hiſtory of *Suſanna* and her two old Lovers: That of *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, and the Paraſite *Damocles*, with a noble Repaſt before him, which he does not touch for Fear of a Sword which hangs by a feeble Thread directly over his Head: That of *Seſoſtris* King of *Egypt*, with the Captive Kings dragging his Chariot: That of *Eghinard* Secretary to *Charlemagne*, and of *Emma* his Spouſe, Daughter to that Emperor: That of *Scipio Africanus* reſtoring a young Captive Princeſs to her Bridegroom without taking the Tythe, as Livy tells us: And that of *Berſheba* in the Bath, to whom one of her Bed-chamber-Women gives a Billet-doux from *David* the Royal Prophet.

Pleaſant Repartee of an Elector of *Saxony*.

I mention theſe Pictures to you purely for the Sake of telling you a pleaſant Story with which the Secretary of the Town-Council diverted us. At

the Opening, ſaid he, of a Conference held in this Chamber among the Electors, in 1683, the Elector of *Cologne*, a good Prince, but a little bigottiſh, would not enter here till they had covered all the Pictures in which there were any Nudities; which was done to pleaſe him: But this ſcrupulous Prince had no ſooner taken his Seat, than the Elector of *Saxony*, Father to the preſent King of *Poland*, who was the *Archi-Biberius-mero* of *Germany*, ordered all the Pictures to be uncovered, ſaying *Omnia ſana ſanis*. 1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

A Digreſſion for a Moment, if you pleaſe, with Regard to this Elector: the Story is not long. An *Italian* paſſing through *Dreſden*, the ordinary Reſidence of this Prince, was told by *Saxon* Gentlemen with whom he dined, that their Maſter uſually drank a Dozen of Wine at a Repaſt, to which he anſwered in Latin, *Ergo eſt Elector Bibentiſſimus.* And when one of theſe Gentlemen, thinking he was making an Encomium on his Prince in mentioning his Bacchical Strength and Feats, added; that ſometimes he would ſwallow two Dozen, and when he found himſelf uneaſy, he had no more to do but to thruſt a Feather down his Throat, which made him empty his Stomach, and then he could return afreſh to the Charge: The *Italian* replied without Heſitation; *Ergo Elector veſter Bibentiſſimus habet Stomachum obedientiſſimum.* That Prince was a prodigious Drinker.

Raillery aſide, may we not juſtly apply to theſe Hogſhead-emptiers, Princes, or not Princes, what a very gallant Man formerly ſaid to a certain Guzler, who filled and emptied in the ſame Manner with the Elector of *Saxony*. Reflexion on ſuch Kind of Sots.

Sæpe bibis, quò ſæpè vomas, & ſæpè voracem
Diſtendas miſeri corporis ingluviem.
Quin ſi fortè tenax ſtomacho cibus hæſerit, hunc vel
Dextra, vel in fauces indita penna ciet.
Tanquam ſis genitus perdenda ad vina, nec ulli
Te Natura aliò finxerit Officio.
O, dignum laqueo facinus! Quodcunque voratur,
Turpiter ingeritur, turpiùs egeritur.

Let us return to the Election Chamber. There is another Picture here, in which there are Nudities not a little immodeſt. It is one repreſenting the Curioſity of the Females, to whom *Minerva* had entruſted her Baſket, in which the little *Erichthonius* with his Dragon's Tail was ſhut up. You know that the ſecret Hiſtory of the Gods, wrote by their Scandal-monger *Momus*, gives out, that *Vulcan* had hammer'd (among others) at the monſtrous Child of which *Minerva* was delivered. And there may be ſomething in it; for this Cripple of a God was an arch Forger, and was beſides not diſpleaſed at any Opportunity of revenging himſelf on the Siſter, ſince her Brother *Mars* had cuckolded him many and many Times. Other Pictures.

In this Hall, the Secretary of the Council ſhewed us one of the three Originals of the Famous *Golden Bull*: The other two are, one at *Prague* the Capital of *Bohemia*; the other at *Nurenburg*, not at *Heidelberg*, as Mr. *Miſſon* ſays. This *Bull* is not exhibited to Strangers but in the Preſence of two Counſellors The famous *Bulla Aurea*, or Golden Bull exactly deſcribed.

1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

Counſellors and the Secretary. It is a little Manuſcript in *Quarto*, conſiſting of 42 Leaves of Parchment, inſtead of 24, according to Mr. *Miſſon*'s Account. This Manuſcript is covered with another dirty wrinkled Piece of Parchment, on each Side of which there is paſted half a Leaf of the Manuſcript. The Seal of Gold weighing 20 Ducats is appended to it by a Cord of yellow Silk: Mr. *Miſſon* ſays, of Silk of different Colours, and that this Seal is two Inches and a half in Diameter, and a Line in Thickneſs. I meaſured it with great Care, and found it three large Inches in Diameter, and a Line and a half in Thickneſs. As to the Inſcriptions and other Things, he gives them very accurately. One Thing however had eſcaped his Exactneſs, which I remarked; *viz.* that in the Eſcutcheon of the Empire, to the Right of the Emperor *Charles* IV, the Eagle is repreſented with one Head, as in the Time of the ancient *Romans*, and not with two, as they have thought fit to repreſent it for ſeveral Ages.

Cuſpinian refuted about the Arms of the Empire.

If we may believe the Learned *Cuſpinian*, the Arms of the Empire are not an Eagle with two Heads, but two Eagles joined Back to Back; and that, ſays he, "in Memory of the two *Roman* Eagles which *Arminius* Prince of the "*Cheruſci*, gained at the Defeat of the three Legions which *Quintus Varus* commanded in *Germany*, in the Reign of *Auguſtus*:" He adds, "that the "Eagle of the third Legion was thrown into a Marſh by the Standard-"Bearer, that the Enemy might not ſeize it:" And he pretends, that the other two are ſtill kept ſome-where in *Germany*, but he does not name the Place. With all due Deference to this learned Man, there ſeems to be very little Probability in the laſt Article; ſince theſe two military Enſigns of the ancient *Romans*, taken from them by one of the braveſt and moſt renowned Princes of the ancient *Germans*, are Pieces of Antiquity of the rareſt Kind, that would do Honour to the Modern *Germans*, if they were ſhewn to the Curious inſtead of hiding them without any Reaſon. However that may be, this Eagle puts me in Mind of another over the Gate of the Bridge leading to *Saxenhouſen*, which has two Heads, both of them turned the ſame Way.

Several Particulars concerning the Golden Bull.

A Miſtake in *Sleidan*

Another Particularity in the *Golden Bull*, which Mr. *Miſſon* does not mention, is, that the firſt Part, which is about the Half of it, was given at *Nurenburg*, by the Emperor *Charles* IV. in the 1356. (*Sleidan* ſays in 1362.:) But the other was given at *Metz*, about the End of the ſame Year, as the Title of the ſecond Part, which is towards the Middle of the Manuſcript, expreſly bears. The whole is wrote in *Latin* and in *Gothic* Characters without Diphthongs, but is eaſy to read. This famous Manuſcript is kept very carefully in a Box varniſhed with black, together with two Copies alſo in Manuſcript, of a Tranſlation of it into the *German* Tongue, the one contemporary with the Original, the other much more Modern. Probably it was this led your Famous Dr. *Burnet* into the Miſtake, when he ſays, in the firſt Edition of his Travels, that the *Bulla Aurea* being wrote in the *German* Language, upon a large Parchment, he did not aſk to ſee it, becauſe he did not underſtand that Tongue. What an unaccountable Blunder in this learned Prelate!

And of Dr. *Burnet*.

Beſides

Beſides, here and at *Vienna*, in 1697, the *Golden Bull* has been printed, with the *German* Verſion and a Commentary, in one ſmall Volume in *Folio*, large Character. I found here in a Bookſellers Shop by Chance, an Edition of it in *Quarto*, printed in this Town in 1611, with an ample Hiſtory and full Detail of the Coronation of *Maximilian* II. in 1562. adorned with very fine wooden Cuts. This Edition is very rare, and on that Account I bought it. 1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

Here, Sir, is all I have to ſay of this famous *Bull*, of which many have ſpoken who never ſaw or at leaſt never examined it. See in a few Lines the Subſtance of what it comprehends. *Hæc Sanctio, quam Legem Carolinam etiam dicunt, comprehendit Leges, Ritusque in Electione Imperatoris ſervandos, & conſulit poteſtati, autoritatique omnium Ordinum; atque inter ſeſe Imperatorem & Principes ad eum modum devincit, ut in Reipublicæ, Patriæ, Imperii, & Vicinorum detrimentum aut perniciem, nemini movere molirique quicquam impunè liceat. Cæterùm, inter alias conditiones & conſtitutiones, hanc optimam de Regum & Imperatorum Creatione edidit, idque præcipuum ſtatuit* Carolus, *ut qui de cætero ad Cæſaream aſpiraret Dignitatem, etiam variarum Linguarum peritiam haberet, præſertim Latinæ, Italicæ, Gallicæ, Liburnicæ, & Germanicæ; ut deinde creatus Imperator, variis Linguis ſinè Interprete Subditis reſpondere poſſet.* The Sum of this Bull.

As to the laſt Article it is no more minded than the Regulation concerning the Number of the Electors, which ought not to exceed Seven, though there be at preſent Nine. And how many other Things are there beſides, in which the Spirit of the Ordinances in this *Bulla Aurea* are not obſerved, though the Intention of the Inſtitutor was to render them perpetual and immutable. The Election, for Inſtance, of an Emperor, now become in a manner Hereditary for theſe three Ages paſt in the Houſe of *Auſtria*, is it not a convincing Proof of what I advance? Hath not this many times threatned Ruin to the Liberty of *Germany?* Without the ſurprizing Efforts of *Guſtavus Adolphus* to ſupport it, was not that conſiderable Part of *Europe* upon the Brink of becoming the Slave of one ſingle Family, not very conſiderable in its Origin? Even at preſent, may not the Germanic Body formerly ſo potent, the Liberties and Privileges of which the *Golden Bull* was intended to preſerve, with Reaſon ſay: It is often laid aſide in ſeveral material Points.

Non ſum qualis eram, magni cùm præmia Regni
Virtuti meritisque darem; nulloque coactu,
Libera Septenus *ferret ſuffragia* Princeps.
Nunc alia eſt rerum facies, aliaſque repoſcunt
Fata vices: Liceat vel nota effere, ſuamque
Digerere in ſeriem. Priſcos diffavit honorum
Invida ſors titulos: abit indignata ſub auras
Libertas, ſedesque negat jam noſſe priores.
Sic ſubmiſſa jugo, primi vel nominis umbram,
Vix teneo: Sic partiri mea præmia dudum
Dedidici, poſtquàm noto de tramite Septem
Defecere Viri, *captivaque vota Legentum*
Semper in Auſtriacum *transfert Francfordia* Nomen.

O,

1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

O, Electores, *fervum genus! ut mihi turget*
Bile jecur vitreâ, famulantia vota tuenti!
Siccine Teutonicis virtus emarcuit oris?
Una Domus superest Aquilæ? par una tuendis
Fascibus Imperii? Generis quò gloria vobis
Vanuit, & toties dignati hoc jure Penates?
Quid? caput Imperio pridem dare Saxo, Boëmus,
Franco, Palatinus, Bavarus *potuere* Domus*que*
Suevica; *nunc unam spectant ea Jura* Viennam?

The Hall where the Emperor dines after his Election, and its Pictures.

From the Hall of the Election, we passed into another where the Emperor dines after he is anointed. He eats alone at his Table, but the Electors have their separate Tables here also, and the Floor is covered with black and yellow Cloth, the Livery of the House of *Austria*. There is not the least Furniture in this Hall. Upon its Cieling is painted the Story of *Ganimede* carried away by the Eagle of *Jupiter*, and the History of a false Witness who had accused a Person of Murder. When he had confirmed his false Evidence by his Oath; a large Raven having forced his Way through one of the Windows of this Hall, perched on the Villain's Head, tore out his Eyes with its Beak, and made him swim in his Blood. The Miscreant touched with Remorse, confess'd his Crime, and had his Head struck off. Don't tell me that this Story seems to be a Copy from that of the Raven which treated in the same Manner the poor *Gaul*, who in the Gaulic War attacked *Valerius Maximus*, from hence surnamed *Corvinus*. For this Story is not painted in a Convent, but in the Town-house of *Francfort* by the Order of a *Lutheran* Magistracy, and not by *Monks*.

The Entry of *Gustavus Adolphus* into *Francfort*.

When *Gustavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden* was in the Neighbourhood of this City, he demanded a Passage through it for his Army; which was granted him with good Grace. This Prince entered into the City at the Head of his Troops the 17th of *November* 1631; and it was remarked that he kept his Hat off all the Time, and saluted every one who looked at him as he passed.

Fortunata Dies, quæ te Francfordia bello
Exemptam, trepidoque metu, curisque solutam
Jussit in Arctoâ requiescere Principis umbrâ!
Quàm placitum est, medio cùm celsior agmine Princeps
Teutonicos *inter Proceres, atque arma suorum*
Iret, & Hesperio populum salvere juberet
Vectus equo, tunicâque nitens, quam nobile textum
Permeat, & Phrygio variavit dextera limbo;
Astreperentque tubæ, lituisque sonantibus auræ
Accinerent, Equitumque manus, Peditumque Cohortes,
Multaque belligero sequeretur Machina cultu!
Gariffoles Adolphid. Lib. IV.

The

The Affability of this King gained him the Affections of the Magiſtrates, and all the Inhabitants. Upon his Return to this City three Days afterwards, they entertained him moſt magnificently at the Town-Houſe, in the ſame Hall where the Emperor dines after his Election. Hiſtory tells us, that this King was attended at this Entertainment by the *Landgraves* of *Heſſe-Caſſel* and *Darmſtad*, the Duke *Bernard* of *Weymar*, and 17 ſovereign Counts of the Empire, who adhered to him. 1705. *May* 7. FRANCFORT.

CHAP. XXI.

Francfort *continued. The new Church of the* Lutherans. *Their Severity towards the* Calviniſts. Bochinheim, *where the latter go to their Worſhip. Their Riches and great Number. Origin and Government of* Francfort. *The Jeſuits could never get Footing there. The Councils that have been held at* Francfort.

WE went to Day to ſee the new Church of the *Lutherans*, which is inconteſtably the fineſt in *Francfort*. At one End of this Church immediately under the Organ, there is a ſplendid Altar of black Marble with white Veins adorned with wreathed Pillars, the Chapiters of which are gilded The Altar-piece is by a good Painter. It repreſents *Jeſus Chriſt* in the Garden of *Gethſemane*, ſupported by an Angel who preſents to him a Chalice, out of which comes a red Croſs. Above this Picture is a large Oval in which there is a Crucifix, and upon each Side of it an Angel of white Marble, Figures that weep heartily, and hold each a gilded Palm in their Hand; the Oval is adorned with Feſtoons and richly gilt. Before this Altar there is a Table of black Marble which ſerves for the Euchariſt: The whole is balliſtered with wreathed Pillars of black Marble. The Pulpit is of the ſame kind of Marble and adorned with Gilding and Sculpture, and has a little Dome over it, upon which is repreſented a Pelican in her Neſt, which pierces her Side to fetch Blood for her Young. The Cieling of this Church is painted with Hiſtories taken from the Old and New Teſtament, as is alſo a double Gallery, which reaches the whole Length of it. The new Church, and its Singularities.

I obſerved two Singularities in it. In a Picture repreſenting the Prophet *Elijah* in the Deſart, and the two Ravens which brought him Food, the Man of God ſits upon the Trunk of a Tree with a large Cage at his Feet, in which there is a young Raven the Off-ſpring, no doubt, of the Raven that fed the Prophet. Now what can one infer from this Cage, but that the Painter thought the Prophet had really placed one by him, with the young Raven in it, to draw the Father and Mother there to feed their young one, in order to profit by the Opportunity? The other Singularity is that among the Twelve leſſer Prophets painted in 12 different Pieces; the ſame Painter has dreſſed the Prophet *Hoſea* quite in a Cardinal's Habit at *Rome* on ſolemn Occaſions, the red Hat only excepted, which he durſt not perhaps give him for Fear of bringing the *Vatican* Thunder upon his Head. 'Tis true his Brother Two very extraordinary Pictures.

1705. *May* 7 FRANCFORT. Brother Painters have not always ſhewed the ſame Reſpect for the holy See; for the greater Part of them, when they took it into their Heads to paint the *Trinity*, have had the Impertinence to put the Pontifical *Tiara* or Triple Crown upon the Head of God the Father, without fearing to offend his Vicar on Earth.

Divine Service in that Church. As the Hour for Prayers happened to ſtrike while we were in this Church, we ſaw mount into the Pulpit a *Lutheran* Doctor in a long Gown, with an antique Ruff about his Neck, an ill combed Peruke black as a Coal, but ſhining with Greaſe or Sweat, as well as his luſty buſhy Beard cut to a Point. He ſaid ſome Prayers in the *German* Tongue which laſted an Hour and a half, and then ſome Litanies, in which there are as many *Kyrie-Eleyſons* as in the Liturgy you know where.

The Tomb of the learned *Ludolf*. I muſt not forget to tell you, that the Learned Mr. *Ludolf*, Author of the Hiſtory of *Ethiopia*, who died here about ſix Months ago, is buried, not within, but without this Church, near the Entry, and that according to his ſanciful Will. I ſhould have thought this great Man above ſuch an unaccountable Whim, and to have been of the ſame Opinion with one who ſaid more wiſely: *Nihil intereſt intrànè an extrà putreſcam.* He was a *Saxon* by Birth, and a Man of profound Learning.

Bockenheim, Place of Worſhip for the *Calviniſts*, who are ſeverely uſed by the *Lutherans*. We took an Opportunity of a *Sunday* to go to *Bockenheim*, which is about a League from *Francfort*, in the Territory of the Count *de Hanau*. It is the Place where the *Calviniſts* go to Church. When we came to the Gate of the Town that leads to it, we found it ſhut, and they do not open it till nine a Clock, though the reſt are opened at Six. This we were told is done through the Malice of the Magiſtrates who are *Lutherans*, and take Pleaſure in giving as much Trouble to the *Calviniſts* as they can: Not only will they not ſuffer them to have Churches in their Town, or in any of their Territories; but they oblige them to marry and baptize their Children in the *Lutheran* Churches, and take Delight in making them wait ſometimes two or three Hours before they are allowed to go out of the Town, in order to worſhip God in their own Way. The more conſiderable and rich among them, have often offered a large Sum to the Magiſtracy for Leave to aſſemble in *Francfort*, were it but in a Barn; but this Liberty has always been obſtinately refuſed them. They have even threatned on ſome Occaſions to quit the Town and go to *Mayence*, or to a very agreeable Place oppoſite to it, which hath been offered to them by the Elector and the Chapter of the Cathedral *gratis*, with full Liberty of Conſcience, and Leave to build a Town. But all this has made no Impreſſion upon theſe Hard-heads, or rather Hearts. *Tantùm Religio potuit ſuadere malorum!* Now when one conſiders how much the *Calviniſts* ſuffer from the falſe Zeal of the *Lutherans* here, who call themſelves Proteſtants; even to ſuch a Degree as to have moved the Catholics at *Mayence* to offer thoſe *Calviniſts* an *Aſylum* amongſt them; when one conſiders this, is it at all ſurprizing, that the *Calviniſts* have been ſo miſerably uſed in *France*?

For

For my Part, who am an Enemy to Oppreſſion, and deteſt all Sorts of Perſecution, eſpecially in Matters of Religion, I wiſh I had Eloquence enough to perſuade the *Calviniſts* of *Francfort* to accept the Offers of the Elector of *Mayence* and his Chapter, and ſo take hearty Revenge upon the *Lutherans*. Firſt of all, it is certain that *Mayence* is at leaſt as agreeable a Place as *Francfort*, and much better ſituated for Trade. Secondly, as the chief Trade of the latter, whether in Banking or Merchandiſe, is in the Hands of the *Calviniſts*, no doubt, it would follow them wherever they went; ſo that they have no more to do, but to take a firm Reſolution to quit *Francfort*, and it would in a few Years become very deſert, ſince the *Calviniſts* do not make a contemptible Part of its Inhabitants. The Cities of *Antwerp* and *Lubeck*, are Examples of what I have been ſaying, having loſt their great Commerce in the ſame Manner; an Opportunity *Amſterdam* and *Hamburg* well knew how to make their Advantage of. 1705. *May* 7. FRANCFORT. How the former might Revenge themſelves upon the latter.

All this, you will ſay, has ſome Shew of Reaſon and Probability; but what Truſt can the *Calviniſts* of *Francfort* place in the Word of an Eccleſiaſtical Elector and his Chapter? Since it is ſo well known, that Catholics in general maintain this pernicious Doctrine, *That they are not bound in Conſcience to keep Faith with Infidels; or with thoſe whom they call Heretics.* To this I reply, beſides that all Catholics do not maintain this deteſtable Principle, Self-love, Intereſt, and the great Profit ariſing from the Commerce the *Calviniſts* would bring along with them to *Mayence*, and its Inhabitants, and by conſequence to the Elector and his Chapter, would be Motives of Force enough to engage them to obſerve faithfully whatever Treaty they might for theſe Reaſons make with the *Calviniſts*. Objection againſt this Method anſwered.

What convinced us of the Wealth and Numerouſneſs of the *Calviniſts* at *Francfort*, was the great Number of Coaches we ſaw without the Town. We counted more than 250 in the high Road to *Bockenheim*, moſt of which were very magnificent; and there was beſides a vaſt Number of Men, Women, and Children, who were going thither a-horſeback, or on Foot. They have two Churches in this Village, the *German*, in which we ſaw more than 2000 Perſons, and one for the *French* Refugees, and other *Calviniſts* of *Francfort*, and the adjacent Places, who underſtand *French*. All theſe would deſire nothing better than a Settlement in a Place where they ſhould have the free Exerciſe of their Religion, while they carried on their Commerce, without being obliged to travel every *Sunday* a long League, not unfrequently in Wind and Rain, to hear a Sermon. The *Calviniſts* are numerous and rich.

They have four Miniſters for theſe two Churches, two *German* and two *French*. The Poor chiefly, among the *Calviniſts*, have good Reaſon to complain loudly againſt the Injuſtice and Malice of the *Lutherans*, in not allowing them ſo much as a Barn or Stable to pray to God in without Diſturbance, while they permit the *Jews* to have a Synagogue, as if the Commerce of the latter at *Francfort* were more conſiderable than that of the *Calviniſts*. Your Dr. *Burnet* poſitively aſſerts in his Travels, that the three Religions *Lutheran*, *Catholic*, and *Calviniſt*, are tolerated at *Francfort*, which is ſo far from being true, that the *Calviniſts* are obliged, as I have juſt told you, Their Miniſters. Dr. *Burnet* corrected.

1705. *May* 7 FRANCFORT.

to undergo the Fatigue of going in all Sorts of Weather through Dirt and Mud a full League every *Sunday* to worſhip, and to carry their Proviſions with them, or faſt all Day; the Village of *Bockenheim* not being able to furniſh Victuals to the hundredth Part of thoſe who go thither on *Sundays*.

The Origin, Name, Situation, Riches, &c. of *Francfort*.

Francfort is an ancient City. Some Authors aſcribe its Origin to *Marcomire*, Duke of *Franconia*, Father to *Pharamond*; others to one of his Predeceſſors named *Francus*, who lived 100 Years before him, and ſay it was anciently called *Trajectum Francorum*: But there is no Certainty in all this. What is ſure is, that it was called *Helenopolis* from *Helen*, Mother to *Conſtantine* the Great: Now, it is called *Francofurtum ad Mœnum*, to diſtinguiſh it from *Francofurtum ad Oderam*, in the Marquiſate of *Brandebourg*. It is one of the Hanſe and imperial Towns in *Germany*; and tho' it be of the Circle of *Franconia*, it is properly in *Veteravia*, of which it is the Capital. It ſtands on the *Mein* in a wide champain Country; and is very well ſituated for bringing Corn and Wine in Abundance from the Palatinate and *Franconia*. It is round, and has no Suburbs, but is much larger, richer, and better peopled than *Mayence*, tho' not ſo pleaſantly ſituated. The Streets are generally narrow; the Houſes are moſtly built of Timber and Plaiſter, and covered with Slate. There are ſome however built of a Sort of red Marble like thoſe in *Mayence*. Its Commerce and Fairs make it famous through all *Europe*; and you know that it is the ordinary Place where the Emperor is elected: But perhaps you may not know that on the Day of the Emperor's Inſtalment, a whole roaſted Ox is ſerved up to him, larded and ſtuffed with all Sorts of wild Fowl, Veniſon, and ſucking Pigs. This you ſee is outdoing the ancient *Romans*, who at a Feſtival ſerved up, among other Things, a whole wild Boar roaſted. When the Emperor has dined, this Ox is abandoned to the Populace, who make themſelves merry with it.

Its Government and Religion.

The Government here is quieter than in moſt of the other great imperial Towns: The People are not of ſo tumultuous a Diſpoſition. Its Liberties and Immunities which it boaſts of holding originally from *Charlemagne*, ſeem to be better eſtabliſhed than thoſe of the other imperial Cities. Beſides, it is not ſubject to the Pretenſions of any Prince. The Magiſtracy which governs it, and the greater Part of its Inhabitants are *Lutherans*; yet they have but five Churches, whereas the Catholics, which are the ſmaller Number, are in Poſſeſſion of the principal Church, and have a Convent of *Dominicans*, another of *Carmes*, and two or three of other Orders.

Jeſuits could never get a footing here.

The Sons of *Loyola*, with all their Ambition, Activity, and Cunning, have never been able to get footing here, tho' they have left no Means untried to eſtabliſh themſelves in this Town. Probably the Magiſtrates here knew the Hiſtory of their Settlement in *Japan*, and the Diſorders which the affected Zeal of theſe good Fathers has occaſioned at different Times in many Countries; and therefore they always received their Applications with a *Vade retro Satanas*.

The Magiſtracy and their Juriſdiction.

The Magiſtracy is divided into three Claſſes. The firſt conſiſts of 14 *Echevins*, one of which is always a Burgo-maſter, and has for his Colleague one

one of the ſecond Claſs, which conſiſts of 14 Councellors: Theſe two Claſſes are Patricians, and the Grand Bailiff, who is always Preſident of the Council, is choſen out of the former: His Office is during Life, as well as that of the *Echevins*. The third Claſs is *Plebeian*, and is alſo compoſed of 14 Perſons, choſen out of the Corporations of Crafts by the *Patrician* Claſſes, into which theſe fourteen never enter. Beſides theſe three Claſſes there are likewiſe *Syndics*, whoſe Power is very limited. The *Calviniſts* may exerciſe no Employment, except that of Director of an Hoſpital, which was founded in 1679. for the Relief of poor Strangers, without Diſtinction of Religions. 1705. *April* 26. FRANCFORT.

Theſe Directors are twenty in Number, among whom there are but two *Calviniſts*; nor is even that Number admitted into this Charge, but becauſe it is troubleſome and expenſive, and has no Salary or Profits attending it. The Juriſdiction of *Francfort* extends but to *Saxenhouſen*, and ſome neighbouring Villages.

To draw to a Concluſion, there was a Council held here in 794. againſt the Hereſy of *Felix*, Biſhop of *Urgel*, who taught that *Jeſus Chriſt* was only the Son of God by Adoption: And another in 1006. to erect the City of *Bamberg* into a Biſhoprick. Councils held at *Francfort*.

This Town has likewiſe produced ſeveral learned Perſons; among others *Conrad Lautenbach*, a conſiderable Divine, good Hiſtorian, and excellent Poet, who died in 1595. *Hartmannus Beyer*, a great Divine and able Mathematician, who died in 1577. *Joannes Latomus*, Divine, Hiſtorian, and Dean of the great Church, who died in 1597. *Joannes Cochlæus*, Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of the Church of St. *Mary*, who died 1552. and the celebrated *Joannes de Indagine*, Divine, Aſtronomer, and Dean of St. *Leonard*'s. Learned Men it has produced.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Road from Francfort *to* Wirtzburg. Hanau, *a fine Town, and the Capital of a County. Its Hiſtory and Origin, and by whom built.* Steinheim *and* Seligenſtad. *The Tomb of* Eginard, *and* Emma *his Spouſe.* Aſchaffenburg, *its great Church and Curioſities. Councils held there. A Part of the black Foreſt.* Langenfeld, Remlingen.

AFTER a long Stay at *Francfort*, during which we fully ſatisfied our Curioſity in this celebrated imperial City, we ſet out this Day not by Water, but in a Calaſh. The Road was very bad between *Francfort* and *Hanau*, a very pretty Town, where we dined. It likewiſe is in *Veteravia*, which makes a Part of *Heſſe*, the Inhabitants of which Country were anciently called *Catti* and *Chaſuarii*. This Town is the Capital of a Lordſhip of the Empire of the ſame Name, and is divided into the new and old *Hanau*. *May* 13. *Hanau*, Capital of the County of that Name.

The Origin of the firſt is uncertain. The new was built by mere accident. When the barbarous Duke of *Alba* was Governour of the *Low Countries* under Origin and Hiſtory of the new Town.

1705. *May* 13. HANAU.

Philip II. of *Spain*, an Infinity of Families which had embraced the Reformation, left theſe Provinces to eſcape the Perſecutions of that Monſter of Cruelty. A conſiderable Number of theſe Fugitives eſtabliſhed themſelves at *Francfort*, and made Manufactures flouriſh there. In 1596. the Magiſtrates, jealous and envious of the growing Wealth of the *Calviniſts*, were inclinable to deprive them of their ancient Privileges. Upon this the *Flemiſh* held a general Meeting, the Reſult of which was a Reſolution to treat ſecretly with the Count of *Hanau*, for a Permiſſion to ſettle themſelves in his Territory. This Count named *Philip Lewis*, who had eſpouſed a Daughter of *William* I. Prince of *Orange*, accepted of the Propoſal with Joy, and the Treaty was forthwith concluded between the *Flemiſh* and him upon theſe Conditions.

The *Dutch* and *Flemiſh* ſettled there on very advantageous Terms

That the *Flemiſh* ſhould have ſuch a Portion as they ſhould judge proper, of the Plain reaching from the ancient *Hanau* along the River-ſide, for building a new Town of the ſame Name, at their own Expence; and that the Count ſhould at his, incloſe it with a ſtrong Wall, and a Ditch of fifty Foot in Breadth; and fortify it with five Baſtions and three Gates, with their Port-cullis and Draw-bridges: That the ſaid Count ſhould likewiſe dig a Canal from the new Town to the *Mein* for the Convenience of Commerce, and grant to them and their Deſcendants for ever the free Exerciſe of the Reformed Religion, with Power to name their Miniſters to preach to them in *Flemiſh*, *French*, and *Italian*: That they ſhould have like Authority to chooſe their Magiſtrates and Officers of Juſtice out of their own Body to govern them, and Power to receive into their Town all ſuch of the Reformed Religion as were willing to ſettle among them, who ſhould enjoy all the ſame Privileges with themſelves: That they ſhould have Liberty to hold two public Markets every Week, and two Fairs in the Year like thoſe of *Francfort*, and to keep a large Bark for tranſporting Commodities, and the Conveniency of Travellers.

Duties they bind themſelves to pay to the Sovereign.

The *Flemiſh* on their Side engaged to pay to the Count 100 *German* Florins for every Acre of Ground adjoining to the Market-place of this new Town; 80 for each Acre adjoining to the former, and 50 for every other Acre included within the Walls of this Town; in Conſideration whereof this Ground was to belong in Property to the Builders and their Deſcendants for ever, with full Power to diſpoſe of it as they ſhould think fit: That every ſubſtantial Family, which ſettled in this new Town, ſhould alſo be obliged to pay to the Count, as a Sort of Homage or Acknowledgment, two Florins yearly; and the others in Proportion to their Abilities, and two Florins for every *Fouder* of Wine that ſhould be conſumed in each Family: That they might export their Manufactures and other Goods without paying any Impoſt, but that they ſhould pay for Entry to the Cuſtom-houſe of the Count a *Batze*, *i. e.* eighteen Deniers, for every hundred Weight, of whatſoever Merchandiſe, provided it be not prohibited or contreband.

In this Manner was the new Town of *Hanau* built, and peopled by the *Calviniſts* from the *Low Countries*, *i. e.* by the Offspring of thoſe, who flying *Alba*'s Perſecutions, had ſettled at *Francfort*. This new Town proved a great

Hurt

Hurt to the latter, and ought to make the preſent Magiſtracy there afraid, leſt the *Calviniſts*, among them, who are incomparably richer, and more numerous than thoſe ancient ones were, ſhould do them a much greater Miſchief by quitting their Town to go to *Mayence*, and accepting the offer made them by the Elector and his Chapter. 1705. *May* 13. HANAU.

The new Town of *Hanau* was almoſt totally rebuilt, and rendered much more populous in 1698. by a great Number of *French Calviniſts* who fled hither, to have the free Exerciſe of their Religion, together with the Liberty of Commerce, upon the Footing of the original Eſtabliſhment. This Town rebuilt and peopled by the *French* Refugees.

It comes very near to the *Dutch* Towns in Neatneſs. The Houſes here are all built upon a Level; and almoſt all the Streets terminate in a grand Square, which is the Center of the Town, and the Place where the Public Markets are held twice a Week. At each of the four Corners of this Square there is a Well of a tolerable Depth, walled about with red Marble, and adorned with ſome Foliage, and other Works of Iron, on the Top of which is a large Lamp which is lighted every Evening. Theſe Lamps give a great Deal of Light to this Square, and all the adjacent Streets. Deſcription of new *Hanau*.

The Church in which they preach in *Flemiſh*, and that in which they preach in *French*, are but one Edifice, divided by a Wall from Top to Bottom into two ſeparate Apartments. The Gallery in the *French* is very ſpacious, and capable of containing a vaſt Number of People: It is an Amphitheatre, ſupported by twelve Columns of red Stone, upon which the Roof reſts, and the Ceiling is of Stucco, very well adorned. The *Lutherans* have their Churches in the old Town; but though the Count be of that Religion, yet the *Calviniſts* are more numerous, which is not common in the Dominions of *Lutheran* Princes. As to the Catholics they have no Church here, but are obliged to go to a Village, at the Diſtance of a Quarter of a League from *Hanau*, to perform their Devotions. Its Churches.

The Caſtle, which is the ordinary Reſidence of the Count, is likewiſe in the old Town, and tolerably magnificent. It is, as well as the new and old Town, ſituated upon the *Mein*, and very well fortified with Works, faced with Stone ſurrounded with Ditches, which are at all Seaſons full of Water. The little River *Kinſing* waſhes a Part of its Walls before it diſcharges itſelf into the *Mein*. In fine, the Town of *Hanau* generally paſſes for one of the neateſt and moſt regularly built in *Germany*. The Palace.

The Counts of *Hanau* are the richeſt Counts in the Empire, and well able to ſupport the Quality of a Prince, with ſovereign Juriſdiction, from which their Subjects cannot appeal: They have likewiſe the Right of Coining Money ſince the Year 1368; and are allied to the beſt Families in *Germany*. They boaſt that the firſt of the Family who had the Title of Count flouriſhed in the Year 938. being then 92 Years old. This is all I have to ſay of *Hanau*, which once more is as pretty a Town as one can ſee. Power and Dignity of the Counts of *Hanau*.

After Dinner we continued our Journey, and found much better Road. We ſaw, in paſſing, the Town of *Steinheim*, which lies on the other Side of the *Mein*, and belongs to the Elector of *Mayence*. There is a large Caſtle upon an Eminence which entirely commands it. Two Hours after, being arrived oppoſite *Steinheim* and *Seligenſtad*, to the Elector of *Mayence*.

1705. *May* 13. SELIGENSTAD. opposite to *Seligenstad*, in *Latin Salingostadium*, a *Danish* Count, in Company with us, made us stop, telling us there was something we would not be displeased to see in that little Town. Accordingly we left our Berlin on this Side the River, and crossed it in a Boat.

An Abbacy and its Church. The Count conducted us to an Abbey in this Town, and having demanded leave to see the Church, a Monk who came to open it to us shewed us the chief Curiosities. The principal Altar is magnificent, and so are some others. And the Monk would fain have persuaded us that the great Altar-piece was by *Albert Durer*, the *Apelles* of *Germany*. He conducted us next to the Tomb, which is the Curiosity the Count had in View, he having seen it formerly: It is the funeral Monument of the famous *Eginard*, Secretary to the Emperor *Charlemagne*, and of his Spouse *Emma*, Daughter to that Prince, by *Hildegard*, Duchess of *Suabia*. The Monk assured us, that the *Archives* of this Abbey, which was founded by these two Lovers, contain a Relation in *Latin* of their Story. Here is the Substance of it.

Tomb of *Eginard* and *Emma* *Eginard*, whom some call *Enhard*, was a young Man who by his Knowledge merited to be Secretary to the Emperor *Charlemagne*. And being well made and handsome, the Princess *Emma*, the Emperor's Daughter, fell in Love with him, and their Correspondence went to such a Length, that the Father perceiving it, commanded *Eginard* to be put to Death. But having observed his Daughter carrying him out of the Palace on her Back to save him, he pardoned them both, and consented to their Marriage. These Lovers coming to this Country, where *Charlemagne* had given them Lands for their Subsistance, founded this Monastery in the Year 816. *Emma* died the 3d of *August* 820, and was buried here: *Eginard*, after her Death, renounced the World, and became first Abbot of his own Convent, where he wrote several Books. The Attempt of *Emma* to carry her Lover off on her Shoulders, procured her the Name of *Virgo* Ἀνδρόφορος. *Eginard*'s Works testify his Learning. He endowed this Abbacy with some Lands which *Lewis* the *Debonaire*, his Brother-in-Law, had made him a Present of: And the Church he enriched with some Relicks of St. *Peter* and St. *Mark*, which he had ordered to be brought from *Rome*. He made his own Epitaph in 8 *Latin* Verses, which are still to be seen upon his Monument.

Enhardus *fueram Regum qui clarus amore*;
Cui Caroli magni filia nupta fuit.
Quæque sub hoc mecum tumulo concluſa quiescit,
Ad superos donec nos tuba rauca vocet.
Hoc Ego construxi devoto pectore Templum,
Fratribus & largas contuleramus opes.
Corpora Sanctorum summâ tumulatâ sub Arâ,
Congessi, vivo quæ mihi Roma *dedit.*

The good Monk told us likewise, that the present Counts of *Erpach* boast of being descended from these two Lovers. In truth I am much obliged to the *Count*, for without him I should not have seen this remarkable

able Curiosity. Hearing that there was nothing more here, (where a Council was held in 1022, for the Reformation of the Clergy) we crossed the *Rhine* to our Calash, and continued our Journey to *Oostenheim*, where we were sadly entertained and worse lodged. Next Day we set out early and soon arrived at *Aschaffenburg*, after passing through a very fine hunting Country. 1705. *May* 13.

Aschaffinburg, a Town and Castle.

This Town, anciently known by the Name of *Assiburgium*, is likewise situated upon the *Mein* and the *Aschaff*, a little River which empties itself into the other. It is walled, but has nothing considerable in it, besides a fine Bridge of nine Arches. The Castle however is worthy of our Observation. It is a vast square Building of red Stone, flanked by four large Towers with a Platform in the Middle. Over the first Gate, there is an Equestrian Statue of St. *Martin* Patron of the Archbishoprick of *Mayence*, and quite at the top one of *Jesus Christ*, which has lost the right Arm. I don't doubt but they would have taken Care to have repaired a Statue of *Jupiter*, *Mars*, or *Apollo*. After passing through the second Port, we entered into a spacious square-Court of Buildings, three Story high. To the Left there is a Portico of 12 Columns, upon which rests a Terrass railed Breast-high.

The Chapel of the Castle.

From hence we go into a Chapel, the Altar of which is of white Marble, and adorned with Columns of Jasper, and Bas-reliefs representing the History of our Saviour's Passion in several Compartiments, with a large Crucifix of white Marble at the Top. On each Side of the Altar, there is a fine Statue of the same Marble, big as Life: One of St. *Martin* cutting off a Part of his Cloak to cover the Nakedness of a poor Beggar. The other of one St. *Wichard* Archbishop of *Mayence*. The Pulpit is also of white Marble, and adorned with Statues of *Jesus Christ*, St. *Peter*, St. *Paul*, the four *Evangelists*, and the four Doctors of the Church, St. *Jerom*, St. *Ambrosius*, St. *Gregory*, St. *Augustin*, all of very fine Sculpture: In the four Niches of the Pedestal supporting this Pulpit, are Statues of *Moses*, *David*, *Isaiah*, and *Daniel*.

The great Church.

Having begged Leave of the Prince of *Baden*, who lives in this Castle, to wait on him; but he excused himself in a Manner not very polite, and so we could not see his House. The Apartments, they say, are spacious and richly furnished. To make up this Loss, we went to see the great Church dedicated to St. *Peter*, where there are two Altars adorned with excellent Sculptures; one representing *Jesus Christ* crucified, and St. *John*; the other the Adoration of the *Magi*. Here I had Occasion to observe, that the Gentlemen Sculptors think themselves privileged, as well as the Painters and Poets, to commit the greatest Impertinences. The Author of this Piece, though very skillful in his Profession, was guilty of a very great one; for whereas the good King *Gaspard* ordinarily offers, in Pictures, a large golden Cup to the Infant *Jesus*, this extravagant Sculptor, by his ridiculous Fancy, and perhaps to distinguish himself by the odd Conceit, has given this Prince nothing in his Hand but a Christmas-box, into which the Infant is going to put through the Chink a little Piece of Silver, about the Size of a sixpenny Piece *English*, which he holds between his Fore-finger and his Thumb.

Impertinent Conceit of a Sculptor.

Here

1705. *May* 13. Aschaffenbourg. A more odd one still of a Painter.

Here is another Caprice of a Painter ſtill more ridiculous. Againſt a Pillar in the ſame Church, to the left, there is a little Picture repreſenting *Jeſus Chriſt* ſcourged, and all in Blood: he is ſitting upon a Joint-ſtool, and the good Man *Joſeph* ſupports him behind, for Fear he ſhould fall into a Swoon: The Virgin *Mary* is at his Feet all in Tears, and embraces his Thigh; the beloved Diſciple takes him under the Arm, and will needs force him to riſe. Is not this an *Ecce Homo*, in a very groteſque Taſte? Thoſe who have made two Siſters of Painting and Poetry, have not judged ill.

Namque unum ſectantur iter, & inania rerum
Somnia concipiunt & Homerus, & acer Apelles.

The Sacrifice of *Abraham*, comically repreſented by an *Italian* Painter.

This *Ecce Homo* puts me in Mind of a droll Fancy of an *Italian* Painter, well ſkilled in his Art, who was forced to think of ſome very out-of-the way Thing to humour the Duke *d'Urbin*, who would have him to paint the Sacrifice of *Abraham* in quite a new Way, with not one Figure, *Iſaac*, *Abraham*, and the Angel excepted, or any one Circumſtance that had ever been put into this Story by former Painters. The Artiſt did not know what to do, but obey he muſt. At laſt he thought of this Whim, and accordingly executed the Picture in this Manner, which not a little ſurpriſed the Duke and all his Court when they ſaw it, and made them very merry. The Painter had rooſted poor *Iſaac* at the Top of a Tree. The Father of the Faithful at a conſiderable Diſtance, takes his Aim at him with a long Fowling-piece. But how prevent his killing him? The Painter had taken care of that. An Angel deſcends from Heaven, and piſſes in the Pan to wet the Priming, and ſo the Gun miſgives. *Abraham* primes afreſh, but kills, inſtead of his Son, a large Owl, who had perched upon the Tree. What ſay you of this Invention?

Tomb of *Otho*, D. of *Saxony*.

In the Quire of this Church, which is Collegiate, there is the Tomb of its Founder, named in the Epitaph *Otho* Duke of *Saxony*, Brother to the Emperor *Otho* II. who died 982. Theſe two *Leonine* Verſes are an Admonition to the Reader.

Cùm tumulum cernis, cur non mortalia ſpernis?
Tali namque Domo clauditur omnis Homo?

The Stone-cutter muſt certainly have miſtaken the Name of the Perſon who is interred here. *Otho* the Great had but two Male-children by his firſt Wife *Edith*, Daughter to *Edward*, King of *England*, *viz.* *Ludolphus*, Duke of *Suabia*, and *William* Archbiſhop of *Mayence*; and by his ſecond *Adelaide*, the Widow of *Lotharius*, King of *Italy*, he had *Henry*, Duke of *Bavaria*, *Bruno*, Duke of *Saxony*, and *Otho* II. who ſucceeded him in the Empire; and therefore it muſt be this *Bruno*, and not *Otho*, Brother of the Emperor *Otho* II. who founded the great Church at *Aſchaffenburg*, or elſe *Hugo*, Duke of *Saxony*, Brother to *Otho* III.

Other Tombs.

Beſides this Tomb, there is likewiſe that of *Theodoric* of *Erbach*, Archbiſhop of *Mayence*, who died 1459; that of *Albert* of *Brandeburg*, likewiſe

Archbiſhop of *Mayence*, and Biſhop of *Magdeburg* and *Halberſtad*, the great Perſecutor of *Luther*, who died in 1545. Their Epitaphs are long, and not worth the copying: But that of the Count of *Homburg*, who died in 1573. appeared to me not undeſerving the taking Notice of. His Statue, compleatly armed, and holding the General's Battoon in his Hand is tolerably good. Under it are the ſix following Lines. 1705. *May* 13.

Account of *Homburg*'s Epitaph.

Decipimur votis, & tempore fallimur, omnes
Mors *ridet curas, anxia vita nihil.*
Invcni portum, Spes & Fortuna *valete*;
Nil mihi vobiſcum, ludite nunc alios.
Eccè vides, Lector, mihi quæ Sors *obtulit, illa*
Cùm minimè credas, te quoque Fata *manent.*

A Council held there for the Reformation of the Clergy

Here is all that is curious at *Aſchaffenburg*, which belongs to the Elector of *Mayence*, who ſometimes reſides there. A Council was held there in 1292. to regulate the eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline, and for the Reformation of the Clergy. Churchmen in former Times muſt have been very wicked and worthleſs: I don't ſay all of them, but the greater Number; ſeeing ſo many Councils have been held ſince the firſt of *Nice* under *Conſtantine* the Great, to that of *Trent*, and from that Time to the Council of *Bourdeaux*, aſſembled in 1624. by the Cardinal *de Sourdis*, Archbiſhop there; more than one half of which were chiefly called for the Settlement of Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline, and Reformation of the depraved Manners of the Clergy: Scarcely had any one Council made Regulations for that Purpoſe, when the debauched Eccleſiaſtics, returning like the Dogs to their Vomit, obliged the Church to aſſemble a new one to remedy their ſcandalous Irregularities.

Part of the *Black Foreſt*.

We left *Aſchaffenburg* about ten in the Morning; and about a full League from hence we began to enter into the Foreſt, which is here called *Speſſhart-Waldt*: It was Part of the dreadful *Saltus Hercinius*, which extended formerly thro' two thirds of *Germany*, now called the *Black Foreſt*: A Name very proper for it, ſince in the Part of it thro' which we paſſed, the Trees are ſo thick and cloſe, even on the great Roads, that two Men, with our Coachman, and ſometimes our Servants, were obliged to cut them down in ſeveral Places with Hatchets to facilitate our Paſſage. We were obliged at different Times to walk more than four or five Leagues o' Foot in this Foreſt, on account of the Precipices and bad Roads. At laſt we got clear of it, and gained a Village called *Eſſelbach*. Next Day we continued our Journey towards *Wirtſburg*, and three Hours after ſetting out we croſſed the *Mein* at *Langenfeld*, a ſmall Town upon that River, a little above *Wertheim*, the Capital of the County of that Name, ſituated upon the *Tauber*: Oppoſite to it upon an Eminence, from which one has a View of a very fine Country, there is a magnificent Convent of *Auguſtines*, which has, as we were aſſured, 50000 Crowns Income tho' they are not above five and twenty in Number. The Superfluities of theſe well fledged Fathers would give plentiful Bread to

1705. *May* 13. many poor Families, who by their Induſtry are of much more real Uſe in the World.

Remlingen, and its Church. About Mid-day we arrived at a ſmall Town called *Remlingen*, belonging to the Count of *Caſtel*, who boaſts in his Titles that his Family is as old as the Empire, and one of the firſt in *Franconia*. He is Catholic, but all the Inhabitants of this Town are *Lutherans*. We took a ſhort Walk before Dinner thro' the Town, where there is nothing worth Notice, but a Church, with a large Crucifix on the Altar, and three gilded Statues of the Virgin, St. *George*, and St. *Agnes*, as is uſual in all the *Lutheran* Churches throughout *Germany*; ſo that the *Roman* Catholics are not the only Religioniſts who outdo the ancient *Pagans* in Statues and Images. The latter generally contented themſelves with placing one Statue in a Temple, namely, that of the Deity to which it was dedicated.

A *Lutheran* Baptiſm. When we were coming out of this Church, we met the Miniſter in a long Gown and Surplice, attended by a young beardleſs Fellow about 18. who was come to preſent his Child to Baptiſm. This young Father was accompanied with a long Train of Wives and Maids marching two and two; all of them with Ruffs about their Necks, and little Jackets tied very tight about the Haunches, and long Cloaks of black Crape, extremely plaited, and hanging down to their Heels. The Miniſter having prepared himſelf for making a young Chriſtian, begun the Ceremony, by commanding the Devil to get out of the Child, in caſe he was lodged there; and Maſter *Satan* not anſwering a Word, the Reverend Doctor took it for granted that he was duly and fully diſlodged. Therefore he proceeded to read the Decalogue, and the Apoſtle's Creed, and making proper Pauſes to aſk this poor Infant about two Days old, *if ſhe believed all that?* To which the Father, who was likewiſe Sponſor, anſwered, *Yes*. Then the Child was pulled out of two little Blankets, in which ſhe was well wrapped, and having taken off her Biggin, the Miniſter refreſhed her heartily with pouring, not upon her Fore, but Hind-head, a full Pint of Water. This Refreſhment, too copious by three fourths, ran down the Child's Neck and Shoulders, and made her ſqual with all her Strength.

I own I never was witneſs to ſuch a Way of adminiſtering Baptiſm, and our *Daniſh* Count aſſured us, that he had never ſeen ſuch a Ceremony before. After this plentiful watering, the Child was wrapped up again in its Equipage; and the Doctor coming up to the downy-bearded Father congratulated him with a Smile upon his Fatherſhip, and then ſtretching out his Hand, like the Beggars, the young Man put a Teſton into it, and made a humble Bow, and the Company went off in the ſame Order they came.

After Noon we went on towards *Wirtzburg*, and paſſed thro' a beautiful Country, abounding with Corn and Vines, and ſaw ſeveral Towns, Villages, and Convents on each Side of the *Mein*, as we coaſted along this River, which made a charming Landſkip. In the Evening we arrived at the propoſed Place.

CHAP.

1705. *May* 13.

CHAP. XXIV.

Wirtzburg, *a Biſhoprick. The Cathedral. Tombs in it. Its Treaſury. The Church of St.* Killian. *The Hiſtory of the three Apoſtles of* Franconia. *St.* Killian, *St.* Colonat, *and St.* Totnam. *The Univerſity.*

WIRTZBURG, upon the *Mein*, a Biſhoprick.

FIRST of all we walked through all that Part of this Town which is on the left Side of the *Mein*, and below the Citadel. Then we croſſed the River once more, upon a Stone Bridge of 8 Arches which leads to the other Side of the Town, the fineſt and largeſt Part of it: At the Entry to the Bridge there is a triumphal Arch of hewn Stone, with two Statues of *Pallas* in Niches on the Out-ſide, and two of *Mars* in Niches within. It would have been better methinks, to have paired them one with the other.

The Bridge.

The Cathedral.

The Cathedral is an ancient *Gothic* Building, without any Ornament but four high Steeples ending in Points, two to each Front. The Inſide of this Church has been lately repaired, and the Vault is ſupported by 20 ſtrong Pillars, which make two Porticoes, the Cielings of which are of Stucco, and divided into Compartiments. At each Pillar there is an Altar ſculptured, and adorned with gilded Columns, dedicated to ſome Saint. The Pictures on them are tolerably good, and many gilded Statues about them make a yet finer Ornament. Among the Paintings I remarked one repreſenting St. *Laurence*, holding a Gridiron in his Hand, with this Inſcription.

Picture of St. *Laurence* and Remark upon its Inſcription.

Cultui & Invocationi S. Laurentii Martyris glorioſi,
In igne probati, ſine labe inventi.
Singularis adverſus fulmen & incendia Patroni.
Altare hoc dedicavit Capitulum Cathed. An. M.DC.LXXXVI.

Theſe Words *Cultui & invocationi*, don't they ſeem to give the Lie to a Book of the Biſhop of *Meaux*, and to many other Doctors of the *Romiſh* Church, who maintain boldly, that Papiſts render only a Sort of Veneration to the Images of the Saints?

Further Deſcription of the Church.

Between the Corniſhes and the Arches of the Porticoes, there are on each Side ten large Borders, ſome ſquare, others round, and ſome Octagonal, each of which is ſupported by two Angels as big as Life; all of them in different Attitudes. Our Conductors told us, that on their Borders is to be painted the whole Hiſtory of our Saviour's Paſſion. The Cieling is likewiſe ſeparated into three grand Compartiments, in which are to be painted ſome other Scripture Hiſtories. All the Spaces between the Borders and the Compartiments, are already filled with Statues, Feſtoons, Foliages, and other Ornaments in Relievo.

Several Tombs.

Againſt the Pillars which ſupport the Roof, there are ſeveral Statues of Biſhops of *Wirtzburg*, with their Tombs, and ſome Inſcription not worth

1705. *May* 13. WIRTZBERG.

mentioning. One of the moſt remarkable is that of the Biſhop *Melchior Zobel*, who after having gained three Battles againſt the Marquis of *Brandeburg*, was killed, together with two young Lords who attended him, in 1558. by ſome Soldiers of the ſame Marquis who lay in Ambuſcade, when the brave Biſhop was going up from the Town to the Citadel. His Statue is on its Knees at the Feet of Jeſus Chriſt, has a Mitre on its Head, a Croſier in its Hand, and a Sword under its left Arm. The Manner in which he was killed is repreſented in Bas-relief upon one Side of his Monument.

That of a Warlike Biſhop.

Ce Prélat, dit l'Hiſtoire, étoit d'une humeur fiére;
Hargneux, d'un Eſprit vif, grand Clerc, & grand Guerrier:
Mais il eût bien mieux fait de dire ſon Bréviaire,
Que s'expoſer au feu comme un Avanturier.

Here is the Epitaph of another Warrior, but who was ſuch by Profeſſion, and not an Eccleſiaſtic, like this fiery Biſhop *Zobel*: A brave Captain named *Richard Fox* born here, who after many bold Exploits in the Service of Duke *Albert* of *Saxony*, was at laſt killed in a bloody Fight and buried in this Cathedral of his native Country. His Epitaph is level with the Ground, and much worn out. I ſhould not have given myſelf the Trouble of decyphering, much leſs of tranſcribing it, were it not very particular, both in reſpect of the *Latin* in which it is compoſed, and of the ſwaggering Rodomontado's it contains. Here it is.

Of one *Fox* alſo a great Warrior.

His ſingular Epitaph.

En me Franconia Nithardum vulpis alumna,
Herbipoli quondam fovit in urbe potens.
Martis eram Decus, ac Equitum Peditumque Magiſter,
Magnus & immenſi Belliger Orbis eram.
Innumeros domui Populos, Villagia, & Urbes;
Acer & armipotens alter Achilles Ego.
Indomitos Suevos gladio vibrante ſubegi,
Indomitoque jugo ſubſtravi Friſiones.

The *Thraſo*, or vain-glorious Soldier in *Plautus*, does not ſpeak in half ſo bragging Stile as this bravado Captain in his Epitaph.

Of the Famous *James Bawer*, a great Captain, and his Hiſtory.

There is likewiſe in this Cathedral the Tomb of another Heroe; the Famous *James Bawer*, Son to a ſimple Peaſant by Name and in Reality (for in the *German* Language *Bawer* ſignifies *Peaſant.*) He having paſſed through all the Degrees of military Employments, came at laſt to be Generaliſſimo of the Troops of the Biſhop of *Wirtzburg*, which then amounted to ten or twelve thouſand Men. This brave Man having occaſioned much talking of him during the War of *Bohemia*, joined the Count *de Tilly*, General of the Emperor *Ferdinand* the Second's Army. They attacked together, the celebrated Count *de Mansfeld*, who commanded the Troops of *Frederic* V. Elector *Palatin* and King of *Bohemia*. The Battle was deſperately bloody: It happened near the little Town of *Hezeldorf* in the higher *Palatinate*, the 14th of

July

July 1621. There the brave *Baiver* was killed by a Muſket-ſhot through his Head, with a good Number of the beſt Officers in the Imperial Army. The Count of *Mansfeld* was likewiſe wounded, and loſt a great Number of brave Men. 1705. *May* 16. WIRTZBURG.

The Pulpit is of white Marble, and ornamented with the Hiſtory of our Lord's Sufferings in Bas-relief and other Sculptures with Riglets of Gold-leaf drawn over them of a fine Taſte and extremely delicate Workmanſhip. The Pedeſtal ſupporting it, is adorned with 8 fine Statues of the four Evangeliſts, and the four Doctors of the Church; all incloſed within an Iron Balliſter, which is very neatly wrought; and the Chancel is filled with Benches carved and gilded. On the two Sides of the Quire are two large Corners, in which are two magnificent Altars, with Pillars of black Marble and a good deal of Gilding: One is dedicated to St. *Joſeph* Spouſe to the *Virgin Mary*, and to one St. *John Nepomucene*; the other to St. *Philip* and St. *Cunibert*: No doubt you know the two Saints who lived 1700 Years ago, much better than you do the two Modern ones. One of our Guides well verſed in the Legends, informed us that they were both regular Canons of St. *Auguſtin*, and that they performed an infinity of Miracles. The Statues of theſe four Saints, bigger than the Life, are at the Sides of theſe two Altars, with thoſe of two Angels of the ſame Size; all of them richly gilded. The Pictures on the Altars repreſent, one of them an *Ecce Homo*, and the other old *Simeon*, holding the Babe *Jeſus* in his Arms. They are both done by a Painter of this Town named *Ooſtwaldus Onghers*, whom they boaſt of here, as the moſt famous modern Painter in *Germany*; and we were told that theſe two Altars coſt vaſt Sums to the Barons of *Guttemberg* and *Stadian*, the one Grand-Provoſt, and the other Dean of this Cathedral. The Quire of this Church is well enlightned, and there are in it two Rows of very fine gilded and ſculptured Benches for the Canons. The chief Altar is a magnificent Dome, and richly adorned with Sculpture and Gilding. It is ſupported by four large Columns of black Marble with white Veins, the Baſes and Chapiters of which are gilded as well as the Corniſh and Feſtoons. Between theſe Columns are five grand Buſts gilded, one of the *Virgin Mary*, another of St. *Andrew*, and the three others are St. *Killian*, St. *Colonat* and St. *Totnam*, called here, the Apoſtles of *Franconia*; I will let you know theſe Gentlemen in due Time and Place, when I am ſomewhat more familiar with them.

The Pulpit and Altars very Magnific.nt.

They ſhewed us the Treaſure in the Veſtry; but I ſhall only mention what we thought moſt remarkable in it. Firſt of all a large golden Croſs enriched with a vaſt Quantity of Diamonds, in which is inchaſed a Bit of our Saviour's real Croſs. Another Croſs of Gold very maſſy, and garniſhed with very large Sapphires, Rubies and Emeralds. A large Chalice alſo of ſolid Gold, adorned with Diamonds. Five Buſts of ſolid Silver, very heavy and gilded, repreſenting the *Virgin Mary*, St. *Andrew*, and the three Apoſtles of *Franconia*; the Heads of the three laſt are encloſed within their Buſts. The *Virgin* holds the Infant *Jeſus*; St. *Andrew* his Croſs; St. *Killian* a Sword; St. *Colonat* a Chalice and a Palm-branch; and St. *Totnam* a Branch of Palm and a Book. Theſe Five Buſts muſt have coſt a conſiderable Sum; for beſides that they are

The Treaſure and its Riches.

1705. *May* 16. WIRTZBURG. massy, richly gilded, and of exquisite Workmanship, the least of them is between five and six Feet in height.

A curious Manuscript. The Piece which is most esteemed in this Treasure, is a Manuscript in *Quarto* upon Vellum, in half *Gothic* Characters. They pretend, that it is the Manual of St. *Killian*, which, according to the Legend of this Saint, must be near 1200 years old. But, depend upon it, it wants more than one Half of that Age; however, this Manual has been very much used, for 'tis exceeding nasty within and without. This is what is most remarkable in this Cathedral. We were assured by our Guides, that it was soon to be repaired without, as it has lately been within, and that it will be one of the most beautiful Cathedrals in *Germany*, and particularly, that the Gate they design to make to each Front will be very magnificent.

The Chapter. To this Cathedral belongs a Chapter, consisting of 54 Canons, 24 of whom have the Right of Suffrage, and are called *Capitulars*; the other 30 are called *Domiciliars*; but their Income, which is 3000 *German* Crowns, is equal. And here none is admitted who cannot shew good Proofs of Nobility for four Generations, both on Father and Mother's Side.

The Church of St. *Killian* To Day we visited the Church of St. *Killian*, which is dedicated to that Saint. It is Collegiate, and by Consequence has Canons. One of these Gentlemen being then performing the Service, we waited till it was over: And then our Conductor having presented us to him, and intimated our Desire to be instructed in the History of the Apostles of *Franconia*, this obliging Canon condescended to give it us to this purpose, which he told us was but an Abridgment of what is contained in the *Chronicum Franconiæ*, by *Harcmannus*.

History of the three Apostles of *Franconia*. St. *Killian*, (a Name which I suspect to be a Corruption of *William*) St. *Colonat* and St. *Totnam* were three poor *Scotch* Gentlemen, whom God had inspired above 1200 Years ago with an Inclination to go to preach the Gospel in *Franconia*, a Country more fertile, in every Thing, especially in Wine, than their own. Having gone through an Infinity of Perils, they at last accomplished their End, so far as to convert the Duke of *Franconia*, one of the Descendants of *Marcomirus* Brother to *Pharamond*. His whole Court followed his Example, the Duchess only excepted, whom there was no possible Way of reconciling to the Christian Mysteries. In short, she would not renounce her Idols. She was Woman in this, as well as other Things, that is, very obstinate.

They are assassinated Some time after his Conversion, the Duke, who loved St. *Killian* so much that he had made him Bishop of *Wirtzburg*, was obliged to go to War against the *Saxons*, who ravaged his Frontiers. He particularly recommended this good Saint and his two Companions to the Duchess; and before he mounted his Horse embraced them with such Marks of Affection, that his Consort, who inwardly hated them, was enraged in the highest Degree. She therefore sought Means of ridding herself of them; and the Duke was no sooner gone, than she prevailed so far upon the Cook and two Grooms, by Bribes and Promises, that they strangled them in the Stable, now

the Chapel; and threw their Bodies into a Well where they lay for many Ages without corrupting. 1705. *May* 17.

Their Legend says, that the Murderers did not long escape unpunished. When the Duke returned to *Wirtzburg*, and could not find his dear Friends, he would know what was become of them, and for that Reason examined all his Servants one after another. He knew very well how the Duchess hated them; *Notumque furens quod Fœmina posſit:* The Assassins varied, as it commonly happens among Villains, in their Answers: They swore and cursed themselves in the most terrible Manner, that they knew nothing of the Matter. The Cook in particular, wished the Devil might run away with him, if he had so much as seen the Bishop and his Compatriots since his Highness's Departure. After all these Perjuries, Master Cook returned into his Kitchen, under Pretence of taking Care of the Dinner; but it was the last he ever cooked: For *Asmodeus*, or Prince *Beelzebub*, took him by the Hair, when he was remounting his Jack, dragg'd him out through the narrowest Cranny in the Kitchen, as Silver is drawn through in a Wire-drawing Machine, carried him off, and he was never heard of again.

WIRTZBURG. The Murderers miraculously discovered and punished.

Pour Messieurs les deux Palfreniers
Plus cruels que des Boucaniers,
Exempts ne furent de la peine:
La Dague du premier sortit de son Etui,
Et plus vite qu'un trait se dardant contre lui,
Vous lui transperça la Bedaine.
Pour l'autre, dans le temps qu'il vouloit se moucher,
L'on vit de son poignet sa main se détâcher,
Se fourrer dans sa gueule, étrangler le Faussaire,
Sans qu'il pût jamais s'écrier.
Ainsi ces Scélerats reçeurent le Salaire
De Parjure & de Meurtrier.

What have you to say against these Miracles? For my own Part, they appear to me so much the more credible, that they were not performed till these three Saints were Dead, and could have no Hand in them, but had left it to God to take Vengeance on their wicked Assassins. The only Thing you can object is, that the miraculous Punishment did not extend to the Duchess, though she had deserved the rudest Chastisement, as being the chief Cause of the Death of the Good Saints, *Killian*, *Colonat* and *Totnam*. Remarks upon this Legend.

The Church dedicated to them, is nothing but an old *Gothic* Building, and very dark. Upon the Wall of the Chapel, which was anciently the Stable in which they were strangled, is painted the History of this Assassination, with these *Latin* Verses below. The Church described.

1705. *May* 17. WIRTZBURG.

Hi ſunt Herbipolis, qui te docuere Magiſtri
Quâ verum coleres Relligione Deum.
Impia quos tandem juſſit Geilana *necari*
Celavitque ſub hunc corpora cæſa locum.
Ne turpi, ſinè laude, ſitu defoſſa jacerent
Corpora, Burchardus *ſub monumenta locat.*

This *Burchard*, who drew them many Years after their Death out of the naſty Well into which the Murderers had thrown them, was likewiſe a holy Man, and Biſhop of *Wirtzburg*. You ſee likewiſe by theſe Verſes, that the Name of this cruel Ducheſs is come to us through ſo many Ages, though that of her Huſband be not preſerved; ſo true is it, that Men ſeldom or never forget the Name of a wicked Woman; witneſs *Medea*, *Helena*, *Clytemneſtra*, *Jezebel*, *Athalia*, *Tullia*, *Agrippina*, and a Thouſand more. There is a very old Piece of Tapiſtry in this ſame Chapel containing the principal Paſſages in the Lives of the three Apoſtles of *Franconia*. Upon the Altar of the ſame Chapel are their Statues gilt, with this Inſcription.

Verè locus iſte ſanctus eſt, in quo viri Sancti ac Martyres Dei
Killianus, Colonatus, & Totnamus, Apoſtoli & Patroni Franciæ
Orientalis, à Chriſto ſunt excitati ad pugnam, confortati ad Victoriam,
Evocati ad Palmam. Quorum Corpora hîc in pace ſepulta ſunt.

The obliging Canon who ſhewed us all this, was likewiſe pleaſed to take the Trouble of conducting us into an ugly dark ſubterraneous Place, which he told us, was, before the Church was built, the Kitchen of the Palace whence Satan drag'd the Cook through a Cranny, which ſtill ſubſiſts, and this Particular ſets the Truth of the Fact beyond all Controverſy.

Miraculous Statue of St. *Anne*

In coming out from hence, I obſerved againſt the Wall of the Chapel, a miraculous Statue of St. *Anne*, Mother to the *Virgin Mary*. The good Dame holds her Daughter on her Knee who appears to be about ſix Years Old, yet ſhe is a Mother at that Age, for the Painter has put the Infant *Jeſus* in her Arms like a Doll. This Statue is wonderfully aſſiſtant to Women in Travel, if they have Recourſe to it. It is of Stone, and the Sculptor who made it, was extremely pleaſed with his Workmanſhip, for he put his Name upon it with the Date, which is 1414.

Whimſical Repreſentation of Chriſt's Deſcent from the Croſs.

Here is likewiſe another Piece of Antiquity, which repreſents the Deſcent from the Croſs in a very pleaſant Manner. *Joſeph* of *Arimathea* holds *Jeſus Chriſt* by the Waiſt: One of his Arms looſened from the Croſs, falls upon the Neck of the *Virgin Mary*. A jolly young Smith with a Leather Apron, exerts all his Strength with Pinchers three Foot long to pull out the Nails which faſten our Lord's Feet to the Croſs, and ſeems to be very angry that he can't obtain his End. The well-beloved Diſciple, with his Right-hand under his Chin and a Prayer-book in the other, looks attentively at the Smith, and

and weeps bitterly. In fine, this Church, old as it is, is called *Newmunſter*, *i. e.* new Church. It is Collegiate, and has 24 Canons, 16 of which have Suffrages, and the others not. 1705. *May* 17. WIRTZBURG.

At laſt we arrived at the Univerſity, founded by *Charlemagne*, which with the Seminary makes but one Edifice. In the Church, in common to both, there are two fine Galleries, the one over the other. The principal Altar is magnificent, being adorned with ſeveral Statues of Stucco-work, which looks like *Porphyry*. There are four Profeſſors of Theology in this Univerſity, and three of Philoſophy, all *Jeſuits*; four of Law, three of whom are Laicks, and the fourth an Eccleſiaſtick, who is for the Canon Law: There are beſides two Supernumeraries and a Rector; but no Library, which is pretty ſingular. The Seminary is founded for 40 Eccleſiaſticks, who ſwear at their Entry into it, never to accept of any Benefice but Cures of Souls, and in the Dioceſe of *Wirtzburg*. The Univerſity

I wiſh you would take it in your Head to tell me that the Prieſts of your Church of *England* do the ſame: Oh, how I could confound you! But as zealous as you are for the Clergy, you know I am too well acquainted with *England* to be ſo put upon. How many have I known who ſnap at Benefices from all Quarters, and are continually upon the Hunt for more, that they may the better *indulgere genio*, take their Swing in every Kind of Luxury; while a poor Vicar, with a very ſcanty Maintenance, has all the Care and Drudgery of feeding their Flocks. Yet amongſt you theſe real Simoniacs and Epicuriſh fat-gutted Hogs, are reckoned as Paſtors. I can't however help regarding them as Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing, and as ſuch I moſt heartily contemn them: But, on the other Hand, I ſincerely eſteem and honour thoſe true Paſtors, who *well* deſerve the Name, and conſcientiouſly acquit themſelves of their important Duties of teaching and exemplifying the Virtues by which Society proſpers. For doing good on Earth, is the ſure Way to Heaven. A Reflexion on the Avarice of the *Engliſh* Clergy.

Over and above theſe forty Eccleſiaſticks, there is the ſame Number of Gentlemen Penſionaries maintain'd in this Seminary: But they muſt all be Natives of *Franconia*. They are educated from their youngeſt Years to ſerve in the Troops of the Prince, or in political Employments, every one agreeable to his Genius and Capacity: an excellent Inſtitution and worthy of Imitation; Education being rarely calculated to produce any thing but mere Scholars, and very ſeldom adapted to qualify, for the World, and uſeful Buſineſs. Gentlemen educated in this Seminary.

1705.
May 18.

WIRTZ-BURG.

CHAP. XXV.

Wirtzbourg. *The new Church. That of the* Auguſtines. *Its Curioſities. Four miraculous Saints. An Anecdote on this Occaſion. The Jeſuit's Church. They pretend to be poor here. A conſiderable Abbacy of* Benedictins. *A droll Hiſtory of a* Scotch *Abbot.*

The new Church.

TRAVELLERS are ſeldom accuſed of being too devout; thoſe who go in Pilgrimage have more than their Share of Devotion: Yet ſince we have been at *Wirtzbourg* we have done nothing but go from Church to Church; and here is another Day that has been entirely employed in the ſame Way. The new Church here, dedicated to St. *John* the Baptiſt, is pretty, but ſmall. It is built of Hewn-ſtone, and its Face is very handſome: In the Middle of the Vault is a Dome very high and well-enlightened, andunderneath are the Statues of *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Virgin *Mary*, and the four Evangeliſts. All is carved and gilt in this Church, the Pulpit, the Organs, thirteen Altars, including the principal one, of which the large fluted Pillars and Pilaſters are gilt from Top to Bottom, as well as the Statues of the twelve Apoſtles big as Life, which are ranged between theſe Pillars. The Altar-piece, which repreſents the Aſſumption of the Virgin, is done by their famous *Onghers*. The Benches for the Canons are alſo gilt: For it is a Collegiate Church, that has as many Canons as St. *Killian*, *i. e.* 24. In ſhort there can't be more gilding in ſo narrow a Compaſs.

The Church of the *Auguſtines*, and ſeveral Saints worſhipped there.

I ſhall not trouble you with a particular Detail of all we have ſeen to Day I ſhall only tell you, that in the Church of the *Auguſtines* I found ſome Saints, the Legends concerning whom are very curious. The firſt is a *Gaſcoon* Saint from *Niſmes*, whom the *Parpaillots* of *France* * put to Death in a very barbarous Manner, as the Inſcription under his Picture informs us.

Beatus Andreas Quartre-bras, Nemauſi in Gallia,
Sæviente Calviniſtarum Tyrannide, præcisâ linguâ,
Manibus, pelleque detractâ, martyrii palmam accepit.

St. *Quatre Bras.*

You ſee by this Example of Cruelty that the *Calviniſts* have not been always ſo human as they pretend, ſince they have in this Inſtance ſurpaſſed the Barbarity of the *Pagans* towards St. *Bartholomew*. This poor Martyr *Quatre-bras* is a hideous Sight. The Painter has repreſented him all over Blood, his Veins and Muſcles ſtead, with his Skin hanging over his Arm, like an Ameſs, probably to ſhew that he had been a Canon-regular of St. *Auguſtin*. You will tell me, to exculpate your *Hugenots* of *France*, that had this Story been true, the *Grands* and *Petits Auguſtins* at *Paris*, and throughout that whole Kingdom, would not have failed to have repreſented it in all their Churches, to perpetuate the Memory of ſo cruel a Proteſtant-deed, eſpecially

* A Nickname of the Proteſtants in that Kingdom.

ſince

since it was perpetrated in *France*. And you are in the right to deny the Fact. Every Action that reflects so terribly on Mankind should be denied as long as one can. 1705. *May* 18. WIRTZBURG.

The second was an *Italian* Monk of *Sienna*, who was cured by *Jesus Christ* himself of a violent Itch to quit his Frock. He is represented at the Feet of our Saviour, in the Garden of the Convent from which he would gladly have enfranchised himself. Here is the Legend.

Beatus Joannes Guiccius Senensis, Novitius, tædio
Monasticæ Disciplinæ clam se subducens, à Christo in horto
revocatus, vitam Miraculis claram finivit.

But you know our Saviour did not always cure this Disease, and remove the Inclination Monks had to forsake their Order and Habit (neither in *England*, nor elsewhere) for the Sex's Sake. How many have become Protestants to have freer Correspondence with the Ladies?

The third Saint is likewise an *Italian*, and a very famous and well known one. It is the great *Nicholas de Tollentin*, who has worked so many Miracles, of which none but such Unbelievers as yourself doubt. The most marvellous one in my Opinion of all he performed was at *Grenoble*, the Capital of *Dauphine*. There an Infant fell by chance into a large Cauldron of boiling Water; and tho' he was boiled into Bits, the good St. *Nicolas* gathered all the Fragments, and put them together again, as dexterously as *Jupiter* did those of the little *Pelops*. So the Legend assures us. St. *Nicolas de Tollentin* and his Miracles.

S. Nicolaus Tollentinas Gratianopoli in Gallia
Infantem in Lebetem fervent em lapsum & decoctum,
coartuat, & ad vitam revocat.

This you must own was a Miracle, surpassing all the Arts of Legerdemain, and all the marvellous Ointments of Mountebanks, said to have performed wonderful Restorations from the Dead. Yet here is another no less famous and marvellous one.

In the great Altar-piece there is painted a Procession of a Number of People with Wax-tapers in their Hands. And among many Statues, of Saints and Sainteſſes, that were carried about in it, was that of St. *Nicolas* of *Tollentin*. And this Statue, when it came to the Corner of a Street where there was a large Crucifix, stopping to make a Reverence, *Jesus Christ* unnailed his two Arms, and embraced his dear Friend, upon which the Saint fell on his Knees to give thanks for this extraordinary Honour. All the Spectators in the Picture appear so affected with this Miracle, that they seem to weep with Joy and Heart-melting. If you doubt, I will send you to the Legend of this *Sanctus Nicolaus Tollentinus*, where you will see these Miracles attested as true, with all the Forms and Vouchers of traditional Evidence. This Saint greatly favoured by *Jesus Christ*.

1705. *May* 18. But here is another yet of far greater Moment, ſince it proves *Tranſubſtantiation* beyond all Poſſibility of Denial: Thus runs the Legend.

WIRTZBURG. A comical Proof of Tranſubſtantiation

Sanctus Johannes Sahaguntinus Sacrafaciens,
Chriſtum Dominum in propria ſpecie preſentem
ſemper intueri ſolitus.———

If you tell me that I ought to be better acquainted with the Rodomantados of the *Spaniards*, after having made ſo long a Stay among them; I will anſwer, that there is no Fanfararade in this Caſe. We ſee in the Picture repreſenting this Myſtery the Infant *Jeſus* coming out of the Chalice, wherein was a conſecrated Wafer, holding a ſmall red Croſs in one Hand, and taking the good *Dom Juan* with the other by one of his Muſtaches, and kiſſing his Mouth. Now is not this a deciſive Proof of Tranſubſtantiation? And may not I ſay on this Occaſion what the learned Jeſuite Father *Hardouin* ſays on ſo many? *Sic jubeo legi.*

Digreſſion containing ſeveral pleaſant Stories.

This Tranſubſtantiation put me in Mind of a Knight of *Calatrava* named *Dom Lewis* of *Alvis*, a Native of *Biſcay*, a Man of Wit, who had travelled a good Deal, (which is not common among the *Spaniards*,) and was a little incredulous as you are. He told me ſeveral Things in *Spain*, without fearing the Inquiſition, which you, as bold and ſceptical as you are, would hardly venture to ſay in that Country.

When I left *Madrid*, where I had been ſent about Affairs of Conſequence, a little before the Death of *Charles* II. whoſe laſt Will occaſioned ſuch Revolutions in *Europe*; I took the Rout of *la Corunna* in *Gallicia*, to embark in the *Engliſh* Packet-boat. *Dom Lewis d'Alvis*, to whom I had the Honour to be particularly known, and who was going at the ſame time to *Gallicia*, in Quality of *Veedor* of that Kingdom (a Poſt anſwering to that of the Intendant of a Province in *France*) propoſed to make the Journey with me, which I conſented to with Pleaſure. We entertained one another with what we had obſerved in our Travels: And coming one Evening to a Convent of *Benedictins*, ſituated upon the Summit of *Cebrero*, the higheſt Mountain in *Gallicia*, we went in to ſee it. This Convent, is only inhabited by two Monks, and a few Domeſtics. The Reverend Fathers, one of whom was called the *Father-Prior*, and the other the *Father-Cura*, received the Intendant and his Company very civily.

Of a Hoſt turned into Fleſh.

Here we lodged, and next Morning, after a hearty Breakfaſt, they conducted us to their Chapel; and with great Ceremony, for a ſpecial Favour, ſhewed us a miraculous *Hoſt*, which became incarnate; *i. e.* transformed itſelf forthwith into Fleſh and Blood, after it had been profanely torn into Pieces by a *Lutheran* (for that is the Appellation the *Spaniards* give to Heretics of all Sorts.) When we were ſet out in our Journey, *Dom Lewis* aſked me ſmiling what I thought of the Miracle? And obſerving that I was thinking how to get off without making him a Categorical Anſwer, he told me plainly his Faith in Miracles was not very large; and began to relate to me ſeveral of the moſt renowned Miracles of their *Spaniſh* Saints.

1705. *May* 18. WIRTZBERG. And one of St. *Vincent Ferrier*, famous for his Miracles.

I ſhall only mention one, he told me of a certain famous Monk among them, named St. *Vincent Ferrier*, who wrought ſo many miraculous Cures upon the Blind, Lame, and Diſeaſed of all Sorts, that his Convent was daily beſieged with Crowds of Patients from all Quarters of *Valliadolid*. The *Superior*, plagued out of all Patience with this continual Hubbub, at laſt forbid the holy Man, upon Peril of Diſobedience, to work any more Cures, and made the People believe that this St. *Vincent* had loſt his Faculty of Miracle-working, which they very readily (for the *Spaniſh* are more credulous than any other Nation in the World) took for real Truth. However, a little Time after this, as our Saint was going into the Town to execute ſome Commiſſion the Superior had given him, he obſerved a poor Slater, who had made a falſe Step, tumbling headlong from the Top of a Houſe, and conſequently in a fair Way of ſquaſhing his Body into Marmalade upon the Streets. St. *Vincent*, moved with Compaſſion at the Sight, and not remembering at firſt the Superior's Prohibition, called out inſtantly to this Man, caprioling in the Air : *Stop, ſtop, tell I run to the Superior to get Permiſſion to do a Miracle.* He had no ſooner uttered theſe Words, than the *Slater* was ſuſpended in the Air, as they ſay *Mahomet*'s Tomb is at *Mecca*. The *Superior* gave leave to compleat what was already very well begun. And there was ſuch a Crowd gathered to ſee this Miracle, that the Father could ſcarcely pierce thro' them near enough to go on with his Performance. But when he had got within hearing of the *Slater*, who was now hanging in the Air, he cried out with all his Force, *Come down, come down gently.* And immediately the poor Man came ſliding ſoftly to the Ground like a Machine in an *Opera*. When he found himſelf on firm Ground he threw himſelf at St. *Vincent*'s Feet, to thank him for ſaving his Life, and afterwards aſſiſted in carrying him back to his Convent in Triumph, the People crying out all the Way, *Viva, Viva, i. e.* Long live St. *Vincent Ferrier*, God grant him many Days. *Dom Lewis* having finiſhed this Story, pauſed a little, and then ſaid, What a Braggadocio was this Monk : The true Saints are a little more modeſt, and don't like ſuch Applauſe, ſuch Triumphs, but do their Works with more Privacy and Humility.

Sancta Britta de Caſſia, and her moſt extraordinary Martyrdom.

The fifth and laſt Picture which appeared to me worth notice in this Church, contains the Hiſtory of the Death of a Nun of the ſame Order, named *Sancta Britta de Caſſia*. God permitted the Heathens to vent their Fury upon ſeveral Chriſtians in the firſt Ages of Chriſtianity, that they might Seal the Truth of their Teſtimony with their Blood. But it was *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf who procured that Honour to this Sainteſs. She is in the Picture on her Knees before the Crucifix, which darts like an Arrow into the Middle of her Forehead one of the largeſt Thorns of his Crown. The Saint falls in Blood to the Ground, and two Angels bring her the Crown and Palm of Martyrdom. The Legend is at the Bottom of the Picture in large Characters. Here it is.

Sancta

1705. *May* 18 WIRTZBURG.

SANCTA BRITTA DE CASSIA, DOMINIC ÆPASSIONIS MYSTERIIS DEVOTA, A CHRISTO PARTE CORONÆ SPINEÆ IN FRONET MARTYRIO MERUIT DECORARI.

This Honour was, methinks, somewhat violent: But however that be, I don't believe any other, except St. *Britta*, ever was martyrized by *Christ* himself. At least no such Example is to be found in the golden Legend, nor in the two large Volumes in *Folio* of the Lives of the Saints; tho' some have been stigmatized by him, as for Instance, St. *Francis* of *Assize*.

The Jesuit's Church. Their Poverty here.

The Church of the *Jesuits* here is more simple, and one of the least adorned at *Wirtzburg*, because here the *Loyolists* are poor. And that indeed is a Miracle of the highest Kind! to see Poverty dare to thrust herself among these modern Companions of *Jesus Christ*; for they do not much imitate those who accompanied him in his Life, tho' they take an Oath to do it when they assume the Habit of their Order. If you ask me where I learned this *Anecdote* concerning the Poverty of the *Jesuits* at *Wirtzburg*, a Thing they avoid every where as they would do the Pestilence; I will tell you that it was communicated to me by two of themselves who shewed us their House. And it appearing to me not very probable, I took the Liberty to say to them that if it was really so, they were most certainly not admitted into the grand Secret of their Society, which was to enrich themselves by all Manner of Means: I added, that in order to see their House filled with Riches in a few Years, they had nothing to do but to send (as their Brethren of *Portugal*, *Italy*, and *France* do,) some of their Fathers Missionaries to *China*, *Siam*, *Cochinchina*, *Pegu*, or *Japan*, the richest Countries in *Asia*. It is true, continued I, that this last Country is a little dangerous to the Society, which has no great Reputation there, but they knew better than I how to get in there *Incognito*. The two *Ignatians* answered me with a Smile, and a Shake of the Head. And so we parted.

Abbacy of *Benedictins*

The Citadel being by Report curious, we went to see it. But before we came to the Gate of this Citadel we passed by a large Abbacy of *Scotch Benedictins*, who have followed the Example of their Compatriots the Apostles of *Franconia* (not by exposing themselves to Martyrdom as they did, for the Preachers of the Gospel now a-days have not the Zeal of their Predecessors, or are not so simple) but in planting their Spear in a much better Country than *Scotland*.

And a merry Story of a *Scotch* Abbot.

You will say that I seldom let any Occasion pass of dawbing the Ecclesiastics, yet I must tell you the Story of the last Abbot of this Convent, a gallant *Scot*. This Abbot, a Man of Forty, of a fresh Complexion, and a zealous Votary of *Dame Nature*, in fine, a very Jolly Fellow, having a Mind to be Printer, as well as Author, and to make his first Essay on Virgin Parchment, went very often to a Printer's who had a very handsome Daughter. Now whether this Father had discovered the Girl's Wants, which she was ashamed to declare, by her Looks, and took Compassion upon her: Or

whether he thought a yearly Revenue of 2000 Crowns, for his was no leſs, would be ſhamefully ſpent upon eating and drinking alone, and it might afford better Sport; or whether he had a Mind to leave behind him a young Abbé of his own Formation to be a Pillar of the Church, when his broad Shoulders ſhould be laid in the Duſt; or how I can't tell,—but the fair and charming *Agnes*, the Printer's Daughter, after a few Viſits from the Abbot proved with Child. I am willing to put the moſt favourable Conſtruction upon the Abbot's Motives and Action; (but, if he deſigned Charity, he ſhould have kept it more ſecret, and not have ſounded his Trumpet like the *Phariſees* before he produced his Alms.) The Biſhop of *Wirtzbourg* however interpreted the Thing in the worſt Senſe, and ſent the Abbot to *Rome* well guarded, that the Pope might treat him as his Holineſs ſhould judge proper. And we have heard ſince, that the Chaſtiſement was very ſevere; the poor Abbot having been condemned to perpetual Impriſonment. In that long Confinement he'll have time to conſider, and repent of his having printed his Works on Virgin-Parchment. All I have further to ſay for this Abbot is, that if the Pope ſhould take it in his Head to ſerve all the Abbots and Prelates, who like to leave ſuch Works behind them, with the ſame Sauce, all the Palaces in *Rome* would ſcarcely be able to contain the Priſoners. Let us return to the Citadel of *Wirtzburg*.

1705. *May* 18. WIRTZBURG.

CHAP. XXVI.

Wirtzburg. *The Citadel, named* Marienberg. *Its Situation and Fortifications. Its Subterraneous Apartments, filled with prodigious Tuns of Wine. The Bacchanals which are celebrated there. The new Palace. The Chancery and the Treaſury.*

THE Citadel is called *Marienberg*. In its Situation it reſembles not a little *Ehrenbreiſtein*, but is not ſo ſtrong or elevated: An Eminence commands it on one Side. The firſt Port is covered by two Baſtions, faced with hewn Stone, and a deep broad Moat. Above it are the Arms of *Philip de Schoonborn*, Elector of *Mayence*, who was likewiſe Biſhop of *Wirtzburg*, and who built it in 1652. It is adorned with eight Statues of Stone, three without in *Roman* Armour, and five within, the Middle one of which repreſents *Hercules* leaning on his Club. Between the firſt and ſecond Port they ſhewed us the Place where the Biſhop *Zobel*, whoſe Hiſtory and Tomb are in the Cathedral, fell down dead by a Muſket-ſhot he received in the left Breaſt. In Memory of this Accident they have placed a Stone-pillar with his Arms, a Croſs above it, and this Inſcription underneath. The Citadel.

Anno Domini 1558. XVI *Cal. Maii.*
En pius occubuit charo pro te Grege Paſtor;
Pro Paſtore pias, Grex pie, funde preces.

How

1705. *May* 18 WIRTZBURG.

How much play with Words in two Verſes! The *German* Poets love this Kind of Verſification. In the Time of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, King of *Sweden*, the Fortreſs was not encloſed as now. It conſiſted then of no more than an old Caſtle, the ancient Walls of which, flanked with large Towers, ſtill remain.

How taken by *Guſtavus Adolphus*.

After taking *Wirtzburg*, this Prince ſent a conſiderable Party of Soldiers to review this old Fort, and as the Garriſon happened to be, celebrating a certain Feſtival, the *Swedes* found not ſo much as a ſingle Sentinel upon the Walls; and taking Advantage of this Negligence, they entered into it by a back Entry which they found open, and made themſelves Maſters of it, having firſt ſlain the Garriſon, which was then very drunk. The King, ſo ſoon as he had Intelligence of this Surpriſe, went up to it immediately; and as they ſpared the Life of the Governour, he, in Gratitude for this Benefit, ſhewed the Prince the Place where the Biſhop of *Wirtzburg*, who had refuſed to make an Alliance with him, kept his Treaſure hid, which Diſcovery was very ſeaſonable to this Prince, who then wanted Money to pay his Army.

Paulatim ſubeunt Succi, *parvoque potiti*
Limine, terrificant Arcem: tenet atria victor
Vandalus, *& pavidas inceſtat cladibus ædes:*
Horrent funeribus Turres, Conclavia, Muri:
Congeſtæ rapiuntur Opes, fulvique metalli
Dulcia vandalicas locupletant pondera dextras.

Adolphidos, Lib. VIII.

The Citadel deſcribed.

At our Arrival at the ſecond Gate, we found the Commander there, with ſome other Officers, who received us very politely. They firſt of all made a Tour with us, to ſhew us the Fortifications, which are very irregular on Account of the Situation; but all lined with hewn Stone, and command the Town, and all within their Sight, except on the Side which is in the Power of the Eminence above mentioned. Thence they conducted us into the Magazines, which are well filled with Cannon, and all warlike Stores, like thoſe of *Ehrenbreiſtein*. There is here, as well as there, a large Well. The Biſhop has alſo built there a Manage, a fencing School, and another for Dancing, and keeps Maſters for theſe Arts, on Account of his Pages, and other young Gentlemen of his Court; "A Thing "that is, but ought not, to be neglected at Courts, or in Places where "Youth are educated, eſpecially by Princes, who love either War or "Magnificence, but indeed for the Sake of Politeneſs and Safety in Coun-"tries of Liberty."

Its beautiful Proſpect.

From this Caſtle one ſees not only the Town of *Wirtzburg*, but all the circumjacent Country, which is exceedingly beautiful by its Variety and Fertility: What is moſt obſervable in this Proſpect are the famous little Hills about *Stein*, ſo renowned for the Wine they produce. But the Commander pointed us to another Growth to the South of this Fortreſs, called *Leyſt*, the

the Grapes of which have pretty much the Muſcadel Taſte, and which are ordinarily ſold at the Rate of four or five hundred Crowns the *Fouder* ready Money. 1705. *May* 17. WIRTZBURG.

The Apartments in this Caſtle are very commodious, and well furniſhed; the Tapeſtry is magnificent, and all the reſt is in Proportion. The Chapel is in a very fine Taſte; it has a handſome Dome, with four beautiful Altars of Stucco, two in Imitation of Porphyry, and two which reſemble Jaſper. The two laſt are adorned each with thirty Heads of St. *Urſula*'s Companions, tho' at *Cologne* they boaſt of having them all: But two Pages of the Prince, with two of the Biſhop's Almoners, and ſome other Gentlemen who were along with us, aſſerted that there are few Catholic Cities of any Importance in *Germany*, where there are not ſome Heads of theſe famous eleven thouſand Virgins. In Fact, ſuch a Number may furniſh ſome to all the Towns in *Europe*. There is a fine Organ in this Chapel. Apartments and Chapel.

Hence we were conducted to ſee the ſubterraneous Parts of this Fort. And in the Entry, upon the Stair which leads down to them, are the Arms of the preſent Biſhop, with this Inſcription. Its Cellars and vaſt Quantity of Wine.

Vivat Johannes Philippus
Dux Franconum, vivat.
Ad portam pulſare licet; ne dolia pulſes,
Dolia ſi pulſas, certa repulſa tibi eſt.

What we found there anſwers exactly to theſe Verſes; repreſent to yourſelf an Avenue, if I may ſo ſpeak, bordered on each Side with fifty lofty Tuns, as large in Circumference as the famous Tun of *Heidelberg*, holding each no leſs than a Dozen of *Fouders* of Wine, *i. e.* in *French* Meaſure about 50 Hogſheads. The *Trojan* Horſe was ſcarcely ſo large. This Avenue is ſo long, that one can hardly ſee to the End of it, but very well lighted, tho' under Ground; for each Tun has its great Iron-candleſtick, with a Flambeau of yellow Wax in it. I confeſs the very Sight of theſe terrible Machines made me quake; and no Wonder, for every one of them was broached, and we behoved to taſte a little of each, becauſe one of our Company had the impertinent Curioſity to knock with his Fingers againſt theſe *Coloſſes* to try if they were full. This it ſeems is an eſtabliſhed Law in this ſubterraneous *Demeſne*, agreeably to the Diſtich on the Top of the Stairs.

———*Ne Dolia pulſes,*
Dolia ſi pulſas, certa repulſa tibi eſt.

The Governour (ſo they call him here, who has the Keys and Charge of them) kept for our laſt and beſt Regale the largeſt of theſe Machines, which is one of a moſt enormous Size, adorned with Grapes, and I know not how

1705. *May* 17. WIRTZBURG. many Goblets and Glaſſes in Bas-relief. The Inſcription ſays, that it contains Wine, in Compariſon of which the oldeſt Nectar of the Gods is poor Stuff. I have never taſted *Nectar*, but I believe the Inſcription ſays Truth; for there is no Brandy which approaches this in Strength; it is almoſt as ſtrong as *Aqua Fortis*. They aſſured us, it is the Great Great Grandfather of all the other Wines in this Cave, *i. e.* more than 150 Years old. *Credat Judæus Apella, non ego. Guſtavus Adolphus*'s Army were not Folks likely to leave ſuch good Wine, eſpecially at a Time when it muſt have been at its beſt.

Great Drinking in thoſe Places.

We had laid a Scheme to make our Eſcape, but the Governour of the Fort ſuſpecting our Intention, told us, that it was in vain to think of turning our Backs, and that he had ordered our Collation to be carried into a neighbouring Cloſet; we thanked him, retired as we imagined in Triumph, but found ourſelves diſappointed, all the Gates were ſhut, and we were taken like Rats in a Trap. In fine, we were forced to return, and we found our Collation in Readineſs. To get off the beſt Way we could, we reſolved to taſte a few of the Things prepared to ſet the Mouth and Throat a Fire, Tongues, Ham, Anchovies, *&c.* and then to drink one ſingle Bumper of half a Pint to the Health of his Royal Highneſs, capitulating, that after this we ſhould be at Liberty to fill as we pleaſed. They were overjoyed to ſee Strangers ſo bold as to venture on ſuch a Draught, which indeed went down with us like ſo much Phyſic, and they kept their Word with us. We had full Liberty afterwards to do as we pleaſed, and accordingly we ſtay'd till all the Collation was conſumed. And this Sacrifice to *Bacchus* did not end till about eight a Clock of the Night; ſome had performed their Part ſo well that they could neither ſit nor ſtand. I wondered how People could, without being thirſty, ſwallow ſuch vaſt Quantities of Wine, and not leave, as I obſerved they never did, ſo much as a Drop in the Glaſs. One of the Prince's Almoners, to whom I ſaid ſo, anſwered me, that it was the Cuſtom of this Country, and that they make a Boaſt of it in *Franconia* never to leave one Drop in their Glaſs, and that though they did not drink ſo much here as in *Saxony*, yet the *Saxons* did not obſerve that Piece of Politeneſs. And on this Occaſion he repeated to me an Epigram of *Taubmannus*, a learned *Franconian*, which appeared to me worthy of a Prieſt of *Bacchus*, and of being wrote down in my Pocket-Book. Here it is.

Saxoniæ mos eſt Potoribus, inter Amicos,
Haurire ex imo Pocula nulla cavo.
Mos certè nihili; nam cur, quod ab ore refuſum
Alterius, tepidâ colluvione bibam?
Laudo meos Francos, qui ſe cervice ſupinant,
Et fundo ex imo præbita Pocla bibunt,

In

In fine, we got out of our Priſon. Some of the Company had the Complaiſance to offer to wait on us to our Lodgings, and with much ado they went with us, till they ſaw us, as well as they could ſee, without the Fortreſs, where we made them our Compliments, and parted. 1705. *May* 20. WIRTZBURG.

Next Day the ſame Gentlemen, who had regaled us in the Citadel, came to conduct us to the new Palace which was built by this Biſhop, and is much vaunted of; but is in Reality no great Matter. Near to it are the Chancery and the Treaſury, and the Chamber for the *Finances*. We went likewiſe down into the Cellars of this Palace, where we found all ready for another *Bacchanal*. But we got off with taſting a Wine they called the *Neſtor* of Wines, *i. e.* a much older Wine than any in the Citadel, and as *Juvenal* ſays in his fifth Satire. The new Palace.

———*Cujus Patriam, Titulumque Senectus*
Delevit, multâ veteris fuligine Teſtæ.

And thus we left our Guides to moiſten themſelves, and clink their Glaſſes as much as they pleaſed.

CHAP. XXVII.

Wirtzburg. *The great Hoſpital, and its Splendor. Its Founder. The terrible Uſuries committed here. The Character of the preſent Biſhop of* Wirtzburg. *His Court. A Deſcription of the Town. A Reflexion upon the Prepoſſeſſion of the* French *in Favour of their own Nation. The Councils that were held here. A famous Harangue by the Biſhop of* Tulle *againſt the Court of* Rome *in one of theſe Aſſemblies.*

I Muſt not forget to mention to you the great Hoſpital at *Wirtzburg*, which though but an Hoſpital, is more magnificent than the Biſhop's Palace, and moſt other Palaces in *Germany*. This Charity-houſe was founded by a Biſhop of *Wirtzburg*, named *Julius van Echteren*. The great Hoſpital.

The Cardinal *Julius Mazarin* (whom the good *Patin* calls the crimſon'd Pick-pocket, and who ſo roundly pillaged *France*, that he was in a Condition to give 22 Millions in Marriage with his Niece *Hortenſia Mancini*) never built the ſmalleſt Hoſpital, though he had reduced one half of the Kingdom to beggary by his Robberies. Above the Gate of this Hoſpital is a Figure of the Founder on his Knees before a Crucifix. He is ſurrounded with a Crowd of Orphans, ſick, lame, and maimed Perſons, and poor Pilgrims in Bas-relief, and without any Date is the following Inſcription in golden Characters. Coveteouſneſs of Cardinal *Mazarin*.

1705. May 20. WIRTZBERG.

Præſul amans Chriſti, Patriæ, æternæque Salutis,
Julius, has Ædes ſtatuit, quibus Orphana turba,
Et feſſi morbo, nec non læſa ulcere membra;
Tum procul adveniens externis Pauper ab oris,
Hoſpitio, auxilio, victuque foventur & Aris:
Hunc pia Poſteritas tueatur & augeat uſum.

Terrible Uſuries committed here.

It fares with the Foundation of this Hoſpital, as with moſt other pious Eſtabliſhments: The Deſign of it is not a little perverted and abuſed, eſpecially with Reſpect to the *Tueatur & augeat uſum* in the laſt Verſe. This Maxim has been over acted in a moſt indign Manner, as we were informed by Perſons of Probity and of the greateſt Diſtinction in the Place. In Time of War and other public Calamities, the Nobility of the Country are often obliged to borrow Money, and to live upon what they can borrow at any Intereſt; ſo that this Hoſpital, being rich in ready Money, has got vaſt Numbers of Mortgages upon the Eſtates of theſe Gentlemen for Sums at a monſtrous Intereſt. The Hoſpital lends in this Manner, and takes an Opportunity, when the Debtors are leaſt able to pay, to demand the Money due, under Pretence of Want, and by this Means gets another Mortgage, and a higher Intereſt; for otherwiſe an Execution, and all its gloomy Train of Conſequences would unavoidably follow: And by this infamous Oppreſſion and Uſury the Hoſpital is at this Day richer in Land, as well as Money, than the Biſhop himſelf; ſo that we may well apply to this Houſe thoſe Verſes of *Horace*, *Sat.* 2. *Lib.* 1.

Dives Agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis,
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exſecat; atque
Quantò perditior quiſque eſt, tantò acrius urget.

Reflexions upon it.

The Directors of ſuch Houſes are obliged in Conſcience to enrich them by honeſt Means as much as they can: But is it permitted to them to become Uſurers, and to take exorbitant Intereſt? To profit of the Diſtreſs of their honeſt Neighbours, and rob them of their Eſtates? 'Tis true, the Managers of this Hoſpital have found out a marvellous Expedient to juſtify their Robberies, which is that they feed and cloath the Nobles they have ruined. But if this be Charity, firſt to make Beggars by Fraud and Oppreſſion, and then to make a Boaſt of maintaining the Beggars they have made; what in the Name of Goodneſs is Cruelty?

Deſcription of this Building.

They have demoliſhed the old Hoſpital, which was a *Gothic* Building, and of which there are ſtill ſome Remains. In its Place they have built a vaſt Edifice of hewn Stone, which will be without Compariſon much finer than the Biſhop's Palace when it is finiſhed. The Front and two Wings are already compleat, and they are buſy in carrying on the Work. The Entry

Entry to it is a large ſquare Court. On the Side where the Gardens lie, which are ſpacious, and adorned with Fountains and Statues, there is along the Building a Terraſs above two hundred Paces in Length, with a fine Rail breaſt-high. Once more we may venture to ſay it will be a very noble Building. The only Fault I could obſerve in it is, that it is too magnificent for a Houſe deſigned for the Maintenance of poor People. 1705. *May* 20. WIRTZBURG.

The Biſhop of *Wirtzburg* not being here, we had not the Pleaſure of ſeeing him. He is a Suffragan of *Mayence*, and has the Title of Duke of *Franconia*; a Title which the Emperor *Frederic Barberoſſa* granted to the then Biſhop of that See. He is likewiſe as Sovereign in his Dioceſe, as the Electors are in their States. His Name is *John Philip* of *Grieffenklaw*, of an ancient and noble Family at *Rhingaw*, a Country which produces excellent Wines. This Prince is about 55 Years of Age, and has the Reputation of being very fiery and vindictive; never pardoning when he thinks himſelf affronted or injured, *i. e.* one who puſhes the *Odium Theologicum* to the utmoſt Height. We were informed, by very good Hands, that his Court is very numerous and gay, in ſhort too pompous for a Biſhop. He keeps a grand Chamberlain, a grand Maſter of the Horſe, a grand Huntſman, a grand Marſhal, and all the grand Officers, in one Word, that are to be heard of in any *German* Court. He has likewiſe a vaſt Number of Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber, called in their Language, *Camer-Herrn*; eight Pages who are all of the beſt Families in *Franconia*, and a Company of Horſe-guards conſiſting of 60 Men. Theſe laſt are cloathed in Purple, with Silver-buttons and Button-holes, and Bandileers of the ſame Colour, with three Rows of Silver-lace. The Biſhop's Character, Titles, and Revenues.

Beſides all this, he keeps on Foot ten thouſand regular Troops, conſiſting of two large Regiments of Cavalry, and two of Dragoons, and the reſt Foot. The greater Part of theſe Troops are now in the Service of the Emperor. I have now told you all I could learn of this Prince and his Court. His Forces

Wirtzburg is the Capital of the Biſhoprick, but not of all *Franconia*, as many Authors have ſaid: *Nurenberg* has much better Pretenſions to this Honour, both on Account of its Largeneſs and Opulence. The former called anciently *Herbipolis*, is not a large, but a very agreeable Town. It is ſituated on the *Mein*, which cuts it into two, in a charming Valley, ſurrounded with little Eminences, very fertile in Wine, Corn, and Fruits, preciſely in the Middle of *Franconia*. It was anciently the Capital of the Dominions of *Pharamond*, which makes me think that the *French* Hiſtorians are very much in the Wrong for aſcribing the Deſcent of their Nation to one *Francus*, an imaginary Son of *Hector*. Deſcription of *Wirtzburg*

All the World knows that their Anceſtors came out of this Country, and eſtabliſhed themſelves in *France* under the Kings *Clodion* and *Merovy*: And *Franconia* is too fine a Mother-Country to be diſowned. But perhaps the *French* are unwilling to be taken for *Germans*. Let us however render Juſtice to every one. The Vanity and Prejudices of that Nation make Origin of the *French* Nation.

1705. *May* 20. WIRTZBURG. Reflexion on their Vanity.

make them forget that Senſe, Virtue, and Politeneſs are the Growth and Product of all Climates, and that there is good Senſe at *Surat*, as well as at *Paris*: That is to ſay, wherever there are Men. No doubt the *French* would be very angry if Foreigners ſhould call them *Barbarians*, and treat them as ſuch. But is it not as great Barbarity in them to be ſurpriſed to find other People capable of reaſoning, as well as they themſelves do? Indeed as all other Nations are not quite barbarous and uncivilized, ſo all the *French* are not polite and well-bred: With a very well improved Language, and very refined outward Manners, they are however in many Reſpects very rude and unpoliſhed.

And on their making a Kind of Sport of their own Country's Calamities.

For inſtance, can any thing be more brutal and cruel than the Licence, ſo prevalent and common in that Nation, of making the Misfortunes of the Public, and the frequent Defeats their Armies have ſuffered the Subjects of Lampoons, Songs, and Ballads? There is no Nation of the World, but the *French* that is capable of diverting themſelves with ſuch diſmal Cataſtrophes. What makes them laugh would have drawn Tears from any others Eyes, even in the moſt uncivilized Parts of the World, if the like Misfortunes had happened to them. Their excellent comic Poet *Moliere* has reaſon thus to paint and upbraid them in his Comedy, intituled, *Les Facheux*.

Eh mon Dieu! nos François ſi ſouvent redreſſés,
Ne prendront-ils jamais les airs de Gens ſenſés?
Et faudra-t-il toûjours, ſur leurs Défauts extrémes,
Qu'en Théatre public ils ſe joüent Eux mêmes?

But let us leave the *French* to their natural Gaiety and Volatility, and go on with our account of *Wirtzburg*.

This Town has a very gay Aſpect. Its public Places, Squares, and Streets are very neat and agreeable, and its Houſes very commodious; the Situation and Air are pleaſant and wholeſome, and here is every thing in Plenty that human Life requires. The Emperor *Rodolphus* I. and Pope *Honorius* IV. aſſembled a Council here in 1287. during which the Biſhop of *Freſcati*, the Pope's Legate, had almoſt been killed by the Biſhops, and the other Eccleſiaſtics of *Germany*, for having demanded of them, in his Maſter's Name, the fourth Part of their Revenues for five Years. What contributed exceedingly to provoke the Fathers of this Council was a virulent Diſcourſe made againſt the Court of *Rome*, by the Biſhop of *Tulle*, Provoſt of *Tubinge*, and Doctor of Divinity. The Harangue is curious, and I believe it is no where elſe to be found but in the ſeventh Book of the *Annales Boiorum*, by the learned *Joannes Aventinus*. He calls that Biſhop *Probus*, and relates his Harangue in theſe Words:

Councils held at *Wirtzburg*

1705. *May* 20. WIRTZBURG. Discourse of the Bishop of *Tulle* to the Council.

Quo usque, Collegæ charissimi! Romulei illi vultures patientiâ nostrâ, ne dicam stultitiâ, abutentur? Quò usquè eorum flagitia, avaritiam, superbiam, luxum tolerabimus? Non cessabit hoc genus Archisynagogon pessimum, nisi omnes ad Egestatem & servitutem durissimam redegerit. Discordia nostra hoc malum creavit, Discordiâ nostrâ isti Nebulones tuti sunt, nec illis regnantibus unquam licebit pacem & pietatem colere. Nuper Saxones & Suevos inter se commiserunt; deindè Fredericum II. *Reipublicæ Christianæ utilissimum, & Conradum* IV. *Suevos atque optimos Principes Imperio simul & vitâ privarunt. In Germania Discordiæ mala Sathanæ & Anti-Christi Satrapæ seminarunt. Deindè Conradinum insontissimum & optimæ indolis Adolescentem, Prolem Divorum, Jure Gentium Hæreditatem Majorum repetentem, fraude doloque interceptum necarunt. Suevos, Francos, Austriacosque inter se armis commiserunt; deinde adversùs hos Hispanos concitarunt. Nunc non adversùs Galliæ atque Hispaniæ Principes, cognatos nostros ex Germania quondàm profectos concitare nituntur. Quod antè duodecim annos Gregorius* X. *cum Decimis egit, id ipsum Honorius* IV. *cum Quartis aget. Ille ut aurum emungeret, Scythas, Arabes, Turcas in nos armavit; hic vectigal magis quam nos salvos vult. Sathanæ illi lucem simulantes plura comminiscuntur quibus Populo tenebras offundunt. Proindè Patres Christo devotissimi, Expergiscimini, consulite, succurrite rebus perditis. Majores nostri immunes Imperii, Romanos orbis terrarum Domitores, Humano generi, finitimis imperitare permolestè tulerunt, eorumque Imperium armis solverunt. Nos pueris atque effœminatis, ne quid gravius dicam, æquo animo servimus. Qui sit ille Tusculanus, non sum nescius, novi hominis mores, Aurisuga est, venalisque fœnerator atque perfidus, vile pecuniæ Mancipium. Ego minas ejus flocci fecero, Senatumque totius Orbis Christiani appello.*

A Harangue delivered in it, against the Court of *Rome*. The Council very much exasperated thereby.

The Result of this bold Harangue, delivered by one of the most learned *German* Bishops, was, that the Father of the Council in general were so incensed by it, against the Pope's Legate, that if the Emperor had not sent the Captain of his Guards with a strong Backing of Soldiers to rescue him out of their Hands, they had certainly torn him into Pieces. This Prelate durst never shew himself afterwards in Public; but was glad to get back as fast and quietly as he could into *Italy*, for fear of leaving his Relicks in *Germany*.

CHAP

1705. *May* 22.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Departure from Wirtzburg *to* Bamberg. Gaibach, *a pleaſant Houſe belonging to the Elector of* Mayence. *A Deſcription of it. The great Subjection of the Peaſants in* Germany *to the Military. Reflexion upon it.* Ebrach *a famous and rich Abbacy. Its Library, Church and Rarities. The Monopoly of theſe Monks. An extraordinary Echo.*

Departure from *Wirtzburg*

WE ſet out in the Morning from *Wirtzburg* for *Bamberg*; and about Noon we repaſſed the *Mein* at *Volkach* a large Borough, where we dined. The Country we went through is very pleaſant and fertile. Two Hours after we had refreſhed ourſelves (for Travelers have other Appetites to content beſides their Curioſity) we arrived at *Gaibach*, a pleaſant Houſe belonging to the Elector of *Mayence*, which paſſes here for a little *Verſailles*. We ſtopped a full Hour to ſee its boaſted Beauties. It is indeed very agreeably ſituated, and the Apartments are commodious enough; though the Architecture be but indifferent. The Gardens are not ſpacious, but very pleaſant. In them is a very fine Fountain, a Grotto with Water-works, Caſcades, ſeveral Arbours, and a very handſome Orangerie. There are many very bad Statues; and ſome few good ones however among them. I took Notice of one ſomewhat reſembling in Taſte to the Conceit of the *Italian* Painter, in his Picture of *Abraham* going to ſacrifice *Iſaac*, which I have already mentioned to you.

Gaibach, a Summer Seat of the Elector of *Mayence*.

Whereas the Painters and Sculptors commonly mount *Bellerophon* upon *Pegaſus*, and repreſent him deſcending with all his Force upon the Chimera; the Sculptor of this *Bellerophon*, highly pleaſed, no doubt, with his Invention, has mounted his Heroe aſtride upon the Monſter itſelf: With his left Hand he holds the Chimera by the Neck, and with his Right he plunges his Sword to the Hilt in the Monſter's Throat; no doubt the Sculptor imagined *Pegaſus* to be a ſkittiſh Animal, whom his Rider could never have made to go near ſo frightful a Monſter.

Strange Whim of a Sculptor.

In the Middle of the Garden is a very pretty little Hall, painted within, and adorned with a great Number of Emblems of all Sorts, that is to ſay, good and bad. It would be impertinent to tire you with a fatiguing Detail of them. I ſhan't imitate Mr. *Miſſon* in this, who ſent his Friend all the Diſtichs of the great Hall in the Palace of *Munich*, all the Sentences in the Chamber of Audience in the ſame Palace, and a great Part of the Proverbs on the Walls of the *Villa Benedetti* near *Rome*. Let that be called Exactneſs by thoſe who like it. I ſhall only mention three of the Emblems in this Summer-houſe at *Gaibach*, two of which I like very well, and the other of which is the arranteſt Impertinence I ever

The Gardens and ridiculous Exactneſs of Mr. *Miſſon*.

saw. The first is a Pomegranate just opened a little, so as to shew its fine Vermilion Seeds, painted in so artful a Manner as that one would take it for a real one, with this Motto; *Interiora placent.* The Second is a Devil in the hideous Form Painters are used to give him. He is represented in the Air holding a Cupid in his Claws, with this Motto, *Le Diable emporte l'Amour.* I could willingly have effaced such stupid Nonsense. The Third is very good: It is a Table upon which are placed a large *German* Bowl brim-full of Wine; another of a less Size, and a Third yet less, which two last are not full, with this Motto from *Horace*; *Est modus in rebus.* Having heard from the Baron of *Schmitzberg* at *Mayence*, that the Elector hated great Drinkers, I immediately guessed that his Highness had intended by this Decree to correct those at his Court who liked their Bottle too much. We were told that the Elector is very fond of this House, which he built when he was no more than a Canon of *Mayence* and of *Wirtzburg.* Hence you may conjecture, as well as from the short Account I have given you of it, that if it be a *Versailles*, it is one in Miniature. 1705. *May* 22. GAIBACH.

This being all that is to be seen at *Gaibach*, we continued our Journey, and came to a Village where there was neither Bread, Wine nor Straw. This cross Disappointment gave us some Uneasiness; for it was Night, and there was neither Hamlet nor Village nearer than two full Leagues from hence, and our Coachman knew not one Foot of the Road. But he took it into his Head to make us pass for Officers in the Bishop of *Wirtzburg*'s Troops, and so obliged one of the Clowns here to guide us to the first Village. There was no Occasion to pull him by the Ear; the very Name of Officers made him gallop along bare-footed before us two large Leagues, and we at last got to the Village; where however we were not much better off. The good Peasant wished us well, and with great Difficulty could I persuade him to take the *Trinck-galt*, which he durst not demand, imagining we really were Officers in the Service of his Prince. We found that the poor Hoydons of this Country are forced to serve as Guides to the Officers when they come, tho' ever so late; to get out of their Beds, leave their Wives, and march a-foot before them four five Leagues, or as far as they please, without daring to ask any thing for their Trouble. Great Subjection of the Peasants to the Soldiery.

This unhappy Servitude of the most useful Part of the Subjects in a Kingdom, I mean those who cultivate the Ground, feed Cattle, and carry on the Manufactures, made me reflect with Pleasure upon the Happiness of your Island, in Consequence of your delightful Government, where the Grandees, nay the King himself, hath no Power to force the meanest Subject to do any thing against his Will. Happiness of those of *England*

O! Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint, Angligenas!

Next Morning in getting up, I could not avoid reflecting upon that Tyranny which hath prevailed in all Ages and Countries among the Men of the Sword, even amongst the ancient *Romans* themselves, who boasted so much The old *Romans* under the same Subjection.

1705. *May* 23. EBRACH. much of their Liberty : witneſs the 16th Satire of *Juvenal*, which begins thus :

Quis numerare queat felicis præmia, Galle,
Militiæ ?

You know it turns entirely upon the great Advantages which the *Roman* Officers and Soldiers enjoyed over the other Subjects ; even to ſuch a Degree, as to have the Power of beating them, breaking their Teeth, and knocking out their Eyes, without their daring to complain of ſuch Injuries, for fear of bringing yet worſe upon them, as the ſame Poet tells us :

Commoda tractemus, primùm communia, quorum
Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulſare Togatus
Audeat : immo & ſi pulſetur, diſſimulet, nec
Audeat excuſſos Prætori oſtendere dentes,
Et nigram in facie, tumidis livoribus offam,
Atque oculum Medico nil promittente relictum.
—— Si juſtæ defertur cauſa querelæ,
Tota cohors tamen eſt inimica, omnesque Manipli,
Conſenſu magno efficiunt curabilis ut ſit
Vindicta, & gravior quam Injuria ——

Ebrach, a famous rich Abbey. We ſet out, and at a little Diſtance from this Village we croſſed through a large Foreſt, and arrived about Eleven at a famous Abbacy of the Order of *Citeaux* named *Ebrach*, or *Mark-Ebrach*, ſix Leagues from *Bamberg*. This Abbey is large like a little Borough, and ſurrounded with ſtrong Walls flanked with ſome Towers. It is ſituated in a very agreeable Valley, bordered on each Side with a little Eminence, covered with very lofty Trees. Through this Valley runs a large River called *Mittel-Ebrach*, which makes ſeveral Mills go, and from hence throws itſelf into a large Pond ; and out of that into the *Mein*. Having deſired Permiſſion to ſee an Abbacy ſo renowned in this Country, the Abbot ſent one of the principal Monks, who firſt ſhewed us their Library, which is the fineſt and beſt furniſhed I have ſeen ſince I left *Holland*. Above the Corniſh, which reaches quite round, are the Portraits of all the *Abbots* who have preſided over this Abbey ſince its Foundation ; the firſt of whom is named St. *Adam :* There are 30 in all. Beſides a great many good Books in this Library, there are ſome *Greek* and *Latin* Manuſcripts : Amongſt the *Greek*, two of *Ariſtotle*'s *Phyſicks*, one of *Iſocrates*, a *Nichomachus*, and ſome little Pieces of *Plato*. Amongſt the *Latin* is one of *Silius Italicus*, which they take to be 800 Years old ; but it ſeemed to me to have no Mark of ſuch Antiquity ; a *Claudian*, about 3 or 400 Years old, and ſeveral Miſſals adorned with very fine Miniatures. There are alſo Globes and a prodigious Quantity of Prints of the beſt Engravers in *Italy*, *France*,

The Library.

France, *Flanders* and *Germany*, which they have collected at vaſt Expence. 1705.

From the Library, we went to the Dorter, Cloiſters, and Refectory, *May* 23. which are all very handſome: But it is the only Convent we have yet ſeen where we were not offered, at leaſt, a Glaſs of Wine and a Cruſt of Bread, and we happened to be very hungry. In fine, we went into the Church, which is very large and high Ceiling'd: Our Conductor led us to an Altar of white Marble where the famous St. *Bernard* Abbot of *Clairvaux*, *Abelard*'s great Perſecutor, uſed to ſay Maſs. It is adorned with Basreliefs, repreſenting the principal Actions of that Saint, and he aſſured us that this Altar was ſent hither by an Abbot of *Clairvaux* above two hundred Years ago. But here is ſomething more curious than this Altar.

EBRACH.

The Church.

In 16 Niches in the Wall, before which are Iron Grates, repoſe the embalmed Hearts of 16 Biſhops of *Wirtzburg*, from *Berthold* of *Sternberg*, who died in 1287. His Epitaph is in a pretty ſingular Stile, and therefore I have tranſcribed it for you.

The Hearts of ſeveral Biſhops.

Cor jacet in foſſâ (ſine quo Caro nil, nihil oſſa)
Præſulis atque Ducis Wirtzburgi: da bona lucis
Bartholdo Chriſte! quo ſacratus locus iſte:
De Stellæ monte, dedit hoc munus quia ſponte.

But, I believe, I muſt explain to you *Stellæ monte*, and the Riddle is briefly this. *Sternberg*, the family Name of this Abbot *Berthold*, ſignifies *Mountain of the Star*, and that is all *Stellæ monte* is meant to ſignify.

Our Guide, who is a Monk of ſo noted Sanctity, that in all Probability he will be canonized after his Death, certified to us, with all his ſolemn Gravity, that if the leaſt Bit of the Wall in which theſe Niches are ſhould fall, or any one of theſe *Niches* ſhould chance to open of itſelf, it is an infallible Preſage, that the then Biſhop of *Wirtzburg* will ſoon die.

Odd Story

You may laugh: But the ſame good ſerious Monk told us ſomething more extraordinary yet with the greateſt Solemnity; *viz.* that the Devil is buried in this Church, and which is yet more, his Mother too. This you may ſay, is more ridiculous than the Devil in the Device at *Gaibach*: But whatever you may ſay or think this good Monk aſſured us this was Fact, and ſhewed us their Tombs. The Story is ſhortly this. A certain Brother of this Abbacy had for his Name and Sir-name *Hanns der Teuffel*, that is to ſay, *John the Devil*. His Mother died, and being very rich, ſhe left all her Ducats to this Abbey of *Ebrach*, upon Condition that her Corpſe ſhould be interred in this Church; an Honour they allow to none, no not to the Abbots or the Monks themſelves; but Money prevailed over Cuſtom. Two Years after died Brother *John the Devil*, and though they were under no Obligation to bury him here, yet it was done for the Sake of the Joke, that it might be ſaid, *Here are buried the Devil and his Mother*. Now was not this a very witty Invention of theſe facetious

The Church Tombs.

1705. *May* 23. tious Monks? The Organ in this Church is magnificent, and muſt have coſt a round Sum.

EBRACH. This Abbacy was founded, they ſay, more than 1200 Years ago, by *Cherebert* VIII King of *France*, and fourth Chriſtian King, who died in 573. During *Guſtavus Adolphus*'s War in *Germany*, it was quite laid in Ruins. Some Years ago, Wine and Corn were very dear in *Franconia*, and the other neighbouring Provinces, but the Monks of *Ebrach* had great Plenty, having for three Years before gathered vaſt Crops, which they ſtored up in their Granaries, without ſelling one Grain. Perhaps ſome of their 16 Niches had foretold them by ſome Sign, the Dearth that was to follow theſe three Years of fecundity. However that may be, they did not open their Magazines till theſe Commodities were at a very high Price; and then they did it, not to diſtribute them charitably to the Poor who were ſtarving, but to make as much Money as they could extortion; by which Means they amaſſed a vaſt Sum. They no ſooner found themſelves in Caſh than they thought their Abbey, which had been but indifferently repaired after having been deſtroyed by the King of *Sweden*, not fine enough for them; they razed it to the Ground, and built of the Profits they had made by their Corn and Wine, this magnificent Edifice of hewn Stone with a ſplendid Church, two large Courts, ſeveral Magazines and Granaries, Wine-preſſes, Brew-houſes, Stables, Coach-houſes, and I know not how many other Conveniencies, which make this Abbey appear like a little Town at a diſtance.

History of this Abbacy.

All this we were told by our ſagacious Guide who expects Canonization. And he, inſtead of taking ſuch a Monopoly to be a Sin, thought it a moſt meritorious Work, and could prove it, no doubt, from the Writings of their *Ignatian* Caſuiſts, who are excellent Moraliſts.

Beautiful Valley and Echo. In our return from this Convent, we walked a-foot acroſs the agreeable Valley, and by the Side of the River already mentioned. And happening to ſpeak a little loud, we were agreeably ſurprized with one of the moſt charming Echo's in the World. The whole Foreſt, which covers the Valley to the right, reſounded our Voices, and the Echo diſtinctly repeated the laſt Syllables twelve Times. What moſt amuſed and ſurprized us was, that our Voices received from the different Concavities it met with different Tones, which made, as it were, a Concert of ſeveral Voices. From hence we came to *Lipſberg*, which is a pretty large Town where we dined, and then continued our Rout to *Bamberg*.

CHAP.

1705. *May* 23. BAMBERG.

CHAP. XXIX.

Bamberg *the first Bishoprick in* Germany. *The old Palace. The new Palace. The Cathedral. Several Monuments. The Treasury of this Church. Its Riches, and many curious Manuscripts.*

NEXT Day after our Arrival, we payed our Respects to his Electoral Highness, who is of the Family of *Schoonborn*. He received us with uncommon Affability and Politeness. A Moment after we were splendidly regaled by the chief Nobility of his Court, who waited upon us afterwards through the Palace. Kindness of the Elector.

It is an old Building situated in an Island made by the River *Pegnitz*. The Garden is tolerable; there is a large Orangery wherein are several Trees of an extraordinary Size. There is besides an agreeable Bower with a fine Fountain. In the middle of the Bason is a Pillar which supports a vast Shell, out of which rises a *Neptune* riding on his Triton, both of Brass. The Rays which make up his Crown and the Points of his Trident, are formed by Spouts of Water, and have a very fine Effect. At one End of this Garden are two Grottos, in one of which is a Terrestrial Globe six foot Diameter, but without Zodiac or Meridian, made by an *Augustin* Monk named *Theodat Zovet*, who was about making one of eight Feet Diameter, he died in 1688. In the other are two Figures of Peasants, together with a Woman, all three sitting at a Table. The Woman holds a little Child on her Lap. The old Palace.

This Figure made a very strong Impression upon a Gardiner, whom about a Year ago the great Marshal, Director of this Garden, brought from the Country to work here, because he was reckoned a very skilful one. From the Moment he came here, he was so struck with these Statues, which he took for Images of St. *Joseph* and the *Virgin*, that he has ever since regularly paid his Devotions to them every Day at Noon before he goes to Dinner; and nothing could ever put it out of his Head, but that he was paying his Worship to the Saints he had ever, as he said, a great Veneration for. Great Simplicity of a Gardiner.

After walking sometime in a small but very pleasant Thicket and along the Banks of the River *Pegnitz*, we returned to the Court-Coaches which the Grand-Marshal had ordered to wait for us, in Order to carry us to the new Palace built by this Elector. It is a vast Pile of Building of hewn Stone three Story high: The Front is very regular, and stands between two large Wings, which reach half the Length of the Court that leads to the Cathedral, and half the Length of the Garden, which is not at all proportioned to the bigness of the Building. The Apartments are grand, commodious, and will be furnished with a Mag- The new Palace.

1705. *May* 25. BAMBERG.

nificence ſuitable to the Dignity of the firſt of the Electors. The Cielings, the Wainſcoting, and every Part that admits of ſuch Ornaments, are painted with Hiſtory-pieces; but unluckily by an *Italian* Quack, who pretended to be a very able Maſter. This Raſcal was well provided with excellent Deſigns and Studio's, which he ſaid were his own: But he has impudently robbed the Elector, having done nothing that is tolerable, there being no Symmetry in his Deſigns, his Groupes confuſed, and moſt of his Figures diſtorted and out of all Proportion; his Colouring very florid, but very injudicious. He is not the firſt Villain of his Country who has impoſed upon Princes. *Bragadin* formerly cheated ſcandalouſly the Duke of *Bavaria* with his pretended Powder of Projection, but the Knavery being diſcovered, that Prince rewarded him with the Gallows.

The Cathedral.

The Cathedral and its Treaſury have employed us all this Day. It is a vaſt Edifice quite *Gothic*, with four Steeples like thoſe at *Wirtzburg*, of a very bold Work, open at the Top, and ſupported by very high Pillars, which appear very light and eaſy. The Body of the Church is very dark, but there are two Quires tolerably well lighted. In that to the Eaſt there is the Tomb of Pope *Clement* II. of white Marble, with this Inſcription.

The Tomb of a Biſhop of *Bamberg*.

PRIMUS IN CHRISTO PATER ET DOMINUS D. SUIDGERUS A MAYENDORF SAXO. IIDUS EPIS. BAMB. POSTEA SUMM. PONT. CLEMENS IIDUS DICTUS. OBIIT ROMÆ 10. OCTOB. ANNO M.XXXXVII.

This *Suidgerus* was the ſecond Biſhop of *Bamberg*, when the three Anti-Popes divided *Italy*, under the Names of *Benedict* IX, *Sylveſter* III, and *Gregory* VI. The Emperor *Henry* III, Sirnamed the *Black*, Son to *Conrad* the *Salic*, went to *Rome* and took along with him this Biſhop, and after making himſelf Maſter of the City got him to be choſen Pope, under the Title of *Clement* II. But poor *Suidgerus* did not long enjoy that Honour; for having conſecrated the Emperor and the Empreſs *Agnes* his Conſort, Daughter to *William* Duke of *Aquitania*, he died a little after being poiſoned by the *Italians*, who could not ſuffer a *German* in St. *Peter*'s Chair. The Emperor ordered his Body to be carried to *Bamberg*, and interred in this Cathedral.

Tomb of the Emperor *Henry* II and his Wife.

In the Entry of the other Quire which is to the Weſt, there is an Altar behind which are buried the Emperor *Henry* II, called the Lame, otherwiſe St. *Henry*, and the Empreſs his Conſort *Cunegonde* Daughter to *Sigefroid* Count *Palatine* of the *Rhine*. Hiſtory ſays, that this Princeſs died a Maid, though married. Their Monument is alſo of white Marble, with their Statues lying down in their Imperial Robes, with the Globe and Scepter in their Hands, Crowns on their Heads, and two Lions at their Feet. Three Faces of this Monument are adorned with Sculptures repreſenting

ſenting the Trial that was made of St. *Cunegonde*'s Innocence; for being falſely accuſed of Adultery, ſhe vindicated herſelf from the Calumny by carrying in her bare Hands Iron Rods red-hot, without being in the leaſt hurt. Upon the fourth is a Cartouche of Braſs, under which are theſe Words in Capitals. 1705. *May* 25 BAMBERG.

D. O. M.
HUMANI GENERIS REDEMPTORI JESU CHRISTO.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ FUNDATORIBUS, TUTORIBUS, PATRONIS DIVIS HENRICO ET KUNEGUNDÆ CÆSAREIS ET VIRGINEIS CONJUGIBUS. ARAM, TROPHOEUM, MONUMENTUM SACRAVIT, EREXIT, POSUIT,
M. O. E.

The whole is encloſed within an Iron Rail about half a Foot in height.

This Cripple Emperor was canonized for having been a great Benefactor to the Eccleſiaſtics in his Time. It was he that founded in 1006 this Biſhopric and Cathedral, which he dedicated to St. *George*. He made *Eberhard* his Chancellor the firſt Biſhop, and gave him a large Portion of the Eſtate of the Count of *Merſpurg*, who died without Children, but left ſeveral very poor Relations who ought in Equity and Reaſon to have been his Heirs; a plain Proof that Saints may commit Injuſtice, as well as other Men. He likewiſe built two Monaſteries in *Bamberg*; one for Monks of the Order of St. *Auguſtin*, dedicated to St. *Stephen*; the other for *Benedictines* under the Name of St. *Michel*. He is called the Apoſtle of the *Hungarians*, becauſe he brought about the Converſion of theſe Barbarians to Chriſtianity. I am going to tell you how. History of this Prince.

Their King called *Stephen* (a Name not *Pagan*) falling paſſionately in Love with the Princeſs *Giſelle*, Siſter to St. *Henry*, at the firſt Sight of her Portrait, ſent to aſk her in Marriage by a ſolemn Embaſſy. The Holy Emperor, full of Zeal, refuſed to give his Siſter to the King of *Hungary*, unleſs he would embrace the Chriſtian Religion. The amorous Prince got himſelf baptized immediately without any Scruple or Heſitation, to ſatisfy his Paſſion, in 1010. and his Subjects followed his Example. This is what the Legends ſay concerning this pious Emperor: But beſides, that the Name *Stephen*, as I have already ſaid, is not *Pagan*; I think that the Hiſtorians who have mentioned *Attila* King of the *Huns* or *Hungarians*, who lived about the Middle of the Fifth Century, ſay, that this Prince was at that Time a Chriſtian, but infected with *Arianiſm*. *Hungarians* converted by his Means.

However that be, St. *Henry* was Nephew to *Otho* the Great, and he was crowned Emperor in 1002, by *Willigiſe* Archbiſhop of *Mayence*, Son to a Cart-wright, whom I have already mentioned in the Article of *Mayence*. He was obliged, much againſt his Will, to carry on ſeveral Wars, both in *Germany* and in *Italy*, during a Reign of 23 Years and ſome Months. The H's wonderful Chaſtity.

ſame

1705. *May* 26 BAMBERG.

same Legend says, that he kept his Continence, even with his Wife *Cunegonde* and that a little before his Death he restored her to her Parents, saying: *Take back your Virgin, whom I restore to you as you gave her to me.* This happened in the Year 1024. in the Month of *July*. This surely is a most notable Example of Continence, of which few Men now-a-days are capable, unless they be unqualified for Matrimony, or the Lady be an Antidote against Love, *i. e.* such a *Virago* with a Beard and a hairy flat Breast like a Man, as the late *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* was. The ordinary Devise of this chaste Emperor was; *Ne quid nimis*. One of his noblest Actions was, driving the *Sarazens* out of *Calabria* and *Apulia*.

Three other Remarkable Tombs.

There are several other Tombs in this Cathedral, I shall only mention three more of the most remarkable. The first is that of a Bishop named *Philip Valentin*, a very good Prelat, upon the Testimony of his Epitaph: His Statue as big as Life, dressed in the Episcopal Robes, is in a large Niche of Brass, with his Arms of the same Metal, placed upon a Pedestal of black Marble. The Second is of the Bishop *Melchior Otho*, another good Pastor. His Bust, the Niche in which it stands, and his Arms, are of white Marble, as well as the Corpse of a Man stretched out in a Coffin, with his Head leaning upon a Globe: All this is of a very fine Workmanship. The Inscriptions on these two are very long, and there is nothing very particular in them. The Third, is that of a Bishop whose Name is forgotten, but whose Statue has a broad Slash on the right Cheek. Here is the History of him.

The History of a haughty Bishop of *Bamberg*.

During the See of this Bishop, the Magistrates of *Bamberg* were very jealous of their Privileges; by one of which, it was not permitted to the Bishop to pass beyond a certain Bridge, leading to a considerable Part of the Town, with his Guards or any Attendants in Arms. The Bishop, whom that Restriction had chagrined for a long Time, resolved to abolish it, and ventured passing the Bridge; but all the Populace rose immediately, took Arms, attacked and put to Flight the Bishop's Guard: A certain Cooper was even so brutal, as to cut the Bishop himself in the Face with a Planer; so that the poor Prelate was forced to make his Retreat as fast as he could. Sometime after this Accident, the Bishop invited half a Dozen of the chief Magistrates to Dinner, and begged them to bring their original Charters that they might examine them together, which the Magistrates being foolish enough to do he received and entertained them very kindly, and having made them drink copiously, *i. e. more Germanico*, he then asked a Sight of their Charters. These Drunkards shewed them to him, and which is more, were such Idiots as to tell him, that it was they who had spirited up the People to defend their Privileges so bravely. There needed no more to rouse the Bishop, who well remembered the Cut in his Face, to revenge himself. And first of all, he threw the Charters into the Fire; and next, having put all these Magistrates into close Prison in his own Palace, he had them secretly beheaded without the Ceremony of a Process. This was like a Bishop, who understood something more than humming

He burns the Charters, and Kills the Magistrates of this City.

over

over his Breviary. Here is an excellent Example for Secular Princes to copy after but of the *Machiavilean* kind. 1705. *May* 26.

From the Church we were conducted to ſee the Treaſury, which is extremely rich and full of very great Curioſities; at leaſt very coſtly ones. Firſt of all, here are two Mantles and two Imperial Robes of St. *Henry*: The two Robes and one of the Mantles are but of blue Damaſk; the other of Roſe colour Damaſk very much tarniſhed, and trimmed with a ſlight ſilk Fringe all round. BAMBERG. The Treaſury, its Curioſities & Riches.

The Imperial Mantle of St. *Cunigonde*, with a large Border of Pearls is ſo heavy, that the ſtrongeſt of your Porters could not carry it from one End of *London* to the other, without ſweating very heartily. This ſingle Piece is worth all the Wardrobe of the good Emperor her Spouſe.

The Imperial Crown of that Prince; which is not cloſe at the Top as thoſe of the preſent Emperors and Kings are; It is only ſix Plates of Gold rounded a little at the Top, and joined together with Claſps: Theſe Plates are adorned with precious Stones of all Colours. I took Notice of two antique Oriental Agats among them, repreſenting the Goddeſs *Pallas* in *Cameo*. That of the Empreſs is compoſed of two Circles of Gold, claſped the one upon the other, richly ſet with Pearls and Jewels. The Mitre of St. *Othon* Biſhop of *Bamberg*. This Prelate was a greater Enemy to Pomp than his Brethen in our Days: He imitated the Simplicity of the firſt Apoſtles, for his Mitre is of an ordinary Taffety of Fillemot Colour, with a ſlight Velvet Lace and black Stripes: It is even very bare and greaſy, which makes me conjecture that this Prelate ſeldom wore any other. It was he that converted the *Pomeranians* to the Chriſtian Faith, under the Emperor *Henry* V. A Crown of brown Velvet bordered with ſmall Pearls, which was put upon the Head of St. *Cunigonde* after her Death: and they aſſured us, it had been in her Tomb more than 300 Years, without being in the leaſt muſty.

Three large Buſts of ſolid Silver, one of the *Virgin Mary*, one of the Emperor St. *Henry*, and the Third of his holy Virgin Wife. Each of theſe is five Foot high, and the Workmanſhip is excellent. In the Globe which that of *Henry* holds in his right Hand, is the real Head of that Emperor; they did us the very particular Favour of opening the Globe, and ſhewing this ſacred Head to us. It is very big, and they took Care to regale us with the agreeable Odour it exhales: We believed this Miracle with due Obedience of Faith, without attributing the ſweet Smell (as you, no doubt, would have done) to the perfumed Cotton wrapt about this Head. I obſerved an *Ex voto*, which is very particular, that was offered to the Infant *Jeſus*, which the Statue of the *Virgin Mary* has upon her Knee. 'Tis 13 Ducats of Gold ſent from *Hungary*, and bored on purpoſe to hang them at his Neck by a ſlight ſilk Ribband: *Tantiſne animis cœleſtibus aurum?* It was the good Biſhop *Philip Valentin*, of whom I have already ſpoken, who put theſe three rich Buſts into the Treaſury.

1705. May 26. BAMBERG. The Treasury.

A St. *George* o' Horseback combating the *Dragon*. It is of Silver gilt, and is seven full Feet in height, that is, with the Horse. The Father *Theophilus Raynaud*, a learned *Jesuit* of *Lions*, gave himself the Trouble to compose a large Work in *Folio* intituled, *Sanctus Georgius Cappadox*, to prove that this Saint, the Patron of *England*, was a Gentleman of *Cappadocia*. A noble Discovery, and of great Benefit to the Publick!

A vast Shrine for Relicks enriched with precious Stones of all Colours, and an Adoration of the Wise Men of Mother-o'-Pearl, and exquisite Workmanship.

A Vase of Porphyry, which was used, say they, at the Marriage of *Cana* in *Galilea*. That which is kept at *Angers* the Capital of *Anjou* in *France*, is of a greyish Marble: Another shewed us in the Chapel of the eleven thousand Virgins at *Cologne*, is of Alabaster; and this is of Porphyry: Perhaps we may see another of *Lapis Lazuli*, before we have done with our Travels. There is in this Treasury another Vase of Porphyry much larger, of which unfortunately they knew not the Genealogy; but it is a very fine Piece: Were this Vase at the Chapel of St. *Ursula*, they would not have failed to have assigned it some Employment suitable to its Merit; as for Instance, to have kept cool the Wine old King *Etherus* drunk out of the Cup which they keep there as a precious Relick.

A portative Altar of massy Gold five or six Feet high, and enriched with several Histories from the *Genesis*, all in Onyx, in fine Relief. Among which are two Figures of *Adam* and *Eve*, holding each an Apple: *Cain* and *Abel*, with their Names, and the Sacrifice of *Abraham* with all its *Apparatus*. Each Figure has its Name on it above or below. The Guardians and Treasurers assured us, that this Altar is very Antique, and that it is worth a whole Kingdom. I don't know whether these Gentlemen meant, by a kind of *Jesuitical Equivoc*, the Kingdom of *Ivetot*, or that of *Jerusalem*, which are worth very little at present. But I will tell you, that having examined this rich Piece very narrowly, I found that the Base and Cornish of this Altar said to be of solid Gold, which are the principal Parts of it, are only of Wood gilded: I proved it clearly to all the Company by thrusting into it the Point of my Pen-knife pretty deep. The Guardians appeared astonished, and looked at one another, but said not a Word.

A large Chalice of massy Gold. From the Middle of its Bottom rises a little Pillar of the same Metal, upon which is grafted one of the Nails with which our Saviour was fastened to his Cross: The Point of it is broken, but what remains is more than four Inches long. This Chalice is so loaded with Medals of Gold and Silver and Knots of Ribbands, which are Vows paid to this holy Nail, that it is a long time before it can be found out among them.

A fine Crucifix of Rock-Crystal of an extraordinary Size, adorned with a Border of Gold all round, and set with Rubies and Emeralds: The Christ is also of solid Gold. A little Tabernacle of Gold, in which is preserved the left Jaw of the Emperor St. *Henry*, in which there are seven

Teeth quite freſh. They are of ſuch a Size, that we may conjecture this Prince grinded with great Strength. On the Top of this Tabernacle is enchaſed a Sapphire big as a Pigeon's Egg, and for which, ſay they, 10000 Crowns have been profered: If it be without a Flaw it muſt be worth 30000. 1705. *May* 26. BAMBERG.

A large and heavy Croſs of Gold a Foot and a half long; and another yet larger of Silver gilt, which the ſame Emperor St. *Henry* gave to this Treaſury. They are ſtuffed with Relicks which this Prince brought from *Rome*, and of which I ſhall only mention the more conſiderable. A Piece of our Saviour's Cradle; ſome Remains of the Incenſe which one of the three Kings offered to him; a Bit of the Stone on which our Lord was circumciſed; a Fragment of his Robe and Girdle; a Piece of the Soil on which the Habitation of our Lord in *Jeruſalem* ſtood; a Bit of the true Croſs; a Bit of the Earth upon which this Croſs was erected; a Bit of the holy Sepulchre; the Finger with which a Soldier of Pilate gave a Fillip to our Saviour; a Piece of the Holy *Virgin Mary*'s Gown; a little of her Milk, and ſome of her Hair; a Thumb of the Abbeſs St. *Gertrude*, who according to her Legend did not live a long time after St. *Henry*; a Toe of St. *John* the Evangeliſt; and ſeveral other no leſs curious and valuable Relicks. They ſhewed us likewiſe a Braſs Chain about an Ell long, with a Padlock of a very extraordinary Form, with which St. *Peter* was faſtened to a Poſt, when the Angel came to deliver him from Priſon. But if I am not miſtaken, they pretend at *Rome* to have this very Chain among their Relicks in the Church of St. *Peter* in Bonds. Curious and rich Relicks.

They, by way of a ſpecial Favour, ſhewed us two Ivory Combs, with which St. *Henry* uſed to comb his Locks: The lighteſt of the two weighs, at leaſt, a Pound and a half; and his Valets muſt not have been very careful to keep his Toilet clean, for they are very dirty. There is likewiſe one of the Knives this Prince made uſe of; its Handle is of Horn, and as for the Knife, there is not a Peaſant now in *Germany* who does not carry a much better and handſomer about with him. His Sabre, the Graſp of which is of Wood, is here likewiſe, and the Iron point of the Spear which he carried with him in all his Wars, about three Foot long. The Ruſt upon it, they ſay, is the Blood of the *Saracens* whom he drove out of *Apulia* and *Calabria*.

But one of the fineſt and moſt curious Pieces in this Treaſury is a Manuſcript in *Folio* of the four Goſpels in *Latin* upon fine Vellum in a charming *Roman* Character with ſome *Gothic* Letters interſperſed, and the moſt beautiful Miniatures that are any where to be ſeen. On the firſt Page are the Twelve following *Leonine* Verſes, in Letters of Gold; each Verſe is between two purple Lines, and the whole is adorned with green Foliage. Beautiful Manuſcripts.

1705. *May* 26.

BAMBERG.

Rex Heinricus *ovans, Fidei virtute coruſcans,*
Maximus Imperio fruitur quo proſper avito,
Inter opum varias prono de pectore gazas,
Obtulit hunc Librum, divina Lege refertum,
Plenus amore Dei, Pius in Donaria Templi,
Ut ſit perpetuum Decus illic omne per ævum.
Princeps ECCLESIÆ, *cæleſtis Claviger Aulæ,*
O Petre cum Paulo Gentis Doctore benigno!
Hunc tibi devotum prece fac ſuper aſtra Beatum
Cum Cunigunda *ſibi regnante Serena:*
Hoc Pater, hoc Gnatus, nec non & Spiritus almus
Annuat æternas, ſemper DEUS *omnibus unus.*

This Manuſcript is bound in the antique Manner, that is, with Wood covered with curious Sculptures in Ivory, repreſenting the Paſſion of *Jeſus Chriſt*. They are bordered with an Edging of Gold, upon which are the Heads of our Lord and his Apoſtles in Relief: Thoſe of the four Evangeliſts are on the four Corners. The whole is enamelled, and the Intervals between the Figures are garniſhed with precious Stones of all Colours and Pearls. Upon the Plate of Gold with which the Ivory-ſquare is bordered are engraved and enamelled theſe four Verſes in large Letters, without Diphthongs, Accents, Points or Commas.

Grammata qui Sophie querit cognoſcere vere
Hoc Matheſis plene quadratum laudet habere
En qui veraces Sophie fulſere ſequaces
Ornat perfectam Rex Heinrih ſtemmate ſectam

There is another *Latin* Manuſcript in *Folio* of the four Goſpels, with a Commentary by St. *Jerom* and fine Miniatures; but it is not comparable to the firſt. There is a Third in *Gothic* Letters the Covers of which are alſo enriched with Pearls and precious Stones much in the ſame way as the Firſt, with a Square of Ivory in the Middle, on which is wrought the Baptiſm of *Jeſus Chriſt* by St. *John*.

There is beſides a Manual of St. *Henry* in *Quarto*, which is likewiſe in Manuſcript. This Prince put all theſe Things into the Treaſury, together with a large and fine Shrine of Gold for Relicks, filled with a Piece of the real Croſs, and ſeveral other Relicks covered with fine Rock-cryſtal. Upon the Gold with which the Cryſtal is bordered are theſe four Verſes in Capital Letters, with the C of an extraordinary Form, and without Diphthongs, Points, Accents or Commas.

1705.
May 27.
BAMBERG.

EN ⊏ESAR SOPHIE RENITENS HEINRI⊏US HONORE
⊏HRISTE ⊏REATORI DABIT HO⊏ TIBI MUNUS HONORI
IN QUOSAN⊏TA ⊏RU⊏IS PARS ⊏LAUDITUR AC DE⊏US ORBIS
REDDE VI⊏EM PATRIE DONANDO GAUDIA VERE

This Shrine is alſo ſet with precious Stones, as well as the Manuſcripts. In ſhort, I have only mentioned to you the Pieces in this Treaſury which appeared moſt curious to me, without troubling you with a vaſt Number of Antipendiums of Altars which are extremely rich, Candleſticks, Luſtres, Lamps, Cenſers of Gold and Silver, and other Riches wherewith this Treaſury is plentifully ſtocked.

CHAP. XXX.

Bamberg *continued. A Pleaſure-houſe of the Elector. Impertinence of a Sculptor. The* Jeſuits *Church. That of the* Dominicans, *and that of St.* Martin. *Curious Epitaphs. Another ridiculous Whim of a Sculptor. A fine* NotreDame, *famous for working miraculous Cures. The Character of the Elector of* Mayence. *His Prerogatives as Biſhop of* Bamberg. *This Town deſcribed. Some Particularities concerning it.*

THE Elector having done us the Honour to ſignify his Inclination, that we ſhould ſee a Pleaſure-houſe of his about two Leagues from *Bamberg*; the Grand-Marſhal ſent us at ſeven in the Morning a Calaſh and Six, in which the Prince uſually goes a Hunting, attended by two Gentlemen of the Court, and two of his Highneſs's Footmen, to conduct us to this Houſe. We were almoſt the whole Way between a large Foreſt of Firs full of Deer, and a Lake, and we arrived there at nine o' Clock. This Houſe is very pleaſantly ſituated, in a fine hunting Country. It is of hewn Stone, built in the Form of a Square, with four large Towers, one at each Corner. There is a Portico all round the grand ſquare Court, the Walls of which are garniſhed at equal Diſtances with fifty or ſixty Heads of Deer of an extraordinary Size, with an Inſcription under each Head, marking the Time and the Perſon's Name by whom each Deer was killed. This Decoration recalled to my Mind the Emperor *Andronicus Comnenus*, who cauſed the Horns of the Deer he killed in Hunting, to be fixed on the Gates of the grand Palace at *Conſtantinople*, to make a Joke of his Courtiers, who ſuffered him ſo tamely to debauch their Wives. There is upon theſe Walls likewiſe, the Figure of a prodigious wild Boar, which the Elector killed ſome Years ago, that weighed between 4 and 500 Pounds. The Apartments of this Houſe are very convenient; but at this Time the Fur-

Pleaſure-houſe of the Elector.

1705. *May* 27. niture was taken down, in order to be cleaned. The Plan of the Gardens, which are but juſt begun, is in a very good Taſte.

BAMBERG. The Country about *Bamberg*.

After having ſeen this Houſe, which is ſplendid enough for an Eccleſiaſtical Prince, we returned to our Calaſh, to take a Turn in the Country about *Bamberg*; and we dined in a Village the Church of which is finer than many in large Towns. While one of our Company amuſed himſelf with a very good Organ in it, I ſearched it throughout to ſee if I could diſcern any Curioſity; but I found nothing, except a Statue of St. *John* the Evangeliſt by a Crucifix upon the Altar gilded and of very good Sculpture, which hath an imperial Crown on its Head; and in a hollow Place dug in the Wall, an antique Bas-relief repreſenting the Virgin *Mary* dying: The twelve Apoſtles are about her Bed; ten of them have Prayer-books in their Hands; one of the other two holds a Crucifix before her, and the other preſents a Cup to her like one of thoſe in which Apothecaries commonly ſend Medicines to their Patients. The holy Virgin, without minding the Drogue, keeps her Eyes intently fixed on the Crucifix, and holds her Beads in her Hand which ſhe ſeems to be telling very ſeriouſly. I would gladly know if the Sculptor, who contrived this Repreſentation, fancied that the Virgin ſaid an *Ave Maria* after every *Pater*, as all good Catholics do. You ſee what is to be got by travelling. Travellers are every Day learning ſomething new. If I had kept at home, as you do, I ſhould never have diſcovered that St. *John* the Evangeliſt had been an Emperor, and far leſs, that the Virgin *Mary* died ſaying *Pater Noſter*'s. 'Tis true, *Cardan* had informed me that he had ſeen a Picture, in which the Apoſtles were repreſented playing on Cymbals at her Burial.

A ſtrange Fancy of a Sculptor

The Jeſuit's Church.

We returned to *Bamberg*, and payed a Viſit to the Church of the Reverend Fathers Jeſuits. The Front of this Church is well adorned with ſeveral Statues of Saints in Niches; but the inſide is very indifferent which is extraordinary; for all the World knows, that the good Diſciples of *Loyola* generally take Care to make their Churches very magnificent; and we have ſeen none that are not richly adorned, except thoſe they have here and at *Wirtzburg*. I took notice in this at *Bamberg* two good Pictures by *Onghers*, one of which repreſents a St. *Francis Xavier* dead, and the other a St. *Ignatius* on his Knees before an Angel. This bleſſed Spirit preſents to the Patriarch of the Jeſuits a Mirror in which appear theſe Letter *J. H. S.* i. e. *Jeſus Hominum Salvator*, which are the Letters that are generally inſcribed above the Gates of their Colleges and Houſes. There are Rays darting from the Mirror, which ruſh to ſtamp the Characters, but in miniature, upon this holy Perſon's Breaſt juſt above his Heart; but beſides this particular Sort of *Stigma*, the Saint is girt with a Belt of very maſſy Beads, to the End of which is faſtened a Medal, on which is his own Image. What Impertinence in a Painter that paſſes for ſo conſiderable a one thro' all *Germany!* And how could theſe Fathers take ſuch a Piece from him without making him efface their Pa-

Whim of a Painter.

trons

trons own Picture on the Medal hanging at his Beads, and putting another in its Room which better became him to carry about with him. 1705. *May* 28.

BAMBERG. The Church of the *Dominicans*, and a singular Picture.

To Day we made an End of seeing the Churches in this City; and here is all we found worth minding in them. In that of the *Dominicans* is an Altar to the Left on which is a very singular Picture. At the Top of it the Painter has placed God the Father under the Figure of an old Man with a large Beard; a little lower, *Jesus Christ* and the Virgin *Mary* Face to Face, and the holy Dove between them. The Saviour of the World makes five Fountains of Blood spring from his Wounds, which fall into a Chalice that supports itself in the Air: St. *Dominicus* is on his Knees upon a Cloud immediately under the Virgin *Mary*, and holds a long String of Beads in one Hand. Below him is Purgatory full of Male-Souls, there being but one Female one in it; and the good Saint is going to tie the End of his Beads to this Female, without troubling himself about the rest; she catches at it with both her Hands, and kisses the Cross in it, and St. *Dominicus* is preparing to pull her out of the Flames, as a Fisher does to draw a Fish out of the Water with his Line, that he may send this Soul straight to Paradise. A Monk, who was by while we were looking at this Picture, assured us that above two thousand Masses are said on this Altar every Year, which bring as many Souls out of Purgatory. Surely this cruel *Spaniard* has changed his Temper very much since his Death, for in his Life he was the most cruel and violent Persecutor of the *Albigenses*, and burnt them without Mercy as fast as he could lay Hands on them. You must own that the Monks and Priests have incomparably more Cunning and Art than your Ministers. The first take care to keep in the Fire of Purgatory to make their Pot boil, but yours have thrown so much Water it upon that they have quite extinguished it in your Part of the World. Had I a Mind to be merry I would not pass this Saint's particular Regard to the Sex without some Annotations.

The Church of S. *Martin*, and another very odd Picture.

But I hasten to give you an Account of a very extraordinary Picture in the Church of St. *Martin* here, in which there is indeed a good Deal of Puffing. The Altar is dedicated to the miraculous *Notre Dame* of *Munich*. God the Father is painted alone in an Oval at the Top of the Altar: He leans on a Globe, and holds a Sceptre in his Hand, and from his Mouth comes a Blast (in the Manner that the Postilions of *Eolus* are painted) which passes a gilded Cornish to reach the Holy Ghost who is at the Top of a large Picture on the Altar. The Holy Ghost receives it, and then blows it towards *Notre Dame* of *Munich*, who is also by herself in a gilded Square about the Middle of this large Picture. The infant *Jesus* hugs his Mother and blows into her Mouth, and the good Virgin, swelled with these Puffs, makes one come out of her Bosom to diffuse itself thro' the Church of St. *Martin*, to whom two Angels present the Figure of this Saint on a Print. And so Ends all this Blowing. You can easily

1705. *May* 28. BAMBERG.

ly gueſs no doubt at the Meaning of the firſt Part of this enigmatical Blowing: But I defy you to explain the reſt. All I have to ſay is, that I wonder how it came that the Inventor and Painter of this moſt ingenious Piece did not make the Church to blow alſo in her Turn on the People who are on their Knees in the Picture. Underneath the Altar there is this Diſtich in golden Letters.

Plebs devota tibi, virgo ſinè labe, Parenſque,
Altare exſtruxit; vota, Maria, tene.

Not far from this Altar I remarked this Gaſconading Epitaph, upon a Tomb of the Mother of a Counſellor to his Electoral Highneſs of *Mayence*.

A bragging Epitaph.

Sub hoc ſaxo magnus Theſaurus tegitur. Mulier pia, fortis, & ſapiens: Pretium illius in nomine legitur. Margaritha Sophia de Wolffſthal, nata de Wurtzburg. Ne tempus edax rerum, hæc tam ſplendida nomina, vel in mortali hoc ſaxo ſcripta arroderet, Illa dum vixit, vivis expreſſit moribus. Abi viator, & facta te ab hac Sophia doctum quam homo vanus & inanis ſis.

Nam cum Dote pia hæc eſt Margarita Sophia;
Sic quod in orbe placet, terra repente jacet.

But this Epitaph does not, in my Fancy, expreſs the Character of a rare and extraordinary Woman half ſo well as an antique one communicated to me by a Canon of *Wirtzburg* and a learned Antiquary, together with another upon the Tomb of an Anti-*Lucretia*, who little reſembled this Dame *Marguerita Sophia*.

I have copied them both for you. The firſt is

Epitaph of a good Wife.

D. M.
Q. Cavius. Severus. Rutiliæ. Primitivæ.
Uxori. Rariſſimi. Exempli.
Cum. qua. vixit. annis. XXXII.
Sinè. ulla. Animi. Læſura. E. S.

The ſecond which is, as I have told you, in quite another Stile, has this Singularity in it, that the Lady gives Poſterity her true Character without any Diſguiſe.

D. M.

1705.

May 28. BAMBERG. And of a very lewd Woman.

D. M.
Qui. me. volent.
Valete. Matronæ. Matreſque familias.
Vixi. &. ultra. vitam. nihil. credidi.
Quos. potui. pellexi. Filtris. &. Aſtu.
Viro. humato.
Non vidua fui. nec. Maritæ. nomen. adepta.
Quæſo. non. invidete.
Portia. Famelia. eſt. Veneris. Domus
Illicium. Cupidinum.
Cave. Viator.
Ne. me. diu. calcatam. calces.

To the Right in the ſame Church, and in a Corner of the Wall there is a Nativity of *Chriſt*, which is yet odder than the *Notre Dame*, who dies ſaying, *Pater Noſter*'s and *Ave Maria*'s. The Idiot of a Sculptor has here repreſented the Virgin *Mary* ſtretched upon her Bed, as Women juſt delivered commonly are, and the Infant *Jeſus* well ſwadled, lying by her. But on the Bed are two Angels kneeling; the one holds a Flaſk of Wine to comfort the Woman juſt brought to Bed, and the other a Porringer full of Broth or Pottage for the Babe. Around the Bed ſtand five other Angels, with the Midwife, with Pſalm-books or Litanies in their Hands, which they ſeem to ſing; and at the Foot of the Bed near a Cradle is the Spouſe of the Virgin faſt aſleep, with his Head lying on a Pillow. To this Picture do the Women here pay their Devotions when they are chanted. The Sculptor has not put his Name upon it. But if the Elector or the Prieſt here would take my Advice they would deſtroy this Repreſentation, or at leaſt not ſhew it to Heretics; ſo ſadly does it burleſque the moſt ſacred Myſteries.

An Impertinence of a Sculptor.

In the Middle of this Church there is a very fine *Notre Dame*, called *Mater pulchræ Dilectionis*. Four Angels big as Life ſtanding upon Pedeſtals inſtead of Pillars to ſupport on their Heads Chapiters joined together by large Feſtoons of Flowers: Upon theſe Chapiters lie four Corbels, which bear up a Dome, under which is the Statue of the Virgin. On the Top of this Dome is a fifth Angel which points to an Oval in which is the Name of our Lady in Golden Letters. All this is fine Workmanſhip, and richly gilt. A prodigious Quantity of Vows in Gold and Silver, Wax-work, and Painting, which repreſent ſeparately all the Members of the human Body, are ranged along the Side of the Wall, or hung up. They are Gifts to the Virgin from Perſons of all Ranks, who were miraculouſly cured by her from all Sorts of Diſeaſes. What is a little ſcandalous, and ſometimes diſturbs the Devotion of pure Minds, is, that the Wind gets in amongſt them ſometimes, and makes ſome Members knock againſt one another, in a comical Manner.

A miraculous *Notre Dame.*

1705. *May* 28. BAMBERG.

We cannot doubt but the Catholics have borrowed their holy Water from the ancient *Pagans*, among whom it was in Uſe, as well as this Cuſtom of hanging up Gifts in their Temples in Memory of miraculous Cures: For it was the Way among the Heathens, you know, to make an Offering to ſome God or Goddeſs, who they thought had cured them of ſome Diſtemper, of the Figure of the Member cured, in ſome Metal or other, according to the Abilities of the Perſon cured. I for my own Part remember very well to have ſeen in Cabinets of Rarities ſeveral ſuch Gifts, in Braſs, Iron, Lead, *&c. Priapus*'s in particular, inconteſtably antique. That of the King of *Spain* at *Madrid* is very well furniſhed with ſuch Pieces of Antiquity, as is likewiſe the Cabinet of your very curious Antiquary Mr. *Charleton*.

Moſt of the *Popiſh* Inſtitutions borrowed from the Heathens.

An old Crucifix.

I obſerved, in paſſing through the Entry to one of the Bridges here, a large Crucifix that would be compleatly dreſſed if it had the Periwig which is upon the Head of one in the Church of the *Maccabees* at *Cologne*, for it has a Cravat adorned with a luſty Knot of Ribbands of roſe Colour.

May 29. The Character of the Elector of *Mayence*

To Day we took leave of this Court, and had a farewel Audience from his Electoral Highneſs, who had treated us in the moſt gracious Manner. He had the Complaiſance to ſay, that he was ſorry we ſhould make ſo ſhort a Stay, and to deſire that, if we returned this Way when we had ſeen *Italy*, we would come and ſee him again. After entertaining us a little with various Converſation, but chiefly upon the Advantages of Travelling, we had once more the Honour of kiſſing his Hands.

'Tis certain there are few Princes who are better made than the Elector of *Mayence*. He is of a fine Stature, and has a very majeſtick Mien. There is naturally in his Countenance ſomething very ſweet and engaging, which inſpires at once Love and Reſpect; and his generous, affable, humane, benificent Temper is quite anſwerable to his Looks. He is a very wiſe, judicious, underſtanding Prince, thoroughly acquainted with his own Intereſts and thoſe of every Potentate in *Europe*. He loves the Sciences, and the ingenious Arts, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture in particular. Witneſs his magnificent Palace at *Bamberg*, which they are now finiſhing, and his elegant little Houſe at *Gaibach*, which he built when he was but a private Canon. This Prince is of the illuſtrious Houſe of the Counts of *Schoonborn*, which holds a conſiderable Rank in the Empire. His Name is *Lothaire Francis*, and he is about 49 or 50 Years of Age. He is the firſt of the Electors, and has the Right of anointing, and crowning the Emperor. His Brother, who has a very numerous and beautiful Family, is Vice-chancellor of the Empire, and poſſeſſes ſeveral other Employments.

Pictures of five Biſhops.

When we left the Elector's Apartment, we went into the Anti-chamber to take leave of the principal Perſons of his Court. Here I took notice of the Portraits of fifteen Biſhops of *Bamberg*, with their Names, Ages, and the Times of their Death marked upon them all except the firſt, upon

which there was neither Name nor Date: But to make amends for that, he has a red Hat on like those of the Cardinals. 1705. *May* 29.

BAMBERG.

The Bishop of *Bamberg* is the only one in *Germany* who has this Privilege, together with that of wearing the Archbishop's *Pallium*. He has besides the Precedency of all the Bishops in the Empire, holds immediately of the Pope, and acknowledges no other Metropolitan. His Subjects cannot appeal from his Jurisdiction, for he is Sovereign. Over and above all this he is Governor of the Circle of *Franconia*, jointly with the Marquis of *Bareith* a Prince of the Family of *Brandeburg*. The most considerable Places belonging to him are *Kronach* and *Fortzheim*, not very distant from *Bamberg*. There is but little Commerce in his Dominions. The Gentlemen of the Court obliged us to dine with them, and the rest of the Day we spent in preparing for our Departure. Prerogatives of the Bishop of *Bamberg*.

Bamberg, in *Latin Bergium* and *Baberaberga*, is the ancient *Graincnarion* of *Ptolomy*, and a much larger City than *Wirtzburg*; but not so well built. It is most agreeably situated. The Rivers *Pegnitz* and *Rednitz* run through it, and after forming several Isles, fall together into the *Mein* about a League lower. It has no other Fortifications but a Wall; so that in Time of War the Bishop resides at *Fertzheim*, a strong Town in his Territory. There are at *Bamberg* several public Fountains, the most beautiful of which is adorned with a *Neptune*, who makes three Water-works play thro' his Trident. Though the Soil be fertile enough in Corn and Melons, which are exquisite here, yet there are but few Vineyards about the Town. Description and History of this City.

About a Musket-shot from the Palace the Elector is building here, there is a *Benedictin* Abbacy standing upon a little Eminence called Mount St. *Michel*. One of its Abbots, who was a great Botanist, caused the Church to be painted without and within, with all Sorts of known Plants and Simples; a very odd Whim indeed: It is perhaps the only Church in *Europe* which is made an Herbal. Abbacy of *Benedictins*.

It was at *Bamberg* that the Emperor *Conrad* III. died in his Return from his misfortunate Expedition to the *Holy-Land* in 1152. the fifteenth Year of his Reign. This Croisade, of which he was one of the Heads, and *Lewis* VII. King of *France* the other, was undertaken with the greatest Hopes imaginable. The famous St. *Bernard*, Abbot of *Clairvaux*, preached it up by order of Pope *Eugene* III. and promised those Princes happy Success. Yet this Enterprize, in spite of all his Promises, ended in nothing but the draining of *France* and *Germany* of Men and Money, and making these great Monarchs return to their States very ill attended. But this was what the Popes in those Days very little minded; for they ordered Croisades to be recommended from the Pulpits, for no other End but to ruin the Princes of *Europe*, and aggrandize themselves at their Expences. The holy Wars very fatal to *Christendom*.

A Council was held at *Bamberg* in 1011. to put an End to the Differences among the *German* Bishops; and in the Time of *Henry* IV. Its Bishop *Otho* converted the *Pomeranians* to the Christian Religion. Council of *Bamberg*.

1705.
May 30.

CHAP. XXXI.

Towns between Bamberg *and* Nuremburg. Fortzheim, *a ſtrong Place. Its Hiſtory.* Payerſdorff, Erlang, *both belonging to the Margrave of* Bareith. *A Deſcription of them.* Nuremburg, *an Imperial City. A Feſtival of the Merchants there, and of thoſe of St.* Gall. *Great Drinking-Church on this Occaſion. The principal of* Nuremburg.

FORTZHEIM.

WE ſet out from *Bamberg* at Five in the Morning, that we might get to *Nuremburg* before the Gates were ſhut; which is always done about Seven o'Clock; ſo ſilly and humorous are theſe *Republicans*. We found good Road, and having ſix ſtrong Horſes to our Berlin, we went at a good Rate, and arrived at *Fortzheim* about Nine o'Clock. It is the *Loëcritum* of the Ancients, ſituated on the Confluence of the *Wiſent* and the *Rednitz*; it is ſtrongly and regularly fortified. And is on that Account, as I have already ſaid, the Reſidence of the Biſhop of *Bamberg* in the Time of War, and he keeps there commonly a very ſtrong Garriſon.

Its Fortifications,

Yet the Duke *Bernard* of *Weymar*, General of the *Swediſh* Army, after the Death of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, took it at the firſt brunt in 1633, as alſo *Cronach* and *Wirtzburg*. It was at *Fortzheim* that the Prince and Biſhops of *Germany* choſe Emperor *Lewis* IV. Son to *Arnolphus*, and the laſt of the Race of *Charlemagne*, in the Year 900. to thwart the *Italians*, who had choſen the old *Berenger* King of *Italy*; and it was at *Fortzheim* alſo that ſome Princes and Biſhops aſſembled, who at the Solicitations and through the Intrigues of the famous Monk *Hildebrand*, otherwiſe Pope *Gregory* VII. having depoſed the great but unfortunate Emperor *Henry* IV. in 1077, choſe in his Room *Rodolphus*, Duke of *Suabia*.

And Hiſtory.

Many Wars kindled by the Ambition of the Popes.

You know that the Pope ſent this new Emperor a Crown, upon which was engraved this *Leonine* Verſe.

Petra dedit Petro, Petrus Diadema Rodolfo.

This Crown was ſent to him in 1079. *Henry* on his Side having convened an Aſſembly of the Biſhops and Princes who adhered to his Intereſt at *Freiſinguen* in *Bavaria* the Year following, there declared *Gregory* unworthy, on Account of many Crimes, of filling St. *Peter*'s Chair, and choſe in his Place *Gebert*, Archbiſhop of *Ravenne*, who took the Name of *Clement* III. After which, marching at the Head of his Army againſt *Rodolphus*, this laſt was killed in the Heat of the Battle by *Godefroid* of *Bouillon*, who at that Time carried the Imperial Cornet of *Henry*, and was afterwards King of *Jeruſalem*. See how the Pope, and the Court of *Rome* in theſe Days

Days, as well as frequently ſince, have been the Cauſes of moſt Part of the Civil Wars and Combuſtions which have diſtreſſed *Europe*; and that thro' an unbounded Ambition of exalting themſelves above all Emperors, Kings, and Sovereign Princes: An Ambition no wiſe befitting thoſe who ſtile themſelves *Servi Servorum Domini*; which made the *Mantuan Poet*, a *Carmelite* and good Catholic, ſay 1705. *May* 30. FORTZHEIM.

———*Romana gravi maculata veneno*
Curia, quæ ſpargit Terras contagia in omnes.

And the learned *Theodorus* Abbot of *Uſperg*, *Romæ regnat Simon Magus, loco Simonis Petri, Simonia & Ambitio loco Evangelii.*

At Noon we ſtoped at *Payerſdorff*, a little Town belonging to the Marckgrave of *Bareith*, all the Inhabitants of which are *Lutherans*. We went to ſee a great Caſtle within Cannon-ſhot of the Town. It is a vaſt Building of hewn Stone, and entire without, but within quite ruinous. The *Swedes* took it in the Time of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, and while they were Maſters of it, extremely haraſſed all the Country of *Bamberg*, till the Imperial Army diſlodged them, and put the Caſtle into the Condition it now is. Since that Time the Marquis of *Bareith* has never thought of repairing it. At our Return, we paſſed thro' the Churchyard of a *Lutheran* Church, where I obſerved in a Niche our Saviour praying in the Garden of *Getzemane*, and his three Diſciples aſleep. The Sculptor, inſtead of making an Angel hold the bitter Cup to him, as moſt other Painters and Sculptors do, has thought fit to make God the Father himſelf preſent it to him, who, with the other Hand gives him his Benediction. *Payerſdorff* and its Singularities.

Some Time after we paſſed through the Town of *Erlang*, where the Marckgrave of *Bareith*, a Prince of the Houſe of *Brandeburg*, is building a ſumptuous Palace. This Prince, they ſay, deſigns to reſide in it part of the Year; after his Example, the chief Perſons of his Court are likewiſe fitting up very fine Houſes for themſelves; ſo that *Erlang* will in a little while be a very fine Town. It ſtands upon the River *Schwabach*, which runs into the *Rednitz*, a little below this Place. There are vaſt Numbers of Firs about it, and one ſees here, inſtead of Vines, Plantations of Hops and Tobacco. A ſhort League on this Side of *Nuremburg* we began to meet very fine Gardens in great Numbers belonging to its Inhabitants, and the Country continues to be adorned with them to the very Gates of the City, where we arrived about Seven in the Evening. This being a fine and large City it will require ſome Time to ſee its Curioſities, and I make no doubt of finding ſomething here to amuſe you as well as myſelf. *Erlang.*

I fore-

1705. *May* 31. NUREMBURG. *May* 31. *Nuremburg*, an imperial City.

I foreſee from what happened this Morning at our Inn, that we are likely to meet with ſeveral Adventures here. The Merchants of this City, who have conſiderable Commerce with thoſe of St. *Gall* in *Switzerland*, are treated to Day magnificently at the Expence of the latter; and the Merchants of St. *Gall* in their own Town, who have Trade with thoſe of *Nuremburg*, will eight Days hence be regaled at the Expence of their Correſpondents here. From the Gate of our Inn to the Hall for Feſtivals, all the Streets are ſtrowed with Flowers and odoriferous Herbs. A Conſul of St. *Gall*, who reſides here, ſtood at the Gate, and received and introduced the Members of this Body of Merchants as they arrived, and they were about 24 in Number, all of them dreſſed in Black, with Cloaks of the ſame Colour. A Sort of Uſher in the ſame Equipage preſented to every one a Sprig * of *Marigold*, of which he held a Baſket full, to put them in Mind that Merchants are liable to an Infinity of Cares and Anxieties.

Feſtival of Merchants deſcribed.

Their Proceſſion.

When the Aſſembly was fully met they went out of the Hall two and two in good Order: Two Trumpets and four Hautboys before them, in Robes of Scarlet, and each of them with a large Plate of Silver gilt on his Breaſt, upon which were the Arms of the City of *Nuremburg* in Relief: They marched all ſix a-breaſt, and made a very fine Symphony. They were followed by the Uſher, who had the Gravity of a Senator, and carried in his Hand a large wooden Bowl full of Pepper, from the Bottom of which riſes a Peg of about five or ſix Inches high, very broad at the Top, and covered with a Pair of old Gloves, to ſignify, that the chief Commerce of theſe Merchants conſiſts of Spiceries and old Wares, which they ſend into *Switzerland*, and know how to turn into good Ducats.——Is not this a Sort of Philoſopher's Stone? There was, as they told us, under theſe old Gloves ten Florins of Gold, the Tribute which this little Society pays every Year to the Magiſtrates of *Nuremburg*, in Conſideration of which their Commodities are free, and pay no Taxes.

We attended them thro' ſeveral Streets to a large public Hall, called the *Waagh*; where having entered, and every one having taken his Place, the Conſul of St. *Gall* harangued them in a very eloquent Manner in the *German* Tongue upon the Advantages of their Commerce, and the Immunities and Privileges of their Society. When this Speech was done the Company returned to our Inn in the ſame Order; and at the Gate made a Lane. The Conſul begged them to do him the Honour to dine with him. This was an uſeleſs Compliment, for Dinner, as they well knew, was prepared, and ready for them. So they went without giving the Conſul the Trouble of aſking them twice, and after a few ſtiff Bows and awkard Reverences, he conducted them to the Sale, deſtined for the Feſtivals, to which we were likewiſe admitted as Strangers.

Great Drinking on this Occaſion.

The firſt Thing that ſtruck us there was two vaſt Buffets, with Bowls and Cups of enormous Sizes, enough to frighten the moſt couragious drinking Hero; among the reſt, one upon which the Emperor and the Electors are

* *Souci* in *French*.

painted

painted on Horſeback, and which holds at leaſt four good *Engliſh* Quarts. Having aſked our Landlord what was the Uſe of that Machine; he told us, that at Feſtivals it made the Tour and every one drank a Draught out of it to the Health of the Princes painted upon it; but that beſides it was to be employed this Day, to decide a Wager of fifty Ducats that was laid Yeſterday by ſome of this Society, in Favour of one of the Trumpeters that marched at their Head in the Proceſſion. This Fellow whoſe Stature and Belly are in Proportion to that monſtrous Bowl, had boaſted in the Preſence of ſome of theſe Gentlemen, that he could empty that Bowl at one Draught. Upon this a Wager was laid, and our Landlord, who ſaid that he had more than once ſeen the Trumpeter come off with Honour, entered into it for his five Ducats. Half a Dozen of ſuch Wine-devourers would ſoon make the reſt of the Inhabitants die of Thirſt; for I muſt tell you this Votary of *Bacchus* has ſuch a diuretic Faculty, that he clears his Bladder almoſt as ſoon as he fills it. And I think this Epitaph will fit him very well after his Death. I don't remember where I met with it but here it is.

1705. *May* 26 NUREMBURG.

DIIS. MANIBUS. PEDIBUSQUE.
HIC. SITUS. EST. OFFELIUS. BURATIUS. BIBULUS.
QUI. DUM. VIXIT. AUT. BIBIT. AUT. MINXIT.
Hæc mea, quicunque es, qui tranſis Buſta, Viator!
Buſta, precor, fuſis humida redde Cadis:
Sparge merum Cineri, lætentur ut Oſſa ſepulti;
Ipſa etiam urgetur (quis putet?) Umbra ſiti.
Poſt hæc plena mero cape pocla: an lente moraris?
Epotis Cyathis quatuor, Hoſpes abi.

While I was thus interrogating our Landlord, his Servants preſented to the Gueſts Goblets called in Germany *Romers* with all Sorts of Wine, that every one might name what was moſt to his Taſte. The Votes were taken as in your Parliament, and the Majority decided. This important Article being diſpatched, the Uſher took out of his Pocket a long Roll of Paper, and with his Stentor's Voice called out the Names of the Gueſts to deſire every one to take his Place at Table according to his Rank, the Conſul firſt as was reaſonable. In the mean time in came Mr. Trumpeter, and ſitting down at a little Table in the Middle of the Room, that every one might have a full View of him, they ſerved up to him a Ham of *Mayence*, and ſome highly ſeaſoned Ragout, very proper to raiſe a Combuſtion in his Throat. After he had eat pretty heartily he roſe from Table, made them fill this terrible Bowl with Wine of *Neker* to the Brim, graſped it faſt with both his Hands, and to the Health of the Emperor and the Electors, emptied this infernal Machine at one Draught, or ſo faſt and ſo artfully that no Perſon could diſcern his drawing Breath. This Bacchical Proweſs not a little ſurpriſed all the Spectators. The Gueſts drank to the

1705. *May* 30. NUREMBURG. the ſame Health out of more moderate Cups, and ordered our Landlord to give this Wine-Heroe half a Dozen Crowns to recompenſe his Trouble in performing this noble Exploit. The Repaſt prepared for theſe Merchants was magnificent: But when I ſaw their manner of Drinking large Brimmers ſo faſt, which we ſtood to ſee for half an Hour, I could have wagered with great Aſſurance, that before Night above a Fourth of the Gueſts would not be able to diſtinguiſh Night from Day. Accordingly about ſix we ſaw half a Dozen Coaches come to our Inn, in which ſeveral of them were carried off who appeared rather dead than alive. Theſe are Cuſtoms of Countries with which it is fit Travellers ſhould be made acquainted; but in order to make no other uſe of them than to reſolve againſt giving way to Extravagancies which Opinion and Cuſtom may eſtabliſh.

O! fœda Ebrietas, animi lethum! O vitiorum
Nutrix ac ſcelerum! Quid non mortalia cogis
Pectora? quid per te non audent? Jurgia, Lites,
Prælia dira moves, & gaudes ſanguine fuſo:
Per te occulta patent, animum linguamque reſolvis.
Sordidior quæ res, quæ bellua vilior eſt quam
Ebrius? has Epulas, quas non multò ante vorâvit,
Evomit, atque mero putet. Quid vana Cytheron
Orgia, quid Thyrſos, deliraque Tympana jactas?
Non Deus eſt Bacchus veſter, Cadmæa propago,
Nec Jove plena utero Semele concepit, at ingens
Tartarus hunc genuit puerum de matre Megærâ.

Marcel. Palingenius.

The Church of St. *Sebaldus*. The only remarkable Thing we have ſeen this Day is the principal Church dedicated to St. *Sebaldus*, a large *Gothic* Building. 'Tis in the Quire of this Church and not in St. *Peters*, as Mr. *Miſſon* ſays in his Memoirs for the Uſe of Travellers, that St. *Sebaldus*, a Prince of the Royal Family of *Denmark*, lies interred. His Legend informs us, that this pious Saint ſpent the greater Part of his Life in devout Pilgrimages, and that he had made a Vow to build a Church at *Nuremburg* ſo ſoon as he ſhould return. It ought likewiſe to have told us on what Occaſion he did ſo, and how he came to have ſo particular an Attachment to this City. However that be, the holy Pilgrim performed his Vow by building that Church which bears his Name. It is added, that this happened about the Middle of the XIIth Century, and that he died ſoon after upon a Truſs of Straw, through an Exceſs of Humility. His Monument is of Braſs in the *Gothic* Taſte. Upon a Dome ſupported by eight Pillars ſtand three others of a leſs Size, againſt which lean the Statues of the 12 Apoſtles. Under the Dome is a ſharp-bottom'd wooden Cheſt, with the Arms of *Denmark* and *France* painted upon it. This Cheſt, they ſay, contains a ſilver Shrine in

Tomb of that Saint and his Hiſtory

which are the Corpſe of this Saint. The lower Part of the Monument is adorned with Bas-reliefs repreſenting the chief Events of his Life. 1705. *May* 25. NUREMBERG.

There is in the ſame Quire, quite even with the Pavement, the Tomb of a Prelate of this Church who died in 1444. and his Figure in Relievo upon a Braſs plate with a Border of the ſame Metal, roundwhich is this Inſcription in old *Gothic* Characters not eaſy to decypher. Another Tomb of a Prelate.

> *Anno* 1444. *Decima quarta Auguſti obiit venerabilis vir Albertus Ferdinandus de Eckelſheym Plebanus hujus Eccleſiæ, quam rexit* XLVIII. *Cujus Anima requieſcat in pace.* Amen.

A wooden Crucifix in this Church is looked upon as a Maſter-piece of Workmanſhip. But it is not the only Thing which the Vulgar, influenced by ſome ſilly Tradition, hold in Eſteem, that is not much admired by intelligent Judges. This Church was burnt in 1361, the very Day that gave Birth here to the infamous Emperor *Venceſlaus*, Son to *Charles* IV. A pretended fine Crucifix.

CHAP. XXXII.

Nuremberg. *The Caſtle. A marvelous Linden-tree. A very profound Well. Eppelen a famous Sorcerer. The Sentiments of* Agobard *and* Folangi, *concerning Wizards. The Chapel in the Caſtle. An Impertinence of a Sculptor. A droll Story about four Pillars in this Chapel. The Emperor's Apartment. The Emperor* Leopold's *Death. The Church of St.* Laurence. *Very fine Fountains, with the Inſcriptions upon them. The Magiſtrates of* Nuremberg *not very deſerving of the Title of Fathers of their Country. Proofs of this Aſſertion. The Hoſpital and the Church belonging to it. The Curioſities there. The Church of St.* Catherine.

TO Day we have been to ſee the Caſtle built, ſome ſay, by *Druſus*, others, by *Nero*. It is of a very irregular Form, and ſtands upon a Rock which is much higher than the Town, tho' that be not, as Meſſieurs *Miſſon* and *Jovin* of *Rochfort* have ſaid, built upon a Plain, ſince one is almoſt always mounting or deſcending, ſo unlevel is the Situation of this City. After paſſing through the firſt Gate of this Fortreſs, there is to the left an antique Chapel, which they ſay was formerly a Temple dedicated to *Crodo* and *Hirmenſul*, Divinities worſhiped by the ancient *Germans*. Stone Statues of theſe Gods are ſtill extant. They ſtand againſt the Walls on the Out-ſide of this Chapel. The Caſtle of *Nuremberg*.

In the Middle of the Court there is a large Linden-tree, ſaid by Tradition to have been planted here above ſix hundred Years ago. It is left from A Marvelous Linden-tree.

1705. *June* 2. NUREMBERG. from top to bottom, yet it is alive, and affords a fine Shade in Summer. They make a great Buſtle in this Caſtle about the Depth of its Well They ſay it is more than 15 or 16 hundred Feet deep, and that its Iron Chain weighs 30 Quintals. I did not ſound the Depth of this Well; but I remember that when I threw a Glaſs of Water into the Well of the Citadel of *Coblentz*, I counted Sixty-five before I heard the Claſh, whereas upon trying the ſame Experiment here ſeveral times, I could hardly count Thirty-ſix; and yet the Well of *Ehrenbreiſten* is not reckoned to be above 500 Feet in Depth. However Mr. *Patin* in his Account of ſome Towns in *Germany* aſſerts, that one may tell a pretty long Story during the Time a Stone dropt into this Well of *Nuremberg* takes to get to the Water. This ſure is not a little Hyperbolical.

A very deep Well.

Behind the Door of the grand Hall there is the compleat Armour of a famous Sorcerer who was called *Eppelen* of St. *Gal*, with a Face of Wood to the Helmet. 'Tis averred here, that this Negromancer knew a great deal more of the Black-art than *Maugis* of *Aigremont*; and to bring Thunder, Lightning, Rain or Hail in the fineſt Weather, coſt him but a Whiſtle. His favourite Diverſion was to mount his Horſe in all his Armour, and leap him from the Walls of this Caſtle to the other Side of its Ditches, which are very wide. As a Proof of this, they ſhewed us five Prints of his Horſe's Shoes upon three Stones in the Parapet. Mr. *Miſſon* ſaw but one, but there are five.

Eppelen the Sorcerer.

This Hero for leaping, who could produce Thunder and Tempeſts when he pleaſed, recalled to my Memory a little Treatiſe of *Agobard* Biſhop of *Lions*, who lived in the IXth Century. That good Prelate complains of the Folly and Weakneſs of the People of his Days, in believing that there were Men to whom the Devil gave the Power above-mentioned, "that they "might deſtroy the Fruits of the Earth, or reap Profit to themſelves from "them, by ſelling them to the Inhabitants of a certain Country called *Ma-*"*godia*, who brought Ships through the Air to be loaded with them." This Opinion, as ridiculous as it is, was ſo prevalent, ſays this good Biſhop, among the common People in his Time, that he himſelf had one Day the greateſt Trouble imaginable to reſcue out of their Hands three Men and one Woman, Strangers who happened to paſs through *Lions*, upon whom the Mob there fell moſt outrageouſly, taking them to be *Magodians* that had tumbled from their aerial Ships. This Abſurdity, and a Thouſand others of the ſame Stamp, make our Author ſay with Indignation: *Tanta jam ſtultitia oppreſſit miſerum Mundum, ut nunc ſic abſurdè res credantur à Chriſtianis, quales nunquam antea ad credendum poterat quiſquam ſuadere Paganis.*

The Opinion of *Agobard* Biſhop of *Lions* concerning Sorcery.

The Learned *Theophilus Folengi*, a Native of *Mantua*, a *Benedictin* and Author of the ingenious Macaronic Poem of *Baldus*, under the fictitious Name of *Merlin Coccaius*, makes very merry with the pretended Sorcerers who can occaſion Storms at their Pleaſure, and ſome half-learned Perſons who have ranked amongſt the Magicians, the famous *Peter* of *Abano*, the learned *Picatris*, and the celebrated Aſtrologer *Thebit-Ben-Corat*, who ac-

And of *Theophilus Folengi* who ridicules it.

cording

cording to *Blancanus* was the firſt who found out in 1270 the moving Trepidation of the eighth Sphere. See how he burleſques them in his 18th *Macaronic*. 1705. *June* 1. NUREMBERG

Ecce Magus Thebit, *qui Tempeſtate, venenis,*
Grandinibus, quâdam detruxit imagine Regnum.
Ecce Picatricis *Nigromanti picta Tabella*
Ob quam per numeros ad Amorem quiſque tiratur.
En Abani Petrus, *redeuntem ſæpè Monetam*
Ad Burſam, ſpendit : mox cujuſcunque Ribaldi
Ecce caput, quem ſive focus, ſeu forca necavit.
Artaus en gladius, qui ſiſtit flumina, ſiccat
Gramina, tempeſtat fruges, tollitque Biavam.

The Chapel of this Caſtle is ſmall : There is however ſomething particular in it. Firſt of all, upon the principal Altar is a Piece of ancient Sculpture in Wood repreſenting the holy Supper : *Judas* is with the other Apoſtles, but in a ſtanding Poſture, has a Purſe in his Hand and bends a little towards our Lord, not to get his Hand firſt to the Diſh, but to receive a conſecrated Hoſt which Chriſt is reaching to his Mouth. All the other Diſciples have their Eyes fixed on this Action, except the beloved one, who is in the Attitude of one aſleep, with his Head on the Table as if he had drank too liberally. This impertinent Idea of the Sculptor put me in Mind of another ſuch wild Conceit of a Painter mentioned by *Florimond de Raemond*, in his Treatiſe concerning the *Popeſs Joan*. This Writer aſſures us that he had ſeen a Picture in the Metropolitan Church of *Bourdeaux*, where Chriſt is drawn aſcending to Heaven after his Reſurrection a-ſtride upon an Eagle, like *Jupiter* with his Thunder in his Hand. The Chapel.

In the ſecond Place, the Cieling of this little Chapel is ſupported by four *Corinthian* Pillars. Let me tell you before I go farther, that Mr. *Miſſon* I know not by what Miſtake places them in one of the Halls of the Caſtle; and that as for the droll Legend concerning them, he thought an Account of it would but tire his Friend's Patience. For my part, I think the Story pleaſant enough, and am not afraid of telling it to you : So much the leſs, that my Author the Keeper of the Apartments in this Caſtle, is neither a Catholic nor a Bigot in your Notion of Bigots, *i. e.* one apt to ſwallow Traditions of the Church, but on the Contrary one who would die for *Lutheraniſm*. Here it is. Four Pillars in this Chapel.

A certain Devil, whoſe Name he had unluckily forgot, and who to all Appearance was but a Subaltern, highly enraged to ſee an Almoner of this Fortreſs, the cleverest Diſpatcher of Maſſes that ever was, expede them much ſooner than any other Prieſt, laid a Wager with him that he ſhould carry from *Rome* to this Caſtle four Pillars one after another, in leſs Time than he could finiſh a Maſs. The Stake was laid, (my Author could not tell us what it was, and I am ſorry for it, ſince no doubt it muſt have been Odd Story concerning them.

1705. *June* 2. NUREMBERG.

ſomething very ſingular) but whether the Devil had amuſed himſelf in his Journey by tempting ſome Nun, or whether he was fatigued, or however it happened, the Devil who had brought three of the Pillars before the Almoner was come to the *Memento*, did not get to the Caſtle of *Nuremberg* with the Fourth till the Clerk was juſt putting out the Candles, Maſs being ended; which put Satan into ſuch a Fury, that in his Wrath he threw the Pillar to the Ground and broke it into two Pieces. The Almoner cemented it, and it may be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt to this Day by the Solder. In Commemoration of this extraordinary Event, the Devil's Head, *i. e.* an Image of it, is ſet into the Wall between two Altars facing the Door of the Chapel.

Believed to be very true by the Bigoted *Lutherans.*

This Story is believed by the greater Part of the *Lutherans* here as an indiſputable Truth: And my Author, who would be very angry to be thought a Bigot or a credulous Perſon, would expoſe himſelf to the Fury of a Legion of Devils to atteſt the Truth of it. Now what would you not ſay if ſuch a Story was given out by Catholics? Yet we may chance to meet with others of the ſame Stamp amongſt good Proteſtants. I have given you ſufficient Opportunity of diverting yourſelf with the Credulity of Papiſts. But you ſee the *Lutherans* at *Francfort* and *Nuremberg* have their Traditions and Legends as well as the *Romaniſts*. Whatever you may think of this Matter, I hope you'll agree with me in this; That there are Bigots and credulous Believers of all ſorts, and that there is no Opinion ſo ridiculous as not to find Fools enough to ſupport it.

The Emperor's Apartment.

From this Chapel we went into the Emperor's Apartment when he comes here, in which I took Notice of a Capital Picture repreſenting the Homage that was paid by the Magiſtrates of *Nuremberg* to the Emperor *Matthias*, *July* 2, 1612. There, among other Things pretty remarkable, the *Margrave* of *Bareith* turns his Back to the Emperor very fiercely, inſtead of ſaluting him, and retires in a Huff, becauſe this Prince had refuſed to inveſt him with the Dignity of *Bargrave* of *Nuremberg*, which he imagined belong to him.

Very mean.

As for the Apartment, the Emperor is certainly very much pinched in it, as well as the Empreſs, who has but two little Chambers, or more properly ſpeaking, Holes and theſe extremely dirty: Yet *Charles Patin* in his Journey, *&c.* ſays, it is the nobleſt Apartment in the Caſtle. And which is ſtill worſe, *Jovin de Rochfort* affirms that the Caſtle of *Nuremberg* is a large and magnificent one, where there is always a ſtrong Garriſon, becauſe it is the ſole Defence of the Town, and that there is a fine Avenue to it ſet with Rows of Elms. Take my Word for it, there is no ſuch Thing.

The Emperor *Leopold*'s Death and Character.

A Courier arrived at our Inn this Morning whoſe Poſtilion made ſuch a Noiſe under our Windows with his Horn, that he rous'd us out of a very ſound Sleep. This Courier brought the News of the Emperor's Death. May his Soul reſt in Peace, for he was a hearty *Loyoliſt* and a violent Perſecutor of *Heretics*. The *Vienna-Paſquin* has often poſted up on the Gates of

of his Palace this ſage Admonition, *Leopolde, ſis Cæſar & non Muſicus; ſis Cæſar & non Jeſuita.* The Public, to ſay the Truth, is not a great Loſer by his Death: And the World would loſe yet leſs if *Lewis* XIV. his Brother-in-Law, and all the other Diſturbers of *Europe*'s Quiet, ſhould take it into their Heads to pay him a Viſit in the *Eliſian* Fields. 1705. *June* 3. NUREMBERG.

We attended the *Lutheran* Service in the Church of St. *Laurence*, which is the largeſt in this City. It is a *Gothic* Fabrick, which has nothing ſingular in it, except that it has 8 Gates. Near it is a pretty remarkable Fountain. Its Baſon is an Octagon, in the Middle of which ſtands a large braſs Pillar; from its Chapiters project ſix Muzles of Lions, each of which ſpurts Water into the Air out of a twiſted Pipe: On the Corniſh are the ſix Cardinal Virtues, which ſquirt Water from their Breaſts. On this Pillar ſtands a leſs one fluted, upon which are ſix Infants, every one of whom leans on an Eſcutcheon bearing the Arms of the Empire, thoſe of *Nuremberg* and of other Towns. They are all of them ſounding Trumpets, out of which jets Water in plenty. On the Top of this ſecond Pillar is a fine Statue of *Juſtice*, with her Sword in one Hand and her Balance in the other: She likewiſe ſends Water from her Breaſts, and ſupports herſelf upon a large *Oſtrich*, which ſpouts Water moſt bountifully. All this is in Braſs ſurrounded with an Iron Grate carved and gilt. The Church of St. *Laurence* and a beautiful Fountain.

Beſides this there are two other Fountains, one on each Side of it, but much ſimpler. I ſhall only take Notice of the *Latin* Inſcriptions upon them, becauſe the Words *Patrum Patriæ* in one of them led me into a Train of ſerious Reflexions. Other Fountains with Inſcriptions.

To the Right we have this

Subſiſte Viator.
ac
Ex virtutibus profluentem,
virtutes
in aquâ reſplendentes intuere.
Aqua accretionis principium
Conſiſtentiæ virtus eſt.
hinc inexhauſtæ
Corporis & Animæ faſtis.
Tu dum tempus effluit.
Statuas has factis exprime.
Meat irremeabile Tempus.

Unriddle this Nonſenſe as well as you can. 'Tis the other Inſcription to the Left which is much more intelligible, that ſuggeſted the Obſervation to me, which I am to give you after inſerting it.

M. D.

1705. *June* 3 NUREMBERG.

MDCLV.
Lustro
Post feliciter pacatam Germaniam
Horum Fontium latices
ab imis Fundamentis
Restorati
Renovati.
Publico Emolumento
Ornamentoque
in uberiora Effluvia
Subducti
Sub Regimine
Patrum Patriæ.

Magistrates of *Nuremberg* ill deserve the Title of P. P.

You know that *Pater Patriæ* was the Title which flattered *Augustus* the most of all those given him by the People of *Rome*. Indeed this Prince merited it in some Degree, after he had calmed all the Commotions in the Empire, and shut the Gates of *Janus*'s Temple. But it is astonishing to me, how forty Burgesses of *Nuremberg*, who have under the specious Name of *Patricians* erected themselves into as many little Tyrants over the poor Citizens, whom they suck as they please without Controul, dare to assume the Title of *Patres Patriæ* in the Face of so many Sufferers by their Oppression, who could, if they durst, give them the lie very flatly; but are cowardly or simple enough to hold their tongues, and bear without murmuring the intolerable Yoke of this haughty Senate with their large Ruffs and sharp-pointed Hats. So much the worse for them: *Quandoquidem hic Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*

Proofs of this Assertion.

To evince the Truth of what I have said, I must tell you that those Patricians affect to imitate the noble *Venetians* in every thing, and even endeavour to refine upon their Politics. They are Sovereigns, or rather Tyrants here: The People are Slaves. The latter must pack up their Baggage and be gone from hence, or pay without muttering whatever Taxes and Imposts the Senators are pleased to lay on them; and yet these Venerables are not obliged to account for one Farthing of all the Money they levy, so that they may without Impunity pocket whatever they please. You *Great-Britons* would not have the good Humour to suffer such petty Kings, but would send them to exercise their Tyranny in the Regions below. For my own Part, as much an Enemy as I am to Tyranny and Oppression whether in Prince or Senate, I do not wish the People of *Nuremberg* should act the Part you *English* certainly would in such a Case: All I wish is, that they would set reasonable Boundaries to the despotick Power of those Patricians.

Their Tyranny.

Pride.

These haughty Lords, swoln with Pride and vain of the Title they have assumed to themselves, together with their pointed Hats and bushy enor-

mous

mous Ruffs, that might ſerve for Umbrello's to two or three Women, are more arrogant and inacceſſible than the Nobles of *Venice*; nay think themſelves not a few Degrees higher than the Senators of old *Rome*, though the latter often beheld Kings at their Feet; whereas thoſe of *Nuremberg* are ſo afraid of a certain * King in *Germany*, that they ſhut all the Gates of their City preciſely at ſeven in the Evening — ſo much do they dread this Monarch's coming to Winter-quarters among them. 1705. *June* 3. NUREMBERG

It is very diverting to ſee two of theſe Senators in one Coach. Their Ruffs are ſo large in Circumference, that two of them cannot ſit a-breaſt. We often had the Malice to ſalute them when we met them on purpoſe to have the Pleaſure of ſeeing how their Ruffs joſtled when they returned our Civility. We uſed to ſtretch ourſelves a great way out of the Windows of our Coach, and make very low Bows; and when they repaid our Compliment in the ſame Manner, it was exceedingly droll to ſee how their Ruffs rubbed and rumpled one againſt another. Their ſtrange Habit.

From the Church of St. *Laurence* we went to that of the Hoſpital, where we ſaw the Tomb of its Founder named *Magnus*, in German *Der Groſs*. 'Tis here that *Charlemagne*'s Crown is kept with his Sword, Scepter, Globe and other Ornaments uſed at the Coronation of an Emperor. Theſe were all brought from *Prague* by the Emperor *Sigiſmond*, on Account of the Troubles that were in *Bohemia* in his Time. The Hoſpital.

Here likewiſe we ſaw a large ſharp-bottomed Cheſt ſuſpended in the Air by two Iron Chains faſtened to the Cieling, in which, as we were told, are a vaſt many ſacred Relicks; as for Inſtance, the Point of the Spear with which the Good St. *Longinus* one of Pilate's Soldiers pierced our Saviour's Side; a large Piece of the real Croſs; an Arm of St. *Anne* Mother to the *Virgin Mary*; a Tooth of St. *John* the Baptiſt; and a vaſt many others, of which Mr. *Miſſon* has given a full Liſt in his Travels. How he came to get a Sight of theſe precious Relicks I know not: For the King of *Pruſſia*'s Reſident aſſured us, it was a Favour never granted but to Sovereign Princes and their Attendants. We alſo paid a Viſit to St. *Catherine*'s Church, but it is a muſty Piece of Antiquity in which there is nothing curious. However Mr. *Jouvin* of *Rochfort* tells us that at *Nuremburg* are the fineſt Churches in *Germany*. Precious Relicks. Church of St. *Catherine*.

* King of *Pruſſia*.

CHAP.

1705. *June* 4. NUREMBERG.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Nuremberg. *The Arſenal; which is not ſhewn now, and why. The Town-houſe. The Apartment of the Deputies of the Circle of* Franconia. *Several good Pictures. The Sacrifice of* Abraham *comically painted. Other ridiculous Fancies of Painters. Cabinets of Rarities. A moving Figure of* Guſtavus Adolphus. *Great Men abſurdly accuſed of Sorcery. A Medal ſtruck at* Nuremberg *in Honour of* Clement XI. *Reflexions upon this Singularity.*

The Arſenal.

TO Day we aſked Permiſſion to ſee the Arſenal, which is much celebrated in *Germany*, being reckoned one of the fineſt; but were flatly denied the Favour; all we could do to get a Sight of it was in vain, becauſe the Magiſtracy had forbidden, ever ſince the Beginning of the War, the ſhewing of it to any Perſon whatſoever. Perhaps theſe venerable *Patricians* finding the 300 Pieces of Braſs Cannon, which Mr. *Miſſon* and other Travellers had ſeen in it, to be more than was neceſſary for the Defence of their City, have ſagely converted them, without the Powder of Projection, into Gold. For what reaſon can they give for making a Myſtery now of a Thing that every Body not very long ago was allowed to ſee? Kings and Princes do not ſcruple to let Foreigners ſee their Arſenals.

Town-houſe.

As for the Town-houſe, that we were permitted to ſee, at the Expence of a little Drink-gilt, as every where elſe: It is a vaſt Edifice of hewn Stone about 100 Paces in Breadth. The Front is very fine, having a noble Portail in the Middle of it, adorned with ſeveral Statues; and the Architecture of the whole is regular and in a good Taſte. There are two other very grand Gates to it, at equal Diſtances one from another, which are no leſs ſplendidly ornamented. 'Tis a Pity it does not ſtand in an opener Place, that would ſet it off to greater Advantage, and give it a nobler Air. The Court behind it is ſo narrow that it ſcarcely deſerves to be called a Court. They led us up by very indifferent Stairs to a long Gallery, on the Cieling of which is repreſented in Relievo a famous Tournament that was celebrat-in this City about 300 Years ago.

Apartment of the Deputies of *Franconia*.

Hence we were conducted into a very pitiful Chamber, where the Deputies from the Circle of *Franconia* meet every Day for the Affairs of the Province. Thoſe of the Biſhop of *Bamberg* and the Marquis of *Bareith*, a Prince of the Houſe of *Brandebourg*, preſide in this Aſſembly; but the Deputies of the Eccleſiaſtical Princes have the right Hand.— ſo much the worſe for the *Laicks*. Why have they ſuffered the Clergy to take the Pas of them, and to intermeddle with worldly Affairs?— Prieſts ought only to enjoy their Revenues in Tranquility, and pray for us.— Theſe Deputies are

eighteen in all. And they are attended by nine Secretaries who ſit at another Table to write their Reſolutions. Within this Chamber over the Door is a Picture containing the Portraits of three Brothers, Princes of *Saxony*, *John George*, *Frederic*, and *John Chriſtian*, who ſupported *Luther* in his Reformation. The ſecond of theſe holds in his Hand the imperial Crown which he would not accept of. The Tapeſtry of this Chamber contains the Hiſtory of King *Nebuchadnezzar* in ſix Pieces. 1705. *June* 4. NUREMBERG.

From this Apartment we paſſed through a Multitude of Chambers, in which amongſt ſeveral Pictures I remarked as the beſt: The Portrait of one *Sebald Schirmer* of *Nuremberg*, who though of mean Parentage came to be General of the Armies of the Emperor *Rodolphus* II. and made no ſmall Noiſe in the World. He is in a ſitting Poſture, and wants no Part of Armour but a Head-piece. This Inſcription in gold Letters ſurrounds the Picture. The Portrait of *Sebald*, and its Inſcription.

Fortiâ pro celebri Patria tulit arma Sebaldus
Schirmerus, Turcas, Marchiacoſque premens.
Illius expreſſit vivos in imagine vultus
Qui neſcit Graphica Penzius arte parem.
Ille ſed Effigiem Patriæ donavit habendam
Cui ſua nota fides ſanguine, corde, manu.
Huic optat placidæ fœlicia tempora pacis,
Aut fortunatos in pia bella Duces.

The Portrait of the famous Mathematician *John Neudorff*, by *Albert Durer*; thoſe of *Charlemagne*, the Emperor *Sigiſmund*, the two *Rodolphus*'s, *Matthias*, *Ferdinand* II, III, and IV. A very large Picture repreſenting the Homage rendered by the Magiſtrates of *Nuremberg* to the Emperor *Leopold* I. of pitiful, contemptible Memory, with this Legend. Other Pictures.

Homagium Leopoldo Imperatori præſtitum die VII. *Auguſti. Anno* M.DC.LVIII.

A Madonna very ancient, with this Inſcription.

Hanc Effigiem Fredericus Dux Saxoniæ S. R. I. Archimar. & Elector, in Regimine hic imperatorio agens, Anno Domini M.D.XXII. *Memoriæ ergo hîc ponendam curavit.*

A St. *Luke* the Evangeliſt, painting the Virgin *Mary*, with theſe Words of St. *Paul* to the *Coloſſians: Salutat vos Lucas Medicus chariſſimus.* This Paſſage puts me in Mind of a certain Curate who having taken theſe Words for his Text, after he had given the Explication of them in *French*, ſtop'd ſhort, not being able to recollect the Introduction to his Sermon. Upon this one of his Pariſhoners imagining that the Curate only waited for an Anſwer to the Compliment, cried out, *Well, Sir, we are obliged to the good Doctor, pray make our Compliments to him when you ſee him.*

1705. *June* 4. NUREMBERG. *Adam* and *Eve* by *Albert Durer*, the *German Raphael:* This Piece is highly esteemed, and it is dated 1507. *Eve* presents the Apple with a very arch malicious Smile to *Adam*, the most complaisant of all Husbands. Deuce on his Complaisance! had it not been for it I should not have run thro' so many Chagreens and Dangers as I have done.

Odd Representation of *Abraham*'s Sacrifice. A Sacrifice of *Abraham* not quite so whimsical as that I gave you an Account of in my Letter from *Aschaffenburg*; but however very ridiculous. *Isaac* is laid upon a Pile of Wood, his Face downward, his Head hanging to one Side, and his Hands tied behind his Back. *Abraham* dressed like a Butcher with a white Apron, and a large Knife in his Fist, prepares for cutting his Son's Throat. The cruel Instrument is so near that one can't help trembling for poor *Isaac*; so much the more that his Father casts his Eyes up to Heaven to see if the Angel of the Lord was coming, and seems to be quite out of Patience, and on the very Point of finishing the Sacrifice. The Painter has employed no Angel to deliver *Isaac*, but left the Piece just as I have described it. You will own, no doubt, that the *Italian* had a much better Invention who just when *Abraham* is going to let fly his Musket represents the Angel pissing in the Pan, and thus spoiling the Priming.

Another Picture by *Albert Durer*, in which are Saints *Peter*, *Paul*, *John*, and *Mark*.

A *Hercules* and *Antæus*, that came from *Rome*, as we were told. A very bold Piece which is certainly of some excellent Hand, but they could not tell us his Name.

The Murder of *Abel* by a famous Painter of this City called *Preisler*. Here *Cain* does not kill his Brother with the Jaw-bone of an Ass or Horse, or with a Mattock, nor yet with a Club, as I have seen in several Pictures, but with a large Flint-stone, in the same Manner the ancient *Roman* Priests used to dispatch a Sow in order to look into her Belly, and take Presages from her Entrails.

A Portrait of *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* done in 1650. What a Virago was this Queen! Witness the Assassination, or as she called it, the Execution of the poor Marquis of *Monaldeschi* in *France*.

Other whimsical Fancies of Painters. I observed Yesterday in passing by the Palace of the Knights of the *Teutonic* Order an *Epiphany* painted on the Outside of the Walls of the Chapel, in which one of the three Kings has a Bonnet on his Head like that of the Doge of *Venice*, and the *Moor Balthazar* wears the Collar of the Order of the *Golden Fleece*. But to Day in the Town-house we have seen a History-piece, in which is painted the Story of *Esther* and *Ahasuerus*, a very fine Picture in other Respects and justly esteemed, which proves that this Order was not instituted at *Bruges* in 1429. by *Philip* the Good, Duke of *Burgundy*, in Honour of one of his Mistresses who was red hair'd, but is older than the three Kings. For *Assuerus* in this Picture (who has the Face and Dress usually given to *Francis* I. King of *France*) wears this Collar; it is here most distinctly painted. As to the Queen *Esther*, she is dressed like the

Ladies at *Nuremberg*. I can't comprehend how Painters and Sculptors, who have got a Name in the World, and whoſe Buſineſs requires perfect Acquaintance with Hiſtory and the Cuſtoms of Countries, as well as with Mythology and Fable, could commit ſuch egregious Blunders as are to be found in their Works. Strange Inadvertencies glare one in the Face, not only in the Pictures of Men of the lower Claſs, but even in thoſe of a *Raphael*, a *Michael-Angelo*, and others of the firſt Magnitude among the Painters, which are no ſmall Blemiſhes on their Reputations. 1705. *June* 4. NUREMBERG.

In the laſt of theſe Chambers is a large Picture which covers one Side of the Wall compleatly. The Subject of it is the Feſtival which the Emperor *Ferdinand* III. gave in the grand Hall of this Town-houſe to the Plenipotentiaries, at the Ratification of the Treaty of *Munſter*; they are all painted in this Piece as big as Life. Among others is *Charles Guſtavus* Duke of *Sudermania* who was King of *Sweden* after *Chriſtina*'s Abdication; the famous *Wrangel*; *Charles Lewis*, then Elector Palatine, and *Picolomini* Duke of *Amalfi*, who was the Emperor's Repreſentative on that Occaſion. This Picture was done in 1650. by *Sandraert*, a renowned Painter.

From hence we paſſed into the grand Hall, the Walls of which are adorned with diverſe Events in the *Roman* Hiſtory; but many of theſe Paintings are a little defaced. We were deſired to obſerve a Pane of Glaſs with the Emperor's Arms upon it, in the Middle of which is a Hole made by *Wrangel*, who diſcharged his Piſtol through the Window before he ſat down to Table, ſaying, *Since Peace is now concluded I ought to unload my Arms.* Under this Pane is wrote in large Golden Letters. A pleaſant Whim of General *Wrangel.*

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO.

If the Magiſtrates of *Nuremberg* would condeſcend to take Advice from a private Man, I think, while they purſue their preſent Maxims, they ought to raze out that Sentence, and put this in its Place, not in Letters of Gold but of Blood, in order to imprint greater Reſpect and Dread on the People.

SALUS ET POTESTAS PATRICIORUM SUPREMA LEX ESTO.

The latter would be more conſiſtent than the former with their deſpotic Adminiſtration.

The laſt Apartment we ſaw here was the Council-chamber which is very ſmall, and not at all ſuitable to the Dignity and Power of the Senate. There is nothing remarkable in it, but a Picture of the laſt Judgment, which they ſay is more than 600 Years old. St. *Joſeph* is painted in it near the Virgin his Spouſe, in the Habit of a *Carme*. Were I General of that Religious Order I would ſpare no Coſt to have this Picture, did they even demand twenty thouſand Crowns for it they ſhould have it; ſince it proves beyond all Controverſy the Antiquity of the Order, which as the Council-chamber.

1705. *June* 4. NUREMBERG. *Carmes* themſelves ſay, was inſtituted by the Prophet *Elias* upon Mount *Carmel*.

Large Cellars under the Town-houſe. When we came out of the Town-houſe they would gladly have conducted us into the vaſt Cellars under it; but the Truth of the Matter is that we had already ſeen in the Fortreſs of *Wirtzburg* enough of the Jollity and Carouſing that generally happens in theſe ſubterraneous Places in this Country; and had no more Curioſity or Courage for Adventures of that Sort.

June 5. Cabinets of Rarities. We had made a Party with ſome Friends to go to Day to the public Library here. But this Morning a Meſſage was ſent to tell us, that the Library-keeper was buſy and could not attend us; ſo we were obliged to put off our Party to another Occaſion. We ſhould likewiſe have been very glad to have ſeen the famous Cabinet of Mr. *Viati*; but unluckily for us this learned Man died ſome Time ago, and his Cabinet of Curioſities is diſſipated, having been ſold in Parcels. Amongſt an Infinity of Rarities in that Collection there was the Sword, with which was ſtruck off the Head of renowned *Olden Barnevelt*, Advocate-General of *Holland*. This brave and venerable old Hero was ſacrificed at the Age of Fourſcore to the Reſentment of Prince *Maurice* of *Orange*, tho' he had ſerved his Father *William* and Country very faithfully, for not conſenting to his Deſign of making himſelf abſolute Maſter of the Commonwealth. Another Curioſity in it was the Halbert which killed the famous *Walleſtein* at *Egra* in *Bohemia*, and ſo put an End by one Blow to the Intrigues of this ambitious Man, who aſpired at the Sovereignty of that Kingdom, and other Territories belonging to the Houſe of *Auſtria*. Is it not a ſhameful Thing that there was not one Perſon in the large City of *Nuremberg* who had Curioſity enough to beſtow a little Money upon a Collection of Rarities, which Mr. *Viati* had ſpent his Life in making, and that did Honour to the City? Could this worthy Man return from the Dead, he would moſt certainly die a ſecond Time of Chagrin to ſee his fine Cabinet ſo cartled. It is an eternal Diſgrace to the *Patricians* of *Nuremberg*, who can have Plenty of Money with ſo little Trouble to themſelves, that they did not buy this Cabinet, and add it to the public Library.

That of Mr. *Viati*.

My wrath however was a little appeaſed, when I was told that there was another Cabinet of Curioſities in this City which we might ſee if we pleaſed. We willingly accepted of the Propoſal, and ſo ſoon as we had dined we went to paſs a few Hours there. The Owner of this Collection is named Mr. *Hauck*, and indeed he has gathered together ſeveral very great Rarities, as Minerals, Shells, Plants, and all Sorts of Curioſities. He has alſo a little Arſenal filled with a great Variety of antique and modern Arms, amongſt which is an Iron Cannon about ſix Foot long made without the Help of Fire.

And of Mr. *Hauck*

A moving Figure of *Guſtavus Adolphus*.

In a Corner of this Room there is a Figure of *Guſtavus Adolphus* dreſſed in a coarſe Buff-coat, and ſitting in a Chair of State under a Canopy. The Face of this Figure is very like that Prince; and while we were examining it,

the Statue ſtarted up on a ſudden, and put on a very menacing Air which not a little ſurprized the Spectators, one in particular, who had moſt certainly fallen on the Floor had I not been by to ſupport him. The unexpected Motion of this Figure was occaſioned by an imperceivable Spring under the Boards, upon which one of the Company had put his Foot without knowing any Thing of the Matter. 1705. *June* 5. NUREMBERG.

Mr. *Hauck* likewiſe ſhewed us a Deer's Head faſtened to the Walls in his Court, which as often as one touches it, but with the Tip of his Finger, makes a grievous Squawl. Should this Gentleman take it into his Head to go into your Iſland with this ſqueaking Fiend's Pate, he would be taken perhaps for a Wizard, as were in former Times *Robert* Biſhop of *Lincoln*, *Roger Bacon*, and *Thomas Bungey*, who becauſe they were the ableſt Divines, Philoſophers, and Mathematicians in their Times, were accuſed of having Commerce with the Devils, and of having forged Braſs-heads by magical Operations, in order to learn from their Reſponſes whether there was no Way of ſurrounding *Great Britain* with a ſtrong Rampart that would defend it from foreign Invaſions. A ſquawling Deer's Head. Reflexions on Perſons ſuſpected of Magic.

Proh ſuperi, quantùm mortalia pectora cæcæ
Noctis habent!

Learn from theſe Examples how the greateſt Men have been arraigned of Magic by the ignorant Populace, who think every Thing ſupernatural that ſurpaſſes their Comprehenſion. For *Lactantius* ſays with great Truth. *Vulgus indoctum pompis inanibus gaudet, animiſque puerilibus ſpectat omnia, oblectatur frivolis, nec ponderare ſecum unamquamque rem poteſt.* Let us not however leave Mr. *Hauck*.

He is Maſter of ſeveral very curious Secrets, as for Inſtance, a Way of preparing Iron in ſuch a Manner, that by beating it with a Hammer it becomes red, and kindles a Train of Gunpowder: He makes Piſtols, which diſcharge a hundred Times ſucceſſively without Priming; and he takes but a Ducat for the Pair of them. He likewiſe ſhewed us the Way of Shooting a Bullet at a Hat about two Paces diſtant without piercing. And I purchaſed of him one of thoſe marvelious Pieces of Art mentioned by Mr. *Miſſon* in his Article of *Augsburg*; I mean a hundred little Cups of Ivory turned, and perfectly well proportioned, with a Ring to each that plays and raps againſt the Body of the Cup, all which are contained in a Grain of Pepper. In Truth it is hardly conceivable how it could have been done; yet it is really ſo, and Mr. *Hauck* aſſured us, it is a Peaſant of his Acquaintance in a Village of *Suabia* named *Perliſgarthen*, who turns them without Spectacles or magnifying Glaſs, and that he is the only one in *Germany* who can make this wonderful Curioſity. Other Curioſities

I ought not to forget to tell you of another Rarity I have ſeen here. It is a Silver Medal, which plainly demonſtrates the Eſteem and Reſpect in which the preſent Pope is held by ſome *Lutherans* themſelves; I muſt give you A Medal ſtruck at *Nuremberg*, in Honour of Pope *Clem.* XI.

1705. *June* 5. NUREMBERG. you a ſhort Account of this Affair, and of the Conſequences of it in *Italy*.

A *Patrician* of *Nuremberg* called *Chriſtophorus Furer*, cauſed a Medal to be ſtruck in Honour of *Clement* XI. who was choſen Pope, *November* 23. 1700. and whoſe Name before his Election to the Pontificate was Cardinal *Albani*. On one Side of the Medal is this Pope's Head, with this Legend. *Albanum coluere Patres, nunc maxima rerum, Roma colit.*

This is an Imitation of a Paſſage in *Virgil*, *Æneid. lib.* 7. where he ſays:

Mos erat Heſperio in Latio, quem protinùs urbes
Albanæ coluere ſacrum; nunc maxima rerum
Roma colit.

In the Exergue are theſe Words. *Clemens* XI. *creatus* XXIII. *Novembris* MDCC.

And on the Reverſe are the Pontiff's Arms, amidſt a Garland or Crown of Flowers, ſurrounded with a Cartouch, on which are marked his four principal Virtues, Juſtice, Piety, Prudence, Erudition, with this Inſcription. *Flores mei fructus honoris & honeſtatis Eccl.* C.XXIV.

And in the Exergue. *Flores circumdati.*

Is there not Reaſon to be ſurprized at ſuch an Encomium upon a Pope done by a *Patrician* of *Nuremberg*? Would you not have rather aſcribed it to ſome cunning Catholic who longed for a Cardinal's Hat? And indeed it occaſioned no little triumphing at *Rome* in more Ways than one; among other Teſtimonies of Joy on this Occaſion one in particular deſerves Notice. A certain Antiquary named *Marc Anthony Guignes*, in a *Latin* Epiſtle addreſſed to the Grand Duke of *Tuſcany* with Relation to this Medal, thus expreſſes himſelf. *Virtus, quæ etiam in ipſis hoſtibus ſemper diligitur, tam altas in eruditiſſimo Principe Joanne Franciſco S. R. E. Cardinali Albano radices egerat, ut omnibus titulis jam promeritus immortalitatem, haud mirum ſi communi poſtea Suffragio & plauſu, in ſummum electus Pontificem, Hæretici ipſi electionem adeo legitimam, planeque extraordinariam, verbis, typis & nummis etiam argenteis, publicè ſint teſtati.*

At the End of this Epiſtle he adds the following Epigram, addreſſed to the ſame Prince.

Hæretici hinc fauſto ſibi nummis omnia Cuſis,
Publice, & ut Sanctum jam venerantur eum.
Aſt mihi, & hinc vanus fuero niſi viſus Aruſpex
Hic datur eloquio multa referre brevi;
Dum movet Hæreticos Clemens, ſatis indicat ipſe
Quod Cito ovile unum, Paſtor & unum erit.

You

You see by this Specimen that the striking of this Medal by a *Lutheran* not a little flattered *Rome*, and gave them no small Hopes that Heretics in general had a high Veneration for this Pope, and looked upon him as a Saint: that they even began to think that the strayed Sheep would soon return into the Fold of the great Shepherd. 1705. *June* 6. NUREMBERG.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Nuremberg. *A very fine Fountain. Foolish Customs in this City. Pleasant little Stories. The Public Library well filled with Books. Pictures, Manuscripts in it, and other Curiosities. Account of a Country-Wedding. Inscriptions in Honour of the Emperor* Leopold. *His exaggerated Elogiums. Other no less hyberbolical ones. Another magnificent Fountain. Some very particular Inscriptions and Epitaphs.*

THIS Day we went to see in the new Square a Fountain worth observing. There are indeed three Fountains; but that in the Middle is the most remarkable. It is a large oval Bason upon two Steps of hewn Stone, in the Middle of which is a Rock, on the Top whereof are four large Heads of Dolphins that squirt Water. They support a big Shell, out of which rises a Triton, who jets into the Air a plentiful Stream thro' his Trumpet-marine which he seems to sound. And this Water falling back on him spreads all around a Sort of perpetual Rain. From the Bottom of the Bason project four other Water-Spouts of a smaller Size, which throw their Water into the Triton's Shell, thro' the hollowed sloping Parts of which the Water returns into the Bason. This Fountain is enclosed within an Iron-balister finely wrought and figured, with this Inscription in Golden Letters, on an Oval gilt and crowned. Remarkable Fountain, and its Inscription.

ANNO SALUTIS
MDCLXXXVII
QUO
LEOPOLDUS MAGNUS
PARTA DE TURCIS VICTORIA MAXIMA
JOSEPHUM FILIUM
REGEM HUNGARIÆ CORONARI F.
FONS LÆTO OMINE EXSILE COEPIT
CURANTE SENATU POPULOQUE
NORIBERGENSI
QUI AQUAM HAURIS, FONTEM
CORONA.

I have

1705. *June* 6. NUREMBERG. Ridiculous Customs at *Nuremberg*.

I have long had a Mind to tell you a very odd Faſhion here at *Nuremberg*, which ſhocks me more and more. One would hardly expect to find ſo ridiculous a Cuſtom in any civilized Country. In Truth it ſeems too ſavage even for the *Hurons*, the *Iroquois*, or any of the moſt barbarous Nations in the World. When we walk through the Streets here a-foot, as we often have Occaſion to do, the Women and Girls in the Shops ſtare at us as we paſs, and laugh full in our Faces. And thoſe we meet in the Streets ſerve us in the ſame impudent Manner. This might perhaps be pardoned in the mere Mob; for the Vulgar almoſt every where are very impertinent to Strangers. But what is truly ſurpriſing is, that when we paſs by any of the *Patricians* Houſes, Madam the *Senatreſs* her Daughters and Servants come to peep at us, thro' little Caſements in the Middle of their Windows—If we chance to look at them, in they draw their Heads, and down come theſe Wickets——Is not this quite wild and ſavage, quite *Hottentot?*

Another ſtrange Cuſtom here is, that at every Gate of the City there is a Man hired on Purpoſe, who mounts towards the Evening to the Top of a high Tower, from whence he ſounds a frightful Horn not unlike that uſed by Swine-herds to call their Herds together. This delightful Muſic they call here ſounding the Retreat; I ſhould chooſe to call it Spoil-mirth: For at the ſecond Blaſt every one muſt get to Town as faſt as he can, or be ſhut out all Night without Mercy; as we were like to have experienced oftner than once in Parties of Pleaſure, which we would willingly have prolonged ſome Hours later. But as for the noble *Patricians*, this Alarm never diſturbs them. When they have a Mind to divert themſelves theſe Horners are obliged to delay their Sounding two or three Hours, as long in Truth as it ſeems good to their venerable Lordſhips.

Here is another more comical Cuſtom which I learned from Perſons of undoubted Veracity. They aſſured us, that the greater Part of the Inhabitants here wear no Shirts a-bed, and that meerly to ſave them. Could one believe it were poſſible to puſh Œconomy, or rather Sordidneſs to ſuch extravagant Pitch, eſpecially in a Country where Flax grows in ſuch Abundance, and where almoſt every Woman ſpins, and conſequently Linen muſt be very cheap. Be that as it will, a Citizen's Wife happening to be ſeized with ſome violent Diſtemper in the Middle of the Night, her Huſband thinking her in Danger diſpatched the Maid to bring a Paſtor. The Girl in her Hurry forgot to put on her Smock, and away ſhe run with nothing upon her but her Jacket and Under-petticoat. The Paſtor got up the Moment he was called, and they ſet out together. The Maid had taken a Lanthorn with her to light the good Doctor; but they had not gone 100 Paces till there came a hearty Shower. The Miniſter wrap'd himſelf in his Cloak; and the Maid without reflecting that ſhe had no Shift, truſſed her Petticoat to cover her Neck and Shoulders. It was very dark, and ſhe being very careful to give light to the good Paſtor, was every now and then aſking if he ſaw well enough. For ſome time he made no Diſcovery; but at laſt chancing to

to caſt his Eyes towards the Girl he perceived what *Brunel* ſhewed to *Marphiſe* *. The Sight not a little ſurprized the grave Man for a while; however he ſaid nothing: But at length upon the Girl's aſking again, if he ſaw well, he anſwered pretty roughly, "Ay, but too well" —— Was not this a moſt edifying Spectacle for a ſerious Theologue who was going to prepare a dying Woman for her long Home! However the Rain continued, and he had all the Way to the Houſe this Light, and this new Sort of Compaſs to guide his Courſe. 1705. *June* 9. NUREMBERG.

Another Story.

Now I am got in the Vein, I'll tell you another little Story of the ſame Stamp, which I had likewiſe from very creditable Authors. The Women newly brought to bed, out of the ſame Frugality, lie without Smocks, and when they receive Viſits content themſelves with throwing a ſort of Nightrail about their Shoulders. All the reſt is as naked as a Hand without Gloves.—— Well, one Day a Patrician Lady being in this Equipage amidſt a Circle of Viſitants, her Maid coming to tell her ſomething, and having hooked herſelf without perceiving it with the Coverlet of the Bed, which becauſe of the Heat was but a ſingle Sheet with Lace about it, as ſhe retired from her Miſtreſs in a Hurry dragged all with her, and thus expoſed her Ladyſhip naked with all her Trinkets to the View of the whole Company. This Shew, you may be ſure, diverted the Spectators not a little, and put the Lady ſadly out of Countenance. Since this Adventure, and to prevent any like it, Women in that Condition, they ſay, wear Shifts.

Odd Cuſtoms.

A troubleſome Accident, of which I need not give you a circumſtantiate Detail, has obliged me to ſuſpend the Continuation of my Journal, by confining me to the Houſe for about a Fortnight. Now I return to it, and ſhall give you an Account of the Public Library which we have ſeen this Day. The Keeper of it is a Doctor of Divinity, and he aſſured us it conſiſts of no leſs than 26 thouſand Volumes. It was compoſed at the Beginning of the Reformation, of all the Books poſſeſſed by the Convents of the City or in the Neighbourhood. Here are the moſt remarkable Things they ſhewed us in it. *June* 8-23

The Library.

Firſt of all a very good Portrait of the famous *Eraſmus* of *Rotterdam*: Another of *Metrophanes* Patriarch of *Alexandria*: One of the celebrated *Jew* of *Ninive* named *Joſephus Adjuſtus*, who turning Chriſtian was made Hebrew-Profeſſor at *Wittemberg*. I wiſh they had added one of *Nicolaus de Lyria*, another learned *Jew* who became a *Cordelier*, and died in 1349. His Tomb and Epitaph are in the Church belonging to a Convent of that Order at *Paris*. 'Tis of him that it was ſaid: *Niſi Lyraſſet, nemo in Biblia ſaltaſſet*, becauſe he had wrote a Commentary on the whole Bible.

Pictures.

A *Greek* Manuſcript in Characters very different from the *Greek* ones now uſed, which the Library-keeper aſſured us had been pronounced, by ſe-

Manuſcripts.

* Arioſto Orlando Furioſo.

1705. *June* 23 NUREMBERG. veral Antiquarians who had ſeen it, more than a thouſand Years old: It contains the four Evangeliſts, ſome of St. *Paul*'s Epiſtles, with divers Hymns and Prayers uſed by the *Greek* Church in that Age.

Eight large *Folio* Manuſcripts, containing *Latin* Hymns, Prayers, and Pſalms in big *Gothic* Letters, with beautiful Miniatures done by *Margeritte Karteuſerin* a Nun of the *Dominican* Order at *Nuremberg*. The firſt Volume was begun in 1458: The laſt is dated 1470: So that upon Computation this Girl muſt have been but twelve Years in writing and painting theſe eight vaſt Volumes, the ſmalleſt of which is above five Inches thick: Yet the Legend ſays ſhe only employed her Hours of Recreation in this Work.

A Treatiſe concerning Predeſtination printed at *Spire* in 1446. Here I am apt to imagine with Mr. *Miſſon* there muſt be ſome Error in the Date, for I never heard any Perſon ſay that there was any Book printed in *Germany* at that Time.

A Letter wrote by *Luther* himſelf under his own Hand to the Magiſtrates of *Nuremberg*.

A wooden Pocket-book, of a very ordinary Sort, which was uſed by *John Frederic* Elector of *Saxony*, Father to the Elector who was made Priſoner by the Emperor *Charles* V. The Leaves are quite filled with Scraps of Sermons he had heard *Luther* preach.

A Table of Wood of a blackiſh Ground, on which is painted in Columns with Gold Letters and red Lines, the Chronology of the World from *Adam* to *Jeſus Chriſt*.

A Figure of *Moſes* about a Foot in height, containing the whole *Pentateuch* written upon it in a ſmall Character.

Two Globes of Braſs gilt ſix Inches Diameter, with ſeveral Mathematical Inſtruments alſo gilded.

Other Curioſities. A Man's Head with two ſmall Horns, each an Inch in length, in the Middle of it, juſt as *Satyrs* are generally repreſented.

A Stone weighing 10 Ounces found in the Bladder of the laſt but one Library keeper, who lived more than ſixty Years with that huge, terrible Stone in his Body.

The Skin of a *Lynx*: And ſeveral other Skeletons of Animals, with many other Curioſities. I can't forbear ſaying once more that it is an indelible Reproach upon the Patricians of *Nuremberg*, not to have added to this Library the Cabinet of Mr. *Viati*, which would have rendered it one of the moſt curious in *Germany*.

After Dinner we were conducted to ſee a Marriage in the Suburbs of this City called *Werth*. But in truth we ſaw nothing but a vaſt number of Peaſants of both Sexes ſit round twenty large Tables, ſmoaking, drinking, or champing a Kind of Cakes almoſt as hard as Flint. The Bride and Bridegroom had each a Crown of Flowers; and four huge Boors near Relations to the latter likewiſe carried Garlands. A very buxom Country-wench accoſted us, aſking if we would not be ſo good as to make a

Preſent

Preſent to the Bride of ſome Confections: There was a little Shop full of them in the Hall. 'Tis the Cuſtom, and we complied with it, and gave her a very conſiderable Heap which ſhe accepted of moſt frankly, telling us that we might in Recompenſe for our Generoſity have a Kiſs, if we choſe it, without offending the Bridegroom. The Bride not being very tempting, we ſeemed not to underſtand the Invitation, and retired. 1705. *June* 23. NUREMBERG.

Having heard them boaſt very much of another Fountain here as the moſt magnificent in *Germany*, we went to ſee it at the Statuary's where it ſtill is. I took Notice, as we were going thither over the new Bridge, of two Inſcriptions fronting one another in golden Letters upon two large Cartouches of hewn Stone incloſed each by an Iron Grate. I ſhall only tranſcribe the Second. Another beautiful Fountain.

SUB
Auguſtiſſ. Auſpiciis
Leopoldi Magni.
Imp. Cæſ. pii. felicis. invicti.
&
Joſephi
Roman. Regis Auguſti.
Quos Janos Seculares
Ævo ut veteri ita novo
Optimè proſpecturos
Veneratur & optat
Pietas Norica.

An Inſcription in Honour of the Emperor *Leopold.*

In good Earneſt, is it not Mockery to laviſh ſuch pompous Titles as *Magnus*, *Invictus*, *Felix*, upon ſuch a one as *Leopold*? As for thoſe of *Pious*, *Muſician* and *Jeſuit* too if they will, I conſent to it very willingly; let him enjoy them: But as for the reſt I muſt beg leave to tell the Senate of *Nuremberg* that the Name of Grand and Unconquerable extremely ill ſuit a Prince, who was twice obliged to abandon the Capital of his Dominions out of Fear of being beſieged and taken: And if the Allies had loſt the Battle of *Hochſtet*, which might have happened, this *Grand* and *Invincible*, would he not have been irrecoverably ruined, and ſurprized napping like a Simpleton? Reflexions upon the Praiſes it contains.

But here is ſomething yet odder. Paſſing by a Bookſeller's Shop, I bought a large Sheet, the Title of which in huge Capitals ſtruck me at a Diſtance. Here it is. *Schema Parentalis Pompæ funebris Leopoldi Auguſti, &c. quam Senatus Populuſque Colonienſis in Eccleſiâ Cathedrali celebravit, &c.* Not only doth this Elogium out-do that of the Senate of *Nuremberg*, by giving this Prince the Titles of *Glorioſiſſimus*, and *Invictiſſimus*, of *Pius*, *Felix*, *Juſtus*, *Sapiens*, *Clemens*, *Pater Patriæ*, *grandis Sphæræ incomparabilis Atlas*, and a great many others to which he had no better Title than I; but they have the Aſſurance to add: *Nil in Leopoldo niſi amabile*, *Nil niſi admirabile. Occidiſti Orbis anima*, *Imperii Sol & Lætitia Leopolde.* In another Paſſage, the Other Encomiums ſtill more impertinent.

1705. *June* 23. NUREMBERG. Panegyric is puſhed to Prophanation. *An in terris innocentior Leopoldo? Candore parem Angelo ſalutaſſes. Imò ipſa credi poterat Innocentia. Sed ò portentoſa infelicitas! Ita & mori poſſe Angelos, Leopoldus Cæſar in terris primus, non poteſt non eſſe in Cælis ſecundus, qui vixit ſicut in Cælis primus.* What ſay you to that? You who regard the Emperor *Leopold*, as a no leſs cruel Perſecutor and Tyrant over the Conſciences of his Proteſtant Subjects in *Hungary*, in *Bohemia* and other Places, than *Lewis* XIV. is in *France*?

If the rigid *Roman* Catholics are truly perſuaded that the *Virgin Mary* is the Queen of Heaven; what Reſentment have they not Reaſon to apprehend from her Majeſty, for having thus degraded her, and put in her Place ſuch a pitiful, meanſpirited Baboon? Are they not afraid leſt ſhe ſhould ſay to them in her juſt Indignation, like the Pagan Queen of Heaven in ancient Times,

Aſt ego, quæ Divûm incedo Regina, Joviſque
Et Soror & Conjux, travâ cum Gente tot annos.
*Bella gero: * & quiſquam numen Junonis adoret*
Prætereà, aut ſupplexaris imponat honorem?
Virg. Æn. lib. 1.

When I call *Leopold* little Baboon, I ſpeak the Truth, and what I have ſeen with my own Eyes. For *Æſop* excepted, never did Nature produce two more ugly dwarfiſh Creatures than this Prince and the late King of *Spain Charles* II. his Brother-in-Law: Have I not therefore good Reaſon to be aſtoniſhed at the Folly of thoſe who ſtrain their Invention to contrive the moſt extravagant Hyberboles to make up a ridiculous Eloge for ſo ridiculous a Creature, to ſay no worſe of him, now eſpecially that he can neither do them good nor ill? Let his abſurd Flatterers tell me

Si depuis que ce Corps ſous le marbre repoſe,
Il goûte le plaiſir de ſon Apotheoſe?
Non: le plus grand Heros a-t-il perdu le jour,
C'eſt en vain qu'on le loue, à l'Eloge il eſt ſourd:
Les termes ſi fleuris des Oraiſons funebres,
Ne ſe font point entendre au ſéjour des Ténébres.

Scarron was in the right when he ſaid, "that he would rather be the "moſt miſerable Cripple that walks on Crutches, than an *Alexander*, *Pom*-"*pey*, or *Cæſar* in Aſhes". I am entirely of his Sentiment, and would rather be what I am than the greateſt Heroe that only exiſts in the Mouth of Fame.

* *Heretics* who do not acknowledge her Imperial Dignity.

Je

1705.
June 23.
NUREMBERG.

Je fais peu de cas de la Gloire
Qui nous ſuit dans la Tombe noire :
Le moindre Crieur d'Almanacs
Qui ſçait le beau ſecret de vivre,
Vaut mieux que cent Heros de cuivre
Faits de la main de Phidias.

But to return to our Fountain. It is confined in a Kind of very high Barn. In the Middle of a vaſt Baſon of Marble will be placed a large Rock, in which are to be ſeen two Caverns oppoſite one to the other. From theſe Grottos ſpring with great Fury two Sea-horſes of Braſs, with Riders who manage them with large Sea-reeds for Whips. Above theſe Grottos are two little Infants of the ſame Metal, each of which ſounds a Marine Trumpet; and upon the Rock ſit two *Naiades* with Oars in their Hands in big Baſons, and four Dragons mounted by little Children; the whole is of Braſs, all the Figures are as big as Life, and the Attitudes admirable. Out of the Middle of this Rock, riſes a Pedeſtal adorned with Feſtoons compoſed of Coral and various Shells, with Cartouches and Scutcheons for Inſcriptions and the Arms of the Republic, and with all theſe Ornaments are intermixed ſome *Dolphin*'s Heads. But the fineſt Figure in the whole Compoſition, to my Taſte, is a *Neptune* ſtanding upon the Pedeſtal with his Trident in his Hand. Deſcription of the Fountain.

This charming Statue is near ten Foot high and weighs 22 hundred Weight, not 33 as Mr. *Charles Patin* has affirmed: for I had my Information from the Statuary himſelf who made it. He likewiſe told us that it is twenty Years ſince they begun to work at the Figures and Ornaments of this Fountain, and that it will throw out two hundred Hogſheads of Water in an Hour. 'Tis this ſame Fountain which Mr *Miſſon* aſſures us, has Figures in Braſs and other Ornaments, to ſeventy thouſand Crowns in Value: But the ſame Statuary told us, that upon Computation the Expence of them amounted to no more than thirty, or thirty-five Thouſand. *Jouvin* of *Rochfort* ſpeaks of four inſtead of two Sea-horſes belonging to this Fountain, and mounts the four laſt Emperors upon them. Errors of ſeveral Travellers concerning it.

Returning to our Inn we paſſed along a Bridge of Stone, which is looked upon here as a Marvel. It has but one Arch like the *Rialto* at *Venice*; but it is far from being either ſo high or ſo long, fifty ordinary Paces being its utmoſt Extent over the ſmall River *Pegnitz*. At one Extremity there is a large Fleſh-Market built of hewn-ſtone, on whoſe Gate the Butchers have placed a very odd Device. 'Tis a vaſt Ox of Stone lying on his Belly, with gilded Horns and Hoofs. Underneath is this Couplet in Letters of Gold. A Bridge of one Arch.

Omnia habent ortus, ſuaque incrementa; ſed eccè
Quem cernis, nunquam Bos fuit hic, vitulus.
M.DC.XCV.

Theſe

1705. *June* 24. NUREMBERG. Comical Epitaph of a *Spaniſh* General.

Theſe Verſes, which the *Pruſſian* Reſident here aſſured me were compoſed by one of the Members of the honourable Corporation of Butchers, have ſome Affinity to the two firſt Lines of an Epitaph made by a *Hollander* for the Marquis of *Cetone*, *Chiappin Vitelli*, an Atheiſt, if ever there was one, but an excellent Soldier. He was a Native of *Florence*, and one of the Generals of *Philip* II. King of *Spain* againſt the States of the *United Provinces*, a fat corpulent Man; who died of a Fall from his Chariot which tumbled down from the Top to the Bottom of one of the Dykes at *Antwerp*, the very ſame Day that Accident happened, blaſpheming the Name of God moſt terribly. Here is the Epitaph.

O Deus omnipotens! craſſi miſerere Vitelli,
Quem mors præripiens non ſinit eſſe Bovem.
Corpus in Italia eſt, tenet inteſtina Brabantus,
Aſt Animam nemo; cur? Quia non habuit.

CHAP. XXXV.

Nuremberg. *The Author meets the Prince of* Bareith: *His Character and the Hiſtory of his Lady. A Church belonging to the* Calviniſts *without the Walls of the City.* Nuremberg *deſcribed; its Hiſtory. Gun-powder invented by a* Monk *of that City.* Pegnitz *and* Rednitz *two Rivers paſſing here. Few Catholics at* Nuremberg. *Its Magiſtrates. The learned Men it has produced.*

The Author viſits the Prince of *Bareith*

BEING informed that the Prince Hereditary of *Bareith* was in the ſame Inn with us, and to ſet out inſtantly for the Army of Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, I ſent to beg leave to pay our Reſpects to him. He received us with great Civility, and diſcourſed of your Iſland as a Country that had afforded him a good deal of Pleaſure when he was there ſome time ago. He added, that if Peace ſhould ſoon happen he intended another Viſit to *England*, and promiſed himſelf no ſmall Satisfaction from his Voyage. This Prince is very tall and rather to an exceſs. He married ſome Years ago one of the fineſt Princeſſes in *Germany*, a Lady of the Houſe of *Sax-Weiſſenfelds*; but her Beauty has little contributed to his Happineſs. He loves her to Diſtraction, and ſhe hates him mortally; *Rara avis in terris.* It is indeed a Rarity to ſee a Huſband ſuch a paſſionate and conſtant Adorer of a Wife who has an Averſion to him. He had patiently born ſeveral Inſults from her; but one that happened in Relation to a certain *Baron Kach*, whom we ſaw Yeſterday in Company, ſo provoked the Prince, that he has ſince confined her in a Caſtle called *Brandenburghaus.*

This

This Story not being generally known, I think it will not be amiſs to communicate it to you, as I had it from the *Pruſſian* Reſident here. 1705. *June* 24. NUREMBERG.

This *Swediſh* Baron had made a ſhining Figure at the Court of *Bareith* for ſome Time, and no-body could imagine how he was ſupported in his Expences. He had Acceſs at all Times to the young Princeſs and was highly in Favour with her (yet I could not find any thing extraordinary either in his Perſon or his Wit, during the Hours we were with him) All this Familiarity gave no Umbrage to the young Prince, till certain Courtiers, jealous of the Intereſt and Power of this Stranger at their Court, put him upon obſerving ſome Intimacies which were indeed inſupportable. The Prince's Attention being at laſt awakned, he one Day ſurpriſed the Princeſs, in her Apartment, where he found her at her Toilet toying very gayly with the Baron. The Prince ſeemed to take no Notice of any thing, but conſtrained himſelf to ſay with an Air of Satisfaction, addreſſing himſelf to the Baron: "That Dinner was ready, and ſo ſoon as the Princeſs "was dreſſed he would be ſo good as to hand her into the Dining-room". He retired immediately: The Baron made a Faint to go out with him, but he deſired him to continue with the Princeſs. The Baron obeyed; and when the Princeſs was dreſſed he gave her his Hand into the Hall where they were to dine, and ſet down to Table with them at her Command. The Hiſtory of the Princeſs of *Bareith*.

During Dinner they had the Imprudence, not only to tread on one another's Toes under the Table, and to throw little Bullets of Crum at one another, but to divert themſelves with rallying poor Cuckolds pretty ſmartly, ſuch tame ones, in particular, as ſuffered Familiarities with their Wives in their own Preſence. This Inſolence ſo enraged the Prince that he got up from Table, ſnatched a Cane to break the Baron's Head; but he took to his Heels and eſcaped the Prince's Fury, ſo that the whole of his Rage fell upon the Princeſs, who received terrible Marks of his juſtly provoked Reſentment.

But admire and condole with me the unaccountable Imbecillity of the *Animal* called *Man!* This Prince's Tranſport of Paſſion had no ſooner cooled a little, then he run to the Princeſs's Apartment, threw himſelf at her Feet and begged her Pardon in the humbleſt and moſt ſubmiſſive Terms. She on the other hand inexorably proteſted again and again, that ſhe abhorred him, and gave him the moſt opprobrious incenſing Language. In a Word, ſhe treated him ſo contemptuouſly, that Rage and Deſpair forced him to ſhut her up in the Caſtle above-mentioned, where ſhe has had Time to ruminate upon all her Gallantries, and to repent of having abuſed with ſuch Inſolence the moſt loving of Huſbands. 'Tis even ſaid, that the Prince is ſtill enamoured of her to Madneſs, notwithſtanding all the bad Uſage he has had from her; inſomuch that he in Deſpair fought Death at the Battle of *Hochſtet* and on other Occaſions.

Choſe

1705. *June* 24. NUREMBERG.

Choſe étrange d'aimer ! & que pour ces Traitreſſes
Les hommes ſoyent ſujets à de telles foibleſſes !
Tout le monde connoit leur Imperfection,
Ce n'eſt qu'Extravagance, & qu'Indiſcretion ;
Leur Eſprit eſt méchant, & leur Ame fragile ;
Il n'eſt rien de plus foible, & de plus imbecille,
Rien de plus infidéle ; & malgré tout celà,
Dans ce monde on fait tout pour ces Animaux là.

MOLIERE Ecole des Femmes.

However that may be, we remarked a Gloom and Melancholy in the Eyes of this Prince, in Spite of all his Efforts to conceal it from thoſe who have the Honour to converſe with him. After a Quarter of an Hour's very agreeable Converſation with him we took leave, and a Moment after he ſet out Poſt to join the Army.

The *Calviniſts* have no Church in this City.

The Place which the *Calviniſts* of *Nuremberg* meet for Worſhip, is two or three Muſket-ſhot without the Gates of the City, and coſt them very dear. The Hall where the Miniſter preaches is long and extremely well lighted: It holds about five hundred Perſons. I believe there was about that Number here to Day, without reckoning the *Pruſſian* Reſident's Family and ſome other Perſons of Diſtinction, of whom there were not a few. It was with much ado theſe good People obtained Permiſſion to aſſemble for divine Service in a Place ſo near the Town.

Severity of the *Lutheran* Magiſtrates againſt them.

Not long ago the Rigidity of the *Lutheran* Senate obliged them to go above a League from Town, into the Territory of the Marquis of *Ohnſpach* to perform their Devotions. But when the King of *Pruſſia*, whom they fear here more than they love, had wrote in Favour of the *Calviniſts*, they durſt not refuſe the Liberty he demanded for them, of meeting in ſome Church or other Place for Worſhip near the Gates of the City. There ſtill remains however this Mark of their Hatred of the *Calviniſts*, that they force them to marry and baptize in the *Lutheran* Churches. I cannot in Truth conceive whence it is, that the *Lutherans* can't forbear ſhewing ſuch an Averſion, ſo much Animoſity againſt the *Calviniſts* by their Actions as well as by their Diſcourſe, ſince they differ from one another in Matters of ſo very ſmall Moment, and which are allowed not to be eſſential.

The *Calviniſts* far more moderate towards the *Lutherans*.

The famous *Calixtus*, Profeſſor of Divinity in the Univerſity of *Helmſtad*, and many others of their moſt learned Doctors, have employed their beſt Endeavours to reconcile and unite theſe two Parties: But thoſe rational and moderate Divines have never been able to allay the inveterate Hatred which the rigid Bigots of their Communion bear againſt the *Calviniſts*. Yet the Latter have no ſuch Antipathy againſt the Former, but on the contrary look upon them as their Brethren, and as reformed and diſentangled from the Abuſes and Superſtitions of the *Romiſh* Church, as well as themſelves.

Before I leave *Nuremberg*, I muſt needs impart to you all I have been able to learn concerning it. It is an Imperial City, ſituated upon the little River *Pegnitz*, in the Midſt of a very beautiful Country; *in the very Centre of the World*, *Mundi caput*, ſay *Bertius*. 1705. *June* 26. NUREMBERG. Hiſtory of *Nuremberg*

Mundi caput eſſe nequivi,
Cor dedit eſſe Deus: Medio ſic limite Terræ
Conſideo, & paribus ſpatiis mihi diſſita Phœbi
Lampas adeſt, primo cùm roſida naſcitur ortu,
Et maris occiduis cùm languida mergitur undis.

I ſhould be glad to know, whither he had meaſured the World and taken its Centre? It was rendered a free City by the Emperor *Frederic Barberoſſa*: And Hiſtory takes notice of it as ſomething particular, that *Venceſlaus* Son and Succeſſor to the Emperor *Charles* IV. (to whom his Debaucheries and his Deformity procured the Nick-names of the *Sardanapalus* and *Therſites* of *Germany*) ſold the Inhabitants of this City not a few very noble Privileges, for four Cart-loads of *Rheniſh* Wine. Anciently it went under the Name of *Mons Noricornm*, being ſituated in a Country then called *Noricum*; but it has conſiderably enlarged its Territories ſince that Time: For there are now eight large Towns and near five hundred Boroughs and Villages in it, together with a noble Univerſity in the City of *Altdorf*, which was founded by the Senate of *Nuremberg* in 1579.

This large and beautiful City is incompaſſed with a triple Wall and Ditch, but the Fortifications are very inconſiderable. However, the renowned Count *Tilly* General of the Emperor *Ferdinand* the Second's Armies, who in Conjunction with the Count *Papenheim* loſt the famous Battle of *Leipſich* 1631. againſt *Guſtavus Adolphus* and the Elector of *Saxony*, having ſome time after gathered together an Army of fifty thouſand Men, beſieged *Nuremberg* in vain. *Albert Walleſtein* Duke of *Fritland*, who from an ordinary Gentleman roſe to ſuch a Degree of Power by the Favour of the ſame Emperor, that the latter was obliged to get him aſſaſſinated through Fear leaſt he ſhould aſſiſt the *Swedes* to dethrone him, had no better Succeſs than the Count *Tilly*, for the Year following the King of *Sweden* forced him to raiſe the Siege of this City moſt inglorioufly, after he had put the greateſt Part of his Army to the Sword. We were ſhewn the Camps of theſe two Generals, and the Place where the Battle was fought. Its ſeveral Sieges.

Hic Bavarûm manus; hic fruſtra Tentoria fixit
Walſtenius: duro ſedes hîc fruſtra Galaſſo.
Hic diſponi acies, fremere hîc Tormenta ſolebant
Horrendùm: hîc vacuas jures errare figuras
Quales Tartareo cantu nocturna citæis
Narratur pavidi tenebris excire Sepulchri:

Vox

1705. *June* 26. NUREMBERG.

Vox perit in gemitus: Oculis fugientibus, orbes
Viſus larva tenet; nec jam ſua ſedibus iſtis
Membra putes habitare Animam. Proh munera Martis
Auſtriaci! Proh Walſteniæ ludibria curæ! Adolphid.

Bigneſs and Ingenuity of its Inhabitants.

This City is twice as large as *Francfort*, and the Commerce carried on renders it very rich and populous. The Induſtry and Ingenuity of the Inhabitants have rendered the Manufactures of *Nuremberg* famous all over the World. *Kekermannus* ſays, that when *Maximilian* made his Entry into this City, one of the Inhabitants had made an *Eagle* of Wood ſo dextrouſly, that it flew a Quarter of a League out of the Town to meet this Prince, and flew back along with him all the way to the Place where he was to lodge.

Is watered by the River Pegnitz.

The little River *Pegnitz* croſſes part of the City and ſets ſeveral Paper-mills a going, with others for Tanners, Braziers, Coblers, Furbiſhers, *&c.*

Gun-powder and Fire-arms ſaid to be invented here.

They pretend here, that Gun-powder and Fire-arms were invented by a *Monk* of this City named *Berthold Schwartz*, who lived in the XIVth Century and applied himſelf much to Chymiſtry. The Story they tell is, that this Chymiſt one Day mixing in a Mortar Flower of Sulphur, with other Ingredients to make up ſome Medecine, diſcovered by Chance what he was not ſeeking for; that is to ſay, that execrable Invention of Gun-powder. The Diſcovery, it is added, was fatal to its Author: For the *Monk* being curious to know the Force of his Powder, was ſo ſilly as to fill a Leather-bag with it, and to ſet his Feet upon the Bag and then put Fire to it by a Train, the Conſequence of which Experiment was, that he was forthwith blown up and his Brains were daſhed out againſt the Cieling of his little Cell.

Epigram on this Invention.

Pincierus a *German* Phyſician made the following Epigram upon this Diabolical Invention.

Dum parat humano generi Chymiſta Medelam,
Sulphura Mulciberis vi, ſale miſta coquens;
Mulciber oſtendit Mortalibus acre venenum,
Quo nullum Leto corpora plura dedit.
Quæ latuere alios, Munſterus nomina ponit,
Bertholdumque vocat, nomine reque Nigrum.

That you may underſtand the Wit of this Epigram; its proper to tell you that in the *German* Language, *Schwartz* ſignifies *Black*; ſo that this *Monk*'s Name was *Berthold the Black.*

The Streets and Houſes of *Nuremberg*

The Streets of this Town are large, open, well-paved, and next to thoſe of *Hanau* the neateſt in *Germany* we have yet ſeen, but they are not very ſtraight; and not a few of them lie up and down Hill. As to the Houſes, they are, generally, pretty commodious, and built of hewn Stone. The Learned *Æneas Sylvius Picolomini*, known afterwards under the Title of Pope *Pius* II. ſpeaking of the Houſes at *Nuremberg*, ſays: *Cuperent Scotorum*

Reges tam egregiè quam mediocres Cives Norinbergenſes habitare. But with Submiſſion to his learned Holineſs, theſe Words border a little upon the Hyperbole ſo familiar to the *Italians*. The Palace of the *Scotiſh* Kings at *Edinburgh* was not quite ſo mean as he has repreſented it. 1705. *June* 26. NUREMBERG.

One Particularity in theſe Houſes I took Notice of is, that the outer Gate, however large, is opened in a very eaſy Manner, by Means of an Iron ſpring on the firſt Floor. The Moment any one knocks, Maſter or Servant, or whoever it be, who happens to be neareſt this Spring, gives it a Touch, and immediately the Gate flies open. This Invention is very convenient for the Servants, whom it ſaves a good deal of Trouble in going up and down Stairs. Another Singularity I remarked is, that not only the Porches and Walls of the Houſes here without, but even the Veſtibles and many of the Apartments within, are adorned with Heads of Stags with their Horns. The Cielings for the moſt Part are of *Poliſh* Aſh which makes a very glittering Shew, and the Joiner's Work is excellent. I have often been tempted to inform myſelf how they came to have ſuch a Liking to Horns, that one ſees ſo great Plenty of them in every Houſe within and without: But as there is ſomething very offenſive in that Term, the Idea it ſuggeſts being none of the pleaſanteſt to dwell upon, I forbore aſking the Queſtion. A Singularity in theſe Houſes.

Several public Fountains, moſt of which are beautified with fine braſs Statues, not a little embelliſh this City; ſo that we may reckon it amongſt the fineſt in *Germany*. Near its Walls, on the Bank of the River *Pegnitz*, there is a large Square called, *The Field of Mars*, where the Youth exerciſe themſelves on certain Occaſions in wreſtling and ſuch like Recreations. Fountains and large Square.

About a League from the Town this River meets with the *Rednitz*, and after their Union they run by *Erlang*, *Paiersdorff*, *Fortzheim*, and *Bamberg* where they diſcharge themſelves into the *Mein*, being increaſed in this Courſe by the *Piber*, *Zien*, *Aurach* and ſeveral other Rivulets, who here go by the pompous Name of Rivers. Rivers *Pegnitz* and *Rednitz* and their Courſe.

There are but few Catholics here, and they are obliged to perform their divine Service in a *Lutheran* Church, after the *Lutherans* have finiſhed theirs. The *Jews* who have their Abode in a Borough about half a League from the Town, are not allowed to enter into the City without paying a *Florin* for every Hour they ſtay, as at *Cologn*, and that for the very ſame pretended Crime; namely, for having formed a Deſign of poiſoning the Wells and Fountains at *Nuremberg*. The Catholics are not numerous here, and the *Jews* ill uſed.

The Elector of *Bavaria*, the Margraves of *Bareith* and *Onſpach* have each of them Pretenſions upon *Nuremberg*. The two latter, who are younger Branches of the Electoral Family of *Brandeburg* with Appenages granted to them, actually aſſume the Quality of *Burgraves* of this City, and maintain that it has thrown off its ancient Subjection. This occaſions frequent Conteſts between theſe Princes and the Senate of *Nuremberg*: The Former bearing with much Reluctancy a Loſs ſo detrimental to their Families. The Pretenſions of ſeveral Princes upon *Nuremberg*.

1705. *June* 26. NUREMBERG. Its Magistrates.

This Senate consists of two Burgomasters, thirteen Echevins, and as many Counsellors. The first are changed every four Weeks. Such a Consulship is like that of *C. Vatinius* which was so short, that *Cicero* says somewhere very merrily of him: *C. Vatinio Consule Magnum ostentum accidit; nam nec bruma, nec ver, nec æstas Romæ fuit.* One of the two Burgomasters is chosen out of the Echevins, the other from among the Counsellors. Besides these there are eight other Senators called *Ate Genanten*, who may be promoted to the other Classes when any one in them dies. All these are Patricians: But there are eight other Counsellors elected out of the Corporations of Trades and Crafts, who are consequently *Plebeians*. They are called *Ja-Herrn*, *i. e.* they acquiesce blindfold in the Decisions of the Patricians, and therefore may be said to have no Vote at all. They are on this Account always considered as *Plebeians*, and never ascend into the other Classes. *Joseph Scaliger* has said of this City: *Habet Thesaurum majorem quam Saxo: Multa exigunt à suis Civibus Patricii. Singulis annis quisque dat quintam partem bonorum.*

Bilibaldus Berkheimerus, and the two *Camerarius*.

This City has had the Honour to give Birth to several illustrious Persons, both in the Sciences and the Arts: Among others to *Bilibaldus Berkheimerus* a celebrated Historian; *Joachim* and *Philip Camerarius* Father and Son, the former of whom founded the College of Physicians here, and the latter was an able Lawyer and Senator, or Patrician of this City, and the Author of a Book intituled *Meditationes Historicæ*, in 3 Volumes in *Quarto*. *Conradus Ritterhusius* Professor of Law; *Andreas Althamerus* a learned Divine, who over and above many other Theological Works published Annotations on the Epistle of St. *James*, in which he has used that Apostle very freely, even to such a Degree as to use these and the like Phrases: *Mentitus est Jacobus in caput suum*; and all this out of Zeal against the *Merit of good Works* (as if any thing else could have Merit, if Merit mean Value or Worth): To him we likewise are obliged for very curious Remarks upon *Tacitus*, *De Situ*, *Moribus*, *& Populis Germaniæ*.

Ritterhusius and *Althamerus*.

The two *Besslerus*.

Add to these *Basil* and *Michael Besslerus*, Uncle and Nephew, both considerable Botanists, who left behind them a very curious Collection of Rarities, the more remarkable of which have been engraved in 40 Plates in *Folio*, published under the Title of *Musæum Besslerianum*. *Basil* has also favoured the Public with a Botanical Treatise containing a Description of the Bishop of *Aichstet*'s Gardens, under the Title of *Hortus Aystadtensis*. His Epitaph made by himself, which is yet to be seen in the Church-yard of St. *John*'s here, appeared to me so simple and modest that I could not choose but copy it. Here it is.

Credo

1705. *June* 29. NUREMBERG. Epitaph of the Learned *Beſlerus*

Credo Reſurrectionem Carnis.
Baſilius Beſler Noricus.
Artis Pharmaceuticæ Chymicæ Amator Singularis.
Rei Herbariæ Studioſus. 1629.
Una Cuſtodia Pietas.

It is worth taking Notice that this learned Man, the moſt knowing Botaniſt in his Time, contents himſelf with the very modeſt Title of *Rei Herbariæ Studioſus.* Under the Print of him, in the Beginning of his *Hortus Ayſtadtenſis*, are the following Lines, written by the Learned *Georgius Remus* Patrician of *Augſburg.* His Panegyric.

Beſlerum glyptes Baſileion imagine pulchrâ
Quiſquis es, ò Hoſpes! reddidit ecce tibi;
Nempe viri vultus dedit heic atque ora tueri:
Cernere vis mentis dona ſagacis? age,
Herbarum magnum hoc & Plantarum Amphitheatrum
Inſpice quis dotes Areatinus habet
Divitiasque Hortus. Paradeiſon dixeris ipſum,
Condidit immortale hoc Baſileius opus.

Albert Durer a famed Painter, very juſtly denominated the *German Apelles*, was likewiſe of *Nuremberg.* He was born in 1470. and his Father, who was a Goldſmith, intending his Son for the ſame Buſineſs, had taken Care early to teach him Drawing and Engraving: But his own ſtrong Diſpoſition to Painting induced him to ſtudy Geometry, Perſpective and Architecture. And ſo ſoon as he begun to paint or engrave, ſuch Advances had he made in theſe Sciences and Arts, that his firſt Productions were regarded as Maſter-pieces. *Albert Durer* a famous Painter born here.

The Pictures of this great Man which are moſt eſteemed, are An Adoration of the *Magi.* drawn in 1506: *Adam* and *Eve* done the Year following, the very ſame Picture which we had the Pleaſure of admiring in the Townhouſe here upon which they with good Reaſon put ſo high a Value. One named *Gaſpar Urſinus*, at the Sight of our firſt Parents repreſented in this beautiful Piece, poured out this extemporary Couplet, ſo much charmed was he with it, as are all who ſee it. His chief Pictures.

Angelus hos cernens, miratus dixit: Ah Horto
Non ita formoſos vos Ego depuleram.

Albert's Ability in his Profeſſion together with his univerſal Learning, acquired him the Eſteem of the Emperor *Maximilian* I, who to give him Proofs of it, made him Noble and honoured him with rich Preſents. He has not only left Pictures and Prints behind him of great Value, but alſo His Writings.

Treatiſes

1705. *June* 30. Treatiſes on Perſpective and Architecture, together with four Books upon the Proportions and Symetry of the Members of the human Body much eſteemed. This uncommon Genius died at *Nuremberg*, his native Country, in 1528. aged 58.

Errors of *Rochefort* concerning *Nuremberg*. This is all I have to ſay of *Nuremberg*, which we are to leave to Morrow Morning, and which *Jouvin* of *Rochefort* affirms, in his Travels thro' *Germany*, to be one of the ſtrongeſt Towns in *Europe*. He adds, that it holds of the Emperor, and acknowledges him a Sovereign, that it profeſſes the pretended Reformed Religion as a Part of *Franconia*. What a Heap of Abſurdities!

CHAP. XXXVI.

The Road to Augſburg. Schwabach, Wiltzburg, Weiſſenburg. *The Hiſtory of the latter; it is an Imperial City.* Monheim, Yſing. Keyſerſheim *a large Abbey.* Shillenberg. *What happened there in the laſt War.* Donawert. *Revolutions that happened in this City.* Blenheim *the famous Battle there, exactly deſcribed. The Pyramid deſigned to be erected upon that Spot; its Inſcription.* Pibrach, *a fine Borough. A Crucifix there, very famous for the Miracles wrought by it.*

Road to *Augsburg*. WE ſet out very early from *Nuremberg*. About a Cannon-ſhot from the Town we entered into a vaſt Foreſt of *Furs*, above two Leagues in extent. Some little Time after we paſſed by *Kornburg* leaving *Schwabach* to the Right, which is but a ſmall Town partly inhabited by a Colony of *French* Refugees. Then we croſſed the little River of *Shwartzbach*, which runs into the *Rednitz* about a hundred Paces farther. A few Hours after we dined at *Rott*, a large Borough in the Marquiſate of *Ohnſpach*: But the Roads being exceſſively bad we got no farther that Day than a little Town called *Oellingen*.

Wiltzburg. Next Morning by Eight o'Clock we came near to the Fortreſs of *Wiltzburg*, belonging to the Margrave of *Ohnſpach*. It is ſituated on an Eminence, and not a little reſembles that of *Wirtzburg*. Its Walls, we are told, are ſo broad that a Waggon may turn and wind upon them. Not long after we paſſed thro' the Imperial City of *Weiſſenburg*, the Inhabitants of which profeſs the Confeſſion of *Augsburg*. The principal Church in it, dedicated to St. *Andrew*, is a very fine Building of hewn Stone, with a high Steeple. Near the Town-houſe is a very well adorned Fountain. In the Middle of a Stone-baſon ſtands a Pillar of Marble which jets Water thro' four Pipes that paſs thro' four Muzzles of Lions, all made of Braſs, and gilt over; and on the Top of this Column is the Figure of a Man in compleat Armour, with a Standard in his Hand, bearing the Arms of the City; the whole is encloſed by a Baliſter of Iron gilt.

Weiſſenburg, anciently *Sebuſium*.

Some

Some *German* Hiſtorians aſſert, that the Emperor *Conrad* III. having ſhut up *Guelf* Duke of *Bavaria*, his mortal Enemy in this Town, and reduced him to the laſt Extremity, allowed the Woman only to go out of it, with all they could carry on their Backs, declaring that he would deſtroy whatever they left. Theſe loving dutiful Creatures, inſtead of loading themſelves with their Gold and Silver, or their Jewels and precious Furniture, after the Example of the pious *Æneas*, took ſome their Fathers, ſome their Huſbands, others their Children, others their Brothers on their Backs, proteſting that theſe were the moſt precious Goods to them. This ſurpriſing Sight ſo touched the Emperor, ſo diſarmed his Wrath, that he ruſhed with Tears in his Eyes to embrace his Enemy, pardoned their Rebellion, and praiſed extremely the Bravery and Generoſity of theſe Women, granting them noble Privileges which they ſtill enjoy. Some Hiſtorians ſay, that this noble Action was done at the Siege of *Weinſburg* in the Dutchy of *Wirtenburg*: Among others *Nauclerus* ſays ſo. However that be, the Event happened in 1140. 1705. *June* 30. Remarkable Hiſtory of the Women of this Town

This ſame City *(Weiſſenburg)* did not eſcape ſo eaſily in 1632. Duke *Bernard* of *Weymar* being voluntarily admitted by the Magiſtrates, took Poſſeſſion of the Town in the King of *Sweden*'s Name, and left at their Deſire a *Swediſh* Garriſon in it. Some time after *Cratz* and *Cronberg*, Lieutenant-Generals under the Duke of *Bavaria*, underſtanding that the King and the Duke *Weymar* were ſufficiently employed elſewhere, laid Siege to *Weiſſenburg* with ſix thouſand Men, and canonaded it Night and Day inceſſantly. The Garriſon deſpairing of Succours capitulated upon very honourable Terms; but the *Bavarians* had no ſooner ſet their Feet into it then they killed in cold Blood the greateſt Part of the Citizens, and forced the reſt to join them. The City was ranſacked, the Women were raviſhed, the Magiſtrates and *Lutheran* Miniſters ſeized, and carried off Priſoners like Malefactors. In a Word, every Sort of Violence was perpetrated at *Weiſſenburg*. The Duke of *Weymar* being informed of the perfidious Behaviour of the *Bavarians*, took Revenge on the Town of *Aichſtett* by laying it in Aſhes after having pillaged it. By the by I muſt take notice that the River *Rednitz* takes its Riſe between *Weiſſenburg* and *Oellingen*. Long after cruelly uſed by the *Bavarians*.

Continuing our Journey we croſſed the Lines where one of the Generals of the Troops of *Franconia* named *Janus* (whom we had Occaſion to ſee at the *Pruſſian* Reſident's Houſe) with 3000 Men ſtoped Marſhal *de Marſin* in his March, tho' he commanded 10000: This happened a little before the Battle of *Hochſtett*. Several of the *Redoubts* ſubſiſt to this Moment. Bravery of a *German* General.

A little while after we arrived at *Trichling*, a little Town ſituated on the River *Altmuhl*, anciently called *Alcmonia*, and the laſt Town in *Franconia* on that Side. This River flows from its Source a little above *Guntzenhauſen* to *Solenhofen*, *Trichling*, *Papenheim*, *Dolnſtein*, *Aichſtet*, *Arnſperg*, *Kupferberg*, *Kunting*, *Teging*, *Rietenburg*, *Prun*, *Elffing*, and diſcharges itſelf into the *Danube*, a little below *Kelhaim*. *Trichling*. *Altmuhl*, a River, and its Courſe.

As

1705. *June* 30. As to *Franconia* you know it is one of the ten Circles of the Empire, and one of the largeſt and fineſt Provinces in *Germany*; formerly it was called *Francia-Orientalis*, now the Inhabitants give it the Name of *Franckenland*; and it was anciently inhabited by thoſe *Franks* who went into *Gaul*, and gave their Name to *France*.

Franconia one of the ten Circles

Papenheim and *Monheim*. Having left a little to our left *Papenheim* (the Lord of which Town was that great General of the Emperor *Ferdinand* II. who was killed at the celebrated Battle of *Lutzen* where *Guſtavus Adolphus* fell) and croſſed a vaſt Foreſt, we came to *Monheim* to Dinner; it is but a ſmall Town, encloſed with a ſingle Wall.

French Priſoners very ill uſed in this laſt Town. There we found a Number of *French* Officers who were taken Priſoners at *Shillenberg* and *Hoghſtett*. A Dozen of the moſt conſiderable among them hearing we were *Engliſh* came to wait on us, and made grievous Complaints of the bad Uſage they daily met with from the Inhabitants. They told us, that this inhuman People would hardly furniſh them with the Neceſſaries of Life, tho' two Bankers at *Nuremberg* had been ordered by the King of *France* to pay their Expences. Theſe poor Gentlemen moved our Compaſſion, they being almoſt in Rags, ſtarving, and daily inſulted in the moſt outragious Manner. In ſhort the Hardſhips they ſuffered determined us to go to one of the Magiſtrates, and make proper Remonſtrances, which had this Effect: That he promiſed in their Preſence to take care they ſhould be better uſed hereafter.

Yzing, a little Town, and *Keyſerſheim*, a large Abbacy. After we had left *Monheim* we paſſed through a very fine Country, and a little Town called *Yzing*, we came at laſt by very bad Roads to a large Abbey of *Bernardins*; the Abbot of which is a Prince of the Empire. This Abbacy is called *Keyſerſheim*, in *Latin Monaſterium Cæſarienſe*. It is ſurrounded by high Walks, flanked with ſeveral large ſquare Towers, and and looks rather like a handſome Borough than a Monaſtery. On its great Gate are the Arms of the Emperor, with theſe *Latin* Verſes underneath.

Huc ades ò ingens Germanæ gloria Gentis!
Occidui cuſtos ſit decus Imperii.
Commendat Cæſar Patriam Patriæque Penates,
Et ſervare jubet Res, Sacra, Jura, Domos.

S. *Bernard* a great Enemy to *Abelard*. Higher is a Statue of good St. *Bernard* holding in his Arms a gilded Croſs, with ſeveral of the Inſtruments uſed in our Saviour's Crucifixion. Well had it been for poor *Abelard* if this Abbot of *Clairvaux* had always been employed in pious Meditations on that Subject. He had not in that Caſe been ſo violently perſecuted by him, with his unfortunate *Heloiſa*: But the beſt Saints have been Men like the reſt of Mankind, and ſubject to the ſame Weakneſſes and Paſſions.

The Apartments of the Monks in this Convent are very fine: That of the Abbot is truly magnificent. He is indeed one of the Abbot-princes who have a Seat in the Diet of the Empire, and furniſhes for his Share 100

Dragoons and 200 Foot for the Emperor's Service. The Church belonging to this Abbacy is large, well enlightened, and very high. In it are many gilt and sculptured Altars, with very noble Pictures: The finest of which are that of the principal Altar, and those of the twelve Apostles, in beautiful gilt Squares; the Organ and Pulpit are uncommonly splendid. In short every Thing here has a rich and magnificent Aspect. 1705. *June* 30.

The great St. *Bernard*, the zealous St. *Benoit*, and the famous Patriarch of the Jesuits, as much Saints, as devout and religious as they were, *i. e.* as absolutely as they had renounced all worldly Things, have however surpassed all the other Saint-Founders of Religious Orders in the Art, and Secret of leaving to their Disciples and Successors immense Riches: Witness this Abbey, which is not above a League from *Donawert*, where we arrived about Six o'Clock. Orders of St *Bernard*, St. *Benoit*, and the Jesuits extreamly rich.

Tho' we were miserably shook and bruised by the joltings of our Vehicle, yet the first Thing we did on our Arrival was to visit the famous *Shillenberg*, which is about a Quarter of a League distant from the Town. We took a View of all the Intrenchments that were made here, and a *German* Officer in Company with us who had been at this Action, as well as that of *Hoghstett*, shewed us all the Places where the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* attacked the *French* and *Bavarians*. He assured us, that they had never been able to force this important Post had they not come upon them before their Intrenchments were finished, they not being carried up to half the Height the *French* intended to raise them, when the Allies began the Attack. We found still remaining some dismal Traces of this Action, which was very vigorous, and in which a great Number of brave Men on both Sides perished, a vast Quantity of Sculls and Bones in the Ditches; and amidst a Heap of old Rags we observed a Fragment of an *English* Grenadier's Cap, upon which the Queen's Motto *Semper Eadem* was still legible. Mount *Shillenberg*, where the *French* were beat by the Duke of *Marlborough*.

The Prospect from *Shillenberg* is very agreeable; from hence one discovers the Towns of *Donawert*, *Hoghstett*, *Niewburg*, and *Ingolstad* standing by the *Danube*, together with several Hamlets and Villages, and a delicious Extent of Country. Fine Prospect from that Mount.

At our Return to our Inn in *Donawert*, one was sent by the Commander to ask our Names and *Trinckgilt* according to Custom. We took a Turn thro' the Town, which is small and ill-built, and has nothing considerable; but it is a Passage of some Importance upon the *Danube*. While they were getting Supper ready, our Landlord's Brother, an Ecclesiastic, entertained us with some Conversation about the Manner in which this Town, formerly an Imperial City, lost its Privileges. *Donawert*

Donawert is situated at the Mouth of a little River now called *Wernitz*, anciently *Bernicus*, which has its Source near a Town of the same Name in *Franconia*, and runs into the *Danube*, after having received the *Eger* into it.——This Town was in former Times under the Dominion of the Dukes of *Bavaria*; but having been enfranchised in the Time of Duke *Wernitz*, a River, and History of *Donawert*

1705. *June* 30. DONAWERT.

Lewis the Bearded, was made an Imperial City by the Emperor *Sigiſmond* in 1420. Afterwards the Magiſtracy and the greater Part of the Inhabitants having embraced the Proteſtant Religion, the former had in 1607. a Conteſt with the Abbot of St. *Croix*, a rich Abbacy, which had preſerved itſelf here by Agreement.

Great Difference between the Town and an Abbot.

The Occaſion of this Quarrel was an Attempt of the Abbot to revive an ancient Cuſtom of making Proceſſions thro' the Town, which the the Magiſtracy oppoſed, allowing him however to make what Proceſſions he pleaſed within his own Abbacy. The Abbot deſpiſing their Prohibition made a Proceſſion on the Feaſt of St. *Mark* in great Pomp. He ordered the Banner of his Abbey to be brought forth: It was followed by ſeveral Boys of the Quire, and half a dozen Chanters, who ſung as they marched. Next came the Monks and other Eccleſiaſtics, and the Abbot himſelf led up the Rear, carrying the holy Sacrament under a Canopy, and attended by an Infinity of *Roman* Catholics. In this Order they traverſed almoſt the whole Town without any Diſturbance, and going out by the *Danube* Port, went to *Aeſeſheim* a Village, where they performed their Service. The Inhabitants of *Donawert* not having ſeen ſuch a Spectacle ſince the Reformation, and provoked by the Arrogance of the Abbot, ran to their Arms, and made themſelves Maſters of the Gate, reſolutely determined to hinder their Return into the Town. When the Abbot had ended the Service he returned in the ſame State, and as it were in Triumph, ordering the Gate to be opened; but being denied Entrance he threatened the Citizens with his uſual Haughtineſs. The Populace roſe, preparing to tear his Banner to pieces: Upon which the Catholics put themſelves into a Poſture of Defence, and Blows were plentifully dealt on both Sides. In this Scuffle the Abbot and his Monks got off, and returned to their Monaſtery by another Port.

Fatal Conſequences of this Quarrel to the Town.

This proud Prieſt prompted by a Spirit of Blood and Vengeance, laid his Complaints before the Imperial-chamber, and ſetting the Affair in a quite different Light, accuſed the Inhabitants of *Donawert* of High Treaſon; ſo violently was the Charge puſhed, that without canvaſſing the Affair to the Bottom, the Emperor ſent the 7th of *Auguſt* that ſame Year, Letters of Imperial-ban to the Duke of *Bavaria Maximilian*, to be executed againſt the City. The Magiſtracy, afraid of being put to the Ban of the Empire, promiſed the Abbot that he ſhould henceforth not only be allowed to make whatever Proceſſions he pleaſed, but likewiſe to perform any other Functions of the *Romiſh* Church; adding, that the Damages occaſioned by the Populace ſhould be repaired, and that they would deliver up into the Duke of *Bavaria*'s Hands the Ringleaders of the Riot, to be puniſhed as he ſhould judge proper. But all theſe ſubmiſſive Offers made no Impreſſion upon the Abbots revengeful Soul: He obſtinately purſued the *Romiſh* Maxim.

Pour

1705. *June* 30. DONAWERT.

Pour ſoûtenir nos droits, que le ciel autoriſe,
Abiſmons tout pluſtôt, c'eſt l'eſprit de l'Egliſe;
C'eſt parlà qu'un Prélat ſignalant ſa vigueur,
Ne borne point ſa gloire à chanter dans un Chœur.

The Duke of *Bavaria* on his Side having long had a great Deſire to appropriate *Donawert* to himſelf, on which he had ſome Claims, ſent Commiſſaries with an imperial Herald, who proclaimed with Sound of Trumpet the Sentence of Ban againſt this City, notwithſtanding all the Proteſtations, Remonſtrances, and Supplications of the Magiſtrates: Then inveſting it with an Army of 12000 Men he forced it to capitulate; but this Capitulation was not obſerved, for no ſooner had his Troops got footing here then its Citizens were diſarmed, the Jeſuits put in Poſſeſſion of the chief Proteſtant Church, and the City ſubjected to the Duke of *Bavaria*. In Memory of this Event, that Prince ordered an anniverſary Proceſſion to be obſerved upon the Feaſt of St. *Thomas* by the Abbot and Monks of St. *Croix*: *Tantum Religio potuit ſuadere malorum!* It is put in the Ban of the Empire, and barbarouſly uſed.

Donawert being in the Circle of *Suabia*, the Princes and Proteſtant Cities of that Circle ſent Deputies to *Ulm* to conſider of means for ſuccouring *Donawert*; but when they heard it had ſurrendered, they reſolved to make their Complaints at the next Diet of *Ratiſbon*. The Affairs of the Proteſtants having received afterwards a fatal Stroke by the Ruin of the Elector Palatine, *Donawert* remained ſubject to *Bavaria*, till *Guſtavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden*, having retaken it in 1632. it was reinſtated into its Privileges by the Treaty of *Munſter*, to the great Advantage of the Proteſtant Princes and States. This Uſage complained of in vain. The Town at laſt reſtored to its ancient Privileges

We left *Donawert* early in the Morning to continue our Journey towards *Blenheim*, where we arrived about Ten o'Clock. We ordered Dinner to be got ready in one of the five or ſix Houſes which are built upon the Ruins of that Borough, and taking for our Guide a Peaſant who knew the whole Field of Battle, we walked over it from End to End. The Man firſt of all pointed out to us the Diſpoſition of the *French* Army: They were obliged to extend their Front from *Blenheim* to the Foot of little Hills, which border a vaſt Plain two Leagues from the *Danube*, to prevent their left Wings being attacked in the Flank by Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, who commanded the Right of the Allies: This Diſpoſition proved the Ruin of the Army. The Duke of *Marlborough* being informed by his Scouts that they had thin'd the Depth of their Centre in order to extend their Line to theſe Hills, ordered the Rivulet, which runs thro' the Plain, with a Part of the Marſh to be filled up, and then attacked the Centre of the Enemy, and put it to rout, taking Priſoner the Marſhal *Tallard*, with ſeveral other General Officers, and thus cut off their Communication with their left Wing, commanded by the Duke of *Bavaria* and the Marſhal Field of Battle of *Blenheim* and *Hochſtet*.

1705. *July* 2. *Marſin*, as well as with the 26 Batalions and four Regiments of Dragoons, poſted in *Blenheim*.

BLENHEIM. Hyperbolical Accounts of the Gazetteers concerning that Battle.

'Tis true the Ground on which the *French* were drawn up is ſomewhat higher than the reſt of the Plain; and that it is even in ſome Meaſure naturally fortified by the Brook and the Marſh, eſpecially after a Fall of Rain; yet I can't help obſerving on this Occaſion how Diſtance magnifies Objects. Our Gazette and weekly Courant-writers, have almoſt made a Miracle of the paſſing this Rivulet. But having this Day, the Second of *July* 1705. paſſed and repaſſed it without wetting my Feet in twenty different Places, and found this terrible Marſh quite dry; have I not reaſon to conclude that this Battle being fought the 13th of *Auguſt* laſt Year, after a very dry Summer, the Paſſage of this Brook, which hath been repreſented as ſo difficult, muſt have been incomparably leſs ſo to the Soldiers, who had beſides thrown vaſt Quantities of Faſcines into it. I think I may ſay with Relation to the Exaggerations of News-compilers, and Diſtributors in general.

On avoit mis des gens au guet,
Qui voiant ſur les Eaux de loin certain objet,
(C'étoient Bâtons flottans) oſerent pourtant dire
Que c'étoit un puiſſant Navire.
Qu'il eſt des gens à qui ceci conviendroit bien!
De loin c'eſt quelque choſe, & de près ce n'eſt rien.

Several curious Particulars concerning that famous Battle.

We ſtoped a little to conſider the Ruins of a large Mill that was at the Head of the left Wing of the *French*. An Officer along with us, who was preſent at the Attack of this Mill, told us, that Marſhal *Marſin* having placed in it five or ſix hundred Grenadiers, with a Lieutenant-Colonel, and ſome other Officers, they defended themſelves ſo vigorouſly, and made ſo terrible a Fire that they made a great Slaughter, and then retired in good Order, after having themſelves put Fire to the Mill. Upon this Prince *Eugene* having attacked ſome Buſhes and thick Hedges, by which the Head of the ſame Wing was ſtill covered, the *Germans* were driven back three Times very ſmartly, and the Enemy ſo opportunely employed five or ſix Pieces of Cannon, loaded with Pieces of old Iron, and hid among the Buſhes that they killed above 3000 Men, including thoſe that were ſlain at the Attack of the Mill. This ſo diſcouraged the *German* Infantry that had they not received the News of the Defeat of the Enemy's Centre, and of the Marſhal *Tallard*'s being taken, they had certainly turned their Backs in ſpite of all the Efforts of Prince *Eugene* and the other General Officers to rally them.

This Major added, that if the *French* Troops which were ſtationed at *Blenheim* had marched in Line of Battle along the *Danube*, without giving time to the whole Army of the Allies to unite and inveſt them: This Army was ſo fatigued by Battle, Duſt, and Heat that they were not in a Condition

tion to oppoſe the Retreat of ſo conſiderable a Body of freſh Troops that had not yet been engaged. This *German* Officer being a Man of Probity as well as of military Skill, and having been an Eye-witneſs to all he ſaid, I give more Credit to his Information than to all the Gazetteers in the World. *Pluris eſt oculatus Teſtis unus, quàm auriti decem: qui audiunt audita dicunt, qui vident planè ſciunt: Ergo teſtificata loquor.* 1705. *July* 2. BLENHEIM.

Having ſpent almoſt three Hours in ſurveying this Field of a Battle which gave ſo deciſive a Stroke for the Intereſt and Liberty of *Europe* at the Expence of twenty thouſand Lives, we came back to the Ruins of *Blenheim*, a Borough ſtanding before this Battle upon the Brink of the *Danube*. Tho' the Corn was now very high in this Plain, we could ſtill ſee many direful Veſtiges of the bloody Tragedy that was acted here. Fragments of Bodies half buried, Legs, Arms, Skulls, whole Carcaſſes of Men and Horſes, intermixed with But-ends of Muſkets, Pieces of Swords, and old Rags, which the Peaſants had not thought worth while to carry off after the Retreat of the Armies, preſented a moſt diſmal, frightful Scene to the Eye and Imagination. Frightful Sight of the Plain of *Blenheim*.

So direful a Sight led me into Reflexions upon the unaccountable Folly of Men, who filled with brutal Fury, to which they give the pompous Title of *Bravery*, cruelly exterminate one another without any perſonal Provocation or Reſentment; purely, ſay they, for Glory, and to make a Figure in the Gazettes: Mad Victims to the inhuman Ambition of Princes! Reflexions upon the ſad Effects of War and falſe Glory.

Imitation of *Juvenal* upon what is called *Bravery*.

Etrange Aveuglement de la pluſpart des Hommes!
Pourquoi, malheureux que nous ſommes,
Avancer la fin de nos jours?
D'où ſe forme en nos Cœurs cette brutale envie
D'aller en furieux abreger une vie
Dont le plus long eſpace a des termes ſi courts?
Vain Fantôme d'honneur! c'eſt pour toique l'Epée
Sans ceſſe au Maſſacre occupée,
Fait qu'on voit en tous lieux tant de BRAVES *périr!*
C'eſt pour toi qu'au mépris des plus morteles Armes,
Ces Inſenſés vont aux Alarmes,
Et ſemblent n'avoir peur que de ne point mourir!

Thus I have attempted to imitate our Friend *Juvenal*. This excellent Poet whom *Julius Scaliger* calls *Candidus, ac Satyricorum facilè Princeps*; and whoſe Verſes he ſays are *Longè meliores quam Horatiani, Sententiæ acriores, Phraſis apertior*, had no doubt the ſame Sentiments with Regard to the Madneſs of the greater Part of the human Race in prefering Vainglory, and a little Fame to Life, and all that is good or agreeable in it, when he ſays with ſuch Energy in his tenth Satyr.

1705. *July* 2. BLENHEIM. A fine Paſſage of that Poet, to the ſame Effect.

Bellorum Exuviæ, truncis affixa Trophæis
Lorica, & fractâ de caſſide buccula pendens,
Et curtum temone jugum, victæque Triremis
Aplustre, & ſummo triſtis Captivus in Arcu,
Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad hæc ſe
Romanus, Graiuſque, ac Barbarus Induperator *
Erexit: cauſas diſcriminis atque laboris
Indè habuit. Tantò major Famæ ſitis eſt, quam
Virtutis.———

The ſaid Plain very deſart.

To proceed, the little Town *Blenheim*, and all the ſurrounding Country for five or ſix Leagues in Circuit are ſo ruined that one would think the Armies were but juſt gone. In Reality, was it not for the little Corn in the Plain, one would take it for a vaſt Deſart filled with the miſerable Remains of deſtroyed Villages, Towns, and Caſtles; the horrible Fruits of War.

A Canon of *Wirtzburg* (one of thoſe who attended us into the ſubterraneous Works of the Citadel and the new Palace of that City; and the ſame who communicated to me the two antique Epitaphs mentioned in the Article of *Bamberg*) ſhewed me at that Time the Inſcription intended for the Pyramid, that is to be erected in the Middle of this vaſt Plain, to perpetuate the Memory of the famous Battle fought laſt Year, which ſaved *Europe* from Slavery to *Lewis* XIV. This Incription was choſen out of a hundred, compoſed by the moſt learned Men of this Country for that Purpoſe. As this Canon is an Antiquary, and a Man of Letters, it is not improbable that he may be the Author, conſidering how frankly he offered me a Copy of it; I am apt to think he is. But however that may be, I could not ſend it to you on a more proper Occaſion than from the very Field of Battle. And here it is faithfully tranſcribed.

A fine Inſcription on the Battle of *Hochſtett*.

MONUMENTUM
Æternæ Memoriæ Sacrum.
Anno M.DCC.IV. *Die* XIII. *Auguſti.*
In hac Regione
Ingenti clade fuſus eſt Exercitus Gallo-Bavarus.
Sub Ductu
Emanuelis Electoris, Comitumque de Tallard & Marſin.
Quorum primus prælio captus cum XL. *Præfectis belli Primariis.*
CLXXXX. *minoris Ordinis, &* XII. *Mill. Gregariis.*
Præter deletos in Campo XII. *Mill. & in Flumen præcipitatos.*
Exercitui victori cum immortali Gloria imperavit
Hinc pro Leopoldo Cæſare Eugenius è Sabaudia Princeps,

* *Julius Cæſar, Alexander* the Great, *Hannibal.*

Hinc

1705. *July* 2. BLENHEIM.

Hinc Joannes Dux de Marlborroug Anglus.
Qui ſub Auſpiciis Annæ Reginæ ſtrenuum militem
A Tameſi ad Danubium duxerat.
Ut Germaniæ periclitanti ſuccurreret.
Quod, junctis cum Ludovico Marchione Badenſi copiis.
Expugnato ad Donawertham Monte, Valle, & Aggere munitiſſimo,
Summa cum Fortitudine incepit.
Et poſt Conflictum inter Bleindheim & Hoechſtett,
Pari conſtantia & felicitate confecit.
Erat adverſa Acies & numero, & Loci ſitu Superior.
Neque alius patebat ad victoriam, quam per Paludes aditus.
Sciant fœderati Duces inviam virtuti nullam eſſe viam.
Diſcant Proceres
Conjurationem cum Patriæ Hoſtibus, rarò eſſe impunitam.
Et agnoſcat tandem Ludovicus XIV.
Neminem antè obitum debere aut felicem
Aut Magnum prædicari.

The *Danube* very rapid, near to *Blenheim.*

At two in the Afternoon we ſet out from *Blenheim*, and ſome time after we croſſed the *Danube* upon a Wooden-bridge a little below the ſmall Town of *Hoghſtett*. Though this River, which is one of the moſt famous in *Europe*, be not here in its full Pride, it is however extremely rapid, and therefore it is no wonder if all were drowned who attempted to ſave themſelves by croſſing it, as Mr. *de Clerambaut*, Lieutenant-General, and a vaſt many others.

Departure from that Place.

Biberach.

We found very bad Roads on the other Side of the *Danube*. After paſſing through *Fultenbach*, which belongs to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, we croſſed the Rivulet *Lutzen*, and ſoon after that called *Launga* at *Welden*, a large Borough in the Dominion of the Duke of *Wirtemberg*. At laſt we arrived very late at *Biberach*, where, to make amends for the Fatigues of the Day, we found no Beds, and ſcarcely any Thing to refreſh ourſelves. Yet it is a pretty little Town, ſtanding upon the River *Schmarter*, which has its Source near *Schurabeck* in *Suabia*, and flows into the *Danube*, oppoſite to *Donawert*. *Bibrach* with twenty other Boroughs and a great Number of Villages about it belongs to the Counts Fuggers of *Augsburg*.

The Hiſtory of a miraculous Cruciſix.

Here we paid a Viſit to a Cruciſix, which is famous for its marvellous Virtues. The Curate of the Church where it reſides, who had juſt diſpatched a *Requiemus* for the Soul of St. *Leopold* lately demiſed, gave us the full Hiſtory of this miraculous Cruciſix. Above 900 Years ago, ſaid he, the Pope then ſitting, ordered it to be brought from *Flanders* to *Rome* on Account of the Miracles it was ſaid to have performed. But when it came to *Biberach*, as it was paſſing by the Church where it now ſtands, the Horſes halted before the Gate, and would not go one Inch further, tho' twenty Men cut and laſhed them with Whips as heartily as they were able, to make them advance. And what effectually demonſtrated the firm Re-

1705. July 3. BIBRACH

ſolution of this holy Crucifix to take up its Abode in this Church was its jumping out of the Cart, when the Carmen were flogging the Horſes moſt cruelly, and placing itſelf, by its own proper Motion, upon the chief Altar. Was not this a viſible Proof that this bleſſed Crucifix choſe rather to fix its dwelling among the honeſt ſociable *Germans*, whoſe only Vice is that of liking to tope a little too much, than among the extremely vicious and traiterous *Italians*, who make no Scruple to betray their Neighbours with a Kiſs? Have you any Objection to make againſt this Miracle, atteſted by an honeſt Legend of 900 Years ſtanding?

Another wonderful Story concerning the ſame.

And yet here is another equally impugnable Evidence of the marvellous Power of this Crucifix. When *Guſtavus Adolphus* made War in *Germany*, the *Swedes* poſſeſſed themſelves of *Bibrach*, which was then fortified. Now ſome of theſe Heretics willing to put the boaſted Virtue of this Crucifix to a fair Trial (by the by it is of very hard Stone, and a moſt gigantic Stature) had the Impudence to remove it from before the Altar, and carry it into the Middle of the Street; but it ſoon ſhewed them what it could do. As they were preparing to lay it flat upon the dirty Ground it ſlid like an Eel out of their Hands, ſprung up into the Air like a Lark, and perching upon the Roof of the Church darted itſelf thro' it, without breaking the leaſt Particle of the ſaid Roof, and gently glided into its ancient Place on the Altar, to the great Aſtoniſhment of many *Lutherans* who were Witneſſes to all this Legerdemain they little expected to ſee. The Legend adds, that this Crucifix laid the ill Uſage it had ſuffered from the *Swedes* ſo deeply to heart, that next Morning it had a buſhy Capuchin-Beard, which it ſtill wears. Nor is this all, for there was likewiſe ſeen two long Beams of Gold iſſuing out from its Ears, and many Rays about its Head. A plain and inconteſtable Mark that Chagrin had put its Blood and Humours into a ſtrange Fermentation! *Tantæne Animis Cœleſtibus iræ?* Here ſurely is what we may pronounce an authentic Miracle, of quite another Nature from that miraculous Cure of the green-ſick Nun, cured by the precious Ointment which St. *Dominic* drew from under his Frock to anoint her with, of which we have an ample circumſtantiate Detail in the Golden Legend, as I have mentioned in another Place.

The Church in which this miraculous Crucifix has its Reſidence is all over adorned with holy Emblems: And the Crucifix is ſurrounded with an Infinity of Vows, conſecrated to it by Patients, who by its Virtue have been delivered from Diſeaſes and Ails of all Sorts.

From *Biberach* we came to *Teſerdingen*, thence to *Batzenhoven* and *Oberkauſen*, and at laſt we arrived very fatigued at *Augsburg*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

1705. *July* 4. AUGSBURG.

Augſburg *an Imperial Town. Its magnificent Town-houſe exactly deſcribed. A beautiful Steeple. The Fountain of* Auguſtus *very ſplendid.*

HAVING taken a Day's Reſt, we went to ſee the Town-houſe which paſſes here for one of the moſt magnificent in *Europe*; but in my Opinion that of *Amſterdam* exceeds it in many Reſpects. It is a vaſt ſquare Building, not of hewn Stone as Mr. *Miſſon* ſays in his Travels, but of Brick laid over with Plaiſter, which gives it the Colour of Stone; nothing but the Door and Window-caſes, Coins, the Pediment, the Baluſter is of Stone, all the reſt, as I have ſaid, is of Brick plaiſtered over. At the Top of the Front and immediately below the Pediment, a large Eagle with two Heads ſpreads its Wings and holds in its Talons a Scepter and a Globe that are gilded as well as its Crown. We were told that this Eagle is of Braſs, and weighs 22 Hundred weight, and coſt 15000 *German* Florins; every Florin is about 30 Pence *Engliſh*. The Town-houſe outwardly.

Jouvin of *Rochfort* ſays in his Journey through *Germany*, that the Front of this Town-houſe, the moſt ſumptuous in *Germany*, is embelliſhed with a Variety of fine Sculptures, yet there is certainly not one bit of Sculpture upon it: For the Eagle above-deſcribed under the Pediment is moulded. The great Portail is of very beautiful reddiſh Marble, and crowned with a large Balcony of the ſame Colour ſupported by two ſtately Pillars of white Marble. Under the Balcony is this Inſcription in golden Characters upon a Table of black Marble.

PUBLICO CONSILIO.
PUBLICÆ SALUTI. A. M.DC.XX.

This Inſcription is not bad; but it does not ſay enough. Theſe Words of *Cicero* in his Pleading for *Milo*, would better ſuit the Place in my Opinion. *Curia eſt Templum Sanctitatis, Amplitudinis, Mentis, Conſilii publici, Caput Urbis, Ara Sociorum, Sedes ab univerſo Populo uni Ordini conceſſa.* Over the Gate are two large Griffins of Braſs ſerving for Supporters to the Arms of the City, which are all of an excellent Workmanſhip, and coſt, as they ſay here, above two thouſand Florins. This Portail is twenty Feet in Height to twelve in Breadth.

The Vault of the Hall into which we enter firſt, called *Atrium inferius*, is ſupported by eight Columns of red Marble. Six Pieces of braſs Cannon are placed here, perhaps to ſtrike Terror into the Populace in caſe of any Tumult. Over the Doors of the Chambers are Buſts of the twelve *Roman* Emperors, together with thoſe of *Marcus Aurelius* and *Pertinax*. Above the Entry of the double Stair-caſe which is to the Right, is a ſort of Buckler on which is *Hadrian*'s Buſt with this Inſcription. The inſide of the Houſe.

1705. July 4. Augsburg.

IMP. CAESAR. HADRIANVS. AVG.
GETICVS. DACICVS. PARTHICVS.
PONTIF. MAX. TRIBUN. POTEST. XXI.
CONSUL III. PATER. PATRIAE.

Above the other double Stair-case to the Left is to be seen another Buckler, with the Buſt of *Septimius Severus* and the following Inſcription.

IMP. CAES. L. SEPTIMIVS. SEVERVS. AUG.
ARABIC. ADIABEN. PARTH. BRITAN.
PONTIF. MAX. TRIB. POTEST. CONSUL III.
PATER. PATRIAE.

The firſt Hall.

At the End of the Hall is a large Lattice of Braſs, through which appears a Painting in Freſco upon the Wall of the public Priſons, repreſenting *Solomon* in his Glory with the Queen of *Sheba:* This Picture is fifty Feet in length to twenty in height, and done by a *German* Maſter named *Kager*, who in Recompenſe was honoured with the Office of Counſellor; and was afterwards a Burgomaſter of this City. The Hall is 110 Feet long, 58 broad, and 26 high.

Second Hall.

The ſecond Hall (or *Atrium Superius*) to which lead two double Stair-caſes, is beyond Compariſon finer than the former. The Cieling is of a beautiful Joyner's Work, and of *Poliſh* Aſh, divided into Compartiments. It is ſupported by eight red-marble Pillars, the Baſes and Chapiters of which are of Braſs. Among the Pictures here I took chiefly Notice of one which bears this Title on it: *Reſpublica Athenienſis.* There the Painter has repreſented nine *Archontes*, *Polemarchi* and *Theſmothetæ* or Legiſlators with two Figures, one of Peace, another of the God of War. Under the former are theſe Words of *Drances* in the 11 Book of the *Æneid*: *Te poſcimus omnes*, and theſe others *Nil melius*: Under the Second, *Ultimum Remedium*, and *Nil pejus.*

Several Pictures.

I ſtopt a little to conſider another Picture which appeared to me to be a very good one, and which is highly eſteemed here. In it are *Hiero* King of *Syracuſe* and the famous *Archimedes*, with many other Artiſts of different Profeſſions, all in the *Greek* Habit. But what is moſt ſingular, the Painter has placed amongſt theſe Artizans the Architect of this Town-houſe in a black Cloak and pointed Hat, according to the Faſhionable Dreſs at *Augsburg.* The Architect's Name was *Elias Holl.* He begun this Building the 25th of *Auguſt* 1615, and finiſhed it in 1620.

A very remarkable one, and the Author's Opinion about it.

There is another Picture in this Hall repreſenting, as it is pretended here, *Concord* and *Diſcord*, painted in a very particular Manner. For my part, I rather take the Figures to repreſent *Abundance* and *Poverty*: And I refer the Matter to your Judgment. On one Side in the Picture ſtands a Woman richly dreſſed with a Crown of Ears of Corn, Vine-leaves and Grapes, with Gold

Gold and Jewels intermingled: Around her are ſeveral Perſons ſumptuouſly apparelled, each of whom holds ſomething to denote Plenty and Riches, as Gold, Silver, rich Stuffs, Corn, Wine, Fruits, Spiceries, Confections, *&c.* And at the Lady's Feet is a Heap of Gold and Silver, with theſe Words, *Nervus Reipublicæ*, and theſe, *Alentes alo.* On the other Side of the Picture is a very lean poorly-dreſſed Woman encompaſſed with naked and ſtarving Creatures, who have nothing to preſent to her but a Glaſs of Water or of Beer, a few Nuts, and ſuch like mean Gifts. At her Feet is an empty Coffer with this Inſcription: *Vana eſt ſinè viribus ira*; and this other, *Quod datis accipitis.* In my Opinion, theſe are not the Symbols of *Concord* and *Diſcord*, as they ſeem to think here. Theſe three Pieces are all by the ſame Hand, a Painter of this Country named *N. Freyberger.* 1705. *Jul.* 4. AUGSBURG.

From this Hall we went into four Chambers where the Council is held, the Court of Juſtice, and the Aſſembly of the *Ædiles* or Overſeers of the public Buildings, and the Court of Treaſury for the Revenues. At the Coronation of the King of the *Romans Ferdinand* IV. in 1653, the Elector *Palatin* lodged in the firſt, and the Envoys of *Bavaria*, *Brandeburg*, and *Saxony* in the other three. The beſt Pictures in the firſt, are the Hiſtory of *Sampſon*, that of *Jezebel* Wife of King *Ahab*; a *Solon*, a *Minos*, a *Lycurgus*, a *Numa Pompilius*, a *Moſes*, *Jeſus Chriſt*, all Legiſlators painted by *Lucas Cronach* a Painter in high Eſteem here. The more remarkable Pictures in the ſecond are, a laſt Judgment, and the Hiſtory of *Ananias* and his Wife *Saphira* by *John Konig* another celebrated Painter. The principal Pictures in the third Apartment are a Portrait of the Emperor *Maximilian* I. done from the Life, by the great *Albert Durer* the German *Apelles*, and one of *Charles* V. by *N. Amberger.* In the Treaſury is a Capital Picture containing the Arms of all the Treaſurers who have poſſeſſed that Employment ſince the laſt-mentioned Emperor to this preſent Time, with this Inſcription. Other four Chambers and Pictures.

Dei Largitoris Opt. Max. Favore & Providentiâ.
Divi Caroli V. *Cæſ. Aug. Auſpicio & Clementiâ.*
Ab Anno P. C. N. M.D.XLVIII. *ſummo Reip. emolumento.*
Ærarii publici curam habuere ſolertem in hoc ordine.

The third Hall is without Diſpute what beſt deſerves Attention in this Town-houſe. It is called here the *Cœnaculum aureum*, and with good Reaſon; its Magnificence being incomparable in every reſpect: Sculpture, Gilding and delicate Painting abounding here to Profuſeneſs. Innumerable beautiful Objects ſtrike ones Sight, and force the Spectator into Admiration. This Hall is enlightened by fifty two Windows, ſome of which are of a prodigious Height. It is 110 Feet in length to 58 in breadth, and 52 in height. Its Pavement is of red white and blew Marble, has a beautiful Effect; and on each Side of this Hall there is a ſplendid Portail. Upon one is this Inſcription in Letters of Gold. The third Hall very magnificent.

1705. Jul. 4. Augsburg.

S. P. Q. A.
Fieri curavit.
Anno poſt Chriſtum natum
1620.

Upon the oppoſite one this,

Ferdinando II. *Imperatore Auguſto.*
Prætorium hoc perfectum eſt, &c.

Many fine Pictures and Statues in it.

The Walls are as it were tapeſtried with ſeveral Groteſque and Arabeſque Paintings exquiſitely well done. Over theſe are, in large Niches, ſixteen charming Statues repreſenting eight Pagan and as many Chriſtian Emperors. The Pagan Figures are *Alexander*, *Julius Cæſar*, *Auguſtus*, *Veſpaſian*, *Trajan*, *Antoninus Pius*, *Severus* and *Aurelian:* The latter are *Conſtantin* the Great, *Theodoſius* the Elder, *Charlemagne*, *Otho* the Great, *Henry* II, *Frederic Barberoſſa*, *Maximilian* I, and *Charles* V. To each Statue there is a Device; but it would be tireſom to give you a Detail of them. Beſides theſe great Men, there are twelve gallant Women, *Semiramis* Queen of *Aſſyria*, *Niobe* with her Children ſlain by *Apollo* and *Diana*, *Artemiſia* Queen of *Caria*, *Tomyris* Queen of the *Meſſagetes*, *Lucretia* Wife to *Collatinus*, the Daughter of *Pericles* whoſe Hiſtory is related by *Stobæus*, *Jael* who killed *Siſera* the General of the *Canaanites*, *Suſanna*, *Eſther*, *Judith*, *Salomone* Mother to the *Maccabees*, and *Sarah Raguel*'s Daughter, of whom *Aſmodeus* that Spirit of Malignity and Jealouſy was enamoured to Diſtraction.

The Cieling particularly ſplendid.

But what ſtruck me moſt in this magnificent Hall was the Cieling which is not ſupported by any Pillar. Repreſent to your Imagination, Sir, an Infinity of Compartiments, all the Squares and Pannels of which are embelliſhed with fine gilded Sculptures, and filled with three large Pictures, eight of a middle Size, and a vaſt Number of ſmall ones, with many other Ornaments which render the Cieling the richeſt and fineſt imaginable. The large Picture in the Middle repreſents a ſplendid triumphal Chariot, on which is mounted *Wiſdom*, with her *Latin* Name *Sapientia*, ſurrounded with Sages and learned Men of all Profeſſions and Denominations, as Divines, Philoſophers, Politicians, Lawyers, and ſix Women of mageſtic Mien repreſenting Juſtice, Peace, Clemency, Victory and Plenty. Several Angels flutter about the Car, and hold out this Proverb of *Solomon*, *Per me Reges regnant.* [Take Notice that the *Per me* is to be carried on through all the reſt] Upon one Side of this large Picture is repreſented Architecture ſurrounded with Perſons eminent in that or ſome other Art; and among the reſt the famous Painter *Kager* already mentioned, who was firſt Counſellor and then Burgomaſter of this City; and here the Device is: *Civitates conduntur*, where *Per me*, as I have hinted, muſt be ſupplied. On the other Side are the God *Mars* and *Bellona* holding a Council of War,

and encompaſſed with Arms of all Sorts. The Device or Motto is, *Hoſtes Arcentur*. 1705. July 4 5. AUGSBURG.

One of the three leſſer Pictures exhibits the Goddeſs *Pallas* attended by the ſeven Liberal Arts, with theſe Words, *Juventus ſapit*: The ſecond, *Religion* holding a Croſs and a Chalice with this Inſcription, *Cœlum aperitur*; i. e. *Per me*. The third ſets to view *Labour*, under the Figure of a laborious Woman with a Hammer in her Hand, and a Variety of other Inſtruments and Utenſils about her: The Legend is *Nemo otioſus*. The fourth is a well-made Woman full of Health and Vigour near a Tree: This is *Induſtry*, and the Device is *Cives propagantur*. The fifth Figure is *Health*, under the Image of a Woman environed with Drugs and Simples: The Motto is *Procul parcæ*. The ſixth repreſents *Plenty*, by a Cook with all the Neceſſaries of Life around him, and this Inſcription, *Omnia & ubique*. The ſeventh is a majeſtic Woman with a Scepter and a Lilly in her Hand, and a Star over her Head: It is *Juſtice*, and ſhe ſeems to ſpeak this Motto, *Bonus ridet, malus plorat*. The eighth is an Emblem of *Honeſty*: It is a Woman with Merchandiſe of all Sorts about her meaſuring a Piece of Gold-ſtuff; and the Inſcription is *Bonâ fide*. Beſides theſe Pictures, there is a vaſt Quantity of ſmall ones in the manner of Cartouches or Scutcheons, containing Devices or Emblems which have all of them ſome Relation to Republican Government. An Account of them would tire you and me too. However, I would have you believe that this is indeed the richeſt Cieling in any Town-houſe in *Europe*; I don't even except that of *Amſterdam*, tho' it be very magnificent.

Four other Apartments called thoſe of the Electors.

We went next into four Chambers called, the Apartments of the Electors, becauſe at the Coronation of *Ferdinand* IV. King of the *Romans*, in 1653. theſe Chambers were occupied by four of the Electors, *viz.* the Electors of *Mayence*, *Treves*, *Cologn* and the King of *Bohemia*. At preſent the Magiſtrates give Audience here to the Envoys of the Emperor, the Electors and other Sovereign Princes: Each of them is 40 Foot ſquare, to 19 in height. Tho' they be adorned with Pictures in plenty, I ſhall only take Notice of the more remarkable ones, that I may not ſurfeit you with too long a Liſt. The moſt eſteemed Pictures in the firſt, are the Roman *Virginia* ſtabb'd by her Father *Virginius*, to ſave her from the Brutality of the Decemvir *Appius Claudius*, upon which is this Inſcription, *Virtusne major an ſcelus*? You know that *Lucius Icillius* Tribune of the People to whom ſhe was betrothed, knew ſo well how to paint out to them the Tyranny of the *Decemviri*, that this ſort of Magiſtracy was aboliſhed, and the Conſulate reſtored.

Two remarkable Pictures.

There are two other Pictures in this Apartment which are alſo worthy of Attention. The Subjects of them are the Continence of *Alexander* the Great, and that of *Scipio Africanus* upon a much like Occaſion. Indeed the Sight of theſe Pieces led me into a Train of Reflexions, which appear to me of ſuch Importance, that I have reſolved to communicate them to you. I even flatter myſelf that you will not be diſpleaſed at my having attempted to ſet a Fact in a proper Light, which hath not as yet been cleared up.

The

1705. *July* 45. AUGSBURG. The D'greſſion is ſomewhat long; and therefore not to break in upon the Thread of my Journal, I ſhall make a ſeparate Article of it.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Critical Obſervations upon the ſo much celebrated Continence of Alexander *the Great, and that of* Scipio Africanus *on an almoſt ſimilar Occaſion.*

IN the preceding Article I had the Honour to tell you, Sir, that in one of the Apartments, in the magnificent Town-houſe of *Augſburg*, called the Apartment of the Electors, there are two fine Pictures, among many others, that ſuggeſted ſeveral Obſervations to me, which I hope may merit your Approbation.

A Picture of *Alexander* in *Darius*'s Tent.

One of theſe Pieces repreſents *Alexander* and *Epheſtion* in the Tent of *Darius*, with the Family of that unfortunate Monarch at their Feet, with this Inſcription, *Hoc eſt vincere*. Now on this Occaſion I cannot forbear remarking to you, that I could never think this Action of *Alexander* ſo worthy of Admiration as it is generally looked upon to be; not being able to comprehend how it ſhewed either that Continence, or that greatneſs of Soul which it is ſaid to have manifeſted: What is the Caſe! Let us conſider it. Becauſe this Conqueror, after having deſtroyed the Empire of the *Perſians*, and cauſed the diſmal Death of *Darius*, and by Conſequence all the Miſery of his Mother, Conſort and Daughters: Becauſe, forſooth, he did not compleat their Miſery by the moſt inhuman Uſe of the Power his unjuſt Conqueſts had put into his Hands; becauſe he did not puſh his Victory to the utmoſt Exceſs of Barbarity and Wickedneſs by offering Violence, the moſt horrible of all Injuries, to the greateſt Princeſſes then in the whole World: Becauſe, in a Word, he did not ſeize them, like a *Satyr* inflamed by the Fury of Luſt, the Moment he entered into the Tent; muſt the moſt marvelous Continence be aſcribed to him on this Account?

In truth they would certainly impoſe on our Reaſon, who endeavour to put this Action upon us as an Inſtance of extraordinary Self-command in ſuch a Conjuncture. There was no need of being an *Alexander* to have been able to have conquered one's ſelf on this Occaſion. The meaneſt Soldier, nay the vileſt Ruffian in his Army would have done as much in the ſame Circumſtances; that is, inſtead of offering ſuch an Inſolence to theſe unfortunate Princeſſes, have done all in his Power to alleviate their Calamity. I venture to affirm it once more, that there is nothing heroic, nothing worthy of Admiration, or even of much Attention in *Alexander*'s Conduct. Sure I am, ſuch Behaviour in any private Man would not have been taken Notice of as any thing extraordinary: So true is it, that the Bulk of Mankind, ſuffering themſelves to be dazled by the Splendour of a Throne,

Throne, are inclinable to think every thing done or ſaid by Princes grand, eſpecially when that high Title is enhanced by the additional one of Conqueror. 1705. *July* 4-5. AUGSBURG.

This is not all: Thoſe who have made ſuch ſwoln Panegyrics upon this Continence of *Alexander*, as they call it, have not conſidered, that *Alexander*'s Paſſion did not then lean towards Women; Wine and Feaſting were at that Time his chief Delight. Yet this one Reflexion greatly diminiſhes the Triumph he is ſaid to have then gained over himſelf, were the Hiſtory really ſuch as they would repreſent it. But which is more, even in this Reſpect, he did not long continue temperate. For hardly had he ſubdued all *Perſia* when he threw himſelf into the greateſt Irregularities of that Kind: Witneſs his *Bagoas*; witneſs his *Thais*, for the Love of whom he laid in Aſhes the nobleſt City in the Eaſt. This Prince was not then very ſenſible to the Charms of Love.

After all, is it not Mockery to extol the Chaſtity of Princes, which is and will, in all Probability, be to the End of the World a Chimera? Environed as they are with Thouſands of tempting Objects, every one of which vies for the Preference, if they are chaſte, it is preſumed, I ſhould rather ſay it is demonſtrable from many Inſtances and Proofs, that it is owing to their Conſtitution and not to their Reaſon, their Virtue, their Greatneſs of Mind and Self-command, and much leſs to their Religion and Conſcience. And to ſpeak out the Truth frankly and paint things as they really are, this is the Caſe not with Princes only. Princes and private Perſons ſeldom or never Chaſte.

Another Reflexion of no leſs Importance that occurs to me on this Subject is, that the greater Part of Mankind, of Hiſtorians as well as others, through I know not what favourable Prepoſſeſſion which regard to a chaſte Temperament, have conſpired almoſt in all Ages to give it a Rank and Name far above all the other Virtues; though, in my Opinion, it does not ſo much as merit the Name of a Virtue. This is ſo true, that in every Age of the World when any great Man, more eſpecially, has given a ſingle Inſtance ever ſo little remarkable of his Continence, it hath never failed of being moſt highly celebrated. On this Account hath every ſuch Perſon been extolled to the Skies as a Wonder of Virtue, though he had been notoriouſly guilty of many monſtrous Vices, and a Slave to ſeveral Paſſions of much more fatal Conſequences to the World than Incontinence. For the Sake of that one ſmall Branch of Virtue, how many Vices have been concealed, paſſed over in Silence, or ſtudiouſly and artfully palliated? We have a glaring Example of this in *Alexander*: in favour of the Reſerve he ſhewed in the Caſe now before us, how prodigal have Declaimers been in applauding him? Do they not ſpeak of him, as if they did not know, or had forgot, what a vile Slave he was to a Thouſand brutal deſtructive Paſſions? But how ſhameful is ſuch Partiality! There is generally too great a Prepoſſeſſion in Favour of what is called Chaſtity.

In fact, a Monarch who plunged himſelf into the loweſt Debaucheries; one ſo abandoned to the Love of Wine, that every Day almoſt he drowned his Reaſon in it, and who when he was inflamed by drinking, was capable of cutting the Throats of his beſt Friends with his own Hands: A Monarch *Alexander* is unworthy of Praiſe.

1705. July 4-5 AUGSBURG.

narch who could even in cold Blood aſſaſſinate, or expoſe to the cruelleſt Torments his ableſt Generals, even thoſe to whom he chiefly owed his Victories: A Monarch, in fine, who without any plauſible Pretext to cover his Ambition, ran about thro' the World like a Mad-man ſpreading Death and Terror all around him; filling the Earth with human Blood; exterminating hundreds of Nations, or reducing them to the moſt inſufferable Slavery and Miſery: Does ſuch a Monarch merit the leaſt Applauſe, tho' he ſhould once in his Life have given ſome ſmall Mark of Moderation; or rather becauſe he did not go to the utmoſt Exceſs of Brutality, in a Caſe that muſt have moved Compaſſion in the moſt callous, hardened Heart? Is it not indeed an Inſult upon the Common-ſenſe of Readers, to ſet forth ſuch a Monarch to them as a Pattern of Generoſity, Temperance and Self-reſtraint; eſpecially ſince it may be proved, and I think we have proved it, that his celebrated Continence has no Foundation in Truth or Fact.

The Picture of *Scipio* repreſenting his Continence.

The other Picture I have to take Notice to you, is the beſt of the two. It repreſents *Scipio Africanus* in New *Carthage*, now called *Carthagena*, in *Spain*, reſtoring a young Princeſs of that Country to her Bridegroom, whoſe Name was *Lucius Aculcius* Prince of the *Celtiberians*; both of them being amongſt the Hoſtages given by the *Spaniards* to the *Carthaginians*. In the Picture *Scipio* addreſſes theſe Words to the Prince, *Jure belli mea; Tua mea gratia.* And at the Foot of it the Inſcription aſks, *An virtus altius ire poteſt?* A very hyberbolical Exaggeration truly, even ſuppoſing the Fact to be true.

Not more worthy of Praiſe than *Alexanders*

Many Circumſtances concurred to render theſe two Perſons ſacred and inviolable. They were both of the moſt exalted Rank. They were as good as married. They were Hoſtages. In fine, the Bride's Father, who was likewiſe a Prince, and by conſequence of a Quality and Age that demanded Veneration—He too was at *Scipio*'s Feet imploring his Clemency, and recommending his Daughter to his Pity with Tears in his Eyes, and a very conſiderable Ranſom in his Hand — Let me therefore appeal to the Heart and Conſcience of any Man, who has the ſmalleſt Remains of Mercy within him, if one muſt not have been the moſt conſummate Villain to have been capable of trampling under his Feet all theſe Conſiderations; and refuſing to reſtore this young Princeſs to her pining Lover; not to ſpeak of tearing her from him whom ſhe had choſen for her Huſband, and abuſing her by the pretended Right of Conqueſt? I can't perſuade myſelf that there was in *Scipio*'s Army a *Roman*, nay or *Barbarian*, who could have been guilty of ſo ſhocking, ſo deteſtable a Crime. What Ground then is there for admiring ſo highly this General, ſuppoſing he had really given this Princeſs unviolated into the Arms of her Betrothed?

Polybius and *Plutarch* do not make ſuch a Heroe of him as *Livy*.

But what will you ſay, if I ſhall be able to prove that *Scipio* really was guilty of ſuch a baſe and cruel Action? And I am able immediately to name Authors of unqueſtionable Veracity and Credit who give the Lie to *Livy* in this Matter, and to *Eutropius* and *Valerius Maximus*, who copying him

from *Livy* have so greatly applauded this pretended Continence. These Gentlemen seem on this and many other Occasions strongly disposed to pass their *Roman* Heroes for Men above all human Frailties. 1725. *July* 4. 5; AUSBURG.

First of all *Polybius* and *Plutarch*, *Greeks* by Nation, and of Consequence less liable to Partiality, and therefore more to be credited than the *Roman* Historians, do not set out *Scipio* as altogether so great a Hero on this Conjuncture. They plainly own that he did not give up this young Princess without doing great Violence to himself: The first makes him say aloud, *That had be been a private Person they could not have made him a more agreeable Present; but that being General of the* Romans, *he found himself obliged to renounce the Pleasure of possessing such a charming Creature.* Words which plainly shew how easily he could have surmounted all the Considerations above-mentioned; and consequently that he was not actuated in delivering her to her Bridegroom by a Principle of Equity or Humanity, but solely by regard to his Credit and Reputation. Whence it follows, that neither Continence, Generosity, nor Greatness of Soul, had the least Share in this so much extolled Modesty and Self-command. The Author of *Scipio*'s Continence refuted.

But we have an Authority which is beyond all Exception to prove this Story to be false. 'Tis the Testimony of *Valerius Antias*, a *Roman* Historian of high Reputation, for his Fidelity more especially, and from whom *Titus Livius* took many of the Materials which make up his Decads. He had composed Annals of the *Roman* Republic which unhappily are lost. It was undoubtedly a very considerable Work, in which the *Roman* Affairs were fully related, since *Aulus Gellius* cites the 75th Book of them. And that this History was in high Esteem is indisputable, seeing the greater of the best Authors have spoke of it with much Applause. Now this Author was not only Cotemporary with *Scipio*, but he had served under him in that same War against the *Carthaginians*, in which this Action is said to have happened, in Quality of Tribune of a Legion: He was therefore an Eye-witness to all that passed on the Occasion now under Consideration. But he positively assures us, that *Scipio* could not refrain from tasting so delicious a Morsel, and that he did not surrender the Princess to her Father (who came, as hath been observed, with a very rich Ransom to redeem her) but kept her with him, and enjoyed her as long as he thought fit. Here are the Author's Words. *Puella quædam pulcherrima, quam Carthagine, amplâ Civitate in Hispaniâ, expugnatâ ceperat Pub. Africanus superior; non reddita Patri, sed retenta ab eo, atque in deliciis amoribusque usurpata est.* Can any Thing be more positive or clear than this Assertion? It demonstratively proves that all the other Historians, who wrote long after, by whom this Fact is mentioned, were deceived: Or rather that being excessively jealous of the *Roman* Name, and particularly fond of *Scipio*'s Glory, they have voluntarily falsified the Truth in this Case. This Story confuted by *Valerius Antias*.

What can *Scipio*'s modern Admirers and Panegyrists say to this Testimony; they who will needs have him to have given a glorious Instance of his Chastity on this Occasion? They have plainly no Resource but this one. A weak Subterfuge of *Scipio*'s Admirers.

1657. July 4, 5. AUGSBURG. one. "That as Jealousy is very common among Persons of the same Profession, it may not be impossible that this *Antias* may have been instigated by some such Motive to detract from *Scipio* in this Part of his Conduct." But it is their Business to invalidate this Testimony, and to prove that there is some Foundation for their Surmise or Suspicion. We have nothing to do with pure Conjectures.

Scipio was no Continent, neither in his Youth, nor his more advanced Years.

But when they are beat out of this Intrenchment, they will perhaps alledge, in Defence of their Favourite, that at this Time he was very young, and that the Temptation was hardly resistible, and therefore it is no great Wonder if his Virtue failed him a little on this Occasion: And after all it was but one Trip; the Effect of Surprize, and very probably repented off; for his Temperance and Self-command in Respect of Pleasures were well known, and very generally confessed. Now I deny even this last Assertion; and that upon the Credit of as good Vouchers as I have produced in the former Case.

Proved by *Nævius*, a *Roman* Poet.

Nævius a *Roman* Poet, famous for his Satires, Comedies, and Tragedies, had quite a different Opinion of the Conqueror of *Carthage*'s Continency. And he too was his Cotemporary, and had carried Arms under him in *Spain*. 'Tis not unlikely that he may have hinted at this Adventure with the *Spanish* Beauty in some of his Pieces: But we can say nothing with Certainty as to that, his Works being lost, and nothing of them remaining but a few Fragments. This however is inconteſtable, that long after *Scipio*'s Victories, and consequently at a Time of his Life, when he was in all Likelihood better able to subdue his Passions; this famous Poet wrote bloody Verses against him, of which four are still preserved, that make no great Compliment to this Hero's Gift of Continence. Here they are

Etiam qui res magnas gessit gloriosè,
Cujus facta viva nunc vigent;
Qui apud Gentes solus præstat.
Eum suus Pater cum pallio uno ab Amica abduxit.

Remark upon this Testimony.

What a charming, edifying Spectacle must it have been, to see a renowned General, with whose Name and glorious Atchievements the whole World resounded, catched in an infamous Place, dragged from the Arms of a Courtezan by Force, and led home in a very pitiful Plight by his own Father! Yet this is the Picture *Nævius* sets before us in these four Verses: And most certainly he durst not have adventured to affirm this Fact of a Person of such Dignity and Importance, had it not been Public, and beyond all Dispute. Let Declaimers after this assert the Continence of *Scipio*, and make a Miracle of it. From this Instance we may learn how justly *Vopiscus* says in his *Aurelian*, "That there is scarcely "one Historian who has not said some Things of the Falshood of which "he may be evinced by good Evidence." So true is it, may we not add, that

that Traditions the moſt univerſally received are often without any Foundation. 1705. July 4. 5. AUGSBURG.

I foreſee all theſe little Diſcoveries we have made from Hiſtory will give Uneaſineſs to ſeveral Sorts of Folks. Firſt of all the Painters and Engravers will no doubt be highly offended; for to them this Story has afforded a moſt excellent Subject, for diſplaying all the Elegance and Force of their Taſte and Genius. After all their Efforts to repreſent this heroic Action, and the Magnanimity of the *Roman* General, with ſuitable Dignity, and in all its Luſtre, they will in all Appearance be vexed to the Heart to find that their Maſter-piece, with Reſpect to the Subject, has no Manner of Foundation in Hiſtory. Other Reflexions of a gayer Nature on this Subject.

Religious and well-meaning Perſons alſo, who not doubting of the Truth of this Event, and having conceived a very high Idea of ſuch a Conqueſt over carnal Concupiſcence, may have wondered how a Heathen could attain to ſuch a ſublime Height of Virtue; nay have bleſſed a thouſand Times the Almighty for it, and have even been diſpoſed to allow a very glorious Place to *Scipio* in Paradiſe: They too will unqueſtionably be very much out of Humour, in ſeeing themſelves deprived of this Kind of Idol, whom they have ſo much admired, and in a Manner worſhipped.

But what we have greateſt Ground to fear is the Diſpleaſure of ſome Divines, who have laid great Streſs upon this Example, in contending for their Syſtem of *reſtraining Grace*. They poſſeſſed with Admiration of ſuch Continence as the ſublimeſt Virtue, have pointed it out as an Example of Self-conqueſt, to which no Perſon in a State of Irregeneration could arrive, and have hence inferred the Truth of their favourite Opinion, that God often grants to *Pagans*, I know not what, *with-holding* or *reſtraining Spirit*, tho' he never beſtows upon them a ſanctifying and ſaving one. The Employment of this Spirit (according to their Syſtem) is to excite certain illuſtrious Perſons in unilluminated Times and Countries (for with the Vulgar or mere Populace they do not pretend that it deigns to intermiddle) to certain heroic Acts which otherwiſe they could not perform; or at leaſt to check the Impetuoſity of their Paſſions, which were it not for this Curb would break out like a Torrent, and produce much greater Extravagancies and Miſchiefs than they do. But behold this *reſtraining Grace* reduced to a mere Revery and Fable, at leaſt in the Caſe of *Scipio*'s Chaſtity, on which the Patrons of that Notion have built with ſo much Aſſurance.

In fine, the Declaimers will in all Probability loudly complain that we have robbed them of an Example which they have found to be of mighty Force, in animating their Hearers to Abſtinence from Pleaſure, to Chaſtity, Temperance, and the reſiſting the ſtrongeſt Temptations; in fine, to move the Emulation of Chriſtians, or at leaſt to put them to Shame and Confuſion for ſuffering mere *Pagans* to caſt them at ſuch a Diſtance. But there is no Help for this great Misfortune. Facts are ſtubborn, and will not yield to any Syſtem or Hypotheſis; or even to the Powers of Painting, Poetry, or Rhetoric. And the Hiſtory we have now been conſidering is, whether I

1705. July 4. 5. Augsburg.

will or will not, a mere Fable that never had any other Existence but in the Imagination of Sculptors, Painters, Orators, and originally in flattering, lying *Roman* Authors.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Augsburg. *The two other Electoral Chambers in the Town-house, and their Pictures. A fine Steeple. The Fountain of* Augustus *very magnificent. A House of* English *Ladies. A pleasant Story of a certain Director of Consciences. The principal Church. The Origin and History of the Counts* Fuggers *of* Augsburg. *The marvellous Secret Gate: Its Mechanism. The Water-Towers.*

Third Electoral Chamber and Pictures.

LET us return to the Town-house. The most considerable Pictures of the second Electoral Chamber are, the History of King *Zedekias* and his Subjects, subdued and made Captives by *Nebuchadnezzar* King of *Babylon*, with these Words: *Dei sortes ratæ*; of King *Belshazzar*, and the Hand writing on the Wall, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN; of King *Ahasuerus*, *Hester*, *Mordecai*, and *Haman*, with this Motto: *Consilium malum, Consultori pessimum.* All the Paintings of these two Apartments are done by *Kager*, Painter, Counsellor, and Burgo-master of *Augsburg*.

Fourth Chamber Paintings.

The chiefly remarkable Pieces of the fourth Apartment are also three large Pictures, the first representing *Democracy*, with this Legend: *Res mala multorum Imperium*; the second *Aristocracy*, and these Words: *Nec unus, nec omnes*; the last Monarchy, wherein is to be seen the Emperor *Ferdinand* II. and this Motto: *Rex unicus esto.* All the Paintings of this fourth Room are drawn by the celebrated *Johannes Konig*.

Emperor *Leopold*'s Saying about this fine Building.

These are the most curious Things I have taken Notice of in the Town-house of *Augsburg*, which may undoubtedly be reckoned among the most beautiful in all *Europe*, and of which one may boldly say, as well as of that of *Amsterdam*: *Non satis est vidisse semel.* However, it is recorded, that when the late Emperor *Leopold* had viewed this stately Building, he could not forbear saying to the Magistrates who shewed it him, and asked his Opinion; "That those of *Ulm* had far better understood how to make use of "Public Money, since they had employed it in fortifying their Town;" adding very wisely, that "the greatest Ornaments of a City did not con-"tribute in the least to secure it against an Invader, or to preserve its Li-"berties, which good stout Walls and strong Bastions could only do." To conclude, this noble House was built in the Year 1620. and is therefore very modern, and not ancient, as *Jouvin de Rochefort* imagined it was.

A fine Steeple.

Near the Town-house in a Square called in the *German* Language *Perlach Plasz*, is the fine Fountain of *Augustus*, and a magnificent Steeple, adorned

adorned with a chiming Clock and Sun-dials, together with a Globe marking the Night and the Day. There is a large Pine-apple ſet into the Wall of this Steeple upon the Top of a Pillar, which Pine-apple makes the Arms of this City. Amidſt the Foliage and carved Works on the Chapiter is a ſmall Figure of a Woman, ſaid by the Learned here to be the Goddeſs *Cybele*, who was held in high Veneration by the ancient *Vindelici*. 1705. *July* 5, 6. AUGSBURG.

The Fountain of *Auguſtus* is the moſt ſplendid in the City. It is a large Baſon of Marble, three Steps from the Ground, ſurrounded by a Baliſter of Iron of admirable Workmanſhip, and adorned with a good Deal of carving. At the four Corners upon the Edge of this Baſon are placed four Braſs-Statues big as Life, two of Women and two of Men. They ſay they repreſent the four Seaſons, becauſe one of the Women holds Ears of Corn in her Hand, and the other a Cornucopia filled with Fruits; but it is more probable that they are Emblems of the four little Rivers which run by this Town, the *Lech*, the *Wertach*, the *Sinkel*, and the *Source*. In the Middle of the Baſon riſes a ſquare Pedeſtal, at the Foot of which are four large Sphinxes ſquirting Water from their Breaſts: A little above them are four Infants, holding in their Arms four Dolphins, out of whoſe Mouths the Water flows in Plenty; and over theſe Infants are Feſtoons and Pine-apples, all of Braſs: From the Bottom of the Baſon riſe ſeveral Pipes, which throw up Water in the Air, that falls back into the Baſon, and runs off under Ground, one cannot perceive thro' what Channel. Upon the Pedeſtal is a Braſs-Statue of *Auguſtus* big as Life, crowned with Laurel, and armed after the *Roman* Faſhion. There is an Inſcription on each of the four Faces of this Pedeſtal. Here are two of them. Fountain of *Auguſtus*.

IMP. CÆS. DIVI. FILIO.
AUGUSTO. PARENTI.
COLONIA. AUGUSTA.
VINDEL.

POSISTA. ANNO.
A. CHR. NATO.
MD. XCIII.
IMP. CÆS. RVDOLPHO.
P. F. AUG.

The other two only contain the Names of the Duumvirs, the Ediles, and of ſome others Magiſtrates, with the Date of their Magiſtracy.

From the Square we went to ſee a Houſe of Nuns, called here *the Houſe of* Engliſh *Ladies*. I don't know how it comes to go by this Name, ſince there are but two Ladies of that Nation in it. One of them, who is very old, told us ſhe was of the Family of the *Haſtings*, of which the A Houſe of *Engliſh* Ladies.

1705. *July* 5. 6. Augsburg. the late Lord *Huntington*, who died a Month after he returned from his Travels, was chief. The other is a very handſome young Woman. She ſaid that ſhe was Daughter to one Count *Mansfeld*, Envoy from the Emperor to King *James* II. but born at *London*, and of an *Engliſh* Mother. We walked above two Hours with theſe Ladies in a very agreeable Garden. The old Lady told us, that they took young Gentlewomen into their Houſe as Penſioners, who continued with them till a proper Match ſhould offer, or became Nuns, if they rather choſe to conſecrate themſelves to God. We aſked the young one which of theſe two ſhe would prefer if the Choice depended on her Deciſion: She anſwered with a very pleaſant Smile, that the former would be much more agreeable to her, and that ſhe had hitherto felt no Call to a perpetual Celibacy. It was Dame Nature that ſpoke by the Mouth of this young Lady.

A Story of a Director of Conſciences. Our Guide told us when we were by ourſelves, that a Scandal had happened not long ago in this Houſe. One of the Conſecrated having unluckily fallen into certain Meditations, which had turned her Heart a little too much towards the World and the Fleſh; her Director, a Man of Humour, and of a religious Order that hath often given Occaſion to diſcourſe of its Exploits, knew very well how to profit by the Opportunity. He perſuaded the poor Innocent that ſhe might lawfully, and with a ſafe Conſcience, by Virtue of the Direction of Intention, unconſecrate herſelf, and change her Name from that of Siſter into that of Mother. This Commerce laſted for ſome time to both their Satisfactions; but unhappily the Abbeſs took Umbrage at the Father's frequent Viſits of Direction, and put Spies upon them, who ſurprized them in the very Fact. It was a terrible Mortification to the ſerious Nuns that ſuch a dreadful Crime ſhould have been committed among them. But had they taken good Advice they would not have divulged this Secret, and ſo expoſed themſelves to the Railery of the *Lutherans*, and other Heretics here.

A pleaſant Anſwer of a Jeſuit upon this Occaſion. The Anſwer, that eſcaped the Superior of the Criminal on this Occaſion before all the Members of his Society, was ſo natural, (a Thing that ſeldom happens among *Jeſuits*) and withal ſo pleaſant, that one of the Aſſiſtants to the Reprimand, in ſpight of theſe Gentlemen's Politics and their Secrecy with regard to all that paſſes among them, could not help telling it to one of his intimate Friends, a merry Wag, who did not fail to divert ſeveral others with it, and ſo it became public. Here it is.

*Un Carrabin d'*Ignace, *adroit & téméraire,*
Convaincu d'abuſer d'une jeune Nonnain;
Son Preſet, *homme franc, & de plus, fort humain,*
L'interrogeant ſur cette Affaire,
Dit, Malheureux Pécheur, apprenez-nous comment
Vous trouvez le moien de baiſer cette Fille!
Ce n'eſt, mon Reverend, qu'au travers de la Grille,
Répondit l'autre promptement.

Ah,

1705. *July* 5. AUGSBURG.

Ah, c'eſt impoſture très claire,
S'écria le Préfet, *c'eſt un fait controuvé !*
Car je l'ai cent fois éprouvé,
Et jamais je ne l'ai pû faire.

We went next into the *Pfarr-Kirk*, which, after the Cathedral, is the principal Church, where we ſaw nothing worth Notice but an Epitaph which ſhews, that he for whom it was made had well ſtudied *Horace*'s Maxims of good Living. It is upon a large Table of black Marble. The principal Church.

Perpetuæ Securit.
Hieronimo Fugger Hulderici Senioris Filio.
Generis ſplendore, Corporis elegantiâ, Animique Dotibus inſigni. Gloriâ verò Equeſtri, ceteriſque virtutibus ornatiſſimo, cujus largas inter opes, abſque curis anxiiſque Negotiis, jucundos inter Amicos, in otio hilariter ac benignè vitam traducere ſtudium ſummum fuit. Monumentum hoc Patruelis & Patruelis Filii ex Teſtamento Hæredes, gratitudinis ergò Agnato optimo E. B. M. F. C. *obiit* XXVI. *Novemb. An. Sal.* M.D.XXXVIII. And remarkable Epitaph.

It puts me in mind to tell you what our Conductor ſaid to us concerning this Family of the *Fuggers* in *Augſburg*. It is deſcended from a Weaver who left great Wealth to his Children. Trade being then in a very flouriſhing State at *Augſburg*, they took it into their Heads to engage in Commerce. All the Commodities of the *Levant* were at that time brought to *Venice*, and from thence to this City, which ſpread them all over *Germany*. And the *Fuggers* were ſo ſucceſsful, that they left vaſt Riches to their Deſcendants. There is a Tradition, that one of this Family having lent a very conſiderable Sum to the Emperor *Charles* V. during the War he had to ſupport againſt the Majority of the Princes of *Germany*; inſtead of aſking Payment of this Sum (which ſome Hiſtorians mount up to a Million of *German* Florins) when the Emperor returned through *Augsburg*, entertained him and the chief Perſons in his Train for two Days in the moſt ſplendid ſumptuous Manner; and at the Cloſe of this magnificent Entertainment burnt, in a Fire of Cinnamon made on purpoſe, the ſigned Bond which the Emperor had given him for that Sum. The Emperor was extremely ſurprized at this Generoſity in a Merchant, and to make a Return to it becoming a Prince, he made him a Count of the Empire, and gave Lands and Fiefs in Perpetuity to him and his Deſcendants. This Family has made great Acquiſitions ſince, and is reckoned one of the richeſt private Families in *Germany*; ſo that it is become a Proverb to ſay, *Rich as a Fugger.* The Origine of the Counts *Fuggers.*

The

1765. *July* 6. AUGSBURG. Their great Wealth & Houſe.

The Counts *Fuggers* are now richer than ever, there being few Provinces in the higher *Germany* where they have not large Eſtates, nay where they have not Towns and Boroughs in plenty belonging to them. Their Ordinary Reſidence is at *Augsburg* their native Soil, and they live together in remarkable Amity. Their Houſe, which is in the ſame Square where the Town-houſe ſtands, has nothing that looks like their Opulence. It is a very ordinary Edifice that was formerly painted without: But theſe Paintings are ſo effaced that there are now no Traces of them to be ſeen; yet *Charles Patin* that learned Antiquary, who had ſeen very many magnificent Buildings in *France* and elſewhere, ſays in his ſhort Account of *Germany*; "that nothing can be more ſumptuous than the Palace of the *Fug-*"*gers* at *Augsburg*, or more finiſhed than the Paintings which embelliſh "its Out-ſide."

Reflexion on the Generoſity of one of them to *Charles* V

I am not ignorant that ſome Authors have aſcribed the Generoſity to the Emperor *Charles* V. before-mentioned to a Merchant at *Antwerp*, whoſe Name was *John Dacus*: And it is not impoſſible but the Liberality of the one may have by a fooliſh Emulation produced that of the other: I ſay a fooliſh Emulation; becauſe it was undoubtedly a great Folly in a Merchant to make a gratuitous Preſent of a Million to a Prince, who over and above the vaſt Revenues ſo many Territories in *Europe* as he poſſeſſed muſt have brought him in, had the Diſpoſal of the greateſt Part of all the Riches of the *New World*. However it be, our Banker here aſſured us, that the Family of the *Fuggers* can ſhew convincing Proofs of this extraordinary Generoſity of one of their Anceſtors to that Prince in their Archives and Regiſters.

July 7. The *Einlas* or Secret Port.

This Day was wholly taken up in ſeeing two of the greateſt Curioſities of *Augsburg*. One is called in German *Der Einlas*, or the Inlet. The other are the Water-Towers that ſerve a great part of the Town with Water. The firſt is eſteemed by all that have ſeen it, a moſt curious Piece of Mechaniſm. The Misfortune is, that it is impoſſible to deſcribe it well, as the Contrivances that give it Motion are for the moſt part concealed in the Maſon-work; there is therefore no ſeeing how they are made, nor how they are moved: For which Reaſon the accurate Mr. *Miſſon*, with all his *Virtuoſo Apparatus*, is ſatisfied with telling his Friend that he has taken a Draught of it which ſometime or other he will ſhew him; but that a Deſcription would be too long and difficult. Was not that a good way of coming off? I don't know whether he kept his Word; but this I am ſure of, that in 23 Years, during which he has made ſeveral Editions of his Work with great Augmentations, he has not thought fit to gratify the Public either with the Deſign or Deſcription. For my part, though I don't ſet up for an Engineer, Architect, or Mechaniſt, *&c.* as he does, I will notwithſtanding endeavour to give you a ſhort Deſcription of this ſecret Paſſage; that is, of as much of it as I was able to obſerve.

'Tis

'Tis a very ordinary Building joyning to the Rampart. To go out of the Town through it, you paſs firſt through a Door not greater than that of a middling Houſe, over which is the Figure of a Pine-apple, the Arms of *Augsburg*, with the Date 1514. the Year when this *Einlas* was made. When you are through this Door you muſt paſs three great high Gates covered over with Lintels, Jambs, *&c.* with thick Plates and Bars of Iron, ſo that all the Axes in the World would make no Impreſſion. As ſoon as you come to the firſt Gate, it opens of itſelf, you paſs through, the Gate ſlaps to, cloſe on your Heels, and all this by a Mechaniſm unſeen; going forwards the ſecond Gate, opens and ſhuts in the ſame Manner, and ſo does the third likewiſe. All this while you do not ſee a living Soul, nor how 'tis done, the chief Contrivance being, as I have already mentioned, concealed in the Wall. I have obſerved in going ſwiftly through (for theſe Gates do not ſuffer one to ſtop long) that each Gate has a Bar of Iron with a Spring in ſight; this riſes very eaſily and I believe lets looſe, by means of a Counter-poize, the ſecret Springs which keep the Gate ſhut, and give it Liberty to open of itſelf, as ſoon as that you have paſſed is ſhut, with Violence and a great Noiſe. Thus you are conſtantly ſhut up between two Gates while you are paſſing, and detained a few Moments without being able to go forwards or backwards: Between the two laſt you are detained a longer time, during which the Guard of the ſecret Gate appear in a little Gallery and examine who you are, where you go, and make you pay a ſmall Toll eſtabliſhed for this Paſſage; then you are conducted to a little Draw-bridge, which is raiſed and let down by means of a great Iron Wheel which is turn'd by a Winch, and which turns a ſmaller Wheel like the great Wheel of a Jack. 1705. *July* 7. AUGSBURG. Secret Port.

Having paſſed this Draw-bridge we were ſtopt by a Barrier of iron Callice-work, which opens immediately after from the Top of the third Gate, by means of an Iron Chain which paſſes through the Wall, and runs on a Pully of the ſame Metal: And all this is ſtill done without any viſible Mover, or the Help of any living Creature. From this Barrier we paſs along a wooden and covered Bridge a-croſs the Breadth of the Town-ditch, at the End of which, is the laſt Port which leads up to the Glacis; and thus one gets inſenſibly out of the City. This laſt Gate is alſo covered with Iron-bars and Plates; (like the three near the Rampart, which, as we were told, weigh above ſeven hundred Pounds each.) It opens by Means of a wooden Bar three Inches thick, and as long as the whole Bridge, which moves upon ſeveral Pullies of Iron placed at equal Diſtances from one another: And this wooden Bar opens and ſhuts the laſt Gate that leads to the Glacis, by drawing and puſhing back an Iron Rod of an Inch in thickneſs, and three Foot in length.

This is all I have been able to obſerve in Relation to this ſecret-Port, which is looked upon in *Germany* as a very ſingular Curioſity in Mechanics. The Magiſtrates of *Nuremberg* ſent ſome Years ago Deputies to thoſe of *Augsburg*, to deſire Leave to take a Draught or Model of this Port, that they might get one made like it. Their Requeſt was granted: But all Vain Attempts to make one like it.

3

1755. July 7. AUG. BURG. the Engineers, Architects and other Artists that were come along with them, after taking full Time to examine all the different Parts of it and their Dependencies, gave this Answer: "That without pulling down the "Walls and all the Masonry, it was not in the Power of *Beelzebub* himself "to find out how this *Einlas* was contrived, or to make one like it in a "thousand Years". But the Magistrates of *Augsburg*, as one may well imagine, were not disposed to gratify the Patricians of *Nuremberg* in that respect; so that their Deputies were able to give no better Account of this secret Port than I have now laid before you. What surprises me is, that the Springs mured in the Walls are not worn out, or at least have not been disordered during all the Time they have been used: For you must know that there is no Way of getting out or into Town in the Night but through this Gate, and the Passage only costs a Penny *French* for each Person, so that the Engines are in a perpetual Motion.

The Water Towers

The Towers which furnish Water to this City are also curious. They are near the Gate called the *Red-port*, upon a Branch of the *Leck* which runs through this City. Mills which go Day and Night, by means of this Torrent work a great many Pumps, which raise Water in large Leaden Pipes to the highest Story of these Towers. In the Middle of a Chamber on each of them, which is very neat and handsomely cieling'd, is a Reservoir of a Hexagonal Figure, into which the Water is carried by a large Pipe, the Extremity of which is made like a *Dolphin*, and through an Urn or Vase held by a Statue sitting in the Middle of the Reservoir. One of these Towers sends Water to all the public Fountains by smaller Pipes, and the three others supply with Water a thousand Houses in the City, each of which pays about eight Crowns yearly, and receives a hundred and twenty pretty large Measures of Water every Hour. Mr. *Misson* counts five Towers and says they distribute Water through the whole Town. But there are but four Towers and they only furnish Water to the Number of Houses just mentioned and to the public Fountains.

This little Branch of the *Leck*, by whose Means these Water-works are moved, is so rapid, that a Wild-boar endeavouring to cross it a little without the Town in 1563, was wheeled by the Torrent into one of these Towers, where it was killed. There is a Picture of it upon the Wall; and another of a Deer which was likewise whirled down by the same River and taken in 1592.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

1705. *July* 8. AUGSBURG.

Augsburg. *Several Proceſſions among the Catholics of this City. A Convent of* Carmes. *The Canoneſſes of St.* Stephen. *A* Roman *Inſcription. Great Fondneſs of the* Romans *for public Shews.*

THOUGH one half of the Inhabitants of this City be *Lutherans*, more Proceſſions are perhaps ſeen here than at *Cologn the Holy*, where there are very few Proteſtants. We ſaw one this Morning, under the Banner of the Reverend Fathers *Jeſuits*, in which was carried, among other Statues, one of the Holy *Virgin* holding the Infant *Jeſus* by the Hand. Both of them wore the Pilgrim's Cap adorned with Shells, the Gourd-bottle hanging at their Side and the Staff in their Hand like Pilgrims of St. *James*; their Face was very much Sun-burnt, as Pilgrims well may be: But what appeared to me more ſingular was, that *Jeſus* in his Pilgrimage had an Abbot's Wig well buckled and powdered. This Proceſſion, at which the Magiſtrates and all the rich Catholic Merchants aſſiſted, may juſtly be called Magnificent. All their Houſes were adorned without with Tapeſtries, Pictures, Feſtoons, Garlands; and there were Oratories at proper Diſtances for the Holy Sacrament to reſt on, which was carried by the Biſhop in his Pontificals under a rich Canopy. Before him marched the Chapter and a charming Symphony, with exquiſite Perfumes exhaling from ſeveral Perfuming-pots and Cenſers. This Proceſſion conſiſted of Males and Females; for beſide the Canons of the Cathedral, there were likewiſe the Canoneſſes of St. *Stephen*'s; all handſome young Ladies of Quality very finely dreſſed, and in ſhort very well qualified for diſturbing the Devotion of the Aſſiſtants: Accordingly I took Notice that many of them were more attentive to the Charms of theſe pretty Women than to their Beads.

Many Proceſſions of the R. Catholics of this Town.

After Dinner we ſaw another very famous one, called the Proceſſion of the Pilgrims. It was returning from a Pilgrimage of two Leagues from Town. Some Spectators who had the Curioſity to count the Number, ſaid there were above 1500 Men, and that this little Army of Pilgrims was followed by above 1260 young Women.

Another Proceſſion of Men & Women.

All theſe She-Pilgrims marched two and two, as well as the Men, ſinging *Latin* Hymns, which they, poor Creatures, underſtood not one Tittle of: But what then! They had fulfilled their Vows, and ſeemed all very well ſatisfied with their Pilgrimage. They had each a little black Staff in their Hand very neatly turned, and moſt of them pointed Hats.

Our Conductor had ſo boaſted this Morning of the Beer of the *Carmes*, that the Fancy ſtruck us to go to taſte it. He had taken care to inform the Superior of the Convent in the Morning, that he intended that Afternoon

July 9. The Convent and Beer of the *Carmes*.

1755. July 9. Augsburg. noon to bring some *English* of Distinction to see him, who were very good Judges of Malt-liquor, and had a Mind to try his. The good Father had promised us welcome, and so away we went, carrying a Provision of *Rhenish* in Bottles to exchange for his Beer. We were most generously received; Prior, Sub-prior, and all the chief Members of the Community waited for us in their Cloisters. They conducted us into a pleasant Garden, in the Middle of which is a Cabinet with four Doors opening upon four Avenues of Elms. This Closet is very high, and inwardly adorned with Pictures of the Miracles done by a certain Saint of their Order.

History of a famous Monk of that Order. This holy Man was a *Spaniard* by Birth, a Country-man of the great St. *Therese*, and his Nick-name was Father *Dominic* of *Jesus-Maria*. The History of him is, and the Pictures here confirm it, That the Duke *Maximilian* of *Bavaria*, Grand-father of the present Duke, having declared in Favour of the Emperor *Ferdinand* II. against *Frederic* V. Elector *Palatin* and King of *Bohemia* his near Relation; Pope *Paul* V. sent this Father *Dominic* to give him a Sword he had blessed, and to exhort him to exterminate to the utmost of his Power the Heretics of *Germany*. The good Father did not stop here: He dragged him, so to speak, from the Arms of his Spouse, whom he loved tenderly, and made him march to *Bohemia* and join with an Army of 25 thousand Men that of the Emperor commanded by the Duke of *Buquoy*, and obliged these two Generals to fight the Battle at *Prague*, which gave the decisive Stroke with respect to the Kingdom of *Bohemia*. The Legend adds, that this holy Man contributed more than any other to the Victory of the Catholics, by exciting them to Vengeance on Account of an Image of the holy *Virgin* whose Eyes the Heretics had put out, which he shewed to them all in Blood: And in fine, that after all these noble Exploits, he attended the Duke back to *Munich*, and replaced him in the Arms of his Spouse, from whom he had forced him away.

Entertainment in this Convent. When we had set down in this little Box, a Collation was brought, consisting of good Rye-bread, Pepper, Salt and Cummin, Wallnuts of last Year's Growth, and good old Cheese, very proper Things for inflaming the Palate. And accordingly we swallowed their Beer very plentifully, which was excellent, very pleasant to the Taste, clear as *Canary* Wine, and not at all heady, as most Sorts of strong Beer are. The Fathers who had dined on Salt-fish pledged us with full Brimmers of the *Rhenish* we had carried with us: They guzled away with great Glee to digest their Fish.

The Library, Church, &c. When our Collation was ended they shewed us their Convent, which is very well for Mendicant-Friars. Their Library is small, but well-chosen and kept very neat. The Church is handsome, and particularly dedicated to the Holy Sacrament, as the Inscription above the Church-door informed us, which is in large black Characters, *SSmæ Eucharistiæ Dedicat.* The Organs are tolerably good. Tho' I understand *German* well enough not to need an Interpreter, yet I was obliged to chop *Latin* now and then with these Fathers, who most civilly waited on us to our Coach.

Passing

Paſſing through the Court they made us obſerve on the Wall a Sun-Dial, of which they boaſt very much, becauſe it was made by one of their Order. It is a *Madonna*, whoſe Head is circled with Rays, Stars, and all the Signs of the *Zodiac*. The Scepter ſhe holds in her Hand marks the Hours; under her Feet is a Globe, and over her Head this Diſtich. 1705. *July* 9. AUGSBURG. A remarkable Sun-Dial.

Fac bene ſideribus, Phœbique Dei para cinctæ,
Ut tua poſtremum dirigat umbra Diem.

And upon the Globe are theſe Words:

Omnibus hic Deus eſt, omnia inane nihil.

The Canoneſſes of St. *Stephen*, who not a little ſpoilt the Devotion of ſome of the Aſſiſtants the Day of the grand Proceſſion, ſent us Word by our Banker, who is their Acquaintance, that they ſhould be glad to ſee us. The Compliment appeared to us a little extraordinary: But as this Gentleman aſſured us they were Ladies without Ceremony, we went to pay our Reſpects to them. They are young Ladies of Birth who are placed here till ſome Match offers. And this, I own, is a very commendable Inſtitution in all Catholic and a few *Lutheran* States of *Germany*, to have founded Colleges of Canons and Canoneſſes to be as a Reſource for noble Families encumbered with many Children. *July* 10. The Canoneſſes of St. *Stephen*.

Theſe Ladies, who ſpeak *French* very well, entertained us in an obliging Manner. They ſhewed us all their Apartments, which are tolerably good: The Chambers where they lie two and two, are very neat; but the Beds were not in a very ſightly Condition. The Church is handſome enough: The Gardens but indifferent. The Diſorder the Beds were in put me in mind of the *Leſbian Sappho* and her amiable Companions.

Paſſing through the Court I happened to ſpy an antique Marble enchaſed into a Wall, with this *Roman* Inſcription; which, as I know you are a Lover of Antiquities, I put down, for your Sake, in my Pocket-book. An ancient Inſcription.

C. MANAGNIO. IVSTO.
TR. LEG. III. ITALIC.
MANAGNIA. FABIANA.
FILIA. ET. HERES.
FACIENDVM. CVRAVIT.
INSTANTE. MANAGNIO.
NICITATE. LIBERTO.
EX. HS. N. XVI.

While I was copying this Inſcription, an Eccleſiaſtic, who takes the Title of Director of the Conſciences of the Abbeſs and Canoneſſes, accoſted me; and taking me for an Antiquary, he told me with a very ſerious A droll Maggot of an Eccleſiaſtic.

1705. *July* 10. AUGSBURG.

ſerious Air: It was a pity I was not at *Augsburg* a hundred Years ago, that I might have had the Pleaſure of ſeeing a Curious Fragment of Antiquity. At theſe Words I was aſtoniſhed, and ſtared the venerable Director full in the Face; who by this Speech appeared to me fitter to be at the Head of a Mad-houſe, than a Director of Conſciences: And I was juſt going to aſk him, whether he was aſleep or awake, when he added; That about a hundred Years ago, digging in the Garden of this Abbey, there was found a Pavement of a Hall quite entire, on which were painted in different Compartiments, Chariot-races, Gladiatorial-combats, with the Names of theſe miſerable Victims to the public Diverſion; but that having been left uncovered during Winter, the Rain and Snow had quite defaced all the Figures, and entirely ſpoilt this beautiful Piece of Antiquity, which the Learned of *Augsburg*, when it was diſcovered, took to be a Pavement of ſome ancient public Bath.

A Curious ancient Pavement diſcovered at *Augsburg*.

Don't you admire the fine Diſcovery this holy Director informed me of? And don't you think I have Reaſon to lament that I am not a hundred Years older, that I might have ſeen this extraordinary Piece? The Reverend Father has, in all likelihood, been ſo abſolutely attached to his Breviary, and to the Sounding and Sifting of the Conſciences of Devotees, that he has never had time to look into Hiſtory, otherwiſe he would not have been ignorant of the Paſſion of the *Romans* for public Spectacles, and above all for the Combats of Gladiators; even to ſuch a Degree, that they painted them in their Houſes and Baths, and upon their Floors, as appears from this Paſſage in the 7th *Satire* of *Horace*, where his Servant *Davus* ſays to him.

The Fury of the ancient *Romans* with Regard to public Shews.

——— *Fulvi Rutubæque*
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone, velut ſi
Re verâ pugnent, feriantque, vitentque moventes
Arma viri, &c.

You know that when they gave theſe Diverſions of Combats to the People, great Care was taken to match the Fighters as equally as poſſible; that is to ſay, to chuſe ſuch to engage with one another as were neareſt in Age, Agility, Strength and Skill, that the Diverſion might laſt the longer. This we may learn plainly from a few Lines in the 4th *Satire* of *Lucilius*, in which he complains, that they had oppoſed to the beſt Gladiator of his Time, a lumpiſh, unhandy, awkward Fellow, who knew nothing of his Trade.

Some Particulars concerning them.

Æſerninu' fuit Flaccorum munere quidam
Samnis, ſpurcus homo, vita illa dignu' locoque,
Cum Placideiano componitur, optimu' multò
Poſt homines natos, Gladiator qui fuit unus.

So

So that it is no Wonder if at *Augsburg*, which was a famous *Roman* Colony, they were likewiſe in the Uſe of painting the Combats of Gladiators in their Houſes and Baths, and conſequently the Father Director had no occaſion to put ſo high a Value on his Fragment of Antiquity dug up a hundred Years ago, and ſince deſtroyed. 1705. *July* 11. AUGSBURG.

CHAP. XLI.

Augsburg. *College and public Library. The Curioſities in it. Private Libraries. A wonderful Horſe. Reflexions upon the Syſtem of thoſe who reſolve all the Actions of Beaſts into Clock-work. A remarkable Story of Monkeys at the* Cape *of* Good-Hope. *Their Love to Men and Women. Animals are not mere Machines. Obſervations on the Pride and Ignorance of Mankind. Man is in many Reſpects inferior to ſeveral Brutes. The marvellous Inſtinct of Rats. An ancient Inſcription in Honour of a Mule.*

TO Day we have ſeen the public Library, and the *Lutheran* College, which is a vaſt ſquare Building, the Work of the ſame Architect who built the Town-houſe, with a fine Clock on the Top of the Front. In this College there are ſeven different Claſſes, a Hall for the public Diſputations and Harangues, and a Theatre for Dramatic Repreſentations. The Magiſtracy maintain a Rector, 13. Regents, and a Library-keeper, who are all very handſomely paid. The Library is in a large well-lighted Gallery by the College. The Library-keeper, who is a Doctor of Divinity and a *Lutheran* Miniſter, aſſured us that it contains above 7000 Volumes: He is a Man of Merit; ſpeaks *Engliſh* well, and reads and underſtands the beſt Books in that Language. I ſhall give you ſome Account of what he ſhewed us as moſt curious in this Library. *Lutheran* College & public Library.

A St. *Chryſoſtom* in 8 Volumes *Folio*, publiſhed *Etonæ in Collegio Regali*, 1612. In the Beginning of the firſt Tome is wrote: *Ex dono Henrici Savilii. Nobilis Angli. Duumviris Auguſt. Marco Velſero & Jo. Jacobo Rembold.* The firſt of theſe two Magiſtrates was a very learned Man, who wrote the Hiſtory of his own Country in *Latin*; a Work full of excellent Literature. Its Rarities, eſpecially Manuſcripts.

A *Greek* Manuſcript in *Folio*, containing the Homilies of St. *Chryſoſtom* all in Capitals: They ſay it is 800 Years old: I took Notice of ſome Leaves that were ſcraped, as if it had paſſed thro' the Hands of the *Benedictins* of the Congregation of St. *Maur*, whom the learned Father *Simon* calls *Parchment-Scrapers.*

A *Chineſe* Manuſcript, with fine flouriſh'd Borders on the Top of the Pages, repreſenting the Figure of the *Chineſe* Men and Women.

1705. July 10. AUGSBURG.

A *Portugueſe* Book in *Japaneſe* Characters, upon *Chineſe* Paper, intituled, *Guia do Peccador*, printed in the *Japan* College of Jeſuits 1599.

Two *Alcorans* of *Mahomet* in *Arabic*, upon *Chineſe* Paper; one of which is extremely beautiful.

A Book bound without a Back, which opens at four Sides, and contains four different Treatiſes, gilded all over.

A *German* Bible in *Folio*, without any foreign Word intermix'd, and the firſt that was printed at *Augsburg* in 1499.

Cicero's Offices upon very fine Vellum, a ſmall *Folio*, in very fine *Gothic*, printed by *John Fuſt* of *Mayence*, with theſe Words at the End of it. *Præſens Marci Tullii Clariſſimum opus, Johannes Fuſt Moguntinus Civis, non atramento Plumali, Canna neque ærea. Sed arte quædam perpulchra. Manu Petri de Gernſheim pueri mei feliciter effeci, finitum Anno* M.CCCC.LXVI. *quarta die menſis Februarii.* Quite at the End of the Book is the Ode of *Horace* to *Manlius*, which begins thus: *Diffugere Nives*, &c. On the firſt Leaf are the Arms illuminated of a *Patrician* of *Augsburg*, who made a Preſent of this Book to the public Library, with this Inſcription, wrote with his own Hand in Capitals.

Artis Chalcographæ primordia, Bibliothecæ
Weiſſius hæc David dat Monumenta ſui,
Anno Domini MDLXX. *Calendis Auguſti.*

The five Books of *Moſes* in *Hebrew* upon Leaves of Parchment, ſewed together, which ſtretch out as long as the Gallery when they are unrolled.

The Diſcharge of a *Janiſary*: It is a Piece of Paper a Foot long; on the Middle, which is of a bluiſh Colour, are *Arabic* Characters of a black Colour intermix'd with Gold Flouriſhes.

Twenty two Portraits of the chief Fathers of the Church, which were brought from *Greece*, as we were told. They appear to be very ancient, and by good Hands; for 'tis plain they are not all by the ſame.

A Pedeſtal of Silver gilt, upon which is placed an Altar of Silver a Foot thick, ſupporting a celeſtial Globe of Silver gilt, about eighteen Inches Diameter. Within the Pedeſtal is a Clock, with a double Bell; and nothing can be finer than the graving on the Globe. 'Tis very odd that *Charles Patin* does not mention this public Library, tho' he takes notice of a private one not equal to it.

Private Library.

The Library-keeper, a very learned Man, not only in Theology, but in Metaphyſics and Natural Philoſophy, was ſo kind as to wait on us to the moſt remarkable private Library in *Augsburg*; it belong'd to *Theophilus* and *Gabriel Spitzelius* Father and Son, who were both very able Divines. The latter died but lately, and left no Son; ſo that this Library, furniſhed with excellent Books, ſuch as the beſt Editions of the *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers, the Councils, and other valuable Pieces, is now to be ſold. Mr. *Charles*

Charles Patin has not ſaid a Word of this Library neither, tho' that and the public one be by far the beſt here. 1705. *July* 11.

AUGSBURG. A wonderful Horſe.

The ſame Library-keeper who is equally obliging and very curious, told us of a Horſe that had been about eight Days here, and occaſioned more Diſcourſe wherever he went, than even the famous *Bucephalus* did. He would needs regale us with a Sight of this Horſe, which, without the Reputation that *Alexander*'s had, performs an Infinity of Actions which the other never did, notwithſtanding all the Sagacity Hiſtorians have aſcribed to him. This little Animal is without doubt the greateſt Rarity of its Kind in the World, not only on Account of the Agility and Addreſs with which he jumps through ſeveral pretty narrow Hoops, placed at conſiderable Diſtances from one another; but of the Sagacity, the Judgment, and Prudence he ſhews in many Actions. He dances all Sorts of Dances, grave and gay, Minuet, Courant, Saraband, Boree, *&c.* He marches ſometimes on three Legs, ſometimes on two, counterfeits Lameneſs, Death, and plays an Infinity of other Pranks.

But becauſe all this may perhaps be reconciled with the Clock-work of *Deſcartes*, I will mention to you ſome Things he does, which plainly ſhew Diſcernment, and a Kind of Reaſon. Shew him ever ſo many Watches, at whatever Hour you pleaſe to ſet them, he never fails to mark, by ſtamping with his Foot what a Clock it is on each Watch. Take a Pack of unuſed Carts, and ſhew them in any Order you pleaſe to this Animal, and he never fails to tell how many Points are in the Card you ſhew him, by thumping as often with his Foot as there are Points in it. When his Maſter bids him go and pay his Compliments to the pureſt Virgin, or the chaſteſt Man in the Company, he never fails to pick out the youngeſt and handſomeſt Girl, and the graveſt and moſt reputable Man; preſent to him two Glaſſes, one of red, the other of white Wine, and he will take the red or the white which ever you name to him, and drink it up without ſpilling a Drop. Nay fill Glaſſes with Rheniſh, Necker, or Tyrol Wines, and though they be almoſt undiſtinguiſhable by the Colour, he will ſingle out the particular Wine you bid him to take. He eats every Thing except Meat and Fiſh, with the greateſt Neatneſs, and makes his Compliment after eating to his Benefactor, by a Bow to him, or by kiſſing his Hand.

But which is yet more ſurpriſing than all this (and his Maſter affirms it in the moſt ſolemn Manner to be ſtrictly true) when his firſt Owner died the poor Beaſt ſhewed ſuch Grief that he ſhed Tears, would not eat for three Days, and had almoſt died of Hunger becauſe he no longer ſaw him, who uſed to be about him every Day. What more is neceſſary to entitle this Animal to be called a Prodigy?

Philoſophical Reflexions upon the Sagacity of Animals.

After this, Sir, will you perſiſt in affirming, with certain Philoſophers of your Acquaintance, that all this Sagacity is mere Clock-work, and nothing more? I grant that when I read the Reaſonings of thoſe Philoſophers who maintain that Beaſts are but Machines, I am ſo outwitted by them that

1705. *July* 11. Augsburg. that I cannot refute their Opinion; but no ſooner do certain Experiments or Facts preſent themſelves to my Obſervation, than I renounce their Syſtem, and *Automaton* is to me a barbarous, unintelligible Term. Subtilize about it as much as you pleaſe.—I give fair play to your Phyſics and Metaphyſics.—Reconcile, if you can, *Ariſtotle*, *Pliny*, *Deſcartes*, *Gaſſendi*, *La Chambre*, *Rohault*, and other learned Authors, who would paſs their Viſions in Relation to Brutes upon us for true Philoſophy.——Give me a neat, conſiſtent Syſtem with Regard to their Inſtincts—Shew me a palpable Difference between Inſtinct and human Reaſon—Prove to me that the Brutes have no Soul, that they do not think—In one Word define them as you will—I give you full Liberty; but I muſt believe what I ſee. And this Account I have given you of the little Horſe is in all Circumſtances as true, as it is that we muſt die. Now theſe Actions and many other ſuch which this Animal performs, what are they? Operations of Machaniſm and certain Springs, of Inſtinct, of Reaſon, or of Prudence?

Deſcartes's Opinion concerning Brutes confuted.

Deſcartes and his Followers tell us, Beaſts do not think; that they are nothing more than Clocks or Watches, without Conſciouſneſs or Senſation: And thus does the ſame wonderful Philoſopher ſyllogize, *I think*; *therefore I am*. But I am ſure that could this Horſe, or ſeveral other Animals, which have ſhewn on many Occaſions more Senſe, more Gratitude, more Wit and Sagacity than a great Number of Men would have done—Could they underſtand this ſublime Syllogiſm, could they recover the Tongues they had in *Æſop*'s Days, they would anſwer this Philoſopher in his own Stile, and turn his own Weapon upon him thus. *We think, and therefore we are*; for if Beaſts are nothing but Machinery, without Reaſon, without Judgment, nay, and without ſome Language too, by which they can make known their Thoughts and Feelings one to another, how could they poſſibly have contrived and executed ſeveral Thefts, and a thouſand other Schemes, which in all Appearance were very cunningly laid, and wiſely carried on?

Surpriſing Inſtances of the cunning of Monkeys at the *Cape of Good Hope*.

Among many Examples of this Sort, which I have heard atteſted by Men of the greateſt Candour and Probity, I will only tell you one, which I had concerning ſome Monkeys at the *Cape of Good Hope*, from a Friend of mine, Nephew to the late Governour of a Fortreſs, which the *Dutch* have in that moſt *Southern* Part of *Africa*, who was ſeven Years there in the Quality of Major of the Place. This Gentleman aſſured me at *Amſterdam*, where he now lives, that a Garden of about fifteen Acres, which the *Eaſt-India* Company has made there, is filled with Fruits of all Kinds, that grow in any Part of the known World, for the Refreſhment and Uſe of Veſſels going and returning from the *Eaſt-Indies*, and ſurrounded by a very high Wall. Among other Fruits he told me, that the Melons there are exquiſitely delicious. Now, continued he, at the Seaſon when theſe Melons are in perfect Maturity, the Monkeys come in the Night-time to this Garden in Troops; ſome of them get over the Wall, and the reſt ſtay on the other Side: The former range themſelves in a Line

Line at convenient Diſtances all the Way from the Bed of the beſt Melons to the Foot of the Garden-wall; and being thus poſted, they convey the beſt Melons they can pick out from Hand to Hand, till they come to the Sentinels placed on the Top of the Wall, who throw them down to thoſe left on the other Side, who, when they have got as many as they can conveniently carry off, make a particular Noiſe, which is repeated by theſe Sentinels, as a Signal to their Companions in the Garden to return. This Gentleman proteſted to me that this is Fact; that his Uncle and he had often had the Pleaſure of ſeeing it in Moon-light, from a Balcony that looked into the Garden; and that they had often made thoſe Arch-thieves take to their Heels, and leap the Walls in a great Hurry, by diſcharging a Piſtol in the Air. 1705. *July* 11. AUGSBURG.

Another curious Story of Monkeys who are paſſionately amorous of Men and Women.

This is not all I have to tell you, from the ſame Gentleman's Information, of Monkeys. He added, that amongſt various Sorts of Monkeys about this Cape, and in the adjacent Countries, there are ſome of a very robuſt large Species, who are paſſionately fond of Women. This is very credible. We have ſeen many ſuch in *Europe*. But the Females, or She-apes of the ſame Species, are no leſs amorous of Men. Every Body knows that the *Caffres*, or as the *Dutch* call them the *Hottentots*, are the uglieſt, naſtieſt, lazieſt Creatures on Earth, without any Notion of a Deity, and by Conſequence without any Principles or Scruples of Conſcience. The Men or Women of this brutal Nation, who like delicate Bitts, court the Embraces of theſe Monkeys, and when a Man or a Woman has once caſt an amorous Glance towards one of them, they are ſure to be liberally provided with the beſt Fruits in that Part of the World. Their Lovers bring them the fineſt, being excellent Judges of the Taſte of Fruits, and capable of diſtinguiſhing what moſt pleaſes the Palates of their Paramours, ſo ſoon as they have ſeen them eat what they like beſt.

All this I can believe too; but what I own I have ſome Difficulty in crediting is, that (which he affirmed likewiſe) theſe Apes have the Wit to make Aſſignations, which they keep preciſely at the Times and Places appointed: Theſe meetings are always in a private out-of-the-way part of ſome Foreſt, as if they themſelves had ſome Senſe of Shame, and were conſcious of the Wickedneſs of the Commerce. He or ſhe who deſires to find a Gallant among theſe Monkeys has nothing to do but to go into the Woods which they frequent, and ſhew their Sex. For immediately theſe Animals preſent themſelves a Dozen at a Time perhaps, and leave the free Choice of a Lover or Miſtreſs to the Men or Women who come for that Purpoſe; and the Choice being made, the reſt never diſturb the one pitched upon, in the free Enjoyments of his Rights. So loving and faithful are theſe Monkeys, Male and Female, that a Gallant among them will riſk his Life in Defence of the *Hottentot* who choſe him, and has had Intrigues with him, if her Huſband ſhould catch them in the Fact, and reſent it. A Huſband and five other *Caffres* were ſo ſadly mauled and wounded on an Occaſion of this Kind, that they were forced to quit the Field of

1705. *July* 11. Augsburg. Battle: There came such a Troop of Monkeys upon hearing the Cries of one of their Companions, that the Men took to their Heels: The Monkeys pursued these Fellows with Stones and Sticks till they had drove them out of the Wood; and then they led the Woman away with them in Triumph, and hid her so securely that she could never again be found or heard of: The Monkey dying of the Bruises he had received in this Scuffle with his Mistress's Husband, his Comrades, to revenge themselves the best they could of his Death, pillaged the Night following several Gardens near the Forest, so that there was nothing left in them of any Kind, Herb-Root, or Fruit.

Animals are not Machines. Here is what I have learned from a Person of Distinction, Honour, and Probity, who could have no Interest in coining such a Fable. Now if all this be true, as I can easily believe, after what I saw the little Horse perform Yesterday, will you not yield to me that a Monkey is a Machine, which has a good Deal of Wit and Reason? For if this pretended Machine had not a large Share of both, how could the Monkeys have robbed the Melon-bed so slily, with so much Stratagem? Who taught them to know when the Melons were at their best? Who taught them that Language by which they made Signals to one another, when it was convenient to make their Retreat? Whence could they have learned their Love to Men and Women, and the Art of understanding their Desires, and of carrying on Intrigues with them with such Subtlety? What inspires them with such Constancy, and with such a Spirit of Revenge in Behalf of their Lovers, and of one another! I again repeat it, if such an Animal be no more than a Machine, you must agree with me that it is a very judicious and witty one. Were I of the Humour of certain Gentlemen, who like to make a Dissertation of forty Pages upon the merest Trifle, I could on this Subject expatiate at great Length rather in Favour of *Pliny*, as great a Liar as he was, than of *Descartes*, who pretends that Man alone is dignified with Reason, and that all other Animals are but *Automata*, *i. e.* Machines.

I remember that happening one Day to dine at Mr. *M*—, a Vice-Admiral of *England*, who for a Man of his Profession knows a great Deal; he proved to us by two Actions done in his Sight by his Coachman's Dog, that this Dog had more Reason than a certain Person, who was just gone out of the Room. He added very merrily, that he knew several Persons who had no more of the Man but the outward Figure, and into whose Bodies Nature had only put Souls, as a Sausage-maker does Salt into that of a Hog, just enough to keep it from stinking. In Reality how ignorant at the best is Man! His Senses are struck or impressed, he knows not how, or by what Cause.

Quam varia exercent hominum miracula mentes,
Quorum constitui non ratio ulla potest!

Man

Man will needs comprehend, explain, account for every Thing; his blind Self-love makes him refer all to himſelf as the chief End; he imagines he can penetrate into the moſt hidden Secrets of Nature; yet in Truth he ſtrictly ſpeaking knows nothing at all, or what he knows is but a mere Trifle; all he ſees is only the Outſide of Things. And I could forgive his not believing what he does not ſee, if he could give any reaſonable Account of any Thing he does ſee. 1705. *July* 12. AUGSBURG. The Pride and Ignorance of Man.

I would gladly, for Example, find a Naturaliſt, who could give me a ſolid and ſatisfactory Reaſon why theſe Quadrupeds, Horſes, Oxen, Aſſes, Cats, Dogs, Hares, Rabbits, Rats, Mice, *&c.* ſee almoſt as well in the Night as in the Day: And why there are other Animals who only ſee in the Day, and not at all in the Night? This is the Caſe with all Birds, a few only excepted, ſuch as Bats, Owls, Scritch-owls, *&c.* all this is by a Quality peculiarly given by the Author of Nature to each Species, without any exterior Aid. On the other Hand why is Man, who thinks himſelf the moſt reaſonable and perfect of Creatures, ſo made, that he can never ſee of himſelf without ſome additional Help, as the Sun, the Moon, Stars, or a Torch to give him Light? Does not this prove his Vanity, and the very inconſiderable Pre-eminence Nature has given him above the other Animals, whatever he may imagine to the contrary? She hath indeed been much more liberal to other Creatures he calls his Inferiors. Find me out an able Naturaliſt who can unridle and give me a ſatisfying Solution to theſe Queſtions, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo:* Such a one would give infinite Pleaſure, as he would extricate me out of many and many Uncertainties. But I fear this ſkilful Philoſopher is as difficult to be found as the Philoſopher's Stone, and that it is Dame-Nature herſelf alone that can render a true Account of theſe Things, and a thouſand more, which are all above our Apprehenſion. This is my Sentiment, and it was the Opinion of the Author of this Sonnet, which becauſe it is to the preſent Purpoſe, and one of the beſt I have ſeen, I will here tranſcribe to you.

Nature, *enſeigne nous par quel bizare effort*
Notre Ame quelquefois hors de nous eſt ravie:
Dis nous comme à nos Corps elle même aſſervie
S'agite, s'aſſoupit, ſe réveille, & s'endort.

Les plus vils Animaux, plus heureux dans leur ſort,
Vivent tranquillement ſans crainte & ſans envie,
Exempts de mille maux qui troublent notre vie,
Et de mille terreurs que nous donne la Mort.

Aſſemblage confus d'Eſprit & de matiere,
L'Homme vit avec trop, ou trop peu de lumiere
Pour diſtinguer ſes biens, ou connoitre ſes maux.

1705. July 12 — AUGSBURG.

Change l'état obſcur où toi-même nous ranges;
Nature, *abaiſſe nous aux ſens des Animaux,*
Ou bien éleve nous à la clarté des Anges.

Man's Pride very unreaſonable.

But I will moralize no more. 'Tis enough that I loſe myſelf in ſuch Speculations, without drawing others into the ſame Abyſs after me. The grand Source of all human Perplexity and Vanity is, that Man does not Study himſelf ſufficiently, or with due Attention, and that ſeduced by his blind Self-love, he raſhly aſſumes a Pre-eminence to himſelf above all other Beings. Proud of his pretended Reaſon, and his ſo much boaſted of Underſtanding, he will needs ſubmit to it alone, and erect it into the ſole and ſovereign Judge of all Things, and not allow the Animals, he calls contemptuouſly Brutes, to appeal to the Tribunal of their common Creator. Yet this vain Mortal, named Man, does not know himſelf, nor can he give a reaſonable Explication of the ſimpleſt Operations of Nature performed in himſelf, or in other Beings before his Eyes. Will Man never perceive the Abſurdity of his Arrogance? Will he ſtill continue to puff himſelf up with vain Conceit, and to ſet up for a God, tho' every Thing upbraids his Underſtanding, and ſhews its Scantineſs and narrow Limits? His own Structure, his five Senſes, the Fever, and an Infinity of other Accidents; the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, the Fire that belches out of ſome Mountains, the Snow which hath covered others ever ſince the Deluge, and a Thouſand other Phenomena, into the Cauſes of which he is unable to penetrate. *Virgil* might well ſay in the ſecond Book of his Georgics,

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas,
Atque metus omnes & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus. Strepitumque Acherontis avari!

But this happy Judge of the Origin and Cauſes of Things, and Contemner of Death, has never yet exiſted, and will always be no more than an imaginary Entity. I again aver that Man is very unhappy in not knowing himſelf, and yet more unhappy in never ſeeking after this Knowledge.

Man in ſeveral Reſpects inferior to many other Animals.

We returned thanks to our Library-keeper for having entertained us with ſo great a Curioſity, and begged him to do us the Pleaſure to ſpend the reſt of the Day and Evening with us, which he moſt obligingly conſented to do. The little Horſe, and what I have juſt now told you of the Monkeys at the *Cape* of *Good Hope*, afforded us Converſation before and during Supper. The Doctor enlarged on this Subject in ſuch a Manner as ſhewed equally his Reading and his Wit. He ſet forth with ſuch Eloquence the Advantages of Beaſts, in Reſpect of their natural Inſtincts and Knowledge, above Mankind, who know nothing of themſelves: He pointed out in ſuch lively Colours the Happineſs of Brutes, in not being tormented

mented by the agonizing Fears of Death, which ſo terribly torment Men: He ſo clearly defined the pretended human Reaſon, which only ſerves to render us more criminal, in Conſequence of the Aſcendant we allow our Appetites and Paſſions to get over it: He deſcribed ſo forcibly the Abuſes we make of our Reaſon (which does us no other Service, ſaid he, but to render ourſelves more miſerable, and to aggravate the Unhappineſs of all depending on us) and compared it ſo fully with the Inſtincts infuſed by Nature into Animals, to be their Guides, from which they never deviate: In one Word, he ſo pleaded the Cauſe of Beaſts; ſo exalted the Brutes above Man, with Regard to the preſent Life, and ſo humbled and vilified Mankind, and their ſo greatly boaſted of Reaſon with Reſpect to Eternity, that he almoſt made a Gentleman, who was in our Company, and me ſay with the famous *Des Barreaux.* 1705. *July* 12. AUGSBURG.

Je me dégrade de RAISON,
Je veux devenir un Oyſon,
Je renonce à toute Science
En bûvant toûjours du meilleur:
Celui qui croit en Connoiſſance,
Ne fait qu'accroitre ſon malheur.

Thus, Sir, you ſee how the wonderful Addreſs of this little Horſe which we ſaw to Day, and the Actions we often ſee Dogs, Monkeys, Foxes, Elephants, and other Animals perform, led us into very profound Diſcuſſions.

One Story more I can't forbear mentioning upon this Occaſion, as being ſtill more wonderful than the former. I had it from Baron *Newland*, a Nobleman of *Guelderland*, and Captain of a Man of War in the *States General*'s Service, a Gentleman on whoſe Veracity you may entirely rely. Here it is. A ſurpriſing Inſtance of the Inſtinct of Rats.

This Officer being ſent to *Spain* in Time of War to convoy ſome Merchantmen, the Surgeon of his Ship finding it was to no Purpoſe he every Morning counted the Eggs which were kept for his Patients, and carefully locked up in the Hold; and that many of them were daily miſſing, he at laſt ſuſpected his Servants of having a falſe Key, and ſtealing them. Accordingly he ſtruck one of them, who had given him a ſawcy Anſwer on this Occaſion. The Lad not uſed to ſuch Careſſes, reſolved to find out the Thief, and actually brought it about. Having told the Diſcovery to his Maſter, he would not believe him, and was a going to ſtrike him again. The poor Fellow, almoſt diſtracted, applied to the Captain, namely the Baron himſelf, who proved as incredulous as the Surgeon. However his Obſtinacy in affirming what he had ſeen at laſt prevailed upon this Gentleman.

Accordingly he ordered the Cloſet, where the Eggs were depoſited, to be bored through in ſeveral Places with a large Gimlet, and he with ſeveral

1705. July 12. Aug. burg. others went down about Midnight, and posted themselves each at his peep Hole. A few Minutes after they saw three large Rats coming to a Barrel wherein the Eggs lay, and which was half empty, and had the Satisfaction of seeing their whole Contrivance in conveying them away.

One of the Rats went down into the Barrel, a second got up and posted himself upon the Edge, and the third stay'd without at the Foot of it. It was impossible for the Spectators (tho' there was a Lamp burning in the Closet) to see what the Rat in the Barrel was adoing, but he that stood upon the Edge seemed to stoop into it, and draw up something to him, raising himself up gradually; the other that was without got upon the Hoops, and raising his Head as high as he could, received into his Mouth something from that of the other upon the Edge: Upon which this last plunged once more, and drew again something which he also gave over to the Rat on the Hoops, and this proved to be the Tail of the Rat in the Barrel, whom they were drawing out of his Confinement. His whole Body appeared at last with his Head downwards, and holding an Egg in his four Paws. Then his Companions having put him in equilibre, and upon his Back on the Edge of the Barrel, still holding fast the Egg, the one took him by the Tail, and the other by one of his Ears, and thus gently from Hoop to Hoop brought him down to the Ground. This done, and he being still upon his Back, and having his Prey between his Paws, they dragged him along by his Tail towards a private Place where the Spectators lost Sight of them. But they soon after came back, and in less than a Quarter of an Hour play'd over the same Trick at least three Times, and thus carried off as many Eggs.

Reflexions upon this Story.

Now pray tell me once more, good Sir, whether all this was the Operation of Machinery and Instinct, or of Reason and Judgment? If Beasts be Engines, without Thought, Consciousness, Reason, or even have no Way of communicating their Designs and Schemes to one another, how could these Rats have conserted this Manner of stealing the Eggs, and of carrying them off safe without breaking them. How many Villains are every Day hanged, whose Robberies are not half so cunningly contrived and executed? Treat the Story before us as a Fable if you please, as a Tale to lull Children asleep: Tell me in the *Italian* Proverb, *Se non è vero non è mal trovato*, that will give me very little Pain. I will content myself with replying as *Sosia* does to his Master *Amphitrion* in the Comedy of *Moliere* so entituled.

C'est un fait à n'y rien connoitre,
Un Fait ridicule, importun,
Un Fait choquant le Sens commun,
Qui pourtant ne laisse pas d'être.

It

It is enough for me that I had it from a Gentleman of Honour and Probity; in fine, from an underſtanding, curious Man, incapable of impoſing upon me, and who was an Eye-witneſs to it. *Fides ex auditu, certitudo ex viſu*, ſays the Goſpel. 1705. *July* 11. AUGSBURG.

However, the firſt Letter you do me the Honour to write to me after you receive this, pray tell me your Sentiments about this Matter. I am perhaps the fartheſt from Poſſitiveneſs of any Perſon living, very eaſily diſabuſed of Errors and Prejudices, being very ſenſible how eaſily I may be deceived. With Regard to profane Hiſtory I carry, perhaps, Scepticiſm as far as any Body; but allow me pray to think our little Horſe ſomething more than mere Machinary, and much more to deſerve an Epitaph after his Death than the *Roman* Mule, for which there is this Inſcription, upon a mounting Stone, in the Road from *Rome* to *Tibur*, now called *Tivoli*.

An Inſcription in Honour of a Mule.

DIS. PEDIBVS. SACRVM.
CHIVCHIAE. DORSIFERAE. ET. CLVNIFERAE.
AC. PESSVETAE. ET. MANSVETAE.
EVIVIS. VT. INSVLTVRAE. DESVLTURAE. COMMODETVR.
PVB. CRASSVS.
MVLAE. SVAE. CRASSAE. BENEFERENTI.
SVPPEDANEVM. HOC. CVM. RISV. POSVIT.
VIXIT. ANN. III. MENS. X. DIE. V. NOCT. $\frac{1}{2}$.

I have not given you a full Account of all the ſurpriſing Feats this wonderful Creature does perform: But moſt of them are beyond Imagination. By the Way I told his Maſter that I did not adviſe him to ſhew his Horſe at *Madrid* or *Liſbon*. For moſt certainly he would ſoon have the Lictors of the holy Inquiſition at his Heels, and both Maſter and Horſe would be burnt for Sorcerers.

CHAP. XLII.

Augſburg. *The Cathedral. Pictures in it. Strange Whims and Impertinences of a Painter. The Biſhop of* Augſburg. *His Palace and his Juriſdiction. The famous Confeſſion of* Augſburg. *Reflexions upon the Politics and Religion of* Charles V. *Emperor. The Caprice of a Painter.*

THE Cathedral of *Augsburg* dedicated to the holy Virgin, and the Epiſcopal Palace, employed a great Part of this Day. The firſt is a *Gothic* Building, with two Steeples ending in Points. We examined, with ſome Attention *its Braſs-gate amongſt the Carvings, on which Mr.* Miſſon *ſays*, he was ſhewn *in the Repreſentation of the Creation, that it was* *July* 12. The Cathedral. Its Antiquity.

1705. *July* 12. AUGSBURG. Errors in Mr. *Miſſon.*

the Virgin Mary *who created* Eve, *and made her out of one of* Adam's *Ribs.* But, take my Word for it, there is not a Jot of all this true. Firſt of all the Port is not of Braſs, it is of Wood, covered with very thin Copper-plates. In the ſecond Place, the pretended Figure of the Virgin *Mary* creating *Eve*, is plainly a Figure of a Man, and the very Copy of the ſame Perſon who creates *Adam*. What may have deceived our Author is, in all Likelihood, that both theſe Figures have long Gowns down to their Heels, and that the Viſage of the one he took for the Holy Virgin is more defaced than any of the reſt. However, had he given himſelf the Trouble to examine theſe two Figures with the leaſt Attention, and not run away with the firſt Fancy that ſtruck his Noddle, he would never have advanced ſuch a piece of Nonſenſe.

Several Pictures of Biſhops

In a Corner of this Church near the Entry are the Portraits of the Biſhops of *Augsburg*, with their Names in Chronological Order from St. *Denis*, who according to his Legend flouriſhed towards the Cloſe of the IIId Century to the laſt, who died in 1690. making in all Sixty five.

Some very odd ones.

Among many Pictures with which this Church is adorned there are not a few very particular ones with Regard to the Caprice and Fantaſticalneſs of the Painters; one repreſenting *Limbo*, under the Figure of two Caverns, where no Light enters but by a few Air-holes, in which, on the Foreground, are the Souls of *Adam* and *Eve*, *Noah*, *Abraham* with his Knife yet in his Hand ready to ſacrifice *Iſaac*, *Aaron* in his Pontifical Habit, *Moſes* with his Horns, *David* with his Harp, and a vaſt Troop of other Ghoſts in the remoteſt View of the Picture.

But the moſt remarkable of all the Figures in this Piece is that of the good Man *Joſeph*, Huſband to the Holy Virgin. This Soul is extremely pale and livid; he holds a Lilly in his Hand: Two Angels who are conducting him to Limbo ſhew him the Entry into it, as *Mercury* pointed out the Mouth of Hell to *Penelope*'s Gallants when he led them thither. And his Ghoſt appears as reluctant to go into Limbo, as theſe miſerable Suitors were to enter into Hell.

In another Picture is ſeen the Virgin with *Jeſus Chriſt* on her Lap, and the Infant putting the whole terreſtial Globe, with great Eaſe, upon the Shoulders of the Giant—St. *Chriſtopher* who is on his Knees upon a Cloud, and leans upon a Baton as thick as the Maſt of a Ship. St. *John* the Evangeliſt (who is repreſented as a full grown Man, tho' *Chriſt* be here but an Infant of two Years old) is ſtanding by the Virgin, and ſeems to be in great Pain what is to become of the World, which this St. *Goliah* is going to carry off: At the Foot of this Picture is this Inſcription, in which there is Plenty of *Magnus*'s.

Mariæ Mag. Virgini.
Joanni Virginis Magno clienti.
Chriſtophoro Mag. Martyri.
Debiti cultus æternum Simbolum.

I paſs

I pass many other Pictures in which there are gross Absurdites, for fear of exhausting your Patience. But here is one which we may well call a String of tip-top ones; the arranteſt Impertinences into which it is possible for a Painter to fall. It is a large Piece done by a *German*, in which are *Noah* and his Family, who having built the Ark, puts all the Animals into it which were necessary to preserve the several Species. He is not painted, as *Scarron* represents the Father of *Æneas* in his *Virgil* burlesqued, that is, 1705. *July* 12. AUGSBURG. Others still more ridiculous.

Comme défunt Monsieur Anchise.
Beau Vieillard à la barbe grise.

The Painter has thought fit to dress him like an *Armenian* Lord: He imagined perhaps that since *Noah* was to land in that Country upon Mount *Ararat*, it was proper that he should arrive there apparelled according to the Fashion of the Country. The Edges of his Gown, and the Extremities of its Slieves are laced most magnificently with a Gold Brocade: He has a Cane in his Hand, and a Commander's Batoon in the other, and struts like the General of an Army. The good Patriarch's Wife is arrayed like a Sultaness, and appears much younger and gayer than her Daughters-in-law. She is close by her Husband, has a little *Bologna* Dog in her Arms, and they both seem to look very intently upon their Sons and their Wives, who are carrying the Baggage into the Ark. Here are all Sorts of Animals except the Rhinoceros, the Crocodile, and Monkey. 'Tis not improbable that the Painter thought the good *Noah* would not save such three mischievous Creatures, who were likely to be very troublesome in the Voyage. As for Sheep there is at least a Dozen of them: And in this the Painter shews his Providence by putting as many into the Ark, as would make sufficient Provision for the little Family. There are two Parrots, one of which holds in his Claws a very curious written Paper, containing in *Latin*, *Italian*, and *German* the Lessons *Noah* and his Children had taught him in these three Languages: No doubt the Painter thought *Noah* must have understood them all. This strange Galimathias is painted in two Columns thus: Impertinencies in Pictures.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.	*Pater Marco, Pater Marco* *
Deus omnia videt.	*Viva la Celle.*
O! mein Gott. Dio mio!	*Pax in cella, foris bella.*
Miserere mei Deus!	*Werda, Werda. Turcken, Turcken.*
S. Maria ora pro nobis.	*Memento mori.*
Pax vobis. Allegramente.	*Memento viva.*
Patron, Patron, hast mir lieb?	*Rara avis in Terra.* 1691.

* Father *Marcus d'Aviano*, famous for his pretended Miracles.

1705. *July* 12. AUGSBURG.

'Tis Pity this Painter hath not put his Name to this ingenious Work, as well as the Date, that all who ſee it might have the Satisfaction of knowing who he was that had ſo delightful an Invention. For my Part I think the Chapter of this Cathedral ought to have rewarded him with a Profeſſor's Chair in ſome Madhouſe.

In fine, the moſt remarkable Thing in this Cathedral is a large portable Altar of Silver gilt, placed againſt a Baluſter of Braſs in the Entry to the Choir. In the Middle of this Altar is a large Tabernacle alſo of Silver gilt, adorned with Feſtoons of Silver, containing the Holy Sacrament: Above which is a very fine Crucifix of the ſame Metal.

The Biſhop of *Augsburg*, and his Character

From the Cathedral we went to ſee the Biſhop's Palace. This Prelate is Son to the late Duke of *Nuremberg*, and Brother to the Elector Palatine. We ſent to aſk leave to pay our Reſpects to him. You won't eaſily gueſs what Anſwer was brought to us. His Grand Maſter of the Horſe ſent a Footman to acquaint us that if we were *Herrn Graaffen*, *i. e.* Counts, or at leaſt Barons, we might have that Honour. But if we were but Merchants, we could not be permitted to approach him. We replied to this fine Compliment, that we were neither, but that the Elector Palatine, the Electors of *Treves* and of *Mayence*, nor even the Prince Royal of *Pruſſia*, the Prince of *Orange*, the Prince Hereditary of *Bareith*, the Duke of *Saxe-Zeiſt*, and ſeveral others had not been ſo delicate. The Lacquey returned to make his Report; but it had no Effect. We were forced to diſpenſe with having the Honour of kiſſing this proud Biſhop's Hand. If we may Credit the Rumours of this Town, this Prelate is troubled now and then with little Fits of Diſtraction occaſioned by *Vertigo*'s.

The Biſhop's Palace.

His Palace is an old *Gothic*-Manſion made up of Pieces added from time to time, which deſerve no better Name than that of ſo many Rat-neſts. The only tolerable Thing in it, is a Portico with Iron-rails that reaches the whole Length of the Garden. The Stables are ſuitable to the reſt of the Palace, and ſo ill furniſhed that we ſaw but half a Dozen of Horſes in them. As we were going out of them, a Groom planted himſelf at the Door and demanded *Trinck-gilt* with an Air as polite as the Grand-Ecuyer's Compliment. We gave him ſomething without haggling, for if we had not the Fellow would have ſhut us in. It is the Cuſtom, and we muſt ſubmit.

His Juriſdiction.

The Biſhop has no Juriſdiction over the City of *Augsburg*: It extends no farther than the Palace, ſome Houſes of Canons, 14 large and about 30 ſmall Gardens: But to make amends for that, a conſiderable Part of the Territory about the Town is ſubject to him, as well as *Dillingen* where he principally reſides, which is a pretty little Town with an Univerſity. It ſtands upon the *Danube*, about ten Leagues from *Augsburg*, and two from *Hoglſtett*.

The Confeſſion of *Augsburg*.

They conducted us to the famous Hall in which *Luther* and *Melanchthon* preſented to *Charles* V. in 1530. the celebrated Confeſſion of Faith, called ever ſince, the Confeſſion of *Augsburg*. *Lampadius* a learned Profeſſor of Divinity informs us in his *Mellificium Hiſtoricum*, that this Prince prepared himſelf

himſelf for that important Affair by Prayers and Tears. He adds, that he cried out; *Quis ego ſum qui Evangelio repugnare poſſim? Orate pro me miſero ut in veritate conſtanter perſiſtam.* And ſaid, that if *Luther* ſhould be able to find no other Shelter on Earth, he would protect him. Yet after all this fine Diſcourſe he condemned this Confeſſion, at the Inſtigation of the Cardinal *Campegius* the Pope's Legat, of *Eccius*, *Faber* and other Catholic Divines. This Condemnation was ſigned by 5 Electors, 30 Eccleſiaſtic and 24 Lay-Princes, 22 Abbots, 33 Counts and Barons, and 39 Free-Cities. 1765. *July* 12. AUGSBURG.

Melanchthon, who had drawn up this Confeſſion, complains of this unjuſt Condemnation in one of his Letters: *Non delector* (ſays he) *recordatione Comitiorum Auguſtanorum in quibus triſti & atroci Sententia damnati ſumus.* On the other Hand, the Catholics accuſe *Charles* V. of having been actuated in that Affair rather by political Views, than by Zeal for Religion. They ſay he had actually put into Practice the ſame Maxim in *Germany*, which a King of *Egypt* in ancient Times practiſed with reſpect to his People. "He "gave them different Gods, ſays Hiſtory, in order to ſow Diſcord amongſt "them and to prevent their riſing againſt him." 'Tis added, with Relation to Charles V. that the War he waged againſt the Elector of *Saxony* having taken its riſe from Religion, it was aſtoniſhing that he ſhould have ſet that Prince at Liberty without one Article in the Treaty with him in Favour of Religion. The ſame Hiſtorians tell us, that a little after he had the Aſſurance to cauſe the famous *Interim* to be drawn up and publiſhed, in order to regulate the Conſciences of the *Germans*, till a general Council ſhould be aſſembled; which Step was looked upon as an Encroachment upon the Eccleſiaſtical Juriſdiction, and aſcribed it to his Contempt of the Court of *Rome*. Reflexions of the Proteſtants and R. Catholics upon *Charles* Vth's Conduct.

The Diet of *Augsburg* which was held in 1555, and by whom it was ordained, that thoſe of that Confeſſion ſhould be allowed to enjoy Liberty of Conſcience amongſt Catholics, fully convinced the World that no Sovereign better underſtood how to accommodate ſpiritual with temporal Concerns, and that he had much more Politics than Religion.

However *Sandoval* Biſhop of *Pampelune*, who has wrote his Life, has almoſt made a Saint of this Emperor. For my own part, his Actions leave me no room to doubt that Religion and Conſcience gave him very little trouble about purſuing what he took to be his Intereſt. *Charles* V. was a Catholic, but he was a Man too; and which is more, a Prince who aſpired at univerſal Monarchy, after which we need ſay no more. True Character of *Charles* V.

Having mentioned *Sandoval*, the moſt partial Chronicle-writer or Hiſtorian that ever was, I can't forbear taking Notice by the Way, that this poor Biſhop commits the groſſeſt Blunders in the World, through his exceſſive Zeal to exalt his Nation above all the reſt in the World, and thereby renders his Hiſtory very ridiculous. For Inſtance, having praiſed a thouſand times the *Spaniards* for their Bravery, their Intrepidity, their Generoſity, their Candour, Humanity, and I know not how many other Virtues which he Criticiſm on *Sandoval's* Hiſtory.

1705. July 12. Augsburg. he falſely aſcribes to them; he adds, that they were ſo reſpected throughout the whole World, that at the Diet held at *Spire* in 1544, the *Germans*, who are, ſays he, naturally the proudeſt People in the World, preſented the meaneſt *Spaniard* with Civilities, and gave him the middle of the Street and the Paſs on every Occaſion, inſomuch, that if a *Spaniard* was a Horſeback, the higheſt *German* Lord would ſtop to give him way. The Author's own Words are worth copying: *Si topavan con un Eſpannol de mediano talle, ſe deſbonetavan quantos le veyan, ſi bien fueſſen Tudeſcos Principales, y ſe apartavan para dar lugar que paſſaſſe, aunque el Eſpannol fueſſe à Cavallo.* I would fain aſk if it became a *Spaniard*, one ſo ſwoln with Vanity as this *Sandoval* was in particular, to charge other Nations with Pride?

A Caprice of a Painter. I took notice of a Picture in the Collegiate Church of St. *Maurice*, which fairly gives the lie to that in the Cathedral, where St. *Joſeph* is conducted into Limbo by two Angels much againſt the Grain. For in this which repreſents St. *Joſeph* in the Agonies of Death, *Jeſus Chriſt* ſtands by him at the Side of his Bed, and there are two Angels behind him in the Habits of Lacqueys: On the other Side is the *Virgin Mary* holding her Huſband by the Hand, and diſſolving in Tears. Under the Bed are Carpenter's Tools of all Sorts: The Holy-Ghoſt hovers in the Shape of a Dove directly over his Head, and God the Father in the Form of an old Man rides on the Clouds ſurrounded by a Number of Angels, who are ſtretching their Arms to the dying Perſon, in order to receive his Soul and carry it ſtrait to Paradiſe. All this demonſtrates the Ignorance of the former Painter, and ſhews he knew nothing about the real Circumſtances of *Joſeph*'s Death, which this other knew as exactly as if he had been preſent. And in good Earneſt, what Probability is there that the Soul of him who had the Honour to be Spouſe to the Holy *Virgin* and Foſter-Father to *Jeſus Chriſt*, was ſent into this naſty Limbo, juſt to be taken out again with the whole Band of Patriarchs and Prophets? It was not worth while to employ two Angels to conduct him thither for ſo ſhort a Space of Time.

CHAP.

1705.

AUGSBURG.

CHAP. XLIII.

Augsburg. *College and Houſe of the* Jeſuits *very magnificent. A very ſingular Picture. A curious Hiſtory of a young* Spaniſh *Gentleman who earneſtly deſired the Gift of Continence. Their Library. The Reception of a Burgeſs into the Quality of a Captain of the Militia. The Arſenal. A droll Story concerning the Women and Maids of* Augsburg.

THE Reverend Fathers *Jeſuits* to whom we paid a Viſit to Day, are moſt ſplendidly lodged, as they are indeed every where, except at *Wirtzburg*. Gilding, Painting, Carving abound in their Church and Houſe. The Rector and Library-Keeper received us very civilly in their Hall for the Entertainment of Strangers, where I obſerved above the Door, a pretty good Picture repreſenting our Saviour in the Wilderneſs. You may perhaps imagine that Satan tempts him in this Piece, as this Part of our Lord's Life is commonly painted, and as it is related by the Goſpel. But far from it I aſſure you. *Jeſus Chriſt* ſits under a Tree very much at his Eaſe, with a handſomely ſerved Table before him covered with Grapes, Melons, Oranges, Lemons and other Fruits —— nor is this all; five or ſix Angels bring from Heaven all ſorts of Confections to him in large Baſons of Silver gilt; three other Angels ſtand before him, one of whom preſents a Plate of very fine Plumbs to him, the ſecond a Bumper of Red Wine upon a Salver, and the third holds in his Hand a large Pot of Wine, whilſt the fourth rinſes the Glaſſes. What Fertility of Imagination doth this Picture ſhew! *July.* 13. *Jeſuit's* College and comical Picture

After we too had alſo drank two or three Brimmers of Wine in this Hall, according to the Faſhion of the Country to preſent Wine at all Hours, the Fathers conducted us into their Garden, which is in fine Order and very pleaſant. We had made the Tour of it two or three Times, when one of our Conductors ſtopped on a ſudden, and deſired us to obſerve, at the End of one of the Walks, a Picture on the Wall of a very extraordinary Event that happened in their Houſe. Could you ever have imagined that a young *Spaniſh* Gentleman of 24 or 25, and a Soldier by Profeſſion, would have regretted his too great Vigour in the Article of Women? Yet nothing is truer, as theſe good Fathers aſſured us. Here is the Story. The Garden and a ſingular Picture.

Don Diego de Ledeſma of a very noble Family in *Spain*, returning from the War in *Italy* in 1558. happened to paſs through *Augsburg*, and going to ſee the *Jeſuits* here, he was ſo edified by their exemplary Manner of Life, that he took a Fancy to be of their Number, and to renounce all the Vanities of the World. But as he found himſelf young and full of Fire, and having beſides the original Sin of his Nation, which is of being amorous in a very high Degree, he was afraid he could never ſubdue his Fleſh ſo as to attain History of a young *Spaniard* who deſired the Gift of Continency.

1705. *July* 13. AUGSBURG. attain the Gift of Continence, the moſt eſſential Quality of a good *Monk*, eſpecially amongſt the *Jeſuits*. He ſpent ſeveral Days and Nights in Prayer and Faſting to mortify his Concupiſcence: But all he could do was to little Purpoſe; as often as he repeated his *Credo*, a *Reſurrection of the Fleſh* diſturbed his Courſe, ſo that he could never get to *the Life eternal*.

Deſpairing and inconſolable for not being able to get the better of his Carnality, he roſe very early one Morning, after having moſt fervently prayed to God to help his Infirmity, and went to take a walk in the great Street near the Town-houſe. There our Lord appeared to him, exhorted him to perſevere in his Reſolution of forſaking the World, and promiſed him that he ſhould be enabled to live chaſtly for the Future, and as an Earneſt that he would fulfil his Promiſe, gave him a Crucifix adorned with two white Lillies the Symbols of Purity. *Don Diego* having returned his moſt hearty Thanks to *Jeſus Chriſt*, came back with great Cheerfulneſs to the Reverend *Jeſuits*, and told them his Adventure with ſuch an Air of Veracity, that they did not doubt of the Miracle, tho' there was no other Witneſs to confirm his Aſſertion beſides the Crucifix he ſhewed them. Immediately after the young Man was quiet and eaſy, and took the *Jeſuit*'s Habit. In Memory of this wonderful Apparition, the Hiſtory of it is painted, and the two Reverend Fathers proteſted that it was as true, as that they were of *the Company of Jeſus*.

Library of the *Jeſuits*. We went next to the Library, which is very well ordered and plentifully furniſhed with good Books; but few or no Manuſcripts. There are ſome Bibles, as the *Polyglott*, that of *Plantin* and others. Here are likewiſe the Councils and Fathers, and an infinity of other ſuch Books. We neither found that Ignorance nor that Ruſticity in this Library-keeper, which Mr. *Miſſon* complains of in the Library-keeper of the *Jeſuit*'s College at *Munich*. He is acquainted *with the Fathers*, * he knows *the beſt Editions of them*, and ſhewed us all the Books with pleaſure we aſked for, without taking it in his Head *to name to us all the Fathers* of his Convent. He anſwered all our Queſtions very complaiſantly, *without knitting his Brows*. And by an Exceſs of Civility was very preſſing with us to accept of a Manuſcript *Pſalter* of ſome Antiquity, and adorned with very fine Miniatures. But in truth we were afraid to accept of the Preſent, out of Fear that his Society might ſome Day make us pay very dear for it in *England*, in caſe they ſhould ever happen, by their Intrigues, to become Maſters there, as they were like to have been in the Reign of the late King *James* II.

Reception of a Burgeis as Captain of the Militia. From the *Jeſuit*'s Houſe we went to the Arſenal, but chiefly indeed to have the Pleaſure of ſeeing our Landlord received into the Office of Captain of a Company in the City-Militia — for you muſt know, our Landlord (as indeed moſt *German* Inn-keepers are) is a topping Fellow. After having made his Appearance in the Court of the Arſenal, he put himſelf at the Head of the Company which was to receive him for their Commander. There came out of one of the lower Rooms, a Patrician who lectured to him upon the Duties of a good Officer long enough to make all the Audience yawn.

* Theſe are *Miſſon*'s Words.

yawn. This Harangue being ended, the Patrician aſked the Candidate, if he promiſed to be faithful to his Country and obedient to the Magiſtrates, to which he anſwered, *ja Herr*; *i. e.* Yes Sir: And that with a trembling Voice, ſo much was he affected. Then the Patrician adminiſtred the uſual Oath to him publickly, and put a Partiſan into his Hand, which he did not handle with very good Grace, being more accuſtomed to manage a Bumper of Wine than ſuch Kind of Arms. 1705. *July* 13. AUGSBURG.

This Ceremony being over, his Company attended him to the Gate of his Houſe, he at their Head. So ſoon as they arrived there, Pots of Wine were brought, which the new Captain circulated in a very edifying Manner. The firſt Toſt was to the Emperor and his Allies, and on they went with a Number of others, till they came to the newly promoted Captains, and his old Houſewife: And all the Toaſts were drank bare-headed and with terrible Shouts and Drum-beating. This Exerciſe laſted about an Hour, and then every one went reeling home.

The Arſenal.

But to return to the Arſenal, it is a very handſome Edifice of hewn Stone. Above the Portail and in the middle of the Front, which is embelliſhed with ſome Pillars and Pilaſters, is the Arch-Angel *Michael* compleatly armed, a Head-piece only excepted, treading under his Feet *Lucifer* the Prince of Devils, whom with a flaming Sword he has in his Hand he beats ſoundly. On each Side of the Devil is a little young Angel, one of which holds a Pike and the other a Pair of Colours. All theſe Statues are of Braſs. The Arch-angel is as big as a St. *Chriſtopher* and in a very fine Attitude, with theſe Words to the Right, *Pacis Firmamenta*, and to the Left theſe, *Belli Inſtrumenta*. *Jouvin* of *Rochfort* in his Journey through *Germany* ſays, that the Front of this Arſenal is adorned with a Statue of Braſs ſitting upon a Heap of Arms of all Sorts. Muſt not he have been a very accurate Traveller? He does not tell us what the Figure is, and he ſays it is ſitting, though it be really ſtanding; not to mention his taking the Devil under its Feet for a Heap of Arms.

Not very conſiderable.

The higher Stories in this Arſenal are Tapiſtried with ſome antiquated ruſty Arms. But as for the lower Rooms, we ſaw nothing in them but the Culverine of Leather mentioned by Mr. *Miſſon*, which is 25 or 26 foot in length. 'Tis true they told us that the *French* and *Bavarians*, after the Battle of *Hoghſtett* had carried off their Canon andbeſt Arms.

A comical Story of the Women and Midwives of *Augsburg*.

To make amends for this, and in Compenſation of the civil Uſage they had met with at *Augsburg*, which, on account of the War was very thinly inhabited and almoſt deſart, the *French* did their beſt Endeavours to people it again, for at their going off, it is ſaid, they left no leſs than fifteen hundred little Citizens of their own getting in the Town. The Story adds that, by a droll Miſtake, moſt of theſe Children got the Name of *Schadetnichts*.

'Tis cuſtomary in *Germany* for Midwives to aſk unmarried Women that are in Labour, who is the Father of the Child; and thoſe of *Augsburg* putting the ſame Queſtion to the unfortunate Girls, whom the *French* had left

1705. Augsburg. with big Bellies, they not daring to own that they had yielded to the Embraces of theſe inveterate Enemies of their Country, only anſwered, *Schadet nicht*, i. e. 'tis no matter. The ſilly Midwives, who underſtood no *French*, took it for granted that *Schadet nicht* was the Name of ſome *French* Officer: And accordingly, when they carried the Children to Church to be baptized, the Miniſter aſking their Name, they anſwered alſo *Schadet nicht*; and thus moſt of theſe poor Infants were chriſtened by that odd Name, which to this Day is given by the *Augsburgers* to theſe Frenchify'd *Germans*.

CHAP. XLIV.

Augſburg. *A Cabinet of Curioſities. Many curious* Roman *Inſcriptions. A Conſpiracy formed in Favour of the Elector of* Bavaria, *and detected at* Munich. *The funeral Obſequies of* Leopold *Emperor at* Vienna. *The Impudence of a* Jeſuit *in his funeral Panegyric upon that Prince, and ludicrouſly chaſtiſed by the Emperor* Joſeph.

July 13. Cabinet of Curioſities. WE went this Morning to pay a Viſit to a Doctor of Law, with whom we had the good luck to be acquainted. He is a very ingenious and learned Man, poſſeſſed of a moſt beautiful Cabinet of Curioſities of all Sorts, but chiefly good Books, excellent Pictures, Medals, Shells, and other Things without Number. After Breakfaſt, he ſhewed us his Garden, where are ſeveral old *Roman* Inſcriptions on Marbles ſet into the Walls, and all in Capital Letters. I hope they will pleaſe you, having copied them with the greateſt Care and Exactneſs.

Roman Inſcriptions.

MEMORIAE. ET. PERPETVAE. SECVRITATI.
FLABIA.... CVNANIO. SERENO. NEGOT.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNIS. XXXXV. ET. M.VIII.D.VI.
HOC. FACIENDVM. CVRAVIT.
CVNANIVS. VRSACIVS.
PIENTISS. PATRI. ET. BENEMERENTI.
FECIT.

This firſt is a little defaced, and therefore was troubleſome to decypher; but with our Lawyer's Help we were able to do it.

Here is the Second,

P. ABL.

1705. *July* 14. AUGSBURG.

P. AEL. T. SATVRNINVS.
ATILI. CV. ET. CIVIS. VET.
VIXIT. A. LXXV.
SATVRNINVS. CRESCENS.
IIII. KLENDS. IAN.

The three following upon the ſame Marble are better preſerved and eaſier to read.

APOLLINI. GRANNO.
M. VLPIVS. SECVNDVS.
T. LEG. III. ITAL. ARAM.
CVM. SIGNO. ARGENTEO.
V. S. L. M.

DEI. APOLLINIS. GRANNI.
RELigioni. Sacrum.
..... PP .....
DIONYSIVS. LEG. AVG. PR. PR.
raetiae..... KAL. IVN. dd.

DEO. MERCVRIO.
SIGNO. EX. VOTO.
IVL. GALLICVS. ET.
AVREL. SIBVLLA. P. L. L.

The Four which follow were, as the Doctor told us, brought from *Padua* to this City by *Matthias Langius Augsburger*, made Cardinal by Pope *Julius* II.

I.

D. M.
TIB. CASSIO. CONSTANTINO.
IVNIORI. MISERRIMO. QVI. VIXIT.
ANNOS. III. MEN. IIII. D.XXII. FECIT.
TIB. CL. CONSTANTIN. PATER.
FILIO. DVLCISSIMO.
A. QVO. SIBI. FACIEND. OPTAVERAT.
ET. CASSIAE. VERAE. MATRI. EIVS.
ET. CLAVDIIS. IANVARIO. VICTORI.
ET. MARCELLINO. LIBERTIS.
FIDELISSIMIS. VIVIS. FECIT.
ITEM. FIDELI. QVONDAM. ET.
CARO. ET. MODESTO. SVIS.
KARISSIMIS.

1705. July 14. Augsburg.

II.

D. M.
PORTITORI. PLVTONI. ET. PROSERP.
HAVE. IULIA. C. F. MAXIMA. FELIX. DOM.
TROMENT. SALON. ANIMVLA. DVLCIS.
ANIMVLA. SUAVIS.
ANIMVLA. IN. DEORVM. NVMERVM.
RECEPTA.
VNDE. TALE. QVANDO. TALE. ET.
CUI. TALEM.
V. A. LIX. M.VI.D.XII. HOR. NOC. IX.
T. SCRIBONIVS. BARBVLA.
CONIVGI. INCOMPARAB. B. M. P. C.
ET. INFRASCTIPTIS.
VV. C. ARRIO. MARINO.

III.

IMP. CAES. L. SEPTIMVS. SEVERVS.
PIVS. PERTINAX. AVG. ARAB. ADIABEN.
PARTHIC. PONT. MAX. TRIB. POT. VIII.
IMP. II. COS. II. P. P. PROCOS. ET. IMP. CAES.
M. AVRELIVS. ANTONINVS. PIVS. AVG.
TRIB. POTEST. IIII. PROCOS. ET. IMP.
P. SEPTIMIVS. GETA. ANTONINVS.
VIAS. ET. PONTES. REST. AB. AVG.
M. P. CX.

IV.

D. M.
AEMILIAE. CHRISIDI.
LIB. ET. CONIVGI.
VIXIT. AN. XXXII.
C. AEMILIVS.
CALPVRNIANVS.
VET. N. SVR.
ET: SIBI.
V. P.

This is Work enough for one Day; and in truth my Opticks are not a little fatigued by copying these Inscriptions Letter after Letter with accuracy.

Returning

1705. AUGSBURG.

Returning to our Inn, our Coachman drove us croſs a Street where there is plenty of old Cloaths and ſuch Sort of Frippery hung up by the Doors and Walls of the Houſes to be ſold, and yet it is to Day *Sunday*. A Frippery or Brokage-trade carried on upon *Sundays* in a City which is a Medley of Catholics and *Lutherans* will perhaps ſurprize you, as it greatly ſurprized us: But our Banker informed us, that this is permitted becauſe the Peaſants have more Time to come to Town on that Day, to furniſh themſelves with what old Wares they want, than on Working-days. The Magiſtracy here have not ſuch Regard for the Sabbath as your *Oliver Cromwel* had. He certainly would ſooner have hanged all the Brokers of his Country, and burnt all their Trumpery, than have ſuffered ſuch a Profanation of the Lord's-day.

Old Cloaths ſold publicly at *Augſburg* every *Sunday*.

July 15. A Conſpiracy at *Munich*.

Munich being but nine *German* Leagues from *Augsburg*, we every Day hear what new things happen there. The Count *Lewenſtein*, who commands in that City for the Emperor, has very lately diſcovered a Conſpiracy which the *Bavarians* had formed of cutting the Throats of the Garriſon, and of all the *German* Troops in the Country about it. Theſe faithful Subjects who adore their Sovereign, though ſtript of his Dominions, and highly exaſperated by the imperious Treatment they receive from theſe troubleſome Gueſts, have always kept a ſtrict Correſpondence with the Elector; and had ſo prudently managed this bold Plot that it was ready to be put in Execution when it was detected, by Means of ſome falſe Brethren who were in the Secret.

The *Germans* have dug up a great Quantity of Cannon, Muſkets, Piſtols, Sabres and all Sorts of Arms, which were hid under Ground in ſeveral Parts of the City and Country about it, with a large Proviſion of Bullets, Powder, *&c.* even of Money, which Methods had been found to convey to the Conſpirators to animate and aſſiſt them in their Deſign. This Conſpiracy makes a great Noiſe in this part of the World, many Perſons have been committed to Cuſtody on this Account; and all the Inhabitans of *Munich* have been diſarmed, as well as the Country-people, whom they uſe ſo cruelly that Numbers of the latter have taken ſhelter in the Woods and Foreſts, where in Rage and Deſpair they maſſacre all who paſs that Way, without Diſtinction. If this Diſorder continues, it may happen to hinder our going to *Munich*, and that I own would not a little vex me: For I ſhould be very ſorry if we could not ſee the Elector's Palace, which is reckoned to be, beyond all Diſpute, the moſt magnificent in *Germany*.

The funeral Obſequies of the Emperor *Leopold*.

A Patrician of this City, a *Lutheran*, with whom I have made ſome Acquaintance, has juſt now told me another pretty ſingular Piece of News. One of his Friends at *Vienna* had ſent him Word, that the funeral Obſequies of the Emperor *Leopold* were performed laſt Week at *Vienna*, in the Church of the *Auguſtines* and ſeveral other Churches there, with great Splendour and State. The Ceremony laſted from *Sunday* to *Thurſday*. The *Caſtrum Doloris*, as they call it, or burning Chapel, was moſt magnificent, being

1705. *Jul.* 15. AUGSBURG. being adorned every Day with two hundred and forty large Flambeaux of the fineſt Wax, and with three thouſand ſmaller ones, to the great Solace, no doubt, of the departed Soul.

Orations made on that Occaſion. Several funeral Orations were pronounced in theſe Churches, in which all the Flowers of Rhetoric were moſt profuſely diſplayed: On this Occaſion Eloquence poured forth all its ſublimeſt Tropes and moſt bluſtering Hyperboles: But it was the Panegyric of a certain *Jeſuit* named *Father Widman* which made the greateſt Noiſe. This Harangue received high Approbation from all the good Catholics, and all the Auditors were exceedingly moved by the extravagant Encomiums laviſhed upon the Emperor by this zealous Son of *Loyola*, for his pious Rage in perſecuting without Mercy, the *Lutheran* and *Calviniſt* Heretics, whom this good-natured *Jeſuit* called in his Speech, the Peſts of Kingdoms and States, Incendiaries, declared Enemies to God, whom every Catholic Prince ought to eradicate without Compaſſion.

Very injurious to the Proteſtants. Theſe Invectives ſo becoming the Gentlemen of that Order, highly diverted, as you may eaſily imagine, the Embaſſadors Extraordinary of *England*, *Holland*, *Denmark* and other Proteſtant Princes, whom the Emperor *Joſeph* had invited to this funeral Oration. The firſt contented himſelf with ſaying very pleaſantly to thoſe about him, that "'twas pity the Queen "his Miſtreſs and all the other Proteſtant Princes, his Imperial Majeſty's "Allies, were not preſent to hear the fine Encomiums this eloquent *Jeſuit* "was pleaſed to beſtow upon them. The ſame Letter adds, that the Emperor ſignified his Diſpleaſure againſt the Inſolence of this Father *Widman*, and that he immediately ſent the Count of *Dietrichſtein* to the *Engliſh* Embaſſador and the other Proteſtant Miniſters, to let them know, he was very angry at the Impertinence of the Orator, and would take Care he ſhould be puniſhed as his Folly deſerved. But

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?
Parturient montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.

How the *Jeſuit* was puniſhed. The condign Puniſhment ended in his being reprimanded by his Superior, and forbid, for the Future, to inveigh in ſuch an open Manner againſt his Imperial Majeſty's Proteſtant Allies. 'Tis true the Emperor gave this fiery *Jeſuit* another Mark of his Diſpleaſure. For, five thouſand Copies of this funeral Harangue being already printed, he ordered them all to be ſuppreſſed, prohibiting under a ſevere Penalty any one of them to be publiſhed. Now after ſo ſevere a Chaſtiſement, which muſt have ſo greatly mortified the Fraternity of *Jeſus*, ſurely you won't tell me that they are Bigots at the Court of *Vienna*, or that they uſe Proteſtants uncivilly. Here is an authentic Proof to the contrary, and which enables me to confute you fully as to that Point.

1705.
July 16.

AUGSBURG.

CHAP. XLV.

Augſburg. *The Suburbs. The Port of St.* Croix, *and the Paintings on it. The Ignorance of Father* Maimbourg. *A groſs Anachroniſm in a* German *Painter. The Port of the* Monks Minors. *The Paintings and Inſcriptions on it. A ſtrange Story of* Attila *King of the* Huns. *He takes and ravages* Augſburg. *A miraculous Madonna. Several very ancient* Roman *Inſcriptions.*

THIS Day we took a View of the adjacent Parts of the Town, and went out by the Port of St. *Croix*, the Tower of which is painted with Pieces of Hiſtory relating to *Augsburg*, as are likewiſe two or three other Towers. They eſteem here theſe Freſco-paintings, as being of excellent Hands.

Gate of St. *Croix* and Paintings.

The late Father *Maimbourg* of romantic Memory, never ſaw this Tower, otherwiſe he would not have failed to have done Juſtice to the Anceſtors of the Citizens of *Augsburg*. You read in his Hiſtory of the *Holy Wars*, that the Emperor *Conrad* III. *Lewis* the Young, or VIIth of *France*, and *Baudouin* II. King of *Jeruſalem* beſieged the City of *Damaſcus*, which the Avarice and Envy of ſome little Chriſtian Princes of *Syria* hindered them from taking. The Hiſtory of this Siege is painted upon one of the Fronts of the Tower on this Gate with an Inſcription which ſays, that the People of *Augsburg* had a Share in it.

Ignorance of Father *Maimbourg.*

Cunrado III°. *Cæſari, Auguſtani Militem & pecuniam decernunt, eumque in Syriam proficiſcentem, & Damaſcum Obſidentem juvant. Anno* M.C.XLVII. & VIII.

You ſee by this Inſcription, that the good *Ex-Jeſuit Maimbourg*, a mighty Diſcoverer of Anecdotes, had not found out this which does ſome Honour to the City of *Augsburg*.

I have learned another Fact from the ſame Hiſtory-piece which is extremely curious; namely, that King *Attabalipa*, or *Attahualpa*, the laſt *Inca* of *Peru* came to the Aſſiſtance of the People of *Damaſcus*, about four Ages before his Birth and the Diſcovery of *America* by the *Spaniards*. He is repreſented making a Sally at the Head of the Beſieged, and backed by his *Peruvian* Maſter of the Horſe, bravely drawing his Bow againſt the Chriſtians, equipped with his Crown, his Girdle and his Buſkins of Parrot's Feathers. What do you think of the *German* Painters, even the ableſt among them, who giving a looſe to their Fancy, commit Blunders that ſpoil all their Talents for Painting?

Groſs Anachroniſm of a Painter.

Having

1705. *July* 15. AUGSBURG. Another Port.

Having ſeen ſome of the fineſt Gardens, and made the Tour of the greateſt Part of the City, we returned by the Port called *Nudipedum*, or the Port of the *Monks* called *Freres Mineurs*, or Minor Brethren, whoſe Tower is of a ſquare Form, and all over painted in Ferſco like the former. Upon one Face of it is repreſented the Homage paid to the Emperor *Rodolphus* of *Habſburg*, by the two Princes *Albert* and *Rodolphus* his Sons; the one for the Dukedom of *Auſtria*, the other for that of *Suabia*, of which he gave them the Inveſtiture in the City of *Augsburg*. The Inſcription under this Picture is in golden Letters, and in theſe Words:

Albertus & Rudolphus,
Rudolphi Cæſaris Filii,
Auſtriæ & Sueviæ Ducat.
A Patre donantur.
Auguſtæ. Anno M.CC.LXXXII.

Its Paintings.

Upon the oppoſite Face to this, are painted *Berengerus* King of *Italy* and his Son *Adelbert*, coming to deliver themſelves up to the Mercy of the Emperor *Otho* the Great alſo at *Augsburg*, as the following Inſcription informs us.

Othoni magno Cæſari
Berengarius Pater,
Et Adelbertus Filius Italiæ Reges
Auguſtæ ſe dedunt. Anno. D.CCC.LII.

Surprizing Story of *Attila* King of the *Huns*.

The third Face of the ſame Tower, repreſents a more ancient Event, which they aſſure us here is founded on very good Tradition. *Attila* King of the *Huns*, that terrible Inſtrument of the Divine Vengeance, having laid waſte all the Country about *Augsburg* in the Middle of the Vth Century, and reduced this City to ſuch an Extremity, that the Inhabitants were on the Point of ſurrrendering at diſcretion to this mercileſs Barbarian; when an old Witch appeared on a ſudden coming out of the Town, mounted on a vigorous Horſe without Saddle or Bridle, which ſhe hurried on with all poſſible Swiftneſs towards the River *Leck*: *Attila* was juſt going to paſs it, when he happened to ſpy this Sorcereſs amidſt the Vaſſal-Princes who attended him in this Expedition. She cried out to him thrice with a thundring Voice: *Back*, *Back*, *Back*, *Attila*. Theſe Words pronounced in ſo awful a Manner by a Woman with her Hair hanging looſe, naked to the Middle, a frightful Viſage, meagre and more begrimed than the moſt tawny Gypſy, who flew like Lightning through his Army without ſtopping, ſtruck ſuch a Panic into *Attila*, that this Prince, ſuperſtitious to exceſs, called together all his Diviners, in whom he had the greateſt Confidence, to know their Opinion. Theſe Fortune-tellers, having duly conſidered and examined this Prodigy, concluded that it was a Preſage from Heaven to their Maſter,

Maſter, that he was to die at this Siege, if he perſiſted in his Deſign any longer. Such Menaces from above forced him to decamp; but he ſoon after vented his Wrath upon ſeveral other Cities, which he laid in Ruins before he went into *Gaul*, where he was beat, as you know very well, near *Chalons*, by the *Romans*, the *French*, and the *Viſigoths*, under the Command of *Ætius*, King *Meroveus*, and King *Theodoric*, who died there fighting glorioufly. 1705 *July* 25. AUGSBURG.

The Witch a Horſe-back, *Attila* and his Army with the River *Leck*, are painted on this Face of the Tower; but the Inſcription is ſo worn out, that I had a great deal of Trouble in making it out: Here it is in Capitals.

ATTILAM ANNO CCCC.LIV.
FANATICA. MVLIER.
IN. LICI. TRANSITV. CONSTERNAT.
TER. HORRENDE. INCLAMANS.
RETRO. ATTILA.

Augsburg taken and ranſacked by this Prince.

However this poor City of *Augsburg*, did not long enjoy the Pleaſure of this marvelous Deliverance; for, whether *Attila* had recovered a little from his ſuperſtitious Fears, or whether it was to revenge himſelf for his bad Succeſs in *Gaul*, he beſieged a ſecond Time this Town in his Return, and ranſacked it in ſo cruel a Manner, that it bore the Marks of his Fury a very long time after. And to this new Attack the old Sorcereſs made no Reſiſtance.

A miraculous Statue of the *Virgin*

Returning to our Inn, our Guide made us obſerve a *Virgin Mary* of Stone, fixed to the Wall of the Houſe of Baron *Grenzing* a Canon of the Cathedral, which lately performed Wonders. When the *French* and *Bavarians* beſieged and took this City two Years ago, a Bomb came with ſuch a vehement Force towards the good *Virgin*, that it was thought ſhe would have been ſquaſhed: But the Religious Bomb, diſcovering who ſhe was, ſtop'd ſhort, and inſtead of hurting her, fell perpendicularly upon a Woman's Head who was aſking Alms at the Baron's Gate; and as one may well imagine, the poor Creature, together with a ſucking Child ſhe had in her Arms, were killed on the Spot. To perpetuate the Memory of this grand Miracle, a Mark was put upon the Place, where theſe two poor Innocents ſuffered for the *Madonna*, and a Marble enchaſed in the Wall, with this Inſcription.

Inſcription to perpetuate the Memory of the Miracle.

D. T. O. M.
Deiparæ Virgini,
Elementorum Dominatrici.
Obſervatam Domum
A damnis prægrandis ignivomi Globi,
In Urbis obſidione IX. *Decemb.* M.DCCIII.
Cum aliis injecti,

1705. *Jul.* 17. AUGSBURG.

Et hîc ad ejus ſtatuæ pedes confracti,
Ut vel lapides Patronam loquerentur,
Hoc perennæ gratitudinis Monumentum
Poſuit.
Ejuſdem Domus Pro Tempore Poſſeſſor
Johannes Chriſtoph. à Grenzing,
Cathed. Eccl. Auguſt. Canonicus C-cellarius,
Nec non Rmi & Sereniſſimi Principis
Epiſcopi Auguſtani
Conſil. Eccles. & Officialis.

Now after ſuch a ſhining Miracle, will you ſtill maintain with your Huguenot Incredulity, that Pictures and Statues of Saints, particularly thoſe of the *Virgin Mary*, are not precious before God, and highly favoured by Heaven! ſince Providence choſe that two innocent Perſons ſhould moſt cruelly periſh, rather than permit a Bomb ſo much as to touch this Image of the bleſſed *Virgin?*

The Doctor of Law, who ſaw me t'other Day copy his antique Inſcriptions with ſuch Exactneſs, took me for ſuch an Admirer of Antiquity, that he came purpoſely this Afternoon to guide me to a Houſe where there were ſome very curious ones. I went with him ſolely to have an Opportunity of ſending you ſomething agreeable, and in this Houſe, called here *Peutinger Haus*, I found the eleven following Inſcriptions.

I.

PERPETVAE. SECVRITATI.
C. IVLIANIVS. IVLIVS. DEC. MVN.
IIII. VIRALIS. SIBI. ET.
SECVNDINIAE. PERVINCIAE.
CONIVGI. CARISSIMAE.
ERGA. SE. DILIGENTISSIMAE.
FEMINAE. RARISSIMAE.
SINGVLARIS. EXEMPLI.
PVDICITIAE.

QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS. XXXXV.
MENS. VII. DIES. XXI.
ET. IVLIANO. IVLIO. IVNIORI.
ET. IVCVNDO. ET. IVSTO. FILIIS
VIVIS. VIVOS. FECIT.

II. IN.

1705. *July* 17. AUGSBURG.

II.

IN. H. DD. DEO. SILVANO.
TEMPL. CVM. SIGNO. VE.
TVSTATE. CONLABSVM.
SEXTVS. ANTONIVS. PRIVATVS.
CIVES. TREVER. IIIIII. VIR.
AVGVSTALIS. PECVNIA. SVA.
RESTITVIT.

III.

PLVTONI. ET.
PROSERPIN.
Æ. FLAVIA.
VENERIA.
BESSA. EX.
VISV. ÆDEM.
D. S. P. V. I. S. L. M.

IV.

MERCVRIO.
CVIVS. SEDES. A. TERGO.
SVNT.
APIVS. CL. LATERANS.
XV. VIR. SACR. FAC.
COS. DESIGN.
LEG. AVG. PR. PR.
LEG. III. ITAL.
V. S. L. M.

V.

IN. H. DD. DEO. MARTI.
ET. VICTORIAE.
CONTVBERNIVM.
MATRICVLTORVM.
POSVERVNT. V. S.
LL. M.

VI.

MVNICIPI. ÆL. AVG. NEGOTIATOR.
N. ET. AEDEM.
CVM. SVIS. ORNAMENTIS. SIBI. ET.
ANTONIO. AELIANO. EQVITI. ROM.
DECVRIONI. MVNIC. AEL. AVG.

1705. *July* 17.. Augs-burg.

VII.

. . . . . .
. . . TRIBVNO . . .
. . . . E . . . . . .
CONSVLARES. HONOR. ADEPT. ET.
ATINIAE. GEMINAE. . . . .
PEREGRINIVS. BELLICOSVS. F. C.
HOMINIBVS. BONIS.

VIII.

D. M.
ET. PERPETVAE. SECVRITATI.
TIB. ACVTIANO. VRSACIO.
VETERANO . . . QVI. VIXIT.
ANNOS. LII. MENS. SEX. DIES. VIII.
HOC. FACIENDVM. CVRAVIT. . . .
LICIA. PIENTIA. . . CONIVGI.
BENE. MERENTI. FECIT.

S P VXS M S F

IX.

D M. ET.
PERPETVAE. SECVRITAT A.
CRASSICO. CONSTANTINO.
INFANTI. DVLCISSIMO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. VII.
AELIVS. AELIANVS.
ET. CRASSICA. VRSA.
PARENTES.
FACIENDVM. CVRAVER. MT.

On the Side of the Marble where the fourth Inſcription is, I obſerved a Figure of *Mercury*, quite naked, with a Gladiator's Mantle over his left Shoulder; a Bag of Money in his Right-hand; a *Caduceus* without Wings in his Left; his Hat is wing'd, but not his Shoes; to the Right of this Figure is a He-goat, and to the Left a Cock.

The next Inſcription is on a ſquare Altar of a grayiſh-coloured Stone: On one Side of which is the God *Mars* quite naked, with his Buckler and Spear; on another is Victory, with a Palm Branch, and a Crown of Laurel:

rel: On the third the God *Mercury*, with the He-goat and Cock, and on the fourth Side this Inſcription. 1705. *July* 17. AUGSBURG.

X.

AEL. MONT. HAETER.
PRO. SALVTE. SVA.
ET. P. HISP.
CANORITI. FILII. ET.
AEL. MONT.
FESTINAE. CONIVGIS.
V. S. L. L. M.
D. D. D. VII. KAL. SEPT.
GETA. II. ET. HAVTIANO. II.
COSS.

At the Top of the Marble, on which is the following Inſcription, are three Figures, two of which are Females.

XI.

D. M. T.
PERPETVAE. SECVRITATI.
OB. MEMORIÆ.
PVSINTI. ET.
VICTORINÆ. SOCRS:
ET. PVSINIAE.
CONIVGI. DVLCIS-
SIMAE. . . ETVS.

O

Probably *Memoriæ* inſtead of *Memoriam*, and *conjugi* for *conjugis*, are two Errors of the Sculptor.

From this Houſe we went to that of a Canon belonging to the Cathedral, where I copied the following one, in which there is a Gap.

PARCIS.
SACRUM.
C. . . . .
COSSITIVS.
PRIMVS.
V. S. P.
L. L. M.

The

1705. *July* 17. AUGSBURG. The Doctor likewise led me to another House belonging to one Mr. *Welser*'s, where I found this one.

MATIDIAE.
DIVAE. MATIDIAE.
AVG. FIL. DIVAE.
MARCIANAE. AVG.
NEPTI. DIVI. TRA-
IANI. ABNEPTI.
DIVAE. SABINAE.
HADR. AVG. SORORI.

The following one is at St. *Dominic*'s.

D. M.
IVL. AMANDO. MIL.
LEG. III. ITAL. LIBRARIO. COS.
VIXIT. ANNIS. XXX.
IVLIA. PATERNA. MATER.
FECIT. SIBI. ET. FILIO.
PIENTISSIMO. VIVA. EX.
PECUNIA. SVA. FECIT.

CHAP.

1705. *July* 18.

AUGSBURG.

CHAP. XLV.

Augſburg. *Hiſtory of this City. Its ancient and modern Commerce. A Deſcription of it. Its Government. Its State with Reſpect to Religion. Its Hoſpital. Several Fountains: An Office for Wines and Salt.*

NOW I am to give you all I have been able to learn with Relation to *Augsburg*. It is the *Auguſta Vindelicorum* of the ancient *Romans*. They gave this laſt Name to the Inhabitants of this Country, on Account of its Capital, which is ſituated between the two Rivers *Vindo* and *Licus*, which run in a vaſt Plain, called in *German Wertach* and *Leck*. Hiſtory of *Augsburg*.

Reſpicit & latè fluvios vindonque Licumque
Miſcentes undas, & nomina littoris: undè
Antiquam Gentem, Populumque, Urbemque vocarunt
Vindelicam.——————

Velſerus in Hiſt. Auguſtanâ.

Hiſtory ſays, that its Origin is as uncertain and fabulous as that of an Infinity of other Cities: But it adds, that many illuſtrious Men contributed to the inlarging and beautifying of it. Among others are mentioned *L. Cornelius Balbus*, to whom *Pompey* gave the Right of *Roman* Citizenſhip: *M. Titius*, a famous Orator, *Cicero*'s Cotemporary; *Quintilius Varus* who was routed with three *Roman* Legions in the Neighbourhood of *Duiſbourg*, in *Saltu Teutoburgico*, by *Arminius* Prince of the *Cheruſcans*, whoſe Death was deplored by *Virgil* and *Horace*: *Druſus* Brother to *Tiberius* alſo enlarged this City very conſiderably, and *Auguſtus* made it a *Roman* Colony, gave it his own Name, and ſeveral noble Immunities. Afterwards it was ſacked ſeveral Times before and after *Attila* King of the *Huns*, who entirely demoliſhed it. Aggrandized ſeveral Times, and ranſacked.

Notwithſtanding all theſe cruel Diſaſters, gradually it lifted up its Head again, and became in Proceſs of Time larger than ever, and by its extenſive Commerce, one of the richeſt and fineſt Cities in *Germany*; having been a long Time the ſtaple Mart for all the Merchandiſe of the *Levant* which came firſt to *Venice*, and from hence were ſent to *Augsburg*, and then diſtributed all over *Germany*; but this Trade is much decayed ſince the *Dutch* Settlements in *Aſia*. Wars and the Plague have likewiſe contributed to diſtreſs it. Once famous for Trade.

However, it is yet one of the beſt Imperial Cities, and the Capital of *Suabia*, with the Title of Biſhoprick-Suffragan of *Mayence*. The Biſhop is elected by the Chapter, conſiſting of forty Canonſhips well endowed: Its preſent State.

1705. July 18. AUGSBURG. Let me tell you by the by, that all the Bishops of the Empire are also Sovereign Princes in their Dioceses, except those in the hereditary Dominions of the House of *Austria*.

Its Commerce. Besides the Bank-Commerce, *Augsburg* furnishes almost all the *Tirol* Wines that are consumed throughout *Germany*; and as the Inhabitants, in Point of Industry, are not inferior even to those of *Nuremberg*, they excel in all Sorts of Works in Gold and Silver, and in Clock-work; and all these Sorts of Commodities are sold here at very moderate Rates. 'Tis true they reduce their Gold and Silver to a very low Standard, by mixing a great Deal of Alloy with it; but then their Workmanship is full as handsome, and wear longer than Things made of finer Gold or Silver: Besides, as one half of the Inhabitants employ themselves in making these Kind of Works, the Labour is much cheaper here than any where else. They have also the Art of Gilding very cheap, tho' this Gilding be as bright, and lasts as long as any other. We have provided ourselves with a good Stock of all Kinds of these pretty Toys, and that at exceedingly reasonable Rates.

The City described. The City of *Augsburg* will ever be famous on Account of its Confession of Faith, presented by *Luther* and *Melanchthon* in 1530. to the Emperor *Charles* V. and the Princes of the Empire. It has fourteen Gates, all of them very handsome; some adorned with Fresco-Painting, as we have already observed. The Suburbs of St. *James* is large, and takes up one fourth Part of the City. There are six *Lutheran* Churches; twenty four *Roman* Catholics, including the Cathedral; eight Convents of Monks, and four of Nuns, and it is, as we were assured, in Circumference Eight thousand six hundred Geometrical Paces.

Its Streets and Houses. The Streets are large, longer, wider, straighter, and more airy than those at *Nuremberg*, *Wirtzburg*, *Bamberg*, *Francfort*, *Mayence*, *Coblentz*, or *Cologne*; but it is not by far so well peopled. In short the thinness of the Inhabitants here is scarce credible: One may be a *Voice crying in the Wilderness*, from one End of the most public Street to the other. Yet so fine are the Houses, that in *Italy* they would not miss to be dignified with the Title of *Palazzi*. In most of them there are not above five or six Persons, Domestics included. Generally speaking the Houses are all plaistered without; and this Plaister is covered with fine Paintings in *Fresco*.

The Weaver's Hall. There is in the Corn-market, opposite to the fine Fountain of *Mercury* and *Cupid*, what is called in *German Webers-haus*, i. e. the Weavers-Hall, which deserves to be taken Notice of among the public Edifices. It is painted all over in *Fresco*, with several Figures big as Life, by a very able Master, whose Name they could not tell us. They affirmed however that this Painting cost above twenty thousand Florins of *Germany*, i. e. above fifteen thousand *French* Crowns. So that we may with good Reason say, that of the many Towns which have been dignified with the Name of *Augustus* or *Augusta*, this has always, and still does preserve it

with the greateſt Luſtre and Splendor. This made the Cardinal *Bentivoglio* ſay. *Queſta Auguſta hà dell' Auguſto.* 1705. *July* 18. AUGSBURG.

Nil vulgare ſonat : latis placidiſſima vicis
Mundities ; liquidi ſplendeſcunt marmore fontes ;
Regificæ ſurgunt ædes : florente Senatu
Jura vigent : doctis penetralibus abdita Muſæ
Sacra tenent, conduntque ſuis Myſteriâ chartis.

The Fortifications.

As to the Fortifications they are weak and irregular ; its chief Strength lies in the Sluices, on the Side of the Meadows, by means of which the Low Country may be laid under Water in a very little Time ; and that by means of the *Leck*, which runs through the greater Part of this City, and then falls into the *Danube* below *Donawert*, after having received into its Boſom the *Wertach*, and ſeveral other ſmall Rivers. Not but that this Inundation may be hindered by turning out of its Channel this large Branch of the *Leck*, which enters into the City, and has nothing to defend it.

Leck, a River, and its Courſe.

On the Side where the Country riſes, and where the Water cannot ſpread itſelf, there are ſix large Baſtions, or rather huge, ſhapeleſs, high Bulwarks, in the Manner of *Cavaliers* which have no regular Flank. Below them is erected a Falſe-bray in a round Form, which is not prolonged the Length of the Curtains. And every one who underſtands any Thing of Fortification knows the Defect of theſe round Pieces : Not to ſay that theſe here are ſo diſtant from one another, that the Line of Defence is almoſt of no Uſe. Add to all this that there is no Manner of Out-works.

The Women's Dreſs very whimſical

I ſhan't trouble you with the Womens fantaſtical odd Dreſs, no more than I did with that of the Ladies at *Nuremberg* ; Mr. *Miſſon* has ſufficiently exſpatiated upon it ; to ſatisfy your Curioſity in this Article you need only conſult the firſt Tome of his Travels. I will only tell you that it is not true as he ſays, that this Matter is regulated by the Magiſtrate for the Police. I own there are in both theſe Towns ſeveral very odd Faſhions among the Women ; but I am very well informed that they are not by *Law* eſtabliſhed. And for a Proof of this, great Numbers here of both Sexes are dreſſed in the *French* and *Engliſh* Mode, which could not be if the Dreſs was regulated by a Court of Police. This Oddity or Singularity in the Habit made the Women at firſt Sight appear very ſtrange Figures to us ; but Cuſtom ſoon reconciled us to it : Nay we begun at laſt to find out ſomething agreeable in it ; ſo large a Share have Fancy and Caprice in what is called Beauty of Dreſs. In ſhort in a few Days their winged and horned Caps, their Lawn ſtarched and ſtretched upon Squares of Wire, their large Fur-bonnets made in the Faſhion of Bee-hives, their black Jackets and Mantles, the antic Ruffs and pointed Hats of the Men did not ſhock us in the leaſt ; and this, once more, clearly proves that

1705. *July* 18. there is no Object so particular or so whimsical, to which the Eye does not gradually become reconciled by Custom.

AUGSBURG. The Magistrates of *Augsburg*.

The Magistrates of *Augsburg* are half *Catholics*, half *Lutherans*. What they call the little Council consists of forty five Persons, agreeably to a List which a *Patrician* gave me of it. Here it is.

	Catholic.	*Luther.*
Statsphleger, or first Magistrate - -	1	1
Privy-Counsellors ——— ———	3	2
Patricians — — — —	12	12
Mehrere Gesellschaft — —	2	2
Merchants — —	1	2
Plebians — — —	4	3
	23	22

Besides these there are six Burgomasters, three Catholics, and three *Lutherans*, taken out of different Classes; and seventeen Persons for the Administration of Justice, eight of each Religion, and a President, which Dignity is given alternately to the two Parties, like the Bishopric of *Osnabruck* in *Westphalia*. In the Year 1368. the People took the Administration of public Affairs out of the Hands of the Patricians; but *Charles* V. restored it to them 180 Years after.

Fine Character of these Magistrates.

I must add, that the Magistrates here are far from being so proud and arrogant as those of *Nuremberg*: On the contrary they are very polite and sociable, not only with their Fellow-Citizens but with Strangers. And religious Differences don't hinder their living together in perfect Union and Amity, and further pursuing the general Good of the Republic. So true is it that Men might become very rational and sociable Creatures would they but divest themselves of those Prejudices in which most are trained up, and which are so repugnant to Reason and Common Sense.

Great Union between the *Lutherans* and *Roman* Catholics.

Even the Wives and Girls amongst the Catholics, who are commonly much greater Bigots than those of other Communions, notwithstanding the Difference between them in Matters of Religion, converse with great Ease and Freedom with the *Lutherans*. And this makes living at *Augsburg* a hundred Times more agreeable than at *Nuremberg*. The Magistrates in the former have about three hundred thousand Florins of fixed Revenue; those in the latter whatever the Patricians think fit to take, or rather squeeze out the poor Inhabitants.

No *Calvinist* Church, nor *Jewish* Synagogue here.

Though the Senate of *Augsburg* be half *Catholic*, half *Lutheran*, yet the former have four Times as many Churches as the latter. Considering the Moderation of the Magistrates, it seems amazing to see no *Calvinist* Church in this Town: The *Jews* in the same Manner have no Place of Worship allowed them, nay are not so much as suffered to lie in Town for a single

Night. They have their Abode in a Borough about a League distant from it. 1705. *July* 18.

The Hospital, called the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, is a very noble Building. The poor and rich of both Religions are received into it without any Distinction; and every one is attended by a Pastor of his own Communion without any Dispute or Wrangling. The Sick are in all Respects very well taken care of. In fine, the Inhabitants of *Augsburg* avoid as much as possible giving one another the least Offence. How much is it to be wished that their Example were imitated in all the other Towns where there are different Sentiments about Religion? How vastly happier and calmer would their Lives be? AUGBURG. The Hospital.

Mr. *Patin* in his Travels says, that *Nuremberg* and *Augsburg* surpass the other Cities of *Germany* in Bigness and Populousness. I have not seen all the Towns in *Germany*; but I dare venture to assure you, that *Cologne* and *Hamburg*, which I have seen, are incomparably larger and better inhabited, tho' *Nuremberg* be both great and well peopled. Error of *Patin.*

I had almost forgot to mention to you the most beautiful Fountain at *Augsburg* next to that of *Augustus*, as well as what they call here the Great Wine and Salt Office. This Fountain is called the Fountain of *Hercules*, because his Statue is its chief Ornament; it is a large Hexagonical Bason, raised three Steps above the Ground, and of a Fabric quite different from that of *Augustus*. In the Middle of this Bason is a double Pedestal, at the Foot of which are several Sphinxes and Statues jetting Water into the Bason, some by the Mouth, others by their Breasts, and three by Trumpet-Marines. On the four Corners of the first Pedestal are placed four fine Statues big as Life; their Feet rest upon four very large Shells into which they pour Water, some out of Vases, others in another Fashion. Upon the Top of the second Pedestal is a *Hercules* combating the *Lernean Hydra*. All these Figures are of Brass, and highly esteemed by good Judges. There are even many among them who prefer this Fountain to that of *Augustus* in Respect of the Delicacy of the Statues. *July* 19. A fine Fountain.

Besides these two magnificent Fountains there are many others, amongst which is that of *Mercury* and *Cupid*, and two of *Neptune*, all of them worth taking Notice off. The first is in the great Market-place for Corn; the other two are near the Abbey of St. *Ulrich*, and in the Street of the *Jews*, very ill named so, since these miserable Creatures are not allowed to live here. Other Fountains

I must likewise acquaint you that the Wine and Salt Office, which they call here in *Latin*, *Domus vinaria & salis*, is a large Building, in a very fine Taste of Architecture, extremely regular, adorned with Pilasters and a double Cornish, a fine Clock, and a large Eagle of Brass, which has but one Head at the Top of the Front. This House is by the same Architect who built the Town-house, as we were well informed by several Persons here: It is in this House that all the Salt and Wine that is consumed The Wine and Salt Office

1705. July 19. Augsburg. in this City, and its Dependencies are entered, and the Duties for them paid. Behind it are vaſt Magazines, always full of Rheniſh, Necker, Moſelle, and Tyrol Wines.

CHAP. XLVII.

Augſburg. *A ſhort Excurſion by the Author into* Bavaria. *A fine Plain.* Jews *ſeverely treated at* Augſburg. *A ſingular Picture made to defame them. The Story of it refuted. Several Tombs in the Abbacy of St.* Ulrich. *The Hiſtory of this Saint. The Church. Riches of the Convent. The Apartments. The Library. The Politeneſs of the* Benedictin *Monks.*

An Excurſion into *Bavaria*, and beautiful Plain.

SOME Friends having invited us to dine on excellent Fiſh in the Territories of *Bavaria*, we accordingly went to Day, and had a charming Walk in that vaſt and beautiful Plain on the other Side of the *Lech*. It was preciſely in this very Place, that the Emperor *Otho* the Great, at the Head of an Army compoſed of *Swedes*, *Bavarians*, *Bohemians*, *Saxons*, and *Franconians*, entirely defeated an Army of *Huns* or *Hungarians*, much ſuperior to his in Numbers, who, prompted by the ſame Spirit that poſſeſſed their Anceſtors under *Attila*, threatened to ravage all *Germany*. Three of their Generals were taken by the *Saxons*, who hanged them on the Spot; and with Difficulty eſcaped a ſmall Number to carry back to their Country the News of ſo terrible an Overthrow. From this Plain one has a full View of the City *Fridberg* ſituated on an Eminence, and which was taken in Sight of the *French* by Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, a little before the Battle of *Hoghſtett*.

Jews rigorouſly uſed at *Augsburg*.

After having croſſed this Plain to have a better View of all the charming Proſpects ſurrounding it, we paſſed through a Borough where the *Jews* have their Settlement. They are allowed to drive ſome ſmall Traffick at *Augsburg* on paying no leſs than a Florin hourly. In truth I can't comprehend how theſe poor circumciſed Wretches do to live, ſince they pay ſo heavy a Tax; for their Borough is the very Picture of Miſery, and the Inhabitants appear to be yet poorer than their Brethren at *Frankfort*.

A Picture and Story to defame them.

From thence we came to a Houſe, the only one to be ſeen in the Plain, all the others having been deſtroyed a little while ago by the Armies: There we dined very elegantly, and then returned to *Augsburg*. In our Way we ſtept into another Houſe, where, while the Company were drinking a Glaſs, I amuſed myſelf with the Pictures in it, amongſt which I obſerved one with this Title upon it in large Characters, *Miraculum Pariſienſe*, *i. e.* a Hiſtory to blacken the *Iſraelites*. In Truth ſo many Stories of this Kind in *Germany* and other Countries have been coined to load this unhappy Race with Calumnies, that 'tis no wonder if Chriſtians are prepoſſeſſed from their Infancy with a furious Hatred againſt them.

This Picture repreſents five or ſix *Jews* round a Table, cutting with Knives into a thouſand Pieces a conſecrated Hoſt, from which Iſſue as many Streams of Blood. All theſe Miſcreants, terrified at this Prodigy as if they had ſeen the Devil, fall down topſey-turvey, except a *Rabbin*'s Wife. The good Woman at the Sight of this Miracle is purſuaded to acknowledge the *Meſſiah*, adores his mangled Members, and becomes a Chriſtian. Over this Picture are in Letters of Gold theſe Words: *SS. Euchariſtia ſcutum contra perfidiam Judæorum.* The Legend of this Miracle is: 1705. *July* 19. AUGSBURG.

Dum diva ſævi fercla Sabbatarii
Mucrone ſcindunt impio;
Trepidas repentè fluxit in Menſas cruor.
Illi ſupini corruunt.
Verùm cruentas Uxor ut vidit notas,
Perculſa Meſſiam vocat:
Hauritque vitam pariter & veram fidem
Divino renata vulnere.

Many Miracles make a much greater Noiſe in diſtant Places than in the Country where they are pretended to have been wrought: It is a Mark of their Falſity; for Facts are better known where they happen than in diſtant Countries. Thoſe who have a Mind to impoſe or ſpread a Lie ought to be cautious not to take too near a Scene; beſides Stories of this Kind are no ſooner coined than they are only regarded by the Weak and Credulous, who, giving Credit to any Perſon they chance to meet with, never take the Trouble of examining any Thing. Reflexions on this Miracle.

This pretended Miracle happened at *Paris*, ſays the Inſcription in the Picture of it. So that it is not in theſe Parts of the World only that Impieties and the moſt monſtrous Acts of Wickedneſs are charged upon the *Jews:* Tho' it be not improbable that ſome *German* Painter or other has forged this Story out of his own Head to increaſe the Odium againſt this miſerable People: Be that as it will, the Citizens of *Augsburg* don't allow them to live within their Walls, and alledge the very ſame Reaſon for their Averſion with the People of *Cologne*; namely, that the Fore-fathers of the *Jews* had formed a Plot for poiſoning the Wells and Fountains in their Town.

As you are deſirous that I ſhould not omit ſending you an Account of any Piece of Antiquity I meet with, I now recal to mind that I found in one of the Gardens near this City, where I happened to be the other Day, an ancient Marble with this Inſcription:

I. O. M.
CETERIS. QFE. DEABVS. Q. HVIVS. LOCI.
M. ADIVTORIVS. ROMANVS. D. M. V. S. L. M. Ancient Inſcription.

My

1705. *July* 22, 3 Augs. Burg.

My Lord Duke of *Shrewſbury* arriving here from *Italy*, we went to pay our Reſpects to him. He received us in the politeſt Manner. We offered ourſelves for his Guides in ſeeing the Rarities of the Place, and employed ſeveral Days in viſiting again the ſame Things I have already mentioned to you, the Abbacy of St. *Ulrich* excepted, which we only ſaw to Day.

The Abbacy of St. *Ulrich*.

The Abbot being informed, that an *Engliſh* Nobleman deſigned to pay a Viſit to his Convent, came to meet him at the Head of his *Monks*, tho' he be a Prince of the *Empire*: He ſhewed a great deal of Reſpect and Deference to his Grace. Firſt of all he conducted us to the Church, and in our Way to it he entertained us with ſeveral Particulars relating to their Abbacy and its Founder *Sanctus Ulricus*. This good Saint was Son to *Albert* the Count of *Marckdalen*, who was ſlain defending the little Town of *Menchingen* againſt the *Bavarians*, who had beſieged him and his Son in that paltry Place, after they had deſtroyed *Augsburg*. Thus having loſt his Father, he became a *Monk* in a Convent called *Uttenbeurn*: But in the Year 925, the Emperor *Henry* I. Sirnamed the *Fowler*, made him Biſhop of *Augsburg*, where he ſat fifty Years.

Hiſtory of this Saint.

His Miracles.

So ſoon as he was conſecrated Biſhop, he performed an extraordinary Miracle, which was chaſing all the Rats out of his Dioceſe, as St. *Patrick* drove all venemous Beaſts out of *Ireland*. The good St. *Ulrich* had a particular Antipathy againſt Rats; for he gave no Diſturbance to the Mice, which ſwarm here ſtill: As for the others, there is not one in the whole Dioceſe, at leaſt, this is what the Abbot aſſured us in the moſt poſitive Manner.

The Church.

The Church is a vaſt *Gothic* Building, the Cieling of which is reckoned the higheſt in *Germany*. And indeed this Church is ſeen at a very great Diſtance, over-toping all thoſe at *Augsburg*. At the entry into the Quire is a large Crucifix, with a *Magdalen* at the Foot of the Croſs, *John* the Evangeliſt on one Side of it, and the *Virgin Mary* on the other. All this is of maſſy Braſs, big as Life, and of highly eſteemed Workmanſhip; eſpecially the Statues, which are looked upon to be Maſter-pieces. Underneath this Croſs are the following Inſcriptions: two of which are ſtuffed with Puns.

A Crucifix and the Inſcriptions belonging to it.

I.

Non aes, ſed res.
Suacia virgo, gravi telo percuſſa doloris.
Ora rigat lacrumis, tota dolore riget.
Tu tamen haec ſicco ſpectacula lumine cernis,
Et laudas Artem, tollis & Artificem;
Ac velut exſenſus, velut æneus aera tueris:
Nonne tibi rigido cor magis aere riget?

II.

1703.
July 24.
AUGSBURG.

II.

Chriſtiane
Ut flebile Chriſtus patiens argumentum
gratâ ſemper mente revolveres;
Hoc Monimentum,
Joan. Abbas fieri curavit
Anno P. C. N.
M.DC.V.

III.

Diſce Hoſpes.
Quae crucis in celsâ tradis documenta Cathedrâ
Diſcipulo Doctor Chriſte ſupreme tuo?
Sub cruce Virginitas, Amor in cruce quaerat aſylum;
In cruce vicit Amor, ſub cruce Virginitas.
In cruce tutus amas, & tutus amaris in illâ,
Virginitas ſola ſub cruce tota latet.

The principal Altar is one of the largeſt and grandeſt we have yet ſeen in *Germany*. The Picture on it repreſents the Nativity of *Jeſus Chriſt*, The Statues are almoſt all as big as Life; their Altitudes very fine, and the Sculpture excellent, as well as the Gilding. The principal Altar.

To the Left of this Altar is a little Door, that opens into a private Chapel called the *Sanctuarium*. It was here that the Emperor *Joſeph* was elected King of the *Romans* by the Electors in 1690. The Abbot told us, that when it was neceſſary in the Proceſs of the Ceremony, that this Prince ſhould get up upon the Altar of this Chapel, there being neither Ladder, Chair nor Stool near it, and it being impoſſible to make way through the vaſt Crowd that was aſſembled on this Occaſion to bring one, the Elector of *Bavaria* becoming impatient, took him up in his Arms and ſet him on the Altar. The Chapel.

Over the Door of this Secret Chapel, where lie the Bodies of ſeveral Male and Female Saints, with Names ſo foreign to me that I could not fix them in my Memory, is this Inſcription. Inſcription on its Door.

Deo Auſpice
Sanctiſque hujus Eccleſiæ,
Patrocinantibus,
Nec non
S. Romani Imperii Electoribus
Mog. Trev. Col. Bav. & Palat.
Suffragantibus.
Heic intus

1705. July 24. Augsburg.

In ſolenni Conclavi
Poſt Ferdinandum IV. *Auſtriacum*
Olim in Regem Romanorum
Electum.
Poſtliminio
Romanorum Rex renunciatus
eſt
Joſephus
Leopoldi I. *Magni Imperatoris*
Non minor Filius
A° 1690. *die* XXIV. *Jan.*
Poſteritati
In perpetuum Memnoſynon
P. P.
Romanus Abbas & Convent.

The Revenue of this Abbey.

This Abbacy of St. *Ulrich* has at leaſt fifty thouſand Crowns Income; and to conſume this pretty Revenue, there are the Abbot, eighteen Fathers and ſeven Brothers Servitors; *i. e.* near two thouſand Crowns yearly for each. But this is not ſurprizing. They are of the Order of St. *Benedictus*, and his Children are a learned Race, great Lovers of polite Literature, and to perfect the ingenious Sciences and Arts, they make a great Waſte of Spirits; and conſequently ought to be better provided than the *Mendicant* Orders, who mind nothing but begging.

The Apartments and Library.

Having thus viſited the Church, the Abbot, ſtill at the Head of his *Monks*, led us into the Apartments in the Convent, which are very fine as well as the Cells. The Library is numerous and compoſed of good Books, with ſome Manuſcripts, but none of them very rare.

Handſome Entertainment and Generoſity of the Abbot.

From thence the Abbot conducted us into a large Hall, the Cieling of which is richly adorned with Carving and Gilding, where we found a ſplendid Collation prepared for us. My Lord Duke not knowing how to make a Return for the Civility of this Prelate, did me the Honour to aſk me in *Engliſh*, if a Preſent might not be offered without offending him: Whether the Abbot underſtood ſome of his Grace's Words, there being a conſiderable Affinity between the *German* and *Engliſh* Languages, or whether he only ſuſpected the Duke's Intention, he turned to me and told me in the *German* Tongue, that he was extremely obliged to my Lord's generous Deſign, but muſt intreat him not to put it in Execution, ſince it did not become a Perſon of his Rank to accept of any Preſent: He added, that the Honour of having received a Viſit from his Grace was more to him, than any Gift that could be made him. Now I appeal to yourſelf, could there be a greater Politeneſs? Notwithſtanding your Averſion to *Monks*, do you not think moſt of them very civil and courteous? This good Abbot gave me in particular, another Mark of his Complaiſance: For upon telling

ing him I had obſerved ſome Inſcriptions in the Church and other Parts of his Abbacy, which I ſhould be glad to copy for one of my Friends in *England*, a great Lover of Antiquities, if he would give me leave; he anſwered that he would give Orders to the Library-keeper to attend me when ever I pleaſed. After a hearty Collation, and making our Compliments of Thanks to the Abbot, we waited on my Lord Duke to his Lodging, which is one of the fineſt Houſes in this Town; the ſame in which the Marſhal *Marſin* lived when he was here before the Battle of *Hoghſtett*. 1705. *July* 24. AUGSBURG.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Augsburg. *Abbey of St.* Ulrich. *Several* Roman *Inſcriptions in it. Reflexions on the exceſſive Love of Antiquity. The Church of St.* Croix. *Two other Inſcriptions. Curious Clocks. A whimſical Thought of a Painter. The Ruins of the Citadel. The Hiſtory of its laſt Sieges.*

I Went this Morning alone to the Abbey of St. *Ulrich*, in Purſuance of the Abbot's obliging Offer. The Father Library-keeper waited for me in the Refectory and made me breakfaſt with him before we went to view the Inſcriptions. We begun with thoſe under the vaulted Gate of the Abbacy. The two following, with the Fragments of two others, are to the right in entring. Inſcriptions.

VITALIVS. VIGOR.
SIBI. ET. VITALIO.
VIRILI. FRATRI.
VIVOS. FECIT.

D. V. M.
IVL. MACRIANO. QVONDAM.
VETERANO. M.° M. M. EX. BF. COS.
CONIVGI. CARISSIMO.
SECVNDIA. SERVATA. ET.
SIBI. ET. IVLIIS.
ALPINO. ET. ALPINAE. FILIIS.
BENEVALENTIBVS, F. C.

I am aſtoniſhed that Mr. *Charles Patin*, who was without Diſpute the accurateſt Antiquary in *Europe*, ſhould only have mentioned in his Article of *Augsburg*, the firſt of theſe Inſcriptions and the Fragment following it; when I, who am not ſo much as half an Antiquary, have been able to collect ſo great a Number; and which is more, he has placed them in the Church where they certainly are not. An Inaccuracy in Mr. *Patin*.

1705. *July* 24. AUGSBURG.

. . . . . .
de CVRIONI. AL. III. L. ET.
bf. COS. ET. FL. DECORATO.
mil. LEG. III. ITAL. . . . . .
DIVS. VI. . . . . .

. . . . . .
GENTIANO. ET. BASSO. COSS.
. . . . . .

To the Left is this:

I. O. M.
M. TR. SECCO.

The following one was dug up under the Steeple of the Church of St. *Ulrich*, in the Year 1567.

PERPETVAE. ME. SECVRIT. TIB.
CLEVPHAS. IIIIII. VIR. AVG. NEGOTIATOR.
ARTIS. PVPVRARIAE. QVI. VIXIT.
ANNOS. LXXVI. SENILIAE. LASCIVAE.
CONIVGI. ET. CLAVDIAE. FORTVNENSI.
ET. EPIGONO. APRO. FILIIS. VIVOS. VIVIS.
FECIT.

This other is the Church, and was discovered in 1591.

D. M. ET.
PERPETVAE. SE.
CURITATI. VICTO-
rio. VICTORIANO.
negotiatori. Aug.
. . . . SCRETARIA . . .
. . TVRARIAE. SI . . .
. . CA. MATER. . . . . .
. . VIXIT. ANN. . . . . .
. . C. . . . . .

In truth, Sir, I give you a strong Proof of my Affection to you, and my hearty Regard to your Commands, by thus puzling my Brain in decypher-ing and copying for you all these Antiquities: I who am no more of an Antiquary than the late King of *Siam*; who, had he been one, Father *Tachard*

chard and the Abbey *Choiſy* would not have miſſed telling us of it, in the Relation of their Travels through that Part of the World. And after all what is it to me, whether an Inſcription ſpeaks of the Love of a Wife to her Huſband, or of a Huſband to his Wife; whether it indicates the rebuilding of a Temple, or the Fall of it? What does it concern me, whether ſuch a Medal be a genuine *Otho* in *large Braſs*; a *Pertinax*, or a *Peſcennius Niger*? What will this Erudition contribute to my Welfare and Happineſs, or to my Direction in the Conduct of Life? Wherefore 'tis purely out of Regard to you, who have all theſe Things at your Finger-ends, and are perfectly Maſter of the profound Science of Antiquities, that I have taken the trouble of Tranſcribing all theſe Inſcriptions at *Augsburg*.

1705. *July* 24. AUGSBURG.

Reflexions on the Paſſion for Antiquities.

This Reverend Father Library-keeper of St. *Ulrich* is a very learned Man, and was a great Help to me in the Punctuation, as well as in making out difficult Characters half defaced. And I did not fail to thank and aſſure him, that if ever he ſhould make a Trip into *England*, you would ſhew your Gratitude to him for all his Trouble and Civility. The learned Traveller *Jouvin* of *Rochefort* ſays the Church of St. *Ulrich* ſerves the *Lutherans* to preach in: What a groſs Blunder!

Church of St. *Croix* or Holy Croſs.

Returning to my Lodging pretty much fatigued, I had the Pleaſure of hearing a very pleaſing Symphony in the Church of St. *Croix*, one of the handſomeſt in *Augsburg* for Architecture, Painting, Sculpture and Gilding. During this fine Muſic, I ſtepped out of the Church for a Moment, and looking up by Chance to the Spire, which is one of the fineſt that can be ſeen any where, I happened to perceive two ancient Marbles ſet into the the Wall with the following Inſcriptions: A new Treaſure for you.

DEO. MERCVRIO. CENSVALI. PRO. SALVTE.
DD. NN. AVGG. IMPP. SEPT. SEVERI. PARTH.
ET. ANTONINI. MAX. ET. NOBILISS. CAES. N.
SEPT. GETAE. RESTITVERVNT. TEMPLVM.
CVM. SIGNIS. CONSVMPTIS. VETVSTATE.
CILONE. ET. LIBONE. COSS. V. ID. SEPTEMB.

IVL. VICTORI. NEGOTIATORI. QVONDAM.
VESTIARIO. TESTAMENTO. EIVS
IVLIVS. CLEMENS.
AQVILIFER. LEG. III. ITALICAE.
FRATER. EIVS. F. C.
D. D.

Dont you think, good Sir, that he who inchaſed theſe two Inſcriptions (one a Vow to the God *Mercury* for the Emperor *Severus*'s Health, and that of his two Sons *Caracalla* and *Geta*; and the other an Epitaph for a

1705. Jul. 25. Rag-merchant) into the ſame Wall, was a very able Man at pairing and ſorting Things?

AUGSBURG. Collection of Pictures

My Lord Duke's coming here, has occaſioned our ſtaying at *Augsburg* ſome Days longer than we had intended. We have been all this while waiting upon him from Curioſity to Curioſity; but have ſeen nothing new, except an admirable Collection of Pictures by the beſt Maſters of *Italy*, *Flanders* and *Germany*, at a Painter's here. Many of them are excellent; but he puts too high a Price on them, at leaſt for us.

Curious Clocks.

Hence we went to ſee a celebrated Clock of *Augsburg*, who ſhewed us ſeveral curious Pieces of Mechaniſm, ſome Clocks with perpetual Motions, ſome with Motions of the Stars, others with Spinets or Claveſſins playing ſeveral Tunes: One in particular which he valued at 30000 Florins. We paſſed a few Hours here very agreeably in examining all theſe curious Pieces of his Art.

A droll Fancy of a Painter.

And now I am mentioning Curioſities, I muſt not omit telling you of a Picture I ſaw a few Days ago in a Citizen's Houſe. It is by ſome very good Hand, but in a very groteſque Taſte, if ever one was. The Subject of it is *Elija* in the Deſart dreſſed like a *Carmelite-Monk*, with his Ravens about him. But as if the Painter had been afraid his Providitors might not be careful enough in bringing him his daily Portion, he has furniſhed him with a good Stock of Proviſions, namely, two large Hams, ſome Fowls, a luſty Piece of Beef, and plenty of Garden-ſtuff of all Kinds. All this Stock is ranged at the Prophet's Feet. Don't you admire the ſage Providence of this ingenious Artiſt, and how well he was acquainted with Scripture Hiſtory? Or how little he thought the Prophet could depend upon the Promiſes of God?

The Citadel and its Sieges.

We have alſo ſeen the Ruins of the Citadel, which the *French* built at one Extremity of the City after they had made themſelves Maſters of it. 'Twas the Elector of *Bavaria* and Marſhal *de Marſin* who took it in 1703. We were told, that the Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* had a great Deſire to be even with this City, for having refuſed to lend him 200000 Florins upon his Word of Honour, beſides 100000 he owed them already. The Magiſtrates when they ſaw the *French* Army at Hand, ſent Deputies to beg a Neutrality from the Elector and the Marſhal, which was granted them.

Vile Behaviour of the Prince of *Baden* towards the City.

But Prince *Lewis*, far from doing the ſame, ſoon after gave the City all the Marks he could of his Reſentment. He threw, in ſpite of all their Entreaties, 7000 Imperial Troops into it, who eat them up to the very Bones, during the ſix Days that they made a ſhew of being reſolved to ſtand a Siege; but they left it at laſt upon Capitulation, after one of the fineſt Quarters of the City was laid in Ruins, abandoning the Inhabitants to the Diſcretion of the Conqueror. If this Fact be true, as there is great Probability, can any thing too atrocious be ſaid of him, who was the Cauſe of ſuch Diſaſters? was there ever a worſe-grounded and more cruel Revenge?

However this may be, this Citadel, from which the Enemy might eaſily have demoliſhed the whole Town if they had pleaſed, is now quite raſed. But they abandoned both on the 16th of *Auguſt* the Year following; without doing them any other Miſchief, than carrying off whatever they thought fit, and taking Hoſtages along with them to *Straſburg*, as a Security for the Payment of the Sums they had exacted of the Inhabitants. Theſe poor People, harraſſed by pretended Friends as well as Enemies, were in a pitiful Plight. A Patrician aſſured us, that an incredible Number of wealthy Heads of Families died of mere Vexation, to find themſelves ſo utterly undone. A Misfortune the *French* thought they had ſufficiently repaid, by leaving behind them the 1500 *Schadet-nichts* I have already mentioned.

1705. *July* 31. AUGSBURG. The Citadel intirely ruined.

CHAP. XLIX.

Departure from Augſburg. Mindelheim. Memmingen, *an Imperial City.* Leut-kirk *likewiſe an Imperial City. The Fortifications of* Lindaw, *an ugly Town, though Imperial too. A Digreſſion concerning the Imperial Cities in* Germany. *The Lake of* Conſtance. Ammianus Marcellinus *refuted in reſpect to the* Rhin.

THIS Day we took leave of my Lord Duke and of all our Friends, and left *Augsburg* in the Evening. The Night was ſpent in getting through a large Foreſt, out of which we had a good deal of Difficulty to extricate ourſelves. At laſt we paſſed by *Mindelheim*, a little Town upon the River *Mindel*, which diſcharges itſelf into the *Danube*. This Town with its Dependencies belonged to the Elector of *Bavaria*; but after the Battle of *Hoghſtett*, the Emperor gave it to the Duke of *Marlborough*, with the Title of Prince. This is the only Thing that makes it worth taking notice of; ſo that without ſtopping here, we proceeded in our Journey to *Memmingen*, an ancient Town formerly called *Roſtrum Marmæriæ*.

Auguſt 1, 2 Departure from *Augſburg*. *Mindelheim*.

It is a pretty large and handſome Imperial City. The Magiſtrates and a great Part of the Citizens are *Lutherans*. The Catholics however have two Churches and the Half of a *Lutheran* one. It is ſurrounded with a good Wall and a double Ditch, and its Ports are covered by ſome Half-moons and Redoubts. The Country is very fertile in Hops, of which they make excellent Beer. A full League from hence we croſſed the *Iſler*, a pretty large River which runs into the *Danube* at *Ulm*, anciently called *Ilera*; and we came next to *Leut-kirk*, another Imperial City, but a very ſmall one. It is in the Barony of *Walburg* upon the Rivulet *Eſchach*, which uniting with the *Aitracht* runs into the *Iſler*. Its Inhabitants are an equal Mixture of *Lutherans* and *Catholics*, who have each of them one ſingle Church. One is devoured by Flies in the Streets and Houſes. About a League from hence

Memmingen. *Ilera*. River. *Leut-kirk*

1705. *August* 3. *Lindaw and its Church.*

hence we entered into a frightful Road, full of Pebbles and Stones. It is here one begins to descry the high Mountains of *Switzerland* on the one Side, and those of *Tyrol* on the other: This detestable Road lasted all the Way to *Lindaw*, which is about four or five long Leagues. There we went directly to see the *Lutheran* Church, the Vault of which is supported by 14 Pillars, above 3 Foot in Diameter and 22 in Height each, and of one Piece. The Town-house is a paltry Building; upon the Front of which are historically painted the Ten Commandments, in ten different Pictures.

Description and History of this Town

The Streets are extremely crooked, and the Houses are all upon low dark Arches: In a Word, *Lindaw* is a dismal Hole; nevertheless it is a Place of considerable Strength at the Entry into the Lake of *Constance*. In former Times it was no more than an Abbacy, afterwards it became a Village, and at last a City, under the Domination first of the Abbess, afterwards of the Duke of *Suabia*, and last of all of the Emperors, who gave it the Privilege of minting Money. This Town formerly withstood Marshal *Horn*, *Gustavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden*'s General; and the present Duke of *Bavaria* bombarded it, after he had taken *Ulm* by Surprize.

Its Fortifications and Inhabitants.

A Bridge of Timber about 300 Paces long joins it to the main Land. The Fortifications are good; consisting of Bastions, Ravelins, and other well-faced Works, with a strong Fort standing by itself in the Lake; so that it would not be easy to take this Place after cutting down the Bridge. The Inhabitants are all *Lutherans*, except one Abbacy very considerable by its vast Revenue, the Abbess of which is a Princess of the Empire.

Bregentz anciently Brigantium.

To the Left of *Lindaw*, at one Corner of the Lake, and about two Leagues Distance, is the Town of *Bregentz* Capital of a Country of that Name, with a little Fort commanding it. I have forgot to tell you, that *Lindaw*, as inconsiderable as it is, is however an Imperial City, and that it gave Birth to the learned *John Marbachius* who died in 1581. The *Latin* Name of this Town is *Lindavium*.

A Digression of the Author concerning the Hans-Towns.

In the Course of my Travels I have mentioned a great many, and just now three or four Imperial Cities, but without sufficiently explaining the Meaning of that eminent Title; wherefore I think it will not be amiss to make here a short Digression, in Order to give you an exact Idea of these Cities, as well as of those that are called *Hans-Towns*. I begin with the Latter.

The *Hanseatick* Towns are united by a League of mutual Defence against their Enemies; to support the Liberties of Commerce, and to protect one another against the Impositions of foreign Princes. *Lubeck*, *Cologne*, *Dantzick*, and *Brunswick*, are the four Capitals of this League, and in each of these there is a College. *Lubeck* has the Right of assembling all the rest with the Advice of five of the Towns nearest to it, which are *Hamburg*, *Rostock*, *Wismar*, *Stralsund* and *Luneburg*, known under the Name of *Vandalics*. The Assemblies used to be held at *Lubeck*, and commonly once a Year. The *Hanseatick*-Towns lie on the Sea-coasts, or upon Rivers fit for Commerce: They must also be free; and the Lords of those belonging to the *Hanse*,

Hanſe, i. e. to this Alliance in the low Countries, take an Oath to maintain their Privileges. Some Authors attribute the Donation of theſe Privileges to *Henry* III. King of *England*, for their having ſerved him moſt advantageouſly with their Sea-forces in 1206. At the Beginning there were 80; but 14 were cut off in 1518. Their Coaſt reached from the *Narva*, a River bordering *Livonia* on the *Eaſt*, to the Mouth of the *Meuſe*. 1705. *Auguſt* 5.

Theſe Cities were anciently very much reſpected, on Account of their great Wealth and Trade; they always keeping Magazines in *London*, *Bruges*, *Antwerp*, *Bergue* in *Norway*, *Revel* in *Livonia*, *Novogrod* in *Muſcovy*, and ſeveral other Places; and the Merchants in theſe Towns were ordinarily called *Oſterlings*, becauſe of the great Commerce which they carried on in the *Baltick* or *Ooſt-zee*. This Commerce conſiſted for the moſt Part in Corn, Hides, Wax, Cordage, Pitch, Timber, Copper, Fiſh, and other Commodities brought from the Northern parts of *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, *Denmark*, and *Muſcovy*; which were exported to almoſt all Parts of *Europe*, by *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, and *Flemiſh* Veſſels. The Privileges of the *Hanſeatick*-Towns were confirmed in *France* by the Kings *Lewis* XI. *Charles* VIII. *Lewis* XII. and *Francis* I. But they have loſt a great Part of them ſince. This Confederacy is at preſent of little Conſideration to many of theſe Towns, each of them endeavouring to manage its own Affairs by itſelf. I come now to the Imperial Towns.

The Imperial Towns how they obtained their Liberty.

Since the *Hanſeatick*-Towns have loſt the Privileges which they had long preſerved; all the Free-Towns in *Germany* are, or pretend to be, Imperial ones. Imperial City among the *Germans* ſignifies a City which enjoys Liberty, and even a Sort of Sovereignty under the Protection of the Empire. The Deſire of Liberty natural to Man, hath directed Cities to two Ways of ſhaking off the Yoke of their Princes. Some Cities when they found theſe Sovereigns reduced by Wars or bad Oeconomy, have been wiſe enough to take Advantage of that Opportunity to purchaſe their Liberty by large Sums of Money, and ſo to become little Republics. The Emperors have introduced another Way, which was very readily embraced, *viz.* by granting Privileges to the chief Towns of Princes, whom they knew not to be in their Intereſt: And a Confirmation of theſe Privileges in an Aſſembly of the States, fully and legally infranchizes theſe Towns from the Domination of their former Princes; ſo that from that Time they durſt not undertake any thing againſt theſe new Republics, without drawing on their Heads the general Reſentment of the whole Empire.

Their good Policy.

The great Immunities and Liberties the Imperial Towns have from time to time given to their Inhabitants, have been a powerful Bait to allure Negotiants of all Sorts to ſettle in them, and to withdraw themſelves and their Effects from under the Tyranny of neighbouring Princes. Theſe Cities have gained great Advantages by this wiſe Adminiſtration and Conduct: They have eſtabliſhed an extenſive Commerce which brought in Riches and Plenty: And have gradually put themſelves in a Condition to maintain

1705. *August* 3. tain their Independency againſt the Envy and Jealouſy of the Sovereigns around them. Yet all the Advantages which Peace and good Government had produced in former Times, are now, in a great Meaſure, deſtroyed by the fatal Conſequences of War; their Liberties have been attacked, and great Numbers of their richeſt Citizens reduced to Beggary, without any Hopes of Recovery. So that they have good Reaſon to cry out:

Helas! quand finiront ces guerres obſtinées
Qui depuis près de vingt années
Coûtent tant de pleurs à nos yeux?
Entendrons nous toûjours l'aigre ſon des Trompettes
Et les douces muſettes
Sont-elles pour jamais abſentes de ces Lieux?
De combien de Châteaux & de Cités Superbes
A-t-on mis à l'égal des Herbes
Les Murs juſqu'aux Aſtres montés?
Que l'Epée en nos champs a fait de Cimetiéres,
Et combien nos Rivieres
Ont vû mêler de ſang à leurs flots argentés?

Difference among them in certain Reſpects

Though all Imperial Towns ſeem to be upon an equal Footing with Reſpect to Liberty; there are however conſiderable Differences among them with Regard to Power, and in their Governments. There are even ſome who only poſſeſs a kind of Independence, under the Protection and by Means of certain more potent ones, eſpecially in *Suabia*, where there are at leaſt 30.

They ſend Deputies to the States of the Empire.

The Deputies of theſe Towns have Seats in the Diet of the Empire held, as you know, at *Ratiſbon*: They have two Benches, that of the *Rhine*, and that of *Suabia*. The chief Towns of the former Claſs are *Cologne*, *Francfort*, *Straſburg* before it belonged to the *French*, *Hamburg* and *Lubeck*: Thoſe of the *Suabian* Bench are *Ratiſbon*, *Nuremberg*, *Augsburg* and *Ulm*: The reſt have nothing but the Title of Imperial Cities. And to ſpeak out the Truth frankly, all theſe little Common-wealths are in a certain Manner ſubject to the Emperor, ſince they muſt on every Occaſion furniſh a Quota to him, *i. e.* a certain Share of Men, Arms, and Money for his Service, when he has any War to ſupport. And this is all I have to tell you of the Imperial Towns, who bear in their Arms the Eagle of the Empire, either whole or divided.

August. 5. The Lake of *Conſtance* anciently *Latus Podamicus.*

We embarked at ſeven o' Clock in the Morning, in a *Felucca* of a very indifferent Fabric and Strength, governed by an old Pilot and four Rowers, including a luſty Wench, who plyed the Oar as ſturdily as the moſt vigorous Galley-ſlave in the *Mediterranean*.

Towns on its Borders

There are a vaſt many Vineyards about *Lindaw*, eſpecially towards the *Lake*; the two Borders of which preſent a moſt agreeable View to the Sight,

Sight, the Vineyards being intermixed with Hamlets and little Towns: One sees to the Right *Wasserburg*, *Langen-Argen*, *Buchorn* an Imperial City, *Fischbach*, *Mersburg* the ordinary Residence of the Bishop of *Constance*, *Seefelden*, and *Uberlingen* another Imperial Town: To the left, *Rorschach*, *Arbon*, *Rumshom*, *Altnaw*, and *Munsterlingen*. 1705. *August* 5.

Having among the Books we carried with us to amuse ourselves in our Journey a few Historians, and amongst others *Ammianus Marcellinus*, I called to mind that he mentions several Lakes, and had the Curiosity to see what he says of this. Here are his own Words in the XVth Book: *Inter montium celsorum cnfractus impulsu immani Rhenus discurrens, extenditur per Leponticos, perque deciduas cataractas inclinatione pernici funditur. Jamque adjutus nivibus liquatis ac solutis, altaque divortia riparum adradens, Lacum invadit rotundum & vastum, quem Brigantium accola Rhoetus appellat, perque quadringenta & sexaginta stadia longum, parique penè spacio latè diffusum, horrore sylvarum squalentium inaccessum, Barbaris & naturâ locorum, & cœli inclementiâ refragante. Hunc ergò paludem spumosis strependo verticibus amnis irrumpens; & undarum quietem permeans pigram, mediam velut finali interfecat libramento, & tanquam elementum perenni discordia separatum, nec aucto, nec imminuto agmine quod intulit, vocabulo & viribus absolvitur integris, nec contagia deinde ulla perperiens, Oceani gurgitibus intimatur. Quodque est impendio mirum, nec stagnum aquarum rapido transcursu movetur, nec limosa subluvie tardatur properans flumen, & confusum misceri non potest corpus; quod ni ita agi ipse doceret aspectus, nulla vi credebatur posse discerni. Sic Alphæus oriens in Arcadia, cupidine fontis Arethusæ captus, scindens Ionium mare, ut fabulæ ferunt, ad usque amata confinia progreditur.* *Ammianus Marcellinus* cited.

Tho' this Author's Stile be none of the purest, a Fault that we easily forgive him who was a *Greek* by Birth, and by Profession a Soldier; yet he is in high Esteem among the Historians, and of the Number of those who, like *Xenophon* and *Julius Cæsar*, wrote of Things they had seen, and even born a great Share in: This being the general Character of this Author, there are few who do not believe upon his Word, that the Lake of *Constance*, called also *Acronius* and *Podamicus*, "is of a round Figure, and that "the *Rhine* passes through the Middle of it from one Side to the other "without mingling with it, the Waters remaining as it were stagnant to "let the River pass." Yet this is no truer than the Fables of the River *Alpheus*, and the Fountain *Arethusa*, of which he also speaks. Character of this Historian.

For how can this Lake be round, since it is notoriously known to be about eleven or twelve Leagues in length, to four or five in breadth in the broadest Part of it, which is betwixt *Arbon* and *Wasserburg*? And as to the Passage of the *Rhin* through it, as I do not easily give in to the Belief of extraordinary Things, I examined that pretended Marvel with all possible Attention; but after having crossed and re-crossed the Lake several times, keeping in the Middle of it, neither when it was a little moved, nor when it was perfectly calm and smooth, could I discern the least Difference in any one Part of it, either with respect to the Colour, or the Rapidity of its Confuted in what he says about the Lake of *Constance*.

1705. *August* 5. its Waters, 'till we came within a Muſket-ſhot of the Town of *Conſtance*: Then the *Rhine*, or what they call ſo here, ruſhes out of the Lake with ſome Impetuoſity, and empties itſelf into that of *Zell*, by a Canal on which that Town is ſituated. With all due Deference therefore to *Ammianus Marcellinus*, I think I may venture to affirm, that this pretended rapid Paſſage of the *Rhine* through the Middle of the Lake, and without mixing with its Waters, is one of thoſe many Stories which, though univerſally believed, are nevertheleſs abſolutely falſe.

We have been all this Day upon the Lake, and we arrived at *Conſtance* a little after Seven in the Evening; ſo that we ſpent about 12 Hours in croſſing it in ſeveral Places to make our Obſervations, and in performing our Voyage to *Conſtance*.

CHAP. L.

Conſtance *a Biſhopric. The famous Council held there. The Hiſtory of Pope* John XXIII. *who was depoſed in it. The Hiſtory of* John Huſs, *and* Jerom *of* Prague. *A Copy of the Paſs given him by the Emperor; a very rare Piece.* Jerom's *Harangue to the Council. His Firmneſs in Death. Fine Teſtimonies rendered to the Memory of theſe two Martys by their Enemies. Other Particularities touching this Council and the Conſequences of it.*

August 6. *Conſtance* a Biſhopric, famous for the Council held there.

NEXT Day after our Arrival at *Conſtance*, we went to ſee a vaſt Edifice now called the Cuſtom-houſe. 'Tis the ſame Place where the famous Council was held, in 1414, 15, 16, and 17, at which aſſiſted the Emperor *Sigiſmond*, Pope *John* XXIII, or XXIV. according to thoſe who include the Papeſs; 33 Cardinals; 5 Patriarchs, 346 Arch-biſhops and Biſhops; 564 Doctors of Divinity and Law.

Three Popes depoſed by it

This Council had this Particularity in it, that it depoſed three Popes, *Gregory* XII. who ſat at *Remini*, *Benedict* XIII. who ſat in *Spain*, and this *John* XXIII. all three elected by three different Factions.

The laſt, who was then actually in Poſſeſſion of the Pontificat at *Rome*, had no Apprehenſion of what happened to him at *Conſtance*. Hiſtory ſays, that the Accuſation laid againſt him contained 40 Articles of Complaint; the ſmalleſt Subjects of which were the Crime of *Simony*, and the Scandal he gave to the Church by his depraved Life: Being unable to defend himſelf againſt any of theſe Charges, he only anſwered: "That he was "conſcious to himſelf of one Crime more, and that was, of having paſſed "the *Alps* to come to this Council:" And he did all he could to repaſs them. The Archbiſhop of *Mayence* adviſed him to make his Eſcape; which he did, and had got to *Schaffhauſen*, and from thence to *Fribourg* in *Briſgau*: But the Count *Palatin* of the *Rhine* ſeized and kept him ſome time Priſoner

in

in the Fortreſs of *Manheim*, where, it is ſaid, he compoſed the following Verſes; for he did not want Literature. 705. 1 *Auguſt* 5.

Verſes compoſed by Pope *John* 23. in Priſon.

Qui modò ſummus eram, gaudens & nomine Præſul,
Triſtis & abjectus, nunc mea fata gemo.
Excelſus ſolio nuper verſabar in alto,
Cunctaque gens pedibus oſcula prona dabant.
Nunc ego pœnarum fundo devolvor in imo,
Et vultum informem quemque videre piget.
Omnibus è terris aurum mihi ſpontè ferebant,
Sed nec gaza juvat, nec quis amicus adeſt.
Sic varians fortuna vices, adverſa ſecundis
Subdit, & ambiguo numine ludit atrox.
Cedat in exemplum cunctis quos gloria tollit,
Vertice de ſummo nox ego Papa cado. Papa *fecit.*

He is depoſed, then made Cardinal & Biſhop.

Some Time after his Impriſonment he was brought back to the Council. There he threw himſelf at the Feet of *Martin* V. who had been elected in his Room; he acknowledged him to be lawful Pope, and addreſſed him with Humility and Eloquence.

——— pallenti ſqualliduſ ore,
Voce ſatis moeſta, fortunæ verba coeptans,
Facundo ſermone tamen.

The new Pope, moved by his Penitence and his miſerable State, reſtored him to the Rank of Cardinal, and made him Biſhop of *Freſcati:* But he died ſoon after at *Florence*, of the Vexation of Mind this diſgraceful Degradation from the Pontificat gave him.

John Huſs and *Jerom* of *Prague* condemned by the Council in ſpite of the Emperor's Paſs.

If this Pope, whoſe true Name was *Baltaſar Coſſa*, a *Neapolitan*, had the Mortification to be thus diſgraced by the Council, the Emperor *Sigiſmond*, though in other Reſpects a very good Prince, had the Weakneſs to ſuffer this ſame Council cruelly to put to death *John Huſs* and *Jerom* of *Prague*, notwithſtanding his having given them his Imperial Word and Paſſes, to engage them to go to it with Aſſurance. Here is a Copy of this Paſs which it coſt me no ſmall Trouble to get. It is in all the Forms requiſite for the Security of the Bearer *John Huſs*; yet the Council ſhewed no Regard to it. *Jerom* of *Prague* had another to the ſame Purport.

A Copy of this famous Paſs.

Sigiſmundus, *Dei gratia, Romanorum Rex, ſemper Auguſtus &c. Hungariæ, Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ &c. Rex. Univerſis & ſingulis Principibus Eccleſiaſticis & Secularibus, Ducibus & Marchionibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Nobilibus, Proceribus, Militaribus, Capitaneis, Poteſtatibus, Gubernatoribus, Præſidibus, Officialibus quibuſcunque, cæteriſque noſtris & ſacri Imperii ſubditis & fidelibus, ad quos præſentes Literæ pervenerint, Gratiam Regiam, & omne bonum.*

1705. *August* 6

Venerabiles, Illuſtres, Nobiles, & Fideles dilecti. Honorabilem Magiſtrum Joannem Hus Sacræ Theologiæ Baccalaureum, & Artium Magiſtrum præſentium Oſtenſorem, de Regno Bohemiæ, ad Concilium Generale in Civitate Conſtantienſi celebrandum in proximo tranſeuntem, quem etiam in noſtram, & ſacri Imperii protectionem accepimus, & tutelam; vobis omnibus, & veſtrum cuilibet pleno recommandamus affectu: Deſiderantes quatenus ipſum quum ad vos pervenerit, gratè ſuſcipere, favorabiliter tractare, atque in his quæ ad celeritatem, & ſecuritatem Itineris ipſius pertinent, tam per terram, quam per aquam, promotivam ſibi velitis & debeatis oſtendere voluntatem; necnon ipſum cùm famulis, equis, & aliis rebus ſuis ſingulis, per quoſcunque portus, pontes, terras, Dominia, Juriſdictiones, Civitates, Oppida, Caſtra, Villas, & quælibit alia loca veſtra, ſinè ulla ſolutione tributi, telonii, aut alio quovis ſolutionis onere, omnique prorſus impedimento remoto, tranſire, ſtare, morari, & redire liberè permittatis; ſibique & ſuis, quum opus fuerit, de ſecuro & ſalvo velitis & debeatis providere conductu, ad honorem & reverentiam noſtræ Majeſtatis. Datum Spiræ Anno Domini 1414. *Die 7bris* 18. *Regnorum noſtrorum Hungariæ* 33. *Romanorum verò* 50.

They are both burnt

The former of theſe Martyrs was burnt in the Month of *July* 1415: The other in the Month of *May* the Year following.

An Account of their Death by *Poggius*.

Poggius the *Florentine*, who was preſent at all that paſſed with Relation to theſe two Perſons, gives an Account of the whole Affair to his Friend *Leonard Aretin*, in a Letter which he wrote to him from *Conſtance*. He there gives the Harangue which *Jerom* of *Prague* pronounced before his Judges, who were implacably prejudiced againſt him. Theſe were his Words:

Jerom of *Prague*'s Harangue to his Judges.

"Can any thing be more unjuſt? During 340 Days that I have been "loaded with Chains in a dark and ſtinking Dungeon, deprived of all hu- "man Succour, you have conſtantly given ear to all the Calumnies with "which my Enemies have aſperſed me, and you refuſe to give me an "Hour's Audience. They have had all the Time and Opportunity they "could deſire, to make you believe a thouſand falſe Reproaches: That I "am a mad Heretic, a declared Enemy to the Chriſtian Faith, a Perſecu- "tor of the Clergy. 'Tis becauſe of theſe Lies, which ye receive for Truths, "that ye will not hear me; and that ye have condemned me, before ye "could know whether I really was, what I am accuſed of being. But ye "are not Gods: Ye are but mortal Men, who ſhall not live for ever; nei- "ther are ye infallible, but liable to be deceived and ſeduced by others. "'Tis given out that all the Light and Prudence of the World is centered "here. Your Regard therefore to your own Glory requires, that ye "do nothing without mature Deliberation, leſt ye commit any Injuſtice. "For my own particular Part, I am but a Man of little Conſequence, and "though my Life be at Stake, yet it is not ſo much for my Sake I ſpeak, "as that I may, if poſſible, prevent ſo many wiſe and prudent Perſons from "entering into a Reſolution that will prove a Diſhonour to them, and a "very bad Example.

"This

"This noble Diſcourſe pronounced with a moſt emphatical Modeſty "and Eloquence did him no Service. He was condemned to be burnt "alive; and he endured the Torment with all imaginable Firmneſs and "Conſtancy. The Executioner thinking to do him a Favour would have "lighted the Pile behind him, that he might not ſee it. But *Jerom*, "ſuſpecting his Intention, called to him to kindle the Fire in his Sight; "for, ſaid he, if I had been afraid of it I could have ſhunned it. Thus "continues *Poggius*, this excellent Man died with a Heroiſm almoſt incre- "dible. I was Eye-witneſs to this cruel Tragedy, and ſaw every Step and "Act in it. I know not whether it was Unbelief or Obſtinacy that actu- "ated him; but I imagined I ſaw one of the famous Philoſophers of An- "tiquity die. *Mutius* burnt his Hand, and *Socrates* took Poiſon with leſs "Courage than *Jerom* of *Prague* ſuffered the Fire." 1715. *August* 6. CONSTANCE. His wonderful Courage at his Death.

You ſee here a glorious Teſtimony rendered to this Martyr, in the very Age of Perſecution and furious Zeal, by one of the moſt ſatirical ill-natured *Italian* Writers, Secretary to ſeven Popes, who ſome Years after inveighed bitterly both againſt the Council of *Baſil* and againſt *Amedeus* Duke of *Savoy*, whom that Council elected Pope under the Title of *Felix* V. in the Place of *Eugenius* IV. and againſt the learned *Laurentius Valla*, *Francis Philelphus*, *Nicolas Perrot*, *Guarin* of *Verona*: In fine, a Man who would have ſacrificed ten of his beſt Friends to his Itch, or rather Rage of Wit and ſatyrical Punning. Reflexion on this fine Teſtimony of *Poggius*.

Here is another Teſtimony rendered to *John Hus* and to *Jerom* of *Prague*, of quite another Conſideration than that of *Poggius*. 'Tis the Teſtimony of the learned *Æneas Sylvius Picolomini*, or, if you will, Pope *Pius* II. who thus ſpeaks of them in his Hiſtory of *Bohemia*. *Johannes Hus ætate major & authoritate; Doctrinâ & Facundia ſuperior Hieronymus. Pertulerunt ambo conſtanti animo necem, & quaſi ad Epulum invitati, ad incendium properarunt, nullam emittentes vocem, quæ miſeri animi poſſet ferre indicium. Ubi ardere cœperunt, Hymnum cecinere, quem vix flamma & fragor ignis intercipere potuit. Nemo Philoſophorum tam forti animo mortem pertuliſſe traditur, quam iſti Incendium.* Other Teſtimonies by Pope *Pius* II.

Even the Author of the Hiſtory of *Wiclefianiſm* (aſcribed by many to Father *Maimbourg*) after having blackened theſe two Perſons in the moſt outrageous Manner, was obliged in ſpite of himſelf to render Juſtice to their heroic Firmneſs in Death. See what he ſays in his Preface. "As theſe "Heretics ſuffered the crueleſt Torments of Fire with an Intrepidity and "Reſolution of which there have been no ſuch Examples for many Ages, "this contributed to juſtify them in the Opinion of not a few." He relates the Death of *John Huſs* in this Manner. "He neither loſt his Judg- "ment nor his Calmneſs, ſo that if we conſider only the Outſide of Things "hardly could a greater Example of Bravery be produced: None could "look upon the moſt horrible Death with more Reſolution and Firmneſs "of Mind: He put on all the outward Appearances of the moſt ſtable "and ſolid Devotion: He ſpoke modeſtly of the Emperor and the Coun- And of Father *Maimbourg*. The Martyrdom of *John Huſs*.

1705. August 6. CONSTANCE.

" cil: He forgave the Witneſſes who had ſworn againſt him: He prayed " to God for them: He made a pathetic Confeſſion to God, which was " ſo much the more moving that it was interrupted frequently by deep " Sighs and Groans, and the Fervour of his Soul ſeemed to be redoubled " when the Torch was brought to light his Pile. He ceaſed praying to " hear the Exhortations of the Duke *Lewis* of *Bavaria* and the Count " *Papenheim* who were his Friends, and whom he greatly eſteemed: He " did not interrupt them, but contented himſelf with anſwering to them, " that his laſt Regret was, that he could not grant them the Satisfaction " they demanded; but that they muſt impute it to the Scripture-precept, " which ordains that we ſhould obey God rather than Men. The with- " drawing of the Duke and the Count was the Signal to the Executioner to " ſet Fire to the Pile, and in a Moment the Flame was ſo great that it was " preſumed it had immediately ſtifled *John Huſs* becauſe he was no more " heard to ſpeak."

In the Beginning of the ſecond Part of his Hiſtory he mentions both the Martyrs in theſe Terms. " As no Philoſopher had ever ſuffered Death with " ſuch determined Reſolution, and as ſo cruel a one did not extort the leaſt " Token of Weakneſs from them, and that the Gentlemen of *Bohemia* who " attended them had heard them ſing the Praiſes of God with their laſt " Breath, they held them for true Martyrs.".

Sad Conſequences of the Death of theſe two great Men.

This cruel Execution ordered by the Council; the Rights of Mankind and Laws of Nations which were violated in the Perſons of theſe two Divines, who came to it under the Protection of the Emperor, and with Paſſes from him, and the Weakneſs of this Prince in not hindering ſo crying a Violence, that concerned his Honour and Dignity to the laſt Degree, were the Motives that ſtirred up the Followers of theſe two Men, who were called *Huſſites*, to ravage the Country of *Bohemia* and the neighbouring Provinces, and they defeated in nine or ten pitched Battles, under the Conduct of the brave *Ziſca*, the Emperor with all the Forces of the Empire.

The Council of *Conſtance* deprives the Laity of the Cup in the Sacrament.

Another Act of this Council, which cauſed a great Deal of Diſorder, was the taking away the Cup in the Euchariſt from the Laity, which is found in the thirteenth Seſſion. The Council acknowledged that in the Primitive Church the Communion was adminiſtered in both Kinds to the Faithful; but added, that they thought it better from henceforth to follow the Cuſtom introduced by ſome Fathers of retrenching the Cup; and declared that thoſe who would not conform to this Manner of communicating ſhould be reputed Heretics, and rigorouſly puniſhed as ſuch. Therefore *Jeſus Chriſt* muſt have been a Heretic according to the Council of *Conſtance*, and he did not know what he did when he inſtituted the Sacrament in both Kinds.

No Manner of Reformation performed by that Aſſembly.

As to the Reformation of the Clergy, ſo neceſſary at that Time, the Council did not meddle with it; nor with the Abuſes which had crept into Religion, though many learned Men inſiſted with great Earneſtneſs upon theſe two Articles. The Cardinal *Peter* of *Aliace*, amongſt others, made

made a very ſerious Diſcourſe upon the Corruption of the Popes, the Court of *Rome*, and the Clergy in general. He expatiated very much upon the Abuſes of Feſtivals, and the Invocation of Saints, Prayers for the Dead, Faſts, Diſtinctions of Food, and other ſuch like Traditions, which he called human, and contrary to the Scriptures: In fine, he complained egregiouſly of the Tyranny, Superſtition, and Numerouſneſs of the Monks, whom he repreſented as idle Drones. *John Gerſon* Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Paris*, preſented likewiſe to the Council ſixty five Articles which wanted Reformation, and boldly maintained, "that more Regard was due to the "Deciſion of an honeſt Doctor, well verſed in the ſacred Writings, than "to the Declaration of a Pope." But the Council would not enter upon any of thoſe Matters, notwithſtanding the repeated Remonſtrances of many Doctors, well diſpoſed towards the Reformation of the Church. 1705. *Auguſt* 6. CONSTANCE.

CHAP. LI.

Conſtance. *The grand Sale where the Council met. A Convent of Monks Minors. A Picture of St.* Anthony *of* Padua, *and its Legend. The Church of St.* Stephen. *A remarkable Epitaph. The Church of the* Cordeliers. *Tomb and Hiſtory of the Cardinal of* Florence. *The Church of the* Dominicans: *Very ſingular Sculptures. A Deſcription of* Conſtance. *Its Fortifications. The Biſhop and his Dioceſe. A Digreſſion concerning the Eccleſiaſtical Princes of the Empire.*

THE grand Sale where the Council met is 75 Paces in Length, and 36 in Breadth, and they ſhew Strangers yet the Wicket through which they gave Victuals to the Fathers who compoſed it. Here is the Inſcription over the Door of this Edifice; it is in *Gothic* Characters of a very particular Kind, with ſeveral Contractions.

Gaude clara Domus, pacem populo generaſti
Chriſticolæ, dum Pontifices tres ſchiſmate vexant,
Tunc omnes abigit Synodus quam tu tenuiſti.
Ipſe ſedem ſcandit Martinus nomine quintus,
Dum quadringentos numerat poſt mille ſalutis
Feſto Martini decem & ſeptem ſimul annos.

This Building was begun in 1388. according to the Date engraved upon a Marble.

From hence we went to a Convent of Monks of the leſſer Order, to ſee the Place where that Part of the Council aſſembled which condemned *John Huſs* to be burnt alive: It is an old low dark Sale, 80 Foot long, and A Convent of Monks Minors and Pictures.

1705. *August* 6. CONSTANCE.

32 broad. I observed in their Church an excellent Picture of the Prophet *Ezekiel*'s Vision of the Resurrection of the Dead; but they could not tell us by what Painter; a Head of *Jesus Christ* crowned with Thorns, by the famous *Holbein* of *Basil*, and a St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, the Legend of which is to this Effect.

One of St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, and his Legend.

A certain famous Painter being sick, made a Vow to this Saint, who immediately appeared to him (for they say of him in *Italy*, *Exaudit, quos non audit & ipse Deus.*) He promised to cure him if he would paint his Picture as big as Life. The Painter, charmed to obtain his Recovery so cheap, did not hesitate one Moment, but engaged to employ all the Secrets of his Art in doing it to the greatest Perfection, and so he did; for it is an excellent Piece: But what contributed much to render it such is, that the good St. *Anthony* took the Trouble to descend from Heaven to this Painter as often as he desired him, that he might be the surer of hitting his Likeness. There is another excellent Piece besides in this Church: It is the Resurrection of *Jesus Christ*, in Bas-relief, upon white Marble, of most delicate Sculpture.

The Church of S. *Stephen*

In the Church of St. *Stephen* is a Picture which they boast very much of here. It represents the Martyrdom of that Saint, and is by an *Italian*, whose Name is not known. But what appeared to me most worthy of Observation was, the Epitaph of a Curate of a Parish, who died of an Apoplectic Fit in this Church, which he had caused to be put here himself 24 Years before his Death: I am sure it will please you so much the better that it is of his own Composition, and you will find in it a Conciseness of Stile, and a Play of Words witty enough.

Remarkable Epitaph.

Ah! vita, quàm caduca, labilis, fragilis!
Dum vixi, cecidi cùm vixi
Ut surgam & canam Deo meo laudes.
Pie, quisquis es, accine,
Sic umbram, non umbram collustrabis.
Martinus Millerus Doctor, Capellanus,
Parochus, Fiscalis, Canonicus,
Cinis, Nihil.
Ætatis Anno XLVI.
Certò, incertò moriturus
Sibi, tibi, posuit.
Placidè vide, vive, vale.

Since his Death has been added.

Obiit piè in hac ipsa Ecclesia
Die X. *Octob. Anno Domini* M.DC.LXX.
Ætatis LXX. *& cineribus Matris*
Appositus est.

In

In the Church of the *Cordeliers* by the chief Altar is interred quite simply as a private Perſon the Cardinal of *Florence*, whoſe Epitaph follows in large Letters, without Dipthongs. 1705. *Auguſt* 6. CONSTANCE.

Anno Domini M.CCCC.XVII. VII. KL. *Octobris Conſtantie. in Concilio. generali. Franciſcus Zabarella. Patavinus. Card. Florentinus. Vir. Doctiſſimus. poſt. multa. ejus. in* Vtis *Ecclie. Vnionem. egregia merita. ſummo. omnium. cum. merore.*

Epitaph and Hiſtory of the Cardinal of *Florence.*

This Cardinal was born at *Padua*, where he had taught the Law with Reputation. Pope *John* XXII. gave him the Biſhopric of *Florence*, and afterwards a Cardinal's Hat. It is alſo not improbable that he would have been Pope had he lived much longer. His Name was *Francis Zafarella* or *Zabarella*, and his Title Cardinal of *Florence*, tho' he was of *Padua*. *Poggius* the *Florentin*, who was at *Conſtance* when this Cardinal died there, pronounced his Funeral Oration in the Preſence of the Fathers of the Council, and exalted him as a Prelate of ſingular Merit.

An antique Chapel.

There is alſo an ancient Chapel in this Church, built, according to Tradition, by a Duke of *Suabia*, before *Conſtance* was founded. This Prince being a Hunting, incountered a famous Dragon, which ſo afrighted his Horſe that he threw him into a deep Marſh; but the Prince recommending himſelf to the holy Virgin in his Fall, this good Lady made Branches of Willows ſprout up there on purpoſe, which catching hold of him ſaved his Life. In Commemoration of this miraculous Deliverance he built a Chapel on the Spot, where this Monſter met him, and the Marſh diſappeared forever.

A very ſingular Piece of Sculpture.

I did not ſee any Thing curious in any of the other Churches we viſited, except a Piece of gilt Sculpture in that of the *Dominicans*. It repreſents the Virgin *Mary* in the Agony of Death. Our Saviour ſits by her on her Bedſide, and gives her his Benediction: St. *Peter* ſtands near him with a Holy Water-ſprinkle in one Hand, the holy Water-pot in the other, and a Chaplet at his Girdle.

Other publick Buildings.

Beſides the Cathedral, in which there is very little worth Obſervation, there is at *Conſtance* a College of Jeſuits, whoſe Church is but indifferent; a Convent of *Benedictins*; one of *Dominicans*; one of *Auguſtins*, one of *Cordeliers*, one of *Capuchins*; two Monaſteries of Nuns; four Pariſhes, St. *Stephen*, St. *Paul*, St. *John*, and St. *Juſt*. About a Quarter of a League from Town, and on the left Side of the Lake, is a very fine Abbacy of *Auguſtin* Regulars, which is extremely rich.

The Hiſtory of *Conſtance.*

Conſtance, according to *Ortelius*, is the *Harodunum* of *Ptolomy*: It took its Name from *Conſtantius Chlorus* Father to *Conſtantine* the Great. The Biſhopric, Suffragan of *Mentz* or *Mayence* was tranſlated from *Windiſch* hither by King *Dagobert* I. *Windiſch*, which *Tacitus* calls *Vindoniſſa* in the fourth Book of his Hiſtory, was burnt by the *Helvetians* or *Swiſs* at their Incurſion into *Gaul*, in the Time of *Julius Cæſar*. Some time after the *Romans* rebuilt it; but the

1705. *August* 6. CONSTANCE. *Huns*, under the Command of *Attila*, raſed it in the Reign of *Valentinianus* III. ſo that there now remains no more but a little Village called *Windiſch*. As to *Conſtance* it has long been a Republic, and it aboliſhed Popery in 1522. *Charles* V. put it to the Ban of the Empire after he had defeated the League of *Smalcalden*, to which this Town had acceded in 1531. This was the Reaſon why the greater Part of the Proteſtants, with their Miniſters, retired to another Place. In Proceſs of Time it was made an Imperial City; but the Emperor *Rodolphus* II. making himſelf Maſter of it, it has always been Subject ſince to the Houſe of *Auſtria*. So that *Moreri* very improperly calls it an Imperial City. Marſhal *Horn*, the *Swediſh* General, beſieged it in 1633. but raiſed the Siege at the Requeſt of the *Helvetic* Body, and of the Duke *de Rohan* Embaſſador of *France* in *Switzerland*. The Beſieged gave out that ſeveral Miracles and Apparitions happened in their Favour during the Siege, to which few gave any Credit.

Its Deſcription. *Conſtance* is as big again as *Lindaw*; but ſo ill peopled that the Graſs grows almoſt in every Street. The Town-houſe is a mere Rat-neſt, and the Houſes in general are low and ill built. The Commerce of the Inhabitants has been long ſince upon a very indifferent Footing. In former Times the Convenience of the Lake brought a good Deal of Trade to this Place. All I have told is real Truth; yet the Sieur of *Rochefort* ſays in his Travels thro' *Germany* and *Poland*. "That the Town of *Conſtance* is one "of the richeſt and beſt inhabited in *Switzerland*, that its Cathedral (one "of the forrieſt to be ſeen any where) is magnificent in every Reſpect; that "the principal Altar in it is the moſt ſumptuous of all the Altars in the Ca-"tholic Churches of *Switzerland*; that no Traveller ought to miſs ſeeing "the Town-houſe."

Abſurdities of the Sieur *Rochefort*.

Fortifications of *Conſtance*. The Fortifications are tolerably good: On the Land-ſide are Baſtions, Ravelins, Cavaliers, the whole ſurrounded with a thick Hedge, and a double Ditch full of Water: On the Side of the Lake there is but a ſimple Wall. The *Rhine* comes out of it not above a Muſket-ſhot below the Town, and runs into the Lake of *Zell* by a Canal on which the Town is ſituated.

And Bridge. There is a Bridge over it, which is 336 Paces long: This Bridge is of Wood, ſix Arches excepted, which are of Stone, and at one End of it: Below it is a Mill which moves 16 Mill-ſtones at once, by ſeveral very well contived Machines.

The Government. Though *Conſtance* be ſubject to the Emperor, yet it has a Sort of Senate; it is governed by two Burgomaſters, a grand Bailiff, 24 Counſellors, and 18 other Perſons. The Citizens, who will not acquieſce in the Deciſions of the Magiſtracy, may appeal to the Chancery of *Inſpruck*, the Capital of *Tirol*.

The learned Men it has given Birth to. The learned *Udalrichus* or *Hulrichus Zaſius*, one of the moſt famous Lawyers in his Time, was born in this Town. He ſtudied here likewiſe, and acquired a great Reputation; but being called to the Univerſity of *Friburg*

Friburg in *Briſgaw*, he made ſuch Progreſs in his Studies that he ſoon was looked upon as the greateſt Lawyer of that Age. After writing a great Number of Books in that Branch of Learning, he died there univerſally regretted by all who knew him. The Magiſtracy erected a magnificent Tomb to his Memory, with this Epitaph: 1705. *Auguſt* 6. CONSTANCE.

> *Hulricho Zaſio Juriſconſulto ſuorum temporum toto Orbe celeberr. Hujus Academiæ Ornamento ſingulari. In reſtaurando Jure Municipali jam olim ſtrenuam operam navanti. Aliiſque multis nominibus de ſe benè merito. Magiſtratus officii memor, fieri juſſit. Conceſſit Naturæ Anno Salutis* M.D.XXXV. VIII. *Kal. Decemb.*

The Biſhop of *Conſtance* now ſitting is called *John Francis Schenk van Stoeffenberg*, an ancient Barony in *Suabia*. He is Prince of the Empire, as the other Biſhops in *Germany*, and firſt Director of the Circle of *Suabia*. The Duke of *Wirtemberg* is but the ſecond; ſo true is it that the Prieſts have always found means to get the upper Hand of the Laity. This Biſhop ordinarily reſides at *Merſburg*, a very pretty Town on the Lake: There he has a pretty ſplendid Court, and keeps a Grand Chamberlain, a Grand Maſter of the Horſe, a Grand Hunter, a Grand Marſhal, in a Word, all the Grandeur of the greateſt Courts in *Germany*, but in Miniature; and all this *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The Biſhop and his Prerogatives.

His Dioceſe extends into the Demeſnes of the Cantons of *Schaffhouſen*, *Zurich*, and *Bern*, in which he has the Collation of ſeveral Eccleſiaſtical Benefices, Proteſtant as well as Catholic. The Chapter of *Conſtance* conſiſts but of twelve Canons, and ſome Chaplains. The Grand Provoſt, who is at preſent the Count of *Schallenberg*, has 20000 *German* Florins of Revenue by his Benefice, and each Canon has between 1000 and 1200. The Extent of his Dioceſe and Chapter.

As the Biſhop of *Conſtance* is the laſt Biſhop of *Germany* on this Side, I think it is not amiſs before I go into the Proteſtant Cantons of *Switzerland*, to ſay ſomething to you of the preſent State of the Eccleſiaſtical Princes of the Empire. Digreſſion on the Eccleſiaſtical Princes of the Empire.

The Eccleſiaſtical Princes are Archbiſhops, Biſhops, or Abbots. The Archbiſhoprics of *Bremen* and *Magdeburg* having been converted into ſecular Principalities ought not to be included in that Claſs, no more than thoſe of *Cambray* and *Beſançon*, which are now ſevered from the Empire. Thoſe of *Mentz*, *Treves*, and *Cologne* are annexed to three Electorats, ſo that there only remains now the Archbiſhop of *Saltzburg*, who beſides his Seat in the States, is born Legate of the See of *Rome* in the Empire. His Country is almoſt entirely ſurrounded with Mountains, and the greater Part of his Revenue, which is very conſiderable, conſiſts of Salt-pits. This Prince is at the Head of all the Eccleſiaſtics, whom he governs alternately with the Archduke of *Auſtria*. Theſe Archdukes having claimed the Precedency of all the ſecular Princes in the Aſſembly of the States, on Ac- There are three Sorts of them. Archbiſhops.

1705. *August* 6. CONSTANCE.

count of the great Prerogatives of their Houſe, ſaw the whole Body in an Inſurrection againſt them; and could find no more honourable Place than that which the Eccleſiaſtical Princes gave them: The Archbiſhop of *Salzburg* did not conſent to it, but on Condition that he and the Archdukes ſhould have the Precedency by Turns.

Biſhops.

There were anciently 30 Biſhoprics, which entitled to the Quality of Princes, and to a Seat in the Diet of the States: But ſome of them have been converted into ſecular Principalities, and others have been diſmembered, or have loſt their Right of Suffrage. Here I think is a Liſt of thoſe which retain their Privileges. *Bamberg*, *Wurtzburg*, *Worms*, *Spire*, *Eichſted*, *Augsburg*, *Conſtance*, *Hildeſheim*, *Paderborn*, *Munſter*, *Oſnabruk*, *Paſſaw*, *Friſſingen*, *Liege*, *Trente*, *Brixen*, *Baſle*, *Straſbourg*. All theſe Biſhops are Eccleſiaſtical Princes, and have the ſame Privileges, and the ſame Rights and Powers as other Princes: They can make War and Alliances; but though their Quality be equal, yet their actual Strength is very different: Some have large Cities, ſtrong Places, and large Dominions: Others have only the Title of Princes. Among thoſe Biſhops, thoſe of *Bamberg*, *Wurtzburg*, and *Munſter*, are undoubtedly the moſt potent.

The Biſhop of *Bamberg*.

The Biſhop of *Bamberg* has the Precedency of all the reſt, and his Prerogatives are very conſiderable: He holds immediately of his Holineſs the Pope, and recognizes no other Metropolitan, as I already told you in the Article of *Bamberg*: His ordinary Reſidence is in that City, and the other more conſiderable Places belonging to him are *Cronach* and *Fortzheim*: He and the Markgrave of *Bareith* are the Directors of the Circle of *Franconia*.

Biſhop of *Wurtzburg*.

The Biſhop of *Wurtzburg* takes the Title of Duke of *Franconia*, which is attached to his Biſhopric: That State is extremely well ſituated in the Heart of *Franconia*, in a moſt fertile, agreeable Country: The River *Mein* enables it to carry on ſome Commerce; but it bears the Marks of the War, as moſt States in the Empire do. I believe I have already told you that the Biſhop of *Wurtzburg* has actually ten thouſand regular Troops on Foot, the greater Part of whom are in the Emperor's Service.

The Character of *Galen* Biſhop of *Munſter*.

The Biſhop of *Munſter* is alſo very potent, witneſs what was performed by the famous *Bernard Galen*, who, by Reaſon of the Vicinity of his Territory with that of the States-General of the *United Provinces*, had frequent Quarrels with them, and carried on War againſt them very vigorouſly. This Prince was active, enterprizing and reſolute: He made himſelf to be feared by his Enemies, and reſpected by his Subjects, whom he ruled with great Authority. I can't ſay any Thing poſitively about the Revenue of this Biſhopric; but the Biſhop, in Caſe of Neceſſity, eaſily augments it.

Biſhop of *Liege*.

The Biſhopric of *Liege*, which at preſent belongs to the Elector of *Cologne*, is likewiſe very conſiderable; but at preſent he is overwhelmed by quartering of the Troops of the Allies upon him.

The

The Biſhopric of *Oſnabruck* lies in the Lower *Saxony*, and is filled alternately by a *Catholic* and a *Lutheran*; its Revenue is ſufficient to ſupport a Prince. The Eſtates of the other Biſhops are ſo narrow that they have barely enough to keep up the Quality of Princes with any tolerable Degree of Dignity. 1705. *Auguſt* 6. CONSTANCE.

The Grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* Order, and the Grand Prior of *Malta* have likewiſe each of them a Rank and Seat among the Eccleſiaſtical Princes. The *Teutonic* Order was anciently very conſiderable in *Germany*, till the Houſe of *Brandeburg* poſſeſſed itſelf of *Pruſſia* which belonged to it. Since this Loſs it has ever been declining. That of *Malta* has ſuffered almoſt the ſame Revolutions. Both do but juſt preſerve ſome Remains of their ancient Wealth and Greatneſs. The grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* Order, and the grand Prior of *Malta*.

The Abbot of *Fulden* is the firſt of the Abbot-Princes: He has the Title of Arch-chancellor of the Empreſs, and even diſputes the Precedency with the Electors. This Abbacy is the richeſt and moſt potent in *Europe*, notwithſtanding all it hath ſuffered by the preceding Wars. It is very conſiderable not only by its vaſt Revenues, but its noble Privileges. The Abbot-Princes.

The other Abbeys which were originally not ſo rich as that of *Fulden*, were more eaſily ſunk by the Violences of War; and their Abbots have ſcarcely a Competency remaining to ſupport their Dignity of Princes: All the Advantage they have by that Title conſiſts in the Rank and Seat it gives them in the Diet of the Empire. The other Abbacies.

The Jealouſy of the Proteſtant Princes, who cannot endure that private Gentlemen, raiſed to the Rank of Princes by Election, ſhould be upon a Footing with them, is a great Obſtacle to the Power of the Eccleſiaſtical Princes, who are every Day loſing Hopes of recovering the Riches which has been taken from them. This occaſions a great Miſunderſtanding in the College of the Princes, and makes every Motion there ſuſpected. The Biſhops can't digeſt the Diminution of their Demeſnes, which the preceding Wars have authorized. This makes them try all Methods of getting the better of theſe Uſurpations upon them; but the Proteſtant Princes, whoſe Intereſt it manifeſtly is to diſappoint theſe Schemes of the Eccleſiaſtics, on their Side take all Methods to break their Meaſures, and render their Politics ineffectual. Here is all I have been able to learn concerning the preſent State of the Eccleſiaſtical Princes of the Empire. Jealouſy of the Proteſtant Princes againſt the Prelates.

CHAP.

1705. *August* 7. CONSTANCE.

CHAP. LII.

Lake of Zell. Reichnaw, *a remarkable Iſland in that Lake, and Deſcription of it. A rich Abbacy in this Iſland. The Church. The Tomb of* Charles *the Fat. His Epitaph and Portrait. Other Curioſities. Singular Relics. A prodigious Emerald. The Library. The Hiſtory of this Abbacy. No venemous Beaſts in this Iſland: And why?*

Rapidity of the *Rhine.*

THERE being no more to ſee at *Conſtance*, to Day we ſet out in a Sort of *Gondola*, and began to go down the *Rhine*, which is very rapid when it iſſues out of the Lake of *Conſtance*, and a long Way afterwards. We went at the Rate of two Leagues an Hour, which was much pleaſanter than going up this River againſt the Stream from *Cologne* to *Francfort*.

Lake of *Zell*, and a remarkable Iſland in it.

It was about Ten o'Clock when we came to a ſmall Iſland where we were to put in; but a Sort of Miſt hid it from our View. A Circumſtance which put me in Mind of the inviſible Iſland of *Alcidiane*, which *Gomberville* took for the principal Scene of his Romance of *Polexandre*, and which he makes this poor King of the *Canary* Iſlands hunt for in vain ſo many Years thro' Rocks and Tempeſts. I was juſt going to order our Boat-men to row on without ſearching any longer for a little Iſland, as capricious perhaps as the other, when the Sun appearing, diſſipated the Miſt ſurrounding it, and our Rowers plying their Oars as faſt as they could, we diſcovered it, and landed in a little Time after. We went aſhore in the moſt *Southern* Point of it, without ſounding or calling a Pilot, becauſe there are no Sand-banks or Rocks betwixt Wind and Water on its Coaſts, which are very clear.

Called *Reichnaw* and exactly deſcribed.

This Iſland is called *Reichnaw*, anciently *Augia*. Its Territory is extremely fertile in Corn, Wine, and Fruit, and all that is neceſſary and agreeable to Life; in ſhort, it is an earthly Paradiſe. It has two Capes or Promontories, one to the South, the other to the North, with ſeveral Bays and Creeks, ſo that one may land any where upon it without Danger of running a Ground. As for its Mountains, Foreſts, and Rivers, I will ſay nothing of them, for I have not ſeen them; but as to its Circuit I can aſſure you it is no leſs than two large Leagues. We travelled thro' a great Part of it before we arrived at the Palace of the *Bailly*, which is large and ſpacious in Proportion to the Iſland. Imagine to yourſelf *Sancho Panca*, Governour of *Barataria*, the Caſe is much the ſame, only the Bailly of *Reichnaw* has no Phyſician to attend his Perſon, who by a Touch of his Wand makes the Plates vaniſh ſo ſoon as he begins to eat heartily: On

the contrary this good Bailly no ſooner knew who we were, than he ſet all Hands to Work in the Kitchen, in order to regale us. 1705. *Auguſt* 6.

CONSTANCE.

After our Repaſt, he conducted us to a large Abbacy of *Benedictins*, of which the Biſhop of *Conſtance* is Abbot. It being to Day a Feſtival with them, Divine Service over, we found in a large and pleaſant Apartment, in the Middle of four Alleys of Trees which croſs the Garden, the Reverend Father Prior, with half a Dozen of his Monks, drinking together a hearty Glaſs, and ratling the Box and Dice as faſt as they could, and to ſome Purpoſe; that is to ſay, the Stakes were no leſs than Ducats or *Lewis d'Ors*. I was tempted to aſk the Bailly what *Dom Japhet* of *Armenia* aſked the Bailly of *Orgas* in *Spain*.

A rich Abbacy in this Iſland.

——————*Bailly, dans le Bourg votre,*
Fait-on avec trois os inſulte au Bien d'autrui?

But the Prior prevented me, who together with his Companion Monks left their Play ſo ſoon as they ſaw us, to receive us in their Way, *i. e.* make us ſwallow ſome Brimmers before they would ſpeak of any Thing elſe.

After a little tinkling of Glaſſes, the Baily having told them we were Strangers who deſired to ſee the Curioſities in their Convent, they led us immediately into the Church, where the firſt Tomb they ſhewed us was that of *Charles* the Fat, Emperor and King of *France*, who lies buried here in the ſimpleſt Manner. You know the Hiſtory of this unfortunate Prince, Son to *Lewis* King of *Germany*, who, after the Death of his two Brothers *Lewis* and *Carloman*, was ſole Maſter of all *Germany*, *Italy*, and the whole Kingdom of *France*; but being afterwards depoſed in the moſt ſhameful Manner, he was reduced to ſuch an Extremity, that he had ſcarcely Suſtenance. 'Twas this ſame Prince, who after having routed the *Normans* in ſeveral Engagements, was at laſt forced to yield *Neuſtria* to them, where they ſettled, and changed its Name into that of *Normandy*. Here is the Epitaph upon his Tomb in *Gothic* Letters.

Tomb of *Charles* the Fat and his Story.

Carolus craſſus *Rex Sueviæ, Pronepos Caroli Magni, Italiam potenter intravit, eamque devicit, Imperiumque Romanorum, ubi Cæſar coronatur, obtinuit, ac mortuo Fratre ſuo Ludovico, univerſam Germaniam & Galliam jure hereditario acquiſivit. Demùm animo mente, & corpore deficiens, ab Imperio ſanè magno cum Fortunæ ludibrio dejectus, à ſuis omnibus poſt poſitus, humili hoc in loco jacet. Obiit anno Domini* 888. Id. Jan. *in cujus memoriam Chriſtophorus Dei gratiâ Epiſcopus Conſtant. Augiæque majoris Dominus, Monumentum iſtud de novo reſtaurari, & refici curavit anno à partu Virginis* 1560.

His Epitaph.

The

1705. *August* 6. The Portrait of this poor unhappy Emperor is alſo painted in Oil Colours, upon the Wall of this Church near his Monument, with the four following Verſes underneath.

Pannonas & Cimbros deverſo Marte ſubegit
Carolus, *à craſſo corpore nomen habens.*
Sed benè quas Juvenis Regni tractarat habenas,
His iterùm Senior diſpoliatus obit.

The Corpſe of St *Mark* and its Legend. The ſecond Curioſity they ſhewed us in this Church, is a Shrine of Silver gilt, in which are depoſited the Corps of St. *Mark* the Evangeliſt; ſo at leaſt the Prior ſwore; for the *Monks* in this part of the World make no more Scruple of ſwearing, than thoſe in *Spain*. The Legend of this Saint bears, that a Biſhop named *Rodolphus*, who was likewiſe Abbot of this Abbey having cured a *Doge* of *Venice*, whoſe Name is not preſerved, of a ſecret Diſeaſe ſo inveterate, that it ſurpaſſed the Skill of all the *Eſculapii* in *Italy*; that *Doge* gave him clandeſtinely this holy Relick in Recompenſe. It adds, that this holy Biſhop having met with ſome Unbelievers like yourſelf, put his Hand into a Cauldron of boiling Water in their Preſence, to prove that this was truly the Body of St. *Mark*, and pulled it out ſafe and unhurt.

At the Hearing of this fine Story, I could not help ſaying to the Prior, that I would not adviſe him to maintain that Doctrine at *Venice*; for without Regard to his Character, they would moſt certainly ſend him to pay a Viſit to the Bottom of one of their deepeſt Canals, well wrapt up in a Sack; the ordinary Puniſhment there of thoſe who are too free with the Republic.

That of St. *Januarius*. They ſhewed us another Shrine of Silver gilt, in which reſts the Body of my Lord St. *Januarius*, who ſuffered Martyrdom under *Diocleſian* and *Maximian*. As for this Corpſe, the Prior ingeniouſly acknowledged that it wants the Head; and had he ſaid otherwiſe we would not have believed him; for all the World knows that the *Neapolitans*, who have taken this Saint for their Patron and Interceſſor with God, boaſt of having his Body and Head, and a Viol full of his Blood, which liquifies and boils when it is brought near this moſt holy Head.

Singular Relicks. They ſhewed us likewiſe, which was a very particular Favour, the Smock the *Virgin Mary* had upon her the Night our Saviour came into the World, (they pretend to have this Shift at *Aix-la-Chapelle*) a Plainer and a Gimblet which St. *Joſeph* made uſe of; a Piece of the Skin wherewith St. *John* the Baptiſt was coverd in the Deſart, which is kept in a Silver-box, with ſome Pairings of his Nails; the Apoſtle St. *Bartholomew*'s Scull; the Sandals the little *Zacheus* wore when he mounted up to the Top of the *Sycamore* Tree to ſee *Jeſus Chriſt* paſs; one of the Veſſels uſed at the Wedding-Feaſt of *Cana*, much larger than any of thoſe at *Cologne* or *Bamberg*. So that we have already ſeen three of theſe Veſſels ſince we begun our Travels. Add to them the three I ſaw at *Oneille* in *Spain*, at St. *Denis* and at *Angers*

in *France*; and thus I may hope to have ſeen them all before I return to *England*. 1705. *Auguſt* 6.

But the greateſt Curioſity in this Church, which accordingly they keep for the laſt Bit, was an Emerald of a gigantic Size that is worth a whole Kingdom. That you may not think I exaggerate, I muſt tell you that this true or pretended Emerald is two Foot broad, thirteen Inches high, three Inches thick, and ſet into a Frame of Ebony like a Picture: A Gold Frame would far better become this Queen of Emeralds. Could you imagine there was ſuch a Treaſure hid in this ſmall Iſland, and among a Parcel of *Monks?* A very large Emerald.

If we may believe the Tradition the Prior gave us of this Emerald, it was ſent from *Conſtantinople* with ſeveral others to *Charlemagne* by the Empreſs *Irene* Mother to *Conſtantin* VII. You know that this ambitious Woman was very deſirous to eſpouſe that Prince, in order to be Empreſs of the *Eaſt* and *Weſt* at once, and that ſhe took ſome Steps to ſatisfy this Inclination: And that perhaps may have given riſe to this Tradition, coined to give more probability to the pretended Reality of this huge Jewel. Another Proof of its Value: The Prior aſſured us, with luſty Oaths, that the famous *Alvarez*, Jeweller and Lapidary to the King of *France*, coming to this Place, a little before the Declaration of War, on purpoſe to ſee this great Curioſity, after having carefully examined it, offered twenty thouſand Piſtols for half a pound of it, if they would allow him to cut it, and to pay at the ſame Rate if he ſhould cut more than that Quantity; adding, that if it were not ſplit from Top to Bottom no Monarch in the World was rich enough to buy it. If this be true, it is an unanſwerable Proof of its Value. Yet I imagine I hear you ſay, with your uſual Scepticiſm about every thing that ſavours of the Marvellous: The Hiſtory of it.

Credat Judæus Apella. Non Ego.

To tell you my Mind frankly, this boaſted of Jewel appears to me to be rather a Compoſition than a genuine Emerald; ſo much the rather, that it is of a purer Green and ſofter Colour than the moſt perfect ones generally are. As for the *Jew*'s Offer, it has to me entirely the Air of a fine Puff invented by the Prior to gain more Credit to his Jewel. However, they ſeem to believe in this Abbacy that it is of immenſe Value, for it is impriſoned in a little Hole dug in the Wall of the Church, which is ſecured with a double Iron-grate well padlocked. But notwithſtanding all the Buſtle they make about this pretended Treaſure, they have ſuffered the Surface of it to be much damaged, by allowing ſeveral Perſons to ſcratch their Names on it with the Point of a Diamond. The Reverend Father Prior offered us the ſame Favour very politely, but we did not think it proper to abuſe his Complaiſance, nor indeed to mix our Names with thoſe Fools, who had not ſcrupled to eternize (ſo to ſpeak) their fantaſtical Va- The Author's Opinion about it.

1705. *August* 7. nity, by inſcribing their Names on a Jewel which is looked upon by its Proprietors to be the moſt precious one in the Univerſe.

The Library. From the Church we went into the Library, which is furniſhed with a great Number of Manuſcripts, the rareſt of which is a *Virgil* 8 or 900 Years old. By the way in which we found the principal Perſons of this Convent diverting themſelves at our Arrival, I can ſcarcely think they often amuſe themſelves with turning over theſe Manuſcripts. Father *Mabillon* who lodged here a whole Month, made Uſe enough of them both for himſelf and the *Monks* too.

An extraordinary long Beard. They ſhewed us likewiſe the Portrait of the Father of the preſent Lawyer or Attorney of the Abbacy, named *John Bendul* great Counſellor of *Ravenſpurg*, who died in 1677. His Beard was ſo long that he trod upon it, and the Day his Son took the Habit of a *Monk* he aſſiſted at the Ceremony and the Feſtival, where in Preſence of all who were there, he girded himſelf about the Middle twice with his Beard, as if it had been a Scarf. In truth, this Gentleman might have ſaid with better Reaſon than *Dameſippus* in the third *Satyr* of the ſecond Book of *Horace*:

——— *Tempore quo me*
Sertinius *juſſit ſapientem paſcere Barbam.*

Other Curioſities. We alſo ſaw in this Library, a Piece of far greater Curioſity than this wonderful Beard; namely, a Chronology of the World, from *Adam* to *Conſtantin* the Great, in ſmall Miniatures, upon Leaves of Vellum paſted together, and rolled up in the Form of a Cylinder. I obſerved in it, among other Things, that *Eve* was aſſiſted by two Midwives in bringing *Cain* to Bed; an Authority to ſupport the Syſtem of the *Pre-Adamites*.

Hiſtory of this Abbacy. The Abbacy of *Reichnaw* was anciently opulent and powerful, and had its own Abbot in particular who reſided there. It was founded in 724, by St. *Firmin* Biſhop of *Milden*. *Charlemagne* made rich Preſents to it, among others, of the Town and Territory of *Ulm*, which afterwards purchaſed its Liberty by a vaſt Sum; ſo that this Monaſtery was one of the richeſt which the *Benedictines* poſſeſſed in *Germany*. Hiſtory tells us, that the laſt of its reſidential Abbots (a true Abbot in every Reſpect) led a very ſcandalous Life, and that his *Monks* followed his Example; inſomuch that the Biſhop of *Conſtance*, in whoſe Dioceſe it is, depoſed the Abbot, reformed the Abbacy, made himſelf Abbot, and appropriated the greater Part of the Revenue to himſelf. This was not done, you may eaſily believe, without long Informations and a formal Proceſs. The Bailif ſhewed us the Writings, but they are too prolix to be copied.

St. *Firmin* drives all the venemous Beaſts out of this Iſland. Another Rarity we were informed of is, that the good Biſhop St. *Firmin* Founder of this famous Abbacy, ſo importuned Heaven by his fervent Prayers, that he made all the Serpents, Lizards, Toads, Spiders, and every venemous Beaſt forſake this Iſland; ſo that there are none now to be found in it. Thus *Reichnaw* is a ſecond *Ireland*, at leaſt in Miniature: And the

Iriſh

Iriſh St. *Patrick* was not the only one who had the Secret of driving away all Sorts of Vermin. To recompenſe St. *Firmin*'s Trouble and good Service, he was buried in the Church of this Abbacy which he had founded; but not till he had been dead 90 Years: Nay, he was obliged to appear to the Biſhop of *Conſtance* then living, to point out the Place to him where his Body was laid, in a Manner not ſuitable to his Dignity and Sanctity. So true is it, that Men have been, and always will be, ungrateful, from *Adam* to the End of the World. 1705. *Auguſt.* 7.

CHAP. LIII.

Towns and fine Country between Reichnaw *and* Schaffhouſen. *Mr.* Hollander *Magiſtrate of that City Poſſeſſor of the Conſular Medals of* Charles Patin. *Reflexion upon thoſe who collect ſuch kind of Curioſities. The famous Caſcade of the* Rhine *deſcribed. A ſurprizing Hiſtory.* Schaffhouſen *deſcribed. The Origine of its Name and Arms.*

Several Towns on the Banks of the Lake of *Zell.*

AFter returning Thanks to theſe *Monks* for their Civility, and to the Baliff, who had gone to the Extremity of the Iſland with us, we re-embarked about one 'o Clock. It was a dead Calm; but our Boatmen rowed ſtoutly, and ſoon after we left to the Right, at the Bottom of the Cove of the lower Lake the ſmall Town of *Zell*, belonging to the Houſe of *Auſtria*. About three we paſſed *Steckborn*, which is upon the left Side, and in the Territory of the Biſhop of *Conſtance*. About five o' Clock we arrived at *Stein*, the firſt Town in the Canton of *Zurich*, very pleaſantly ſituated, and fortified by a Caſtle that commands it. We walked through the Town till we had got another Bark ready; for here one finds Relays of Boats, which are managed by *Swiſs* Boatmen, whereas in thoſe from *Conſtance*, the Boatmen are *Germans*. Both do their Buſineſs with abundance of Ph'egm, *i. e.* ſlowly enough. It is at *Stein* the *Rhine* iſſues out of the Lake of *Zell*, and confines itſelf in the Channel which it keeps to *Holland*.

Stein in the Canton of *Zurich.*

Beauty of the Country along the *Rhine.*

There is no finer Country than this which we ſee all the Way in our Deſcent on the *Rhine* to *Shaffhouſen*: The two Sides of this River are charming, and the Proſpect at a Diſtance not leſs agreeable. One ſees at a great Diſtance the Fortreſs of *Hohentwiel*, belonging to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, who keeps at all times a ſtrong Garriſon in it. This Fortreſs is the moſt conſiderable Place in the Duchy of *Wirtemberg*, ſituated upon a high Mountain, extremely ſtrong by Nature, and of great Importance, commanding the Entry into the Country on that Side. The Wars in *Germany* have rendered it very famous by the long Sieges it ſtood againſt ſeveral Armies of the Emperor which were not able to take it. We are informed by Hiſtory that two Brothers, both Dukes of *Wirtemberg*, being engaged

1725. *August* 7. *Dieſſenhofen.* in different Parties, were upon the Point of giving Battle near this Place without knowing one another.

We coaſted by the little Town of *Dieſſenhofen*, the Inhabitants of which are a Medley, *i. e.* part Catholics and part Proteſtants; But they live together in perfect Harmony, being much wiſer in that Reſpect than many others that differ in Matters of Religion, and who are ready to cut one another's Throats on that Account. The Proſpect does not change to the worſe; on the Contrary, new Beauties are ever and anon appearing to the Sight. At laſtwe arrived at *Schaffhouſen* about 8 o' Clock.

August. 8. *Shaffhouſen* Capital of a Canton. To Day we viſited a moſt worthy Magiſtrate of this Town named *Hollander*, whoſe Houſe, we had been told, was a great Curioſity. He recieved us in the Veſtible of his Houſe, it not being the Cuſtom here to receive in what you call in *England* Parlours, any other Perſons beſides the Magiſtrates. Were I to mention all the Uſages that differ from ours, I ſhould everlaſtingly make Digreſſions. Hence Mr. *Hollander* conducted us into the Library, which is not large or numerous, but conſiſts of well-choſen Books. There are ſome Pictures in it which he highly eſteems.

Mr. *Hollander* a polite learned Magiſtrate, and his Curioſities.

His Medals. But what he values more than his Books or Pictures, is a Series of Conſular Medals, and another of the Emperors, from the firſt *Brutus* to the pitiful *Auguſtulus*. I wiſhed for you more than once here, that you might have had the Joy this curious Collection of Antiquities would infallibly have given you. As to the Suite of the Emperors and Empreſſes, he collected them all himſelf with great Labour and Trouble: But the Conſular Series he had all at once by a very particular Chance. They are Silver and very fine. I'll tell you how he came by them.

How he came by them. Mr. *Charles Patin*, in paſſing through *Schaffhouſen*, went to ſee Mr. *Hollander*, and giving him to underſtand that he wanted exceedingly 3 or 400 Ducats to finiſh his Travels and return into *Italy*, Mr. *Hollander* offered him that Sum very civilly. *Patin* accepted the Offer, and to make a ſuitable Return to the Friendſhip of this Magiſtrate, would needs leave as a Pledge with him, this Series of Conſular Medals, which he had collected and carried about with him. *Patin* died ſoon after at *Padua*, where he was Profeſſor; and his Widow was not very ſollicitous about redeeming theſe Medals; ſo that they have remained with Mr. *Hollander* for the Sum he had lent to Mr. *Charles Patin*.

A Reflexion upon the Vanity of thoſe who amaſs Curioſities. Let us reflect a Moment upon this Effect of Chance, which ſo plainly proves the Vanity of all worldly Things. Men generally have a Paſſion for collecting with great Labour and Expence, Treaſures, Jewels, Medals, Pictures, Books, in a Word, Cabinets of Curioſities—— and to what End? To leave them all at once, much againſt their Will, to Perſons who give them no manner of Thanks for them? With how much Induſtry and Toil had the poor *Patin* accompliſhed his Deſire of making up a compleat Series of Conſular Medals? Yet Mr. *Hollander* who never gave himſelf

ſelf any Trouble about them, never ſtirred one Foot out of *Schaffhouſen* to get them, is now Maſter of this rare Collection for a middling Sum. 1705. *Auguſt* 8.

SHAFF-HOUSEN.

Let us return to the Medals. As he ſeemed to imagine that I knew ſomething of the Matter, he ſhewed me an *Otho* in large Braſs, very much damaged by Fire, and aſked me, if I did not take it to be genuine. I was aſhamed to own my Ignorance, and acted the *Norman*, *i. e.* neither ſaid yea nor nay, but ſhook my Head twice or thrice while I looked on the Medal, which had ſome Marks of Antiquity. That was ſufficient for the Burgomaſter to make him fancy me a Judge; and he told me ſmiling, that I was in the right, but that four or five pretended Antiquaries had been deceived. You ſee what it is to aſſume a little Impudence on certain Occaſions: Alas! how many are there who have the Reputation of Learned, without poſſeſſing one Grain of any other Science, but that of knowing how to put on an Air of Aſſurance? A Medal of *Otho* in Braſs.

The Cataracts of the *Rhine* which are not above half a League below *Shaff-houſen*, being famous over all *Europe*, we would not miſs this Occaſion of ſeeing them. This marvellous Caſcade cannot be eaſily deſcribed: However I will endeavour to give you a ſhort Account of it. The *Rhine*, after running a pretty while very ſmoothly over ſmall Rocks betwixt Wind and Water, ruſhes with a terrible Noiſe into certain Cavities made by Cluſters of other Rocks. Hence it falls with an inexprimable Rapidity, all in white Froth like the Waves of the Sea, between four or five large Rocks of different Heights, which Nature ſeems to have cut ſteep merely for the Sake of this Prodigy. This Fall upon the Rocks produces three Caſcades thro' three different Canals. The largeſt and moſt impetous of theſe Caſcades is, that which falls on the left Bank of the River between two Rocks (one of which is above fifty Cubits high) that are continually hollowed at the Bottom by the deſcending Torrent. They reflect a Sort of Rain which raiſes itſelf up in the Air, and falls down like a Cloud at the Diſtance of two hundred Paces from the Precipice. What is moſt particular is, that the Manner in which the Water falls makes a fine Circle in the Middle of this Caſcade. The other two, one of which devides itſelf into Branches, have likewiſe vaſt Force and Impetuoſity, and all together they make a deafning Noiſe. The Place where this River begins to precipitate itſelf, as it were over five or ſix Steps, may be about 200 Paces broad, and the Height of the Caſcade is between 40 and 50 Feet. *Aug.* 9, 10. The Cataracts or Fall of the *Rhine* exactly deſcribed.

On the right Side, not far from the firſt Caſcade, there is a very conſiderable Forge which brings in a vaſt Revenue, where Day and Night a prodigious Quantity of Iron is made that is carried over all *Switzerland*; and it was neceſſary to raiſe a Mole of more than a hundred Paces long to convey the Water which moves the huge Hammers in this Forge. It belongs to our Bankers who made us Breakfaſt in it after the Cuſtom of the Country. During this Repaſt I imagined myſelf in *Sicily* amidſt the *Cyclops*, in the Patron of the Cuckolds Shop. A conſiderable Forge near it.

On

1705. *Aug.* 9 10. On the left Bank of the River, and on the Top of the Rock, which bounds the large Caſcade, is a Caſtle belonging to the Lords of *Zurich*, who keep a Bailif there, whoſe Juriſdiction extends as far as the Bridge of *Schaffhouſen* on this Side the *Rhine*.

SHAFFHOUSEN.

A dreadful Fall from this Caſcade.

They tell a marvellous Story here of a Boat-man of *Stein*, who ſetting out with his Boat loaded with Goods about Midnight, in order to get early to *Schaffhouſen*, fell into a ſound Sleep. This poor Fellow, ſay they, was carried ſnoring by the Current of the Water, firſt under the Bridge of the Town, without his Boats being daſhed againſt its Arches, and then towards the great Caſcade, without waking till he was juſt upon it; ſo that he made the moſt terrible Leap imaginable. Who could think that he ſhould not be ſquaſhed into Pieces againſt ſo many Rocks? But not at all: Neither he nor his Boat ſuffered the leaſt Hurt: They got over all the Precipices, and eſcaped ſafe and ſound; nay which is more, not one of his Goods a-board, not a ſingle Cabbage or Turnipe was loſt in the Fall; yet a Duck could not paſs this Way without being minced into a thouſand Bits. See how whatever favours of the miraculous impreſſes itſelf upon weak Minds, and then paſſes current in Oppoſition to Reaſon and common Senſe for an inconteſtable Tradition in all Countries whatſoever.

A Deſcription of *Schaffhouſen.*

Shaffhouſen is divided into two Parts by the *Rhine*: The largeſt Part of the Town which is on the right Side is in *Germany*, the leſſer on the left is in *Switzerland*, and a very fine Bridge of Stone makes the Communication. This Town is pretty large; the Houſes handſome and commodious; the Streets open and clean, adorned with ſeveral Fountains, moſt of which are embelliſhed with Pillars in the Middle of their Baſons, with Statues upon them of *William Tell*, that famous Archer, and of the two other Deliverers of their Country. It has nothing but a ſimple Wall round it, with a dry Ditch. It is the Capital of one of the four Proteſtant Cantons, and its Government is like that of *Zurich*, *Bern*, and *Baſil*. The Soil is agreeable and fertile in all the Neceſſaries of Life, but chiefly in Wines.

Origin of its Name.

There are different Opinions about the Riſe of its Name. Some call it *Schaffhauſe*, which ſignifies a Houſe or Fold of Sheep, founding their Opinion upon this, that there was formerly here a vaſt Commerce in Sheep, and that its Arms are a Ram. Others call it *Schiffhauſe*, that is, a Houſe or Rendevouz of Boats, and derive this Name from hence, that all the Barks which come from the Lake of *Conſtance* by the *Rhine* are obliged to ſtop at *Schaffhouſen* to unload their Cargoes, which muſt be carried over Land below the Caſcade to be re-imbarked. This appears to me the more probable Etymology; yet the former being the more general and prevailing Opinion, we ſhall not oppoſe the Torrent; a Traveller ſhould ſeldom attempt to diſabuſe People of their Prejudices. 'Tis wiſer for him to do as the learned *Domitius Calderinus*, who as good a Catholic as he was, laughed at Maſs, yet went to it with the reſt, ſaying, *Eamus ad communes Errores.* The *Roman* Catholics at *Schaffhauſen* go out of Town to perform their

their Devotions in an Abbey on the other Side of the *Rhine* called *the Paradice*. 1705. *Aug.* 9-10.

There being no more to ſee at *Schaffhouſen*, we ſet out at Five in the Evening. We coaſted a while along the Banks of the *Rhine*. We may ſay that this River is here a true *Meander*; for it makes ſeveral Windings to *Egliſaw* a little Town, where we arrived very late, after having paſſed thro' a Foreſt, ſtretching almoſt to its very Gates. *Egliſaw*, Canton of *Zurich*.

What a terrible Place is *Egliſaw!* Bad Cheer and worſe Beds; I ſhould not chooſe my Winter-Quarters here. We got out of it early next Morning by a covered Wooden-bridge a-croſs the *Rhine* above 200 Paces in length. This paltry Place is in the Canton of *Zurich*; its Inhabitants are Proteſtants. All the Country between *Egliſaw* and *Bulach*, another little Town in the ſame Canton, is filled with Vines. *Auguſt* 11.

CHAP. LIV.

Zurich, *Capital of a Canton. The Cathedral. The Town-houſe. The Arſenal, and the Curioſities in it. The public Library very conſiderable. Divers Manuſcripts, and other Singularities. The Hiſtory of the Reformer* Zuinglinus.

WE arrived at *Zurich* a little before Mid-day. Immediately after Dinner we went to ſee ſome of the Curioſities in this City, and began with viſiting the Cathedral; it is a large *Gothic* Edifice, with two Spires. They ſay it was built by *Charlemagne*, a Stone Statue of whom is placed againſt one of the Spires. It is in a ſitting Poſture, and wears an open gilt Crown, and acroſs his Thighs lies a drawn Sword. They have preſerved the Chapter of this Cathedral with the Revenue belonging to it before the Reformation, it conſiſts of eight Canons, with a Dean, called *Antiſtes*. They are all Doctors of Divinity, and have about 1000 Crowns of Rent each; but they work hard for it by the Sermons they are obliged to preach, and the other Exerciſes of Piety they muſt perform every Day of the Week. All the other Eccleſiaſtical Revenues have been converted into a Fund for Hoſpitals and other Charity-houſes. *Zurich*, Capital of a Canton anciently *Tigurum*. The Cathedral and its Chapter.

The Town-houſe is a Building of hewn Stone, three Story high. The Front is about 50 Paces in breadth, with a Portail of a black Marble, with white Veins found in the neighbouring Mountains. On the Top of two Pillars, on the two Sides of the Entry, are two Lions of Braſs gilt, holding each in its Claws a Scutcheon, with the Arms of the City. We were told that theſe Lions coſt above 1000 Crowns, tho' they be but of a middle Size. The Chapiters and the Baſes of the Pillars are likewiſe of Braſs. Over the Port is this Inſcription. Town-houſe.

D. O.

1705. *August* 11. ZURICH. Inscription on its Gate.

D. O. M.
Patriæ Sac.
Hæc Curia
Jussu & Auspiciis
S. P. Q. T.
E fundam. extr. et cond. est
Anno Chr. M. DC. XCIV.
et Sept. 22.

At one Extremity of the Front is a Pilaster of Stone, with three Collars of Iron, to which are tied those who have not altogether merited Death, and those who are convicted of Adultery for the second Time. On the Cieling of the Vestible are painted these four Maxims or Precepts.

Dic et fac.
Duc et fer.
Ne quid nimis.
Nosce te ipsum.

Moral Precepts. How happy would the World be if Men would practise these excellent Rules, the two last in particular? Would they not by this Means render human Society much more agreeable than it is? It were to be wished, that in order to impress them the better on their Minds, they were written in Letters of Gold upon every thing that presents itself to their Eyes, with these two others which I would join to them.

A vous connoitre attachez vôtre étude.
Dans vos desirs n'ayez point trop d'ardeur.
D'homme qui doit craignez l'Inquiétude.
Et la Misere où s'abisme un Plaideur.

Iron-gate. At the Top of the Stair-case is an Iron-folding Door, carved in a very delicate Manner. After a certain Hour appointed for the meeting of the Council, the Tipstaffs open it to no Body, not even to the chief Magistrates, if they come but one Minute later than the Hour. To punish their Slowness they lose their Suffrages, if it be a Day of Election, and besides it is a Kind of Ignominy to be thus excluded.

The Hall of the grand and little Council. Over the Door of the Hall for the grand Council are these Words in Letters of Gold: *Pax & Justitia*; and at the Top of the Arm-chair in which the President sits: *Initium sapientiæ timor Domini.* Above the Door of that for the lesser Council:

D. O. M.
Numine & Lumine.

This

This laſt Hall is very fine. The two Burgomaſters take their Places at the upper End of it: The Preſident has the right Hand: The Secretary of State and his two Subſtitutes ſit on a Bench immediately below them; and the Counſellors on each Side of the Burgomaſters on Benches covered with green Serge. This little Council conſiſts of fifty Perſons, the chief of whom are two Burgomaſters, four Syndics, two Treaſurers, a Secretary of State, a Receiver-General, twenty Counſellors, and others. The Burgomaſters have the Title of *Excellence*. The grand Council conſiſts of two hundred Perſons; the fifty which compoſe the little Council making Part of them: The other 150 are choſen out of the twelve Tribes into which the Inhabitants are divided, and each Tribe has a Counſellor and two Tribunes whom they themſelves chooſe. 1705. *Aug.* 11. ZURICH. Government of the City and Canton.

There is beſides a Chamber of Accompts, the Members of which are drawn out of the little Council: In this Chamber is a large perpetual Almanack, on which are painted the Arms of all the Families who have ever had any Employment in the Republic, to which every one has free Acceſs, in order to ſee if any of his Family has had that Honour. Chamber of Accompts.

The whole Morning was ſpent in ſeeing the Arſenal: To have leave to ſee it one muſt go to one of the Council, who is Governor of it: He gives you a little octagonal Piece of Silver, about the Breadth of a Sixpenny Piece *Engliſh*, but much thicker, with a Cannon on its Carriage, ſtamped on one Side of it, and the other quite Plain. This Ticket you give to the Keeper of the Arſenal, which is furniſhed with a vaſt Quantity of Arms of all Kinds. Beſides the Cannon which are mounted on the Ramparts and Fortifications of the City, there are forty Pieces of Braſs Cannon in the Arſenal, the largeſt of which is a forty Pounder, with twenty Mortars. On ſome of theſe Cannons are ſtamped the four Seaſons, and on others the Arms of *Sweden*. *Aug.* 12. The Arſenal.

The upper Rooms are filled with compleat Armories in very good Caſe. At the Entrance of the firſt are the Statues of the three Deliverers of *Switzerland*, armed from Head to Foot, *viz. William Tell*, *Staufacher*, and *Martin Vondermelch*, who freed the *Swiſs* from the Yoke of the Houſe of *Auſtria*. They ſhew here the Sabre and Croſs-bow of the firſt with which he beat down the Apple placed on his Son's Head, being obliged to this cruel Proof of his Addreſs by the Governor *Gretſler*, whoſe continued Tyrannies and Violences gave Birth to the Republic of the *Swiſs*, in the Year 1308. Here are likewiſe the Harneſs and other Armours of *Charles* the Bold, Duke of *Burgundy*: There are no other Ornaments upon this Cuiraſs, except the Name of JESUS on one of the Breaſts, and on the other MRA, and upon the two Sholders *B.* and *K.* with two Lilies: (Theſe Letters mean *Burgundy* and *Karolus*, according to the Way of writing that Name in thoſe Days.) Here is alſo his Coat of Mail and the Banner, with the Arms of *Burgundy*, and theſe Words JOYAULX in *Gothic* Characters. In fine,

1705. *Aug.* 12. here are to be ſeen ſeveral Standards and Colours taken in the Wars againſt the Houſe of *Auſtria*.

ZURICH. The grand Arſenal. About a Quarter of a League from Town is the grand Arſenal where they keep Chariots, covered Waggons, Cannon-bullets, Carriages for Cannons, Shovels, Pick-axes, *&c.* but this they never ſhew, I know not for what Reaſon. There are in the firſt Arms for 30000 Men.

The Library. After Dinner we went to ſee the Library, which next to that of *Baſil* is undoubtedly the fineſt and beſt furniſhed with Books in *Switzerland*. Mr. *Hirtzel*, one of the City-Counſellors and Library-keeper, aſſured us there were about fifteen or ſixteen thouſand Volumes in it. They are well ranged in a fine Room built on purpoſe. Here is an Account of what we found moſt curious.

Rare Manuſcripts. A little *Folio* Manuſcript containing three Letters, wrote in *Latin* by the Princeſs *Jane Gray*, Daughter to the Duke of *Suffolk*, and Queen of *England* for ſome Days, to the famous and learned *Bullinger*.

A large ſquare Piece of Callico, worked with a Border of black Silk by this Princeſs herſelf, and ſent to *Bullinger* to be employed at the Baptiſm of Children.

The Chronicles of *Switzerland*, a *Folio* Manuſcript in four Volumes, by the ſame *Bullinger*.

A Manuſcript in *Octavo* by *Zuinglius*, containing the Epiſtles of St. *Paul* in his own Hand-writing, and tranſlated by himſelf into *German*, while he was a Papiſt, with this Inſcription at the Beginning.

Haſce
Divi Pauli Apoſtoli Epiſtolas
Laborioſiſſimâ
M. Huldrici Zuinglii
Piiſſimi Eccl. Tigurinæ Reformatoris
Anno 1517. *dum in Papatu*
Adhuc viveret,
Ut poſtrema pagina teſtatur,
Manu propriâ conſcriptas;
Anna Zuinglia
Magni illius Zuinglii Abneptis,
Et beatiſſimæ illius ſtirpis ſurculus
Eheu! poſtremus:
In perpetuam avitæ Pietatis & virtutis
Memoriam:
Illuſtri Civium Tigurinorum Bibliothecæ
Sacras eſſe voluit. Anno 1634.

A ſhort Hiſtory of *Zuinglius*. *Huldericus Zuinglius*, was, as you know, the Reformer of the Church of *Zurich*. This Gentleman born in the County of *Tockenburg* in 1487. became one of the moſt learned Eccleſiaſtics of his Time: He was admired for

for his Sermons at *Baſil* and elſewhere, which he preached with great Zeal and Boldneſs againſt Indulgences, before *Luther* was heard of. He had many Conferences on that Subject in 1517. with Cardinal *Matthæus* Biſhop of *Sion*, and one of *Paulus Jovius*'s Heroes. Having been called to *Zurich*, he bravely oppoſed the Pope's Emiſſiaries, *Anthony Puccius*, Biſhop of *Piſtoya* in particular, and he ſmartly paid off the *Cordelier Samſon* of *Milan*, who publicly ſold Indulgences. This great Man was in ſhort the chief Cauſe of aſſembling a Synod at *Zurich*, which eſtabliſhed the Reformation. The Senate invited to it the Biſhops of *Conſtance*, *Coire*, and *Baſil*, together with the Univerſity of the latter, and the famous Divine *John Faber*, who refuſed to come. Above 600 Paſtors and other Doctors met at this Aſſembly; but not one being able to refute the *Theſes* which were propoſed, the Reformation was eſtabliſhed in 1524. Images were immediately taken away; and the Year following Maſs was aboliſhed, notwithſtanding all the Oppoſition made by the Biſhop of *Conſtance*, upon whom *Zurich* depended in Spirituals. *Zuinglius* had for Fellow-Labours in his Work, *Œcolampadius*, *Megander*, *Myconius*, *Pellican*, *Capiton*, and ſome other learned Divines. *Laffels* moſt ridiculouſly calls the Proteſtant Religion profeſſed at *Zurich*, the Religion of *Zuinglius*. To conclude, you know this famous Man was killed in the War carried on by the Catholics againſt the Proteſtants. After this ſhort Digreſſion I return to the Library, and its Curioſities.

1705. *Aug.* 12. ZURICH.

Synod of *Zurich*.

The four Evangeliſts in *Greek*, in gilt Characters, upon blue Paper, a *Quarto* Manuſcript of the 8th or 9th Century.

Other Manuſcripts in this Library.

The Pſalms, a Manuſcript in *German*, with Miniatures, admirably well painted by a Goldſmith of *Schaffhouſen*; and the firſt Verſe of each Pſalm ſet to Muſic. The Author made a Preſent of it to the Magiſtracy of *Zurich* in 1697.

A *Hebrew* Bible, in *Octavo*, of a ſquare Form, and dated 1442.

Two *Latin* Vulgates 400 Years old.

Several Manuſcripts of the learned *Heideggerus*, with a very fine Topography of *Merian*, and all the good Lexicons in general.

Here is alſo a *Copernican* Syſtem of forty Years, made at *Zurich* by one named *Faſch*, with an *Aſtrolab*, by the ſame Perſon.

Two large Pieces of Clock-work, repreſenting the Motions of the Celeſtial Bodies, agreeably to the ſame Syſtem, one made by a Native of *Zurich*, and the other by one of *Baſil*.

A Skeleton of a Horſe, with one of a Man, mounted on it.

A Table of ſeven Foot long to five in breadth, with above a thouſand Figures on it, by the renowned *Holbeen*.

A Statue of *Mercury*, very antique, of Braſs, ſix Inches high.

Another of a Divinity of the ancient *Tigurini*, with a long Beard.

Another eleven Inches high of a Man in Armour with his left Foot lifted up, a Javelin in his Hand, which he ſeems ready to throw, and a Sphinx on his Helmet. They ſay it repreſents *Oedipus*. The two laſt are of Braſs.

1705. *August* 12 ZURICH.

The Skin of a little bay Horſe which lived, they ſay, forty Years. His Skin is paſted on a wooden Horſe of the ſame Size with the real Horſe.

A Geographical Map of the Canton of *Zurich*, done with the Pen and illuminated. It contains all the Boroughs, Villages, Roads, Rivers, Coats of Arms of the Nobles, *&c.* They ſay it is ſo exact that there is not the ſmalleſt Error in it; that the Author was thirty Years about it, and that he was a Burgeſs of *Zurich* named *Conrad Geyger*.

A fine Series of Conſular Medals, with one of the Emperors down to the low Empire, and a great many modern ones. This is a very fine Collection.

Here is all we have ſeen that is moſt remarkable in the public Library of *Zurich*, which, once more, paſſes for the beſt in *Switzerland*. Doctor *Laſſels* owns this; but he adds, that he eſteemed it much leſs than he would otherwiſe have done, becauſe a Woman kept the Key of it. What a ſilly Obſervation! But the whole Book of this poor Prieſt is ſtuffed with ſuch Kind of ingenious Remarks.

CHAP. LV.

Zurich. *Its Situation very agreeable. A ſmall Iſland in its Lake called* Huttenica, *and why. Public Edifices here. The Fortifications, &c. Hiſtory of this Town; Cuſtoms and Manners of its Inhabitants. Luxury forbid by their Sumptuary Laws. The Women very reſerved. Bad Politics. The great Men of* Zurich. *This Canton rich, and the firſt of the Thirteen. A miraculous and moſt ſingular Image of the* Virgin, *five Leagues from* Zurich.

The Situation of *Zurich* & its Lake.

THE City of *Zurich* is ſituated in an agreeable Valley, ſurrounded with little Eminences, fertile in Wine and Corn. It lies on the Lake of the ſame Name, which abounds in Fiſh, and empties itſelf into the *Limat*, which divides this City into two Parts, called the great and the leſſer. This River, in Latin *Limagus*, runs into the *Aar*, five Leagues from *Zurich* and a League below *Baden*. It facilitates Commerce and the Export of Manufactures, the Chief of which are Crapes and Callicoes.

Limat a River.

Priſon for Criminals

A large ſquare Tower built in the Place where the Lake begins to diſembogue itſelf, ſerves for a Priſon to Criminals. Thoſe who are convicted of Adultery for the firſt time, are confined in it eight Days, deprived of all Employments and pay a fine of 50 Florins: For the ſecond time, they are pilloried; and the third, they are capitally puniſhed.

Bridges.

The two Parts of this City are joined by two fine Timber-bridges, one of which ſerves for a fine Walk to the Inhabitants. To the other is fixed a large Wheel, which draws up and lets down ſeveral Buckets of Braſs that fetch

fetch up Water, which they empty into a large Baſon, whence it runs Day and Night by ſeven Pipes to ſerve this Quarter of the City. 1705. *Auguſt* 12. ZURICH.

There is in the Lake of *Zurich* a ſmall Iſland called anciently *Uſnavia*, and now *Huttenica*, becauſe the Learned *Huldricus Huttenus* is interred in it. He was born in *Franconia* in 1488. of the noble Family of *Hutten*, and in a few Years became ſo good a Soldier and ſo excellent a Poet, that having rendered conſiderable Services to the Emperor *Maximilian* I. againſt the *Venetians*, this Prince made him Knight in the Preſence of all his Court, and crowned him at the ſame time Poet Laureat. He compoſed a great Number of Works in Verſe and Proſe, and amongſt others, ſome Satyrs in *Latin* againſt ſeveral Princes and Magiſtrates of his Time, againſt Pope *Julius* II. in particular, the *Venetians* and Duke *Ulrich* of *Wirtemberg*, who had put to Death the Knight *John Huttenus* his Relation. He had likewiſe ſome Skirmiſhes with the famous *Eraſmus*, and *Hierom Alexander*. His Poems were firſt printed at *Francfort*, in 1538: His other Works at *Mayence*, in 1519. Being ſent by the Emperor to the *Swiſs-Cantons* in 1523, he fell ill at *Zurich*, and was carried by his Order into the Iſland *Uſnavia* for the Recovery of his Health, but died ſoon after, and was buried there. Here is the Epitaph made for him by the famous Poet *Fabricius Montanus*.

Huttenica, a little Iſland, and Hiſtory of the Learned *Huttenus*.

His Epitaph.

Hæc quicunque citâ decurris ſtagna carinâ,
Ponis & hoc noſtro littore fortè pedem:
Ingenio ſic aura tuo, ſic pareat unda;
Perlege quæ Saxo carmina ſculpta vides.
Hoc Equitum decus, hoc vatum Germaniæ Ocellus,
Huttenus *jaceo conditus in tumulo.*
Ingenio dextrâque potens dum vita manebat,
Muſarum ſimul & Martis alumnus eram.
Cæſar Apollineâ cinxit mea tempora Lauro,
Idem pro meritis nomen Equeſtre dedit.
Sæpè bonos mutare ſolum Fortuna coegit,
Magna quibus Patriæ poena carere fuit:
Aſt mea non alio tantum ſe jactat alumno
Francia, *nec meritis eſt malè grata meis.*
Æger ad has veni Legatus Cæſaris oras,
Cùm me Mors alias juſſit inire vias.
Antè Sepulturæ ſerviret ut angulus iſte,
Quam morerer, Sociis juſſa ſuprema dedi.
Aſſiduis ubi me lugerent planctibus undæ,
Et gemerent plenis ſigna refuſa vadis.
Sertaque vernarent tumulo nativa ſub ipſo,
Et querulæ canerent flebile ſemper aves.
Palladis invictus, pariter Mavortis alumnus,
Inclytus ingenio, militiâque fui.
Vade, ſed admonitu noſtro ſpes contrahe laxas,
Quo minimè credis ſtant tua fata loco.

The

1705. *August* 12.

ZURICH. Public Buildings in *Zurich*.

The public Edifices at *Zurich* are the Cathedral, the Church of St. *Peter*, the Church of the Holy Ghoſt, the Convent, the Town-houſe, the Hoſpital, the Arſenal, the *Granarium* or Magazine of Corn, the Butchery, the Library, and the College which was a Convent of Nuns before the Reformation, and erected into a College by the Perſuaſion of *Bullinger*.

Fortifications and Hiſtory of this City.

The Fortifications are good, faced with hewn Stone, and ſurrounded with a double Ditch filled with running Water. They conſiſt of 14 ſtrong Baſtions, 9 or 10 Ravelins and other Works, as regular as the Situation permitted. This City has often been demoliſhed. The *Swiſs* or *Helvetii* burnt it themſelves when *Julius Cæſar* made War upon them; and they rebuilt it after their Return into their Country. In the Reign of *Diocleſian* and *Maximian*, the *Germans* ravaged *Switzerland*, and laid deſolate *Zurich*: But *Diocleſian* rebuilt it. About the Middle of the Vth Century, *Attila* King of the *Huns* cruelly ranſacked it; ſometime after *Thuricus* Son to *Theodoric* King of the *Viſigoths*, who died at the famous Battle in the *Catalaunian* Fields, rebuilt it. It is from the ſame *Thuricus*, that in old Regiſters and in ſome ancient Coins *Zurich* is called *Thuricum*, and not from another *Thuricus*, who is ſaid to have lived 900 Years before *Chriſt*. In ſhort, after ſeveral Deſolations, it was reſtored in the Reign of *Charles* the Burley or Fat, who granted to its Inhabitants the Privilege of coining Money; but it was not walled or ſurrounded with a Ditch till the Reign of *Frederic* II.

Zurich hath often changed Maſters. It was anciently under the Domination of the *Romans*, afterwards under that of the Kings of *France*; then ſubject to the Emperors of *Germany*, till it threw off the Bondage of the Houſe of *Auſtria* with the other *Swiſs-Cantons*. There was formerly upon an Eminence in this City near the *Limat*, a large Caſtle where reſided the Governors appointed by the Kings of *France*: But the Citizens of *Zurich* erazed it in the Reign of *Frederic* II. and on the Spot where it ſtood have made a very fine Walk, adorned with beautiful Limes and other Trees.

Cuſtoms and Manners.

The Nobility of the *Canton* of *Zurich* may not engage in Trade without degrading themſelves; the Burgeſſes durſt not ſtir out of their Houſes, nor the Peaſants enter into the Town without Swords by their Sides; for if they do they muſt pay a very large Fine. There are two other very particular Cuſtoms here. The firſt is, that the youngeſt Children have the Right of chooſing any Share they pleaſe in the Diviſion of the Eſtate, even the paternal Houſe itſelf, before the Elder. The other is, that the Executioner of this Town is of the Tribe of the Nobles, with this Difference only, that at the Feaſts of the Nobles he eats by himſelf, but at a Table in the ſame Hall. This Cuſtom took its Riſe from an Attempt made by the Nobles againſt the Liberty of the People, in which the Latter had the better, and put the Executioner into the Tribe of the Nobles, as a Mark of Ignominy in puniſhment of this Attempt.

Luxury

1705. *August* 2. ZURICH.

Luxury and Vanity do not reign at *Zurich*. Almoſt all the Men are cloathed in black: The Young only are allowed to wear coloured Stuffs, and theſe quite plain; Gold, Silver and Jewels being forbid, as well as long Perukes. When they go to Church, they all wear Bands; without Church, Cravats or ſtarched Ruffs. Thoſe who are in Mourning wear Bonnets with one little Horn before, not unlike thoſe of the *Preſidents à Mortier* in *France*. Theſe Bonnets are made of Paſt-board covered over with black Crape. No Balls are permitted here. Dancing, even at Marriages, is forbid, or at any Feſtival whatſoever: If any one would have this Diverſion, he muſt pay a Fine of two *German* Florins for the Permiſſion. If a Bride or Bridegroom take that Fancy into their Heads, they muſt pay ten. Their ſumptuary Laws do not permit ſerving up at Feaſts any thing but Butcher's-Meat, or upon extraordinary Occaſions a few Fowls. All Sorts of Veniſon, Game, Ragouts, Fricaſſees and refined Diſhes, or high Sawces, which only deſtroy the Health, are baniſhed from their Tables. The *Apicii*, the *Clodii*, and ſuch like Gluttons, would not have liked to have lived here.

No Pomp or Luxury at *Zurich*.

You know that theſe two *Romans Apicius* and *Clodius*, the latter of whom was no more than the Son of a *Comedian*, conſumed vaſt Sums on their Tables, and introduced formerly unknown Refinements in Cooking and Eating. They diſſolved, we are told, Pearls to put them into their extravagant Ragouts. *Horace* mentions one Pearl of 30000 Crowns in Value, which this Son of the Comedian *Eſopus* took from the Ear of his Miſtreſs *Metella* Daughter to the famous *Metellus Creticus*, diſſolved it in Vinegar, and ſwallowed it up in the Preſence of the whole Company that ſat at Table.

Apicius & *Clodius* two famous Gluttons among the *Romans*.

> *Filius Æſopi detractam ex aure* Metellæ
> *(Scilicet ut decies ſolidum exſorberet) aceto*
> *Diluit inſignem baccam; Qui ſanior, ac ſi*
> *Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve Cloacam.*
>
> Hor. Sat. *Lib.* II. *Sat.* 3.

What is exceeding commendable in the ſumptuary Laws here is, that the Magiſtrates and firſt Perſons in the City are not exempted from them; imitating in this the ancient *Romans* in the firſt Days of the Republic.

Sumptuary Laws.

The Women do not converſe familiarly here with the Men, and indeed have very little Correſpondence except with their near Relations. Strangers only ſalute them in the Streets by taking off their Hats. And to this Salutation they make no Return, which appeared ſo rude to us, that we were in Danger of doing theſe good Ladies the Injuſtice to think them as ſavage as the Women at *Nuremberg*, till our Banker informed us, that the Cuſtom of the Place did not permit them to take any Notice of our Civility. The Way of ſaluting them is to take their right Hand and ſqueeze it gently, without moving ones Hat.

Women very reſerved here.

Among ſo many good Laws ſo wiſely eſtabliſhed, the Gentlemen of *Zurich* will forgive me if I can't help wondering at one very bad Piece of

Some bad Maxims at *Zurich*.

1705. Aug. 12. ZURICH.

Policy among them, in my Opinion, which is, their Rule of not giving the Right of Citizenship but to one Person in a hundred Years, who must besides be a Native of this Canton, or at least originally descended from some Family of it. In this they are more difficult than the ancient *Romans*, who granted this Right to all who had rendered them any good Service, or whom they thought capable of serving them. I imagine that if the Citizens of *Zurich* did the same, the Country being in itself good, the Capital well situated for Commerce, and the Government very mild all these Advantages joined with that of enjoying the same Privileges and Immunities with the Natives of the Country, would certainly attract an Infinity of Merchants thither from several Places, which would contribute not a little to render it more rich and powerful than it now is. 'Tis by this Means that the large Imperial Cities in *Germany* have drawn such great Commerce to them, and by Consequence such Wealth. I am surprized indeed that Persons so intelligent in other Respects, and who so well understand their Interests, have never attended to the bad Effects which appear to me to follow very naturally from their Rule. This proves the Truth of an old Axiom: "That there is no Government however perfect, in which "there is not some Default."

A Reflexion upon them

Great Men born at *Zurich*.

Besides the Reformer *Zuinglius* and the famous *Bullinger*, *Zurich* has produced several other great Men, as *Bibliander*, *Stukkius*, *Wolphius*, and *Gesnerus*. The last died in 1565, at no more than 49 Years of Age, after having employed his whole Life in the Study of polite Literature, and labouring for the Public. Finding himself attacked by the Plague, and perceiving there was no Hope of his recovering from it, he ordered himself to be carried into his Cabinet, where he expired amidst his Books: Praiseworthy, in desiring to die where he had spent the greater Part of his Life in composing the excellent Works he has left behind him, which will, in all Appearance, preserve his Memory for ever. I had almost forgot the Learned *Hottingerus*, who was unfortunately drowned in the *Limat* by a fatal Accident, when he was just going for *Holland* to be Professor of *Hebrew* in the University of *Leyden*.

Canton of *Zurich* very powerful, and the first in the *Helvetic* Body.

Though the Canton of *Zurich* be of less Extent than that of *Bern*, yet it is very rich and potent: For 'tis affirmed that it can raise an Army of 30000, Men in 24 Hours. As it is the first of the Cantons which received the Reformation, it is likewise the first of the *Helvetic* Body, and its Deputies have the first Rank in the Assemblies, whether general or particular. It is divided into 9 great Bailiwicks and 21 Castlewards; but as the Appointments of the Bailifs and Castellans are regulated, and not large enough to enrich them, these Charges are not solliciled with so much Ardour as in the other Cantons, where they are more lucrative.

Integrity of the Magistracy of *Zurich*.

In fine, we may say to the Honour of the Magistrates of *Zurich*, that to this Moment Intrigues or foreign Gold have not corrupted them, or made them, for the Sake of private Gain, act contrary to the public Interest of their Country and fellow-Citizens: A Fact which is greatly to their Honour,

nour, and so much the more so, that some others of the Cantons have not always preserved the same rigid Integrity. 1705. *August* 12.

ZURICH. Wine presented by them to Strangers of Distinction.

I ought not to forget to tell you, that when Persons of Distinction pass through *Zurich*, the Magistrates send them by the City-Serjeants a Present of the best Wines of the Country. This Compliment consists of 6, 8, 10, or 12 large Flaggons, which hold each four Pots, or about an *English* Gallon. This Present is called the *Vin d'honneur*, *i. e.* the Wine of Honour; but generally Persons of Distinction pay very largely for this Wine to those who bring it, in Drink-money. This, we are told, is the Custom throughout all *Switzerland*.

The same Custom among the ancient *Romans*.

It recalls to my Memory my having read in *Bouchet*, (who, by the by, is not so contemptible an Author as some too delicate Critics have represented him) that the same Custom was observed amongst the ancient *Romans*. The Provinces and Cities to which they sent Governours, made these Governours, at their Arrival, a Present of a considerable Quantity of their best Wines, which was called *Vinum Honorarium*, but should rather have been called *Vinum Onerarium*, because it was no small Expence, and by Consequence a sort of Load upon the Towns and Provinces who made that Present to their Governours.

A Miraculous Image of the *Virgin Mary*.

Not having had Occasion to mention any Miracles to you since I left *Constance*; I must tell you of a *Madonna* about five Leagues from *Zurich* called *Maria Einsidlen*, *i. e.* The Holy *Virgin* of the *Hermites*, or of the *Hermitage*. She is become famous in these Parts by an Infinity of Miracles; but more especially for the Talent of rendering barren Women fruitful, without the Help of their Husbands. Here is a fine Miracle, and don't you go about to chicane and say with your Calvinistical Incredulity in Miracles, that there is nothing surprizing in this, provided their Gallants are allowed to see them: If you do, I will answer, that not only do the Wives here pass for very reserved and modest; but the Husbands have something of the *Italian* Temper, and are not very inclinable to bear with Gallants.

Odd Ceremony to help Barren Women, much like that of the *Romans*.

There is a certain Ceremony in the Borough of the *Hermites* which, 'tis said, contributes not a little to the Miracles performed by the *Virgin*. A Ceremony which not a little resembles that in use among the *Romans* in the *Lupercalian* Feasts to assist the Women in Labour. The Custom was to give them some gentle Strokes on the Palm of the Hand with little Scourges made of Stapes of Buck-skin. The *Mantuan* has well described this Ceremony, in his Comparison of the *Lupercalia* with the *Romish* Carnavals: See how he expresses himself.

Roma *Lupercales ludos antiquitùs isto*
Mense celebrabat: positâ gravitate per Urbis
Compita cursabant stolidi sinè veste Luperci,
Et scuticis elicti tractis de tergore Cœvri.

1705. *August* 13.

Pulſabant numum palmas; quia verbere tali.
Pana Deum faciles credebant reddere partus.
Iſta Superſtitio, lævis hæc inſania noſtros
Tranſiit in mores; veteris contagio morbi
Hauſimus, & quodam ſimili langore tenemur
Preſbyteri, & Laici: ſubit omnia tecta voluptas,
Nec Nuruum palmas, ſed membra recondita pulſat,
Perque domos remanent foedi veſtigia Capri.

Difference between the Ancient and Modern Ceremony

The Difference between the two Ceremonies is only this, that the Prieſt who performs it to the barren Women, is not to lay on his Strokes on the Palm of their Hands, but gives them a few Floggs on the Buttocks, above the Petticoats (to be ſure) with a Bull's Pizzle, which with the Aſſiſtance of a Prayer or two to our miraculous Lady, fructifies them. This is done for a Month, and the Number of Devotioniſts who make a Pilgrimage to this marvellous Statue from all the *Catholic* Cantons, and all Parts of *Germany* of that Religion is incredible, amounting, as we were told, to five or ſix and twenty thouſand Perſons. I leave you to judge whether the Prieſts are not very well paid for their Work, and by whom? Beſides, as the Borough called the *Hermitage* has not above 150 Fires in it, and ſo the greater Part of this Company is obliged to live in Tents, that ſingle Circumſtance is enough to make me believe and ſuſpect as well as you, that during this Encampment of a Month, the Galant Pilgrims have more Time than is neceſſary to fertilize their barren Pilgrimeſſes, without the Help either of Bull's Pizzles or Prayers. And this is all I have to ſay of *Zurich* and the neighbouring Places.

CHAP.

1705.
August 13.

CHAP. LVI.

A fine Country between Zurich *and* Baden. Imrapen *a large Village, where are the famous Baths of* Baden. *A Description of them.* Baden, *where the general Diet of the* Swiss *assembles. Its Situation and Government. Inscriptions.* Mellingen *the smallest Republic in* Europe. *A Description of it, and History.* Lintzburg *and* Aaraw *in the Canton of* Bern, *where the Protestant Cantons hold their Assemblies.* Aarberg *described.* Burgdorf *or* Bertou.

WE set out from *Zurich* after Dinner, and coasting the River *Limat* all along through one of the finest Countries in the World, we arrived at *Baden*, which we passed through without stopping, because we had a mind to refresh ourselves in the famous Baths of *Imrapen* a large Village, or if you will, a little Borough about a Quarter of a League from *Baden*. These Baths are famous through all *Switzerland*, on account of the Waters which are very wholesome; but chiefly because scarce any young Woman of any Distinction marries here, without making it an Article in the Contract of Marriage, that her Husband shall take her every Year to the Baths of *Baden*. Besides Diversions of all Sorts, they have there full Liberty of dressing as they please; *i. e.* of wearing whatever is forbid by the Laws of their respective Countries. Accordingly we found such a vast Crowd of People of all Ranks, that it was with the greatest Difficulty we got a Chamber and Bath.

Imrapen where are the famous Baths of *Baden.*

Sous prétexte de la Santé
L'on voit venir ici Maitresses & Suivantes;
Pour femmes tant soit peu Galantes,
Ce Prétexte jadis fut très bien inventé.
En Suisse il est fort à la mode,
Malheur à l'Epoux incommode
Qui n'y voudroit point consentir,
Car on sçauroit bientôt l'en faire repentir.
Cependant, en tous lieux, Bain ou Pélérinage
Produit volontiers Cociiage.

'Tis so true, that the *Florentin Poggio*, speaking of the Baths of *Baden* in one of his Letters to *Leonard Aretin*, expresses himself in these Terms: *Nulla sunt in orbe terrarum Balnea ad fœcunditatem mulierum magis accommodata: Innumerabilis multitudo nobilium & ignobilium eò venit, non tam valetudinis quam voluptatis causâ, multæ fœminæ corporum simulant ægritudines, cum*

What *Poggio* has said of them in his *Satyrs.*

1703. August 3. *cum animo laborent ; omnibus una mens eſt triſtitiam fugare, quærere hilaritatem : Non de communi dividendo agunt, ſed de communicando diviſa. Buſbequius* likewiſe calls them, *Thermas conciliatrices Amorum*. And it is perhaps the only Place in all *Switzerland*, where the Huſbands dare not appear jealous without expoſing themſelves to Ridicule, and being made a common Jeſt over all the Country.

Public Baths where Men and Women Bath naked.

In the middle of this Borough is a large Square ſurrounded with Houſs, which have each a Bath belonging to it, for the Uſe of thoſe who lodge in it, which is no ſmall Conveniency. The Waters of theſe Baths are full of Sulphur and Allum. There are two in the middle of this great Square which are called *Fry-Baden*, *i. e.* Public Baths : Theſe are for the Uſe of thoſe who are not able to hire Baths for themſelves. There one ſees Men and Women, Girls and Boys quite naked confuſedly mingled. Judge you what may be the Conſequence or Temptation ariſing from hence. All who bath here cauſe their Shoulders to be cupped in the Baths. The Cupping-machines are large Horns of Rams or Bucks ; and it is a very droll Spectacle to ſee two or three hundred naked Perſons in Water, all with Horns on their Shoulders.

Good Water rare and dear here.

There is another Singularity at *Imrapen* : It is, that one is obliged to buy Water to dreſs Victuals and for drinking. This may ſeem a Paradox, after I have told you that the *Limat* runs through this Place : But you muſt know at the ſame time that this River is ſo rapid and ſo full of Rocks and Sand, that the Water in it is always muddy and thick ; ſo that Water muſt be brought from *Baden*, which is a Quarter of a League from hence, or from ſome Springs on the other Side of the *Limat*, very difficult to paſs on Account of its Rapidity.

Horace ſpeaks of ſuch a Place.

This Inconveniency brings to my Remembrance a Town in *Italy*, (*Equotuticum*) in the Road from *Rome* to *Brunduſium*, where *Horace* tells us, Water was ſold, and whoſe Name was ſo unpliable and unharmonious that he could not poſſibly put it into a Verſe in his *Satyr* V. of the firſt Book.

Quatuor hinc rapimur viginti & millia rhedis,
Manſuri oppidulo, quod verſu dicere non eſt ;
Signis perfacile eſt. Vænit viliſſima rerum
Hic aqua : Sed panis longè pulcherrimus : ——

To conclude, theſe Baths have the Ruputation of curing ſeveral Diſtempers. The Effect they had on us was to refreſh us and give us a good Appetite.

Baden its Situation.

We got up early next Morning to ſee the Town of *Baden*, which has ſcarce any thing remarkable but its Antiquity. *Tacitus* calls it *Vicum Thermarum*. He adds, *in modum Municipii exſtructus eſt locus, amœno ſalubrium aquarum uſu frequens*. We may affirm that it is a very pretty Town, though

though its Situation be unequal and rugged. It is in the Middle of the 13 Cantons, and this is the Reaſon why the *Swiſs* hold their general Diets here. It is bordered on one Side by Mountains that are very near it, and on the other by the *Limat*, which comes out of the Lake of *Zurich* and runs into the *Aar* together with the *Ruſs*, about a League below *Baden*. Theſe three Rivers go next to mingle themſelves with the *Rhine* a little above *Waldſhut* one of the four Foreſt-Towns. There were two Caſtles formerly at *Baden*: One upon a high Rock, but which is ſo demoliſhed that there remains nothing of it but Ruins: The other, which is alſo ſituated upon a Mountain, ſtill ſubſiſts. It commands the City to which it is joined by a long Wall: It is the Reſidence of the Bailif which the eight ancient Cantons ſend hither every two Years; and it is in one of the Apartments of this Caſtle that the general Diet meets, which is compoſed of two Deputies from each Canton, and ſometimes more, according to the Exigencies of Affairs and Times.

1705. *Aug.* 14. BADEN. And Caſtle where the *Swiſs* Diet meets.

I took notice in the Wall joining the Caſtle to the City of this ancient Inſcription, *Deo Magno Mercurio*, which makes it not improbable that the ancient Inhabitants of this Country had a particular Devotion to *Mercury*. There is another Inſcription upon a Fragment of a Pillar before the Bridge in the Caſtle to this Purpoſe.

Ancient Inſcriptions.

IMP. CAESARI.
DIVI. NERVAE. F.
NERVAE. TRAIANO.
AVG. GERM. PONT.
MAX. TRIB. POT. XX.
COS. II. PP. DES.
III. M. P. LXXXV.

The Government.

Tho' the County of *Baden* belongs to the eight ancient Cantons, yet their Bailiff who reſides here, and who takes the Voices of the Deputies in the general Diet, has no Authority here, the City having its own Magiſtrates. The little Council conſiſts of twelve Perſons, who not only govern the political Affairs of the Town, but likewiſe decide in all Cauſes Civil or Criminal. The great Council is compoſed of forty, including the little Council. Their Preſident is called *Advoyer*, a Word that is imagined to come from *Advocatus*. He is elected by the two Councils, who likewiſe chooſe the Treaſurers, and other Magiſtrates.

Baden being a conſiderable Paſſage, the Portage of Merchandiſe belongs to it; but the Toll or Cuſtom is paid to the eight ancient Cantons. As to the Inhabitants they are all *Roman* Catholics without Exception. It is in a large Plain not far from this Town, that the *Swiſs* or *Helvetians*, who adhered to *Otho*, were defeated by *Cæcinna*, one of the Generals of *Vitellius*.

Mellingen, the ſmalleſt Republic in *Europe*.

We left *Baden* at Nine, and after having paſſed ſome Mountains which the Sun made exceſſively hot, we arrived at *Mellingen*, where we ſtoped to refreſh

1705. *Aug.* 15. MELLINGEN. refreſh ourſelves and our Horſes. It is a ſmall Town, but a frequented Paſſage over the *Ruſs*, a River which riſes from the Mountain St. *Gothard*, runs into the Lake of *Lucern*, and comes out of it to diſembogue into the *Aar* a little below *Bruck*. Our Landlord who did not want Senſe, as few Inn-keepers in *Switzerland* do, aſſured us, that all the Inhabitants of *Mellingen* amount to about 800 Perſons, including Women and Children, who are all Catholics, and for the moſt part Blackſmiths, Farriers, or Lockſmiths; in a Word, Cyclops, who have not improbably more than one Vulcan among them.

Ruſs, a River.

What you will find yet more extraordinary is, that theſe Imps of *the Huſband of* Venus compoſe a Republic under the Protection of the eight ancient Cantons, but depending upon none of them. Hitherto we have always heard it ſaid, that the ſmalleſt Republic in *Europe* is St. *Marino*, rooſted on the Top of the higheſt of the *Apennine* Mountains in *Italy*: But we are told at the ſame Time that it contains between 4 and 5000 Souls; if ſo, *Mellingen* is vaſtly inferior to St. *Marino*.

Its Government.

Be that as it will, this minute Commonwealth has its Town-houſe, adorned with the Arms of the eight ancient Cantons, its Protectors, and as many Councils in Proportion as *Zurich* or *Bern*. 'Tis true, its grand Council conſiſts but of fourteen Perſons, the little Council of ten, and the Privy Council of three, with two *Advoyers*, who are the Heads of this Commonwealth of Cyclops. You may eaſily believe that the Occupations of theſe venerable Magiſtrates do not turn upon the Methods of reconciling *France* with the Allies: The moſt ſerious of their Thoughts are, as our Landlord told us, about the Reparations of their only Church, and of the large Bridge upon the *Ruſs*, or about chooſing a new Bailiff for the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, in a little Village depending on them. The ſame Author likewiſe told us a comical Adventure which happened in the Neighbourhood of this moſt topping Republic. Here it is.

A droll Story.

In the Year 1655. the *Swiſs* who had lived very long in perfect Concord, were ſo fooliſh as all at once to ſplit on a very trifling Occaſion. The Embaſſadors of *France* did all he could to make up Differences in the Diet of *Baden*: But to no Purpoſe; ſo that the Catholic Cantons took up Arms againſt the Proteſtant ones. Two Bodies of their Troops happening to meet near *Mellingen*, after a ſlight Skirmiſh, in which a little Blood was ſpilt, ſuch a panick Fear all of a ſudden ſeized the two Parties, that both took to their Heels as faſt as they could. What was drolleſt in this Engagement was that the Cannon of *Bern* remained the whole Day on the Field of Battle, without one ſingle Soul to guard it, inſomuch that the People of *Lucern* being at laſt apprized of it, carried it off, and appropriated it to themſelves. Upon which the Canton of *Bern* drew a very powerful Army into the Field to revenge this Affront. But the Duke of *Savoy* found means to accommodate Matters, and to prevent any further Effuſion of Blood.

Having heard this Story, we left *Mellingen*, and paſſed the *Ruſs*, on a large covered Timber-bridge a-croſs the River. All who paſs it pay a certain moderate Toll, which is applied towards repairing it. An Hour after we came to a Town called *Lentzburg*, which is the firſt Bailiwick of the Canton of *Bern*, and has a very conſiderable Caſtle ſituated on a Rock. About Noon we ſtoped at *Aaraw* for ſome Hours. 1705. *Aug.* 16.

This Town is but ſmall but very agreeable, on the River *Aar* whence it takes its Name. It is here the Aſſemblies or Diets of the Proteſtant Cantons ordinarily are held. The *Advoyer* of *Aaraw* is always Secretary to thoſe Meetings. Tho' the Lords of *Bern* appoint this Magiſtrate, *Aaraw* has nevertheleſs ſeveral very noble Privileges and Liberties. The Counts of *Hapſburg*, and afterwards the Dukes of *Auſtria* their Succeſſors, had formerly here a very ſtrong Caſtle; but after the *Swiſs* were forced by the Tyranny of their Governors to ſhake off the Yoke of that powerful Houſe, the Inhabitants of *Aaraw* entirely demoliſhed that Caſtle, and built out of its Ruins the Town-houſe which ſtill remains. *Aaraw* where the Proteſtant Cantons meet.

There is a very ſingular Cuſtom kept up in the Aſſemblies of the Proteſtant Cantons which are held there, which is making the Deputies and their Servants eat in the ſame Sale: They eat at different Tables indeed; but they are both ſerved at the ſame Time, and with the ſame Victuals. The Reaſon alledged for this extraordinary Cuſtom is, that theſe Servants being Citizens of their Towns as well as their Maſters, they may happen ſometime or other to be Deputies in their Turn. The Inhabitants of *Aaraw* are all Proteſtants. We continued our Journey cloſe to the Banks of the River *Aar*, from *Aaraw* to *Aarberg*, where we arrived at Five o'Clock in the Evening. Odd Cuſtom in thoſe Aſſemblies.

This Town is conſequently ſituated on the *Aar*, and has a Fortreſs which paſſes for the moſt conſiderable in the Canton of *Bern*. It ſtands on the Top of high Rocks which command it, and all the neighbouring Country, and reſembles very much the Citadel of *Wirtzburg* in *Franconia*; but the Fortifications here are ſtill more irregular than thoſe of *Marienburg*, becauſe the Rocks on which it is built are more irregular than thoſe on which the other ſtands. The Magiſtrates of *Bern* generally keep a good Garriſon in it; and we were told that the ſubterraneous Works are very like thoſe we ſaw at *Wirtzburg* and *Nuremberg*, that is to ſay, very well repleniſhed with vaſt Caſks full of the beſt Wines. This is very credible, for toping is no leſs in Vogue here than in *Germany*. *Aarberg*, and its Territory, make up one of the beſt Bailiwicks in the Canton of *Bern*. *Aarberg*, Town and Fortreſs.

Continuing our Journey we paſſed ſeveral Rivulets, which the Peaſants here call Rivers, and which diſcharge themſelves into the *Aar*, ſtopt a while at a large Village called *Langenthal*, ſoon after at another named *Walſterwyl*, and then went thro' the ſmall Town *Burgdorf*, in *French Bertou*, about three Leagues from *Bern*. Anciently it was no more than a Village; but *Berthold* V. Duke of *Zeringen*, encloſed it with a Wall, and *Langenthal* *Walſterwyl.* *Burgdorf.*

in

1705. *Aug.* 16. in Memory of his doing ſo, cauſed the following Inſcription to be put on the Gate that leads to the old Market-place.

BURGDORF.

Bertholdus Dux Zeringæ, qui vicit Burgundiones, fecit hanc Portam.

It is from this *Berthold* very probably that it takes its Name of *Berton*. From the Dukes of *Zeringen* it fell under the Power of the Counts of *Kyburg*, who ſold it to the Lords of *Bern* in 1385. for 40000 Crowns; and theſe have made a very good Bailiwick of it, which brings a conſiderable Revenue to him who poſſeſſes it. The Caſtle where the Bailiff reſides is at one Extremity of the City, and the Church at the other. There is likewiſe a little College for the Inſtruction of Youth.

CHAP. LVII.

Bern, *Capital of a Canton. The great Church. A pleaſant Piece of Sculpture. A fine Platform. Ditch with wild Bears. The Arſenal well furniſhed. The Library and its Curioſities. The Town-houſe. The Government of* Bern. *The City deſcribed. Power, Trade, Corporations of Crafts, Hoſpitals, learned Men, Soil of* Bern. *The Bailiffs and their Characters. The Peaſants much at their Eaſe.*

Bern, the Capital of a Canton, and its great Church.

THERE is nothing remarkable between *Burgdorf* and *Bern*, the Capital of the Canton of the ſame Name, where we arrived very late. The firſt Thing we did the next Day was to ſee the great Church, which is in the higheſt Part of the City. It is a *Gothic* Building, very well lighted, the Paintings on which are ſo exquiſitely fine that the People of *Lucern*, it is ſaid, have often offered a great Sum for them. There was formerly a fine Organ in this Church, but *Bern* made a Preſent of it to *Friburg*, and that thro' a miſtaken Scruple, imagining, as not a few *Calviniſts* in *England* ſtill do, that an Organ does not ſuit a Chriſtian Reformed Church. In this an Inſcription is to be ſeen, which I ſhall mention on Account of an Error of Mr. *Miſſon*. Here it is.

Inſcription in it, and a Miſtake of Mr. *Miſſon*.

Anno Dom. M.C.XCI. *Frid.* II. *Rom. Imp. Berna Cond.*

And a little lower:

In Memoriæ Monumentum perpetuæ Bertholdi V. *Zeringiæ Ducis fortiſſ. urbis Bernæ Conditoris Inclitiſſ. Patris Patriæ Illuſtris Senatus Bern.*

Had our learned Traveller well read this Inſcription he could not have ſaid, as he has done, that this City was built by *Berthold* IV. laſt Duke of *Zeringen*, in the Year 1175. Three Chronological Errors in a very few Words, ſince according to the Inſcription it was *Berthold* V. his Son, who built *Bern* in the Year 1191. and this Prince was the laſt Duke of *Zeringen*, he dying without Children. 1705. *Aug.* 16. BERN.

Over the grand Portail there is a Piece of ancient Sculpture admired by many. It repreſents the laſt Judgment, a Pope with his triple Crown in Hell, and in the Company of an Emperor and a King. This Piece of Sculpture exiſted long before the Reformation, and for that Reaſon the more remarkable, it plainly ſuppoſing the Poſſibility of a Pope's being damned. I obſerved beſides in this Hell a Devil, who drags and hangs two Souls to a Gibbet. An ancient Sculpture.

Statues of the wiſe and fooliſh Virgins in the Parable adorn the Door of this Church, and the Sculptor has given one of the latter a very Ebony Complexion. Let me tell you by the by, that in baptizing Infants here the Miniſters make three Aſperſions, that is to ſay, one for each of the three Perſons in the Trinity.

Near this Church is a very fine Platform from which one deſcries a very delightful Country, with the Caſcade of the River *Aar* over a Stone Dike or Dam. At a Diſtance appear the high Mountains of the *Griſons*, covered with Snow, which are about 25 Leagues off. This Platform is beautified with ſeveral Trees which make a pleaſant Walk, where the Company reſorts in the Evenings eſpecially. Dr. *Burnet* ſays, that they were obliged to raiſe it to prop the Church, becauſe the Ground on which it is built begun to ſhrink; and that it coſt more than the Church itſelf. The Platform.

It is recorded that a Student after a Debauch mounted a Horſe without Saddle or Bridle, which he found on this Platform, and leapt over the Parapet, from which he and his Horſe tumbled down from a Height of 200 Foot upon the Roof of a Houſe which he ſhattered, and from hence into the Street, without any other Damage but breaking one of his Arms. Was he not well off? And does not this ſtrange Accident prove the Truth of the old Proverb, that God takes care of drunken Men and Children, when they fall? This Student, they ſay, was afterwards a Miniſter, lived forty Years after that horrible Tumble, and died not above three or fours Years ſince. A dreadful Leap from it.

We alſo ſaw in our Way, the Ditches where wild Bears are conſtantly kept. There are three of them, and in each they bring up a Male and a Female. Theſe Ditches are an oblong Square, very deep, paved with large ſquare Stones, and faced with the ſame to the Level of the Street, with a Fence breaſt-high. Care is taken to plant every Year a Fir-Tree in the Middle of each Ditch, on which theſe Animals ſometimes clamber up to play themſelves. Some Years ago one of theſe wild Bears getting up to the Top of the Tree flung himſelf all of a ſudden into the Street, disfigured ſeveral Children's Faces, and bit many Perſons, ſo that they The Ditches with the wild Bears

1705. *August* 16 BERN. were obliged to ſhoot him. I obſerved ſomething very particular in theſe Animals, which was, that when we threw Pieces of Bread to them, the Females durſt not touch them when they ſaw the Males coming from the furtheſt Extremity of the Ditch to take them up; their Reſpect even made them ſuffer their Males to eat up the Bitts that fell by chance under their own Noſes. This Cuſtom of breeding wild Bears at *Bern* takes its Riſe from a Tradition, that one of theſe Animals was caught here when the Foundations of the City were laying. And hence likewiſe it was called *Bern*, that is to ſay in *German*, a wild Bear, and its Arms are Gules, Bend, Or charged with a Bear Sable. This Etymology, true or falſe, ſeems to be a Copy from that concerning the Capitol of *Rome*.

The Arſenal. The Arſenal is large, and well ſtored with Artillery of all Kinds, in very good Condition. Over the Door of one of the lower Rooms where the Cannon lie is the following Couplet.

Felices Populi, meditantes tempore pacis
Queis opes in bello ſemper, ut illa, parent.

We counted in this Hall one hundred and ten Pieces of Braſs Cannon of all Sizes; and beſides them we were ſhewn two rifled Cannons, the Mouths of which are nine Inches Diameter, taken from *Charles* the Bold, Duke of *Burgundy*: Another that diſcharges ſeven Balls at once, or ſucceſſively, as one pleaſes; a Culverine of an extraordinary Length, with a Cannon of hammered Iron of ten Feet in length, the Bore of which is 14 Inches Diameter.

In one of the higher Rooms are the compleat Arms of *Berthold* V. laſt Duke of *Zeringen*, called in the Inſcription in the great Church, *Urbis Bernæ Conditorem*. They plainly ſuppoſe that this Prince was of a large Stature, for they are of an extraordinary Size. There is here likewiſe an armed Statue of *William Tell* of *Schwitz*, aiming at the Apple on the Head of his Child, whoſe Statue is fifty Paces from him. There are beſides 170 Muſkets, garniſhed with Mother of Pearl, curiouſly wrought for the Time they were made, ſaid to have belonged to the Life-guards of the laſt Duke of *Burgundy*, with a vaſt Quantity of Ropes found in the Baggage of this Prince after the Battle of *Morat*, which he had brought along with him, in order to hang the *Swiſs* whom he expected to take Priſoners at that Battle. The People of *Bern* pretend to have in their Arſenal Arms for fifty or ſixty thouſand Men.

Auguſt 17. The Library. We went this Morning to ſee the Library, which conſiſts of ten or twelve thouſand Volumes, moſt of them well bound, with a great many Manuſcripts, amongſt which is a *Biblia Hebræa antiquiſſima & nitidiſſima cum Maſora*; but the *Pentateuch* is wanting in it. There is likewiſe the Chronicles of *Froiſſard*, a Manuſcript on Royal Paper, in very large Characters, with

fine Paintings in Miniatures. All the Manuſcripts that belonged to the learned Mr. *Bongars* are here. 1705. *Aug.* 17. BERN.

Among other Curioſities they ſhewed us three Carpets of blue Velvet, embroidered with Gold, and three other very rich ones found among the Spoils of *Charles* the Bold, after the Defeat of *Granſon*.

The Portrait of *William Tell* done from the Life. This famous Croſs-bow-man was of a brown Complexion, with ſtrong Features.

The Picture of a Country-woman called *Apollonia Schreyer*, who, it is ſaid, was ſick from 1601 to 1608. that is, ſeven Years, and took no Nouriſhment all that Time, but eat and drank very plentifully ſo ſoon as ſhe recovered from that ſtrange Diſtemper. I ſhan't ſay this Story is falſe; but how many Objections would you make againſt the Truth of it, had it happened in a *Roman* Catholic Country, and been regarded as a Miracle? You and your Companion-Sceptics laugh at the learned *Lazius*, who in his Genealogy of the Houſe of *Auſtria* relates ſuch a Story of a young Girl of that Province: She, in a Famine that happened 1348. aſked a Bit of Bread from her Mother, and the latter in anger wiſhed ſhe might not eat a Bit for ten Years, which accordingly happened: The Girl, it is ſaid, touched no Kind of Food or Nouriſhment, except a Drop of Water now and then, all that Number of Years. Now where is the Difference between the two Stories, but that the one is told in a *Roman* Catholic, and the other in a Proteſtant Country? A Woman who faſted 7 Years.

There are a great many other Portraits here of Princes, and of famous Magiſtrates at *Bern*, all by good Hands.

An antique Braſs Figure, repreſenting a *Pagan* Prieſt veiled, who is pouring Wine between the Horns of a Victim-Bull.

A Boſt in Wax of *Henry* IV. of *France*, perfectly like him.

The Skeleton of a Highwayman ſix Foot high, who was beheaded at *Lauſanne*.

A Shoe ſo large that any ordinary Man may put both his Feet into it very eaſily: The Sole is full of large Nails, and the Shoe weighs about ten Pounds. They ſay it belonged to another Highwayman called the *wandering Jew*, of a moſt gigantic Size.

This Library is in a College which formerly belonged to a Convent of *Dominicans*. I ſhall not mention to you the famous Cheat carried on by theſe Monks, who in the Diſputes they had with the *Franciſcans* about the Conception of the Virgin, forged Apparitions cunningly enough to impoſe upon the Simple in theſe Days. This Story has been narrated by ſeveral Authors in all Languages, eſpecially by Dr. *Burnet*, and an Account given of the Way and Manner in which this Knavery was detected to the Conviction of the Actors themſelves, who were burnt in a Meadow on the other Side of the *Aar*, oppoſite to the great Church in the Year 1709. A famous Knavery by the *Dominicans*.

The Town-houſe is a very indifferent Building. The Hall for the grand Council is wainſcotted and arched. There is nothing remarkable in it but ſome Paintings, containing the Hiſtory of the Foundation and Pri- Town-houſe.

1705. *Aug.* 17. BERN.

vileges of this City, together with the Scrutiny Baſon made uſe of in the Election of the Magiſtrates much like that at *Venice*. Twenty eight of the Balls which are uſed in this Election are of Silver, and the reſt are black; tho' Dr. *Burnet* ſays, that they are gilt or ſilvered over. The Relations of the Candidates to the remoteſt Degree are excluded, as well as their Creditors from giving their Voices. A Rule that ought to prevent Intrigues and Cabals; yet there are few Towns where there are more than at *Bern*.

The Government of *Bern*.

The Government conſiſts of a great and little Council: The firſt is compoſed of 200 Perſons, who muſt all be Citizens of *Bern* and married. Theſe properly make up the Sovereignty, and there is no Appeal from their Decrees: The other conſiſts only of twenty five, who aſſemble every Day for the more ſecret Affairs of the State. The two chief Magiſtrates are called *Advoyers*, which is the ſame Office that is called Burgomaſter at *Zurich* and *Schaffhouſen*. Their Office is for Life, but they preſide alternately each a Year. Next to them are four *Banderets*, or Tribunes of the People, and two *Bourſiers*, or Treaſurers, one for the *German* Diſtrict, and the other for the Country of *Vaud*, called likewiſe *Pais Roman*, becauſe its Inhabitants ſpeak a corrupted *French* or *Patois*: The two laſt are choſen by the Council of twenty five, and they have the Power of aſſembling the Council of 200 when they think fit; and of accuſing any Magiſtrate they believe guilty of any Crime, the *Advoyers* not expected.

Courts of Judicature

Beſides theſe two Councils, there are three Courts of Juſtice, the Judges and Aſſeſſors in which are elected by the *Banderets* and Treaſurers, and confirmed by the little Council. The firſt of theſe take cognizance of petty Injuries, and other leſſer Differences amongſt the Subjects. The Preſident of this Court is called the grand *Sautier*, a Name they derive from *Satelles*. The ſecond is the Chamber of Appeals for the *German* Diſtrict, of which one of the Treaſurers is Head. And the third is the Chamber of Appeals from the Country of *Vaud*, in which the other Treaſurer preſides.

Pariſhes in the whole Canton.

The former of theſe two Territories contains about 300 Pariſhes; the other not above 150, and their Inhabitants can't appeal from the Decrees of their Chambers, which are ſovereign. What is very commendable is, that the Form of Proceeding in theſe Courts is ſhort, and that Suits don't laſt for ever here, as they do in other Countries.

Colleges.

The College for young Students of the ancient Canton, *i. e.* the *German*, is at *Bern*; that of the other, or conquer'd Country, or *Païx de Vaud* is at *Lauſanne*; both are ſupported by the Magiſtrates of *Bern*; but the Profeſſors in the former have much larger Stipends than thoſe in the latter.

Eccleſiaſtical Government.

Before the Reformation *Bern* depended as to Spirituals on the Biſhop of *Lauſanne*; but ſince, a Conſiſtory hath been eſtabliſhed conſiſting of eight Judges; two from the little Council, who preſide by turns two Months; four from the Great, and two Miniſters, with a Secretary. This Conſiſtory

ſtory meets thrice a Week to judge of matrimonial Cauſes; cenſure the Scandalous, and enforce Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline. 1705. *Aug.* 17.

BERN. History and Deſcription of the Capital.

The City of *Bern*, Capital of the Canton to which it gives its Name, is not very ancient; for it is not 500 Years ſince it was built. At firſt it did not reach farther than the Tower on which the great Clock ſtands: But *Peter* of *Savoy*, a great Friend to the People of *Bern*, enlarged it from that Tower to the *Bear-Ditch*. Afterwards it encreaſed to its preſent Bulk, which is not however extraordinary. It is larger indeed than *Zurich*, but the latter is better peopled and fortified. 'Tis true the Magiſtrates of *Berne* place more Confidence in the Number of their Subjects, than in their Ramparts: For they can, as they pretend, raiſe an Army of eighty thouſand Men in 24 Hours. It is ſituated in a Peninſula formed by the River *Aar*, in *Latin*, *Arula*, which has its Source in the Mountains of *Leugſchen*, which ſeparate the County of *Vallais* from this Canton. And it would not be difficult to make an Iſland of it, by cutting the Iſthmus which joins it to the Land. To the Eaſt is a Stone Bridge, with ſtrong Turrets defending it. The higheſt Parts of the Town are to the South and North. The Houſes are not magnificent; but they are neat, commodious, and moſtly built of hewn Stone dug out of the neighbouring Quarries. This Stone is white and ſoft, eaſy to cut, but it hardens in the Air. Under the Piazzas of the Houſes, which are very uniform, one may be ſheltered from Rain and Sun: But theſe Piazzas being low and narrow, have a dark and melancholy Look. Every Street has a little Brook running through the middle of it, which keeps them very clean, together with ſeveral Fountains which are a conſiderable Ornament to the City. The Streets are for the moſt part broad and well-paved.

Language Trade, Corporations of Crafts, &c.

The Language of this Country is a rough *German*; but all Perſons of Diſtinction ſpeak *French*, taking Care to ſend their Children to *Lauſanne*, *Geneva*, or into *France* to learn that Tongue. Trade at *Bern* is very inconſiderable. The Inhabitants dare no more ſtir out without their Swords at their Sides, eſpecially on *Sundays*, than at *Zurich*. They are divided into four Bodies or Corporations, which are Bakers, Butchers, Blackſmiths, and Tanners. Every Citizen is incorporated into one of theſe Bodies, which he pleaſes; and they chooſe each two *Bannerets*, who are ſecond Magiſtrates of the City. The *French* are numerous enough in this Town to have a Church and two Miniſters. I have forgot to tell you that there are two Hoſpitals, one called the great Hoſpital, the other the Hoſpital of the Iſland; but there is but one Pariſh in the whole City. Among the Learned this Place has given Birth to, are reckoned *Grinæus*, *Sulcerus*, who both died at *Bazil* where they taught publickly, and *Benedictus Aretius* known by his Divinity-works.

Adjacent Country and Soil.

The Country about *Bern* is very pleaſant, being adorned with many Caſtles and Pleaſure-houſes. Throughout the Canton in general the Air is none of the beſt, becauſe of the Foreſts and Lakes with which it abounds. This renders the Soil not very fruitful naturally; it is mere dint of Induſtry that

1705. *August* 17. BERN.

that makes it so in any Degree. It does not produce much Wine; but the People of *Berne* bring Wines from the Country of *Vaud*, and what they call here *La Côte*.

Power of the Canton, and Character of the Bailifs.

This Canton is the largest and most powerful of the 13, making almost a Third of *Switzerland*. It is divided into 72 Bailiwics, to which the Lords of *Bern* send Bailifs every six Years, for the Administration of Justice and the Police: 'Tis the Council of 200 that names them, and they are commonly chosen out of their Body. These Bailifs are in Miniature what anciently the Pro-Consuls or Governors of Provinces were among the *Romans*; and in Imitation of them they generally become Tyrants and Leaches to their Subjects in order to enrich themselves, during their six Years Jurisdiction; so it is no wonder that the Citizens of *Bern*, cabal and intrigue as they do to obtain these Governments. A great Part of all the Confiscations and Fines which they impose arbitrarily upon Offenders falls to their Share; whereas at *Zurich* the Bailifs have small fixed Appointments, and only an hundredth Part of the Fines; and hence it is that there is not much briguing at *Zurich* for Bailiwics.

The Peasants are rich.

As to the Country People in *Switzerland*, they are generally speaking at their Ease, many of them are even very rich, those chiefly who trade in Horses, by which they make great Profit. Their Houses are well furnished, not only for the Necessaries, but for the Conveniencies of Life. In short, their Apparel is very decent and neat. As to the Women, whether of Town or Country, they meddle with nothing but Houshold Affairs, to which they apply themselves very diligently; and this preserves them from Gallantry, which is here so little in Vogue, that a third Adultery is punished with Death. *

* Since the Author's Time, things are pretty much altered at *Bern* in that Respect.

CHAP.

1705. *Aug.* 18. BERN.

CHAP. LVIII.

Morat *a Town in the Canton of* Bern *and* Fribourg. *A Heap of Bones of the* Bourguignons, *defeated by the* Swiſs. *Great Simplicity of this People anciently, as well as among the old* Romans. Avenches *an ancient City. Several Inſcriptions. A wonderful Hermitage built in a Rock by one Man.*

HAVING ſeen all that is worth taking notice of at *Bern*, we ſet out at ſix o' Clock in the Morning by the Port of St. *Chriſtophle*, on which ſtands a gigantic Statue of this Saint, or as others ſay, of *Goliah*. About ten o' Clock we paſſed the *Sarine* at *Gimenen*, upon a large covered Timber-bridge. This River diſcharges itſelf into the *Aar* a League from hence. At Noon we came to *Morat* to dine. This Town, in Latin *Muratum*, and in German *Murten*, is in the County of *Romont*, ſtands on a little riſing Ground, and looks towards the Lake called, the Lake of *Morat*. The higher part of the Town is pretty much on a Level, conſiſting of two broad and handſome Streets. It is ſurrounded with a Wall flanked by ſome Towers, with a Caſtle at one Extremity, which, they ſay, was built by *Lewis* the *Debonair* Emperor and King of *France*. The Inhabitants of *Morat* are all Proteſtants: They have two Churches and only two Miniſters who preach, the one in *French*, and the other in *German*. In the *French* Church is a pretty large Bell with this Diſtich round it. *Morat.*

Quid toties hominum noſter ſonus advolat aures?
Si ſacra cunctentur ſolvere vota Deo.

The *German* Church is a little way without the Town: On the Wall of it is this ancient Inſcription.

D. M.

T. NIGRI.
SATVRNINI.
SATVRNINA.
GANNICA.
LIBERTA. ET
CONIVNX.
F. C.

'Tis

1705. *Aug.* 18. On whom it depends. MORAT.

'Tis about 200 Years ſince this Town belonged to the Dukes of *Savoy:* Now it depends equally on the two Cantons of *Bern* and *Fribourg*, which ſend to it alternately a Bailif from five to five Years. Though this Bailif be the chief of the Magiſtracy, yet the Inhabitants enjoy ſeveral Liberties and Privileges. The Soil is very fertile in Corn and Wine, and particularly in Cabbage of an extraordinary Size, of which the Gardiners ſend hundreds of Cart-loads to be ſold at *Bern*.

Its Lake, and the Chapel of the *Bourguignons*.

About a Quarter of a League from *Morat*, on the High-way to *Avenches* and on the Brink of the Lake, which is but two Leagues long and one broad, there is a ſort of Chapel filled with the Bones of the *Burgundians*, that were killed at the Battle fought near this Town, when *Charles* the Bold laſt Duke of *Burgundy* beſieged it. This Prince loſt upon this Occaſion a brave and numerous Army, which was cut in Pieces by the *Swiſs* in 1476.

Groſs Miſtake of Mr. *Miſſon*.

Mr. *Miſſon* ſays *by the* Swiſs *and the* Lorrains: But he has confounded this Battle of *Morat* with that of *Nancy*, where the ſame Duke *Charles* was defeated and killed by *René* Duke of *Lorrain*, whom he had ſtript of his States, and who was powerfully aſſiſted by the *Swiſs* on that Occaſion. 'Tis very true this ſame Duke *René* was alſo at the Battle of *Morat*; but he was only attended with a few faithful Servants who followed him, for *Philip de Commines* poſſitively aſſerts: "That no Part of his Dominions was "left to him, and that all his Subjects had taken an Oath of Fidelity to the "Duke of *Burgundy* his Enemy without any Conſtraint, even to his very Do- "meſtic Servants; and that he did not arrive at the *Swiſs* Army but a few "Minutes before the Battle, Lewis XI, King of *France* having given "him an Eſcort of his *Genſdarmerie* to the Frontiers of *Germany*." So that it is falſe to ſay that *Charles* was killed at *Morat* by the *Swiſs* and *Lorrain* Army, ſince Duke *René* had no Troops at this Battle, and therefore the *Swiſs* had the whole Glory of this Defeat.

Simplicity of the *Swiſs* in ancient Times.

Neither is it true, as the ſame Traveller ſays in the ſame Place: "that af- "ter the Battle of *Morat*, the Conquerors ſold all the Duke's Plate for "Tin-Veſſels, and his Jewels as Glaſs-trinkets of no Value:" For all the Hiſtorians agree in ſaying, that this happened after the Battle of *Granſon*, which preceded thoſe of *Morat* and *Nancy*. They add, that one of the richeſt Tents that was ever ſeen was cut into Pieces there, and divided among the Conquerors, and the Duke's great Diamond, the bigeſt then in *Europe*, to which hung a very fine Pearl of an extraordinary Size, was ſold by the *Swiſs* that found it to a Prieſt for one *Florin*, and that the Prieſt carried it to the Magiſtrates of his Borough, who gave him three Livres for it.

The ſame in the *Romans* of old.

How many who ſet up for Wits now reproach the *Swiſs* with this Simplicity of their Anceſtors? Yet *Juvenal* that admirable Satyriſt and ſprightly Writer, commends the ſame Simplicity, or rather happy Ignorance

rance of Luxury among the *Roman* Soldiers in the ancient Days of their Republic, in theſe Verſes of his XIth *Satyr*. 1705. *Auguſt* 18 MORAT.

Cùm tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem,
Et Scauros, & Fabricios; poſtremò Severos
Cenſoris mores etiam Collega timeret;
Tunc rudis, & Graias mirari neſcius Artes
Urbibus everſis, prædarum in parte reperta
Magnorum Artificum frangebat pocula miles
Ut Phaleris gauderet Equus.———
Argenti quod erat, ſolis fulgebat in armis.

In Memory of this Defeat of the *Burgundians*, they had formerly put upon the Door of the Chapel, where the before-mentioned Heap of Bones lieth, an Inſcription, but which was expreſſed in ſuch bad *Latin* that the Senate of *Bern* ordered it to be taken away in 1564, and the following, engraved upon a Plate of Braſs, to be ſet in the Wall. Inſcription upon the Chapel.

D. O. M.
Caroli inclyti & fortiſſimi
Burgundiæ Ducis Exercitus
Muratum obſidens, ab Helvetiis cæſus,
Hoc ſui Monumentum reliquit.
Anno M.CCCC.LXXVI.

On the Side of this Inſcription are ſix *German* Verſes to the ſame purport. Your Doctor *Laſſels* affirms, but very falſely, that there is an Inſcription fixed to a Poſt in the high Road, containing a particular Account of all the Circumſtances of this Defeat. I am not ſurprized at this Blunder in this Author, whoſe Book is full of Abſurdities: But I own that it ſtartles me to find ſo accurate an Antiquary as *Charles Patin*, giving the Inſcription in the Wall of the Chapel where the Bones of the *Burgundians* lie, ſo differently from what it really is. See how he gives it in his Poſtſcript to the Duke of *Brunſwick* and *Luneburg*. Errors of *Laſſels* and *Ch. Patin.*

Invictiſſimi atque fortiſſimi Caroli Ducis Burgundiæ
Exercitus muratum obſidens, contra Helvetios pugnans,
Hic ſui Monimentum reliquit Anno M.CCCC.LXXVI.

Mr. *Patin* has not only turned this Inſcription quite topſey-turvey; but he has left out the D. O. M. at the Head of it: He has put *invictiſſimi* inſtead of *inclyti*, *atque* for *&*, *Contra Helvetios pugnans* inſtead of *ab Helvetiis cæſus*, and *Hic ſui Monimentum* for *Hoc ſui Monumentum*. Once more, I could not have thought ſo able a Critic and Antiquary capable of committing

1765. *Aug.* 18. mitting so many Faults and that in one single and so short an Inscription as that before us.

MORAT. And of *Philip de Commines.* I will tell you, by the by, with Relation to the Date of this Inscription, which agrees so exactly with that of *Philip de Commines*, that there must certainly be a Chronological Error in that Author; since after having placed the Battle of *Morat* in 1476, he says that the Battle of *Nancy*, where the Duke of *Burgundy* was killed "was fought on the fifth of *January*, the Eve of the Feast of the Kings the same Year." Yet some Months passed between these two Battles, and *Commines* Contemporary with both, as well as that of *Granson*, ought not to have been mistaken, as he plainly is.

Epitaph made for *Charles* the Bold. Here is the Epitaph that was made for this unhappy Prince, in coarse but true Expressions.

Te pacis piguit, te tæduit atque quietis
Carole, sicque jaces; jamque quiesce tibi.

To conclude, I cannot forbear observing that *Morat* is so ill situated and fortified, that it is amazing how it could defend itself against so powerful a Prince, and an Army so well furnished with Cannon as that which besieged it.

Avenches Canton of *Bern*, anciently *Aventicum.* We continued our Journey and arrived at the Town of *Avenches*, the *Aventicum* of the Ancients. It formerly was the most considerable and largest Town in all *Switzerland*. *Tacitus* calls it *the Capital of the Helvetians*, and *Ptolomy*, as well as the Itinerary of *Antonin*, speak of it as of a very large Town. In the Time of *Julius Cæsar* it was in its greatest Splendor; but the *Swiss* themselves burnt it with their other Cities, and rebuilt it on their Return. The Emperor *Vespasian* sent hither a *Roman* Colony, as appears by this Inscription in the Corner of the Church, which the Masons when they repaired the Building covered over with Plaister. The Minister communicated to me the Copy he had kept of it, which is thus:

Ancient Inscription.

IMP. CAES. VESPASIANO. AVG.
PONT. MAX. TRIB. POT. III. IMP. VIII.
COS. III. DESIG. IIII. P. P.
COLON. PIA. FLAVIA. CONSTANS. EMER.
AVENTICVM. HELVETIOR. FOEDERATA. PATRONO.

It is even believed that the Father of this Emperor, whose Name was *Flavius Sabinus* had lived here: *Foenus apud Helvetios exercuit, ibique diem obiit*, says *Suetonius* in the Life of *Vespasian.*

History of this Town. *Avenches* was demolished by *Attila*, and has suffered many Desolations at different Times. We may form a Notion of its ancient Extent from the Ruins of Towers and Walls at a Distance in the Fields, which are called here *Willisburg*: Now it is but a mean Country Town, very desart, with a handsome Castle at one Extremity, and almost the only Thing

Thing worth taking notice of. In this Caſtle ordinarily reſides the Bailif of the Territory of *Avenches*. The Town-houſe is an Inn, and ſo bad a one, that Travellers chooſe rather to lodge in another which ſtands without the Gate of *Payerne*. There is but one ſingle Church in the whole Town, wherein nothing is remarkable but the two following Inſcriptions. 1705. *Auguſt* 18. AVENCHES.

Two ancient Inſcriptions.

NVMINIB. AVG. ET. GEN. COL. HEL.
APOLLINI. SACR. Q. POSTVM. HYGINVS.
ET. POSTVM. HERMES. LIB. MED. ET.
PROFESSORIB.
D. S. P.

AELIAE. MODESTINAE.
QVAE. VIXIT. ANNIS II. MEN. VI.
AELIVS. CLADAEVS. ET.
CANINIA. MODESTINA. PARENTES.
FILIAE. DVLCISSIMAE.
POSVERVNT.

Ruins of an ancient Building.

Two Muſket-ſhot from the City are the Ruins of an ancient Building, which Mr. *Charles Patin* took for the Remains of a "Triumphal Arch, "but not, ſays he, of the Times of the beſt Taſte, as thoſe of *Auguſtus* and *Adrian*,"—— yet two Lines before he had ſaid, that "he found there "admirable Fragments of Sculpture and Architecture." Is there not a Sort of Contradiction in theſe two Aſſertions? for if theſe Remains of Sculpture and Architecture be admirable, they muſt neceſſarily be of a Time of good Taſte. For my Part, I take theſe ancient Ruins to be the Remains of a Temple of *Neptune*. I found this Opinion on the Dolphins and Sea-horſes, which are to be ſeen on the Architraves, and a Pillar of the *Doric* Order quite loaded with Shells of Fiſhes, Ornaments that only ſuit *Neptune*. What ſtrengthens my Conjecture is, that theſe Ruins are found pretty near the Lakes of *Yverdun* and *Morat*. Be that as it will, I am perſuaded that if the Earth about theſe Ruins was dug up and moved, other Pieces might be diſcovered which would ſet this Matter in a clearer Light. As for Medals, great Numbers are found every Day in different Places hereabouts.

Situation of *Avenches*, and Fertility of the Soil

The Situation of *Avenches* is very pleaſant; it ſtands upon a little Eminence whence one has a very extenſive Proſpect. The Caſtle is at one End of the Town to the North, the Church in the Middle, which is the higheſt Part. It was formerly a Chapel dedicated to *Mary Magdalene*, and the Cathedral ſtood where the Burying-place is now without the Town, but there are no Traces of it remaining. When Chriſtianity was received in the Country of *Vaud*, the Biſhopric was founded at *Avenches* depending on the Metropolitan of *Beſançon*, but it was transferred to *Lauzane* in the

1705. AVENCHES. Year 600, where it remained till the People of *Bern* became Maſters of this whole Country. The Soil hereabouts is very fertile and produces a great Quantity of Wine and Corn, and contains beſides an Infinity of rich Meadows near the Lake and other Parts.

Aug. 19. Deſcription of a moſt curious Hermitage. *Monſieur de Mellarde* Envoy from the Duke of *Savoy* did us the Honour of a Viſit to day, and invited us to go with him to ſee one of the greateſt Curioſities in *Switzerland*. We took Horſes, and after riding through a very fine Country for about three Hours, we arrived at a charming Foreſt through which are cut ſeveral High-ways, moſt of which we croſſed. At laſt Mr. *Mellarde* made us diſmount at the Door of an Hermitage, which is undoubtedly the moſt aſtoniſhing Thing to be ſeen any where; of which therefore I will endeavour to give you ſome faint Idea.

Built by one ſingle Man in a hard Rock. This ſolitary Place is three full Leagues from *Avenches*, and one from *Friburg*. It is called the *Hermitage* of the *Magdalene*, and he who inhabits it *Brother John*, not one of *Rabelais*'s Heroes, but a Brother *John* of exemplary Piety, very good Senſe, and an eaſy pleaſant Temper; in a Word, a true Recluſe, who has hit the middle between the inſufferable Rigidity of the ancient *Anachorets* in the *Thebaide*, and the Libertiniſm which prevails in ſo many Communities of *Monks*. This Man has made himſelf famous in this Country by an Enterprize that would have diſcouraged any other Man. At the Age of 30, he began to dig and hollow in a Rock of a prodigious Height, a Chapel of 20 Paces in length and 15 in breadth with a Steeple and Sacriſty. At one Side of this Chapel, in two Years time he built for himſelf a Chamber to lodge in, and afterwards, he gradually cut out four others upon the ſame Floor, and a large Parlour to receive ſuch as might have the Curioſity to come and view this wonderful Place of Retirement.

The ſaid Parlour is, in my Opinion, a moſt ſurprizing Piece of Workmanſhip. It is 28 Paces in length to 12 in breadth, and 20 Foot in height, with four Openings ſerving for Windows that are vaſtly higher and larger than thoſe of your beſt Houſes in *London*: At one End of it is a Cabinet, in which is his little Library and ſome Curioſities. Beſides all this, there is a very convenient Kitchen; the Funnel of its Chimney which pierces to the Top of the Rock ſlanting all the Way is above 70 Feet in height. Near the Kitchen is a Cellar ten Foot deep, and 25 long; at the Extremity of which is a plentiful Spring of Water, found there by mere Chance, which together with the Freſhneſs of the Rock, makes this Cellar a real Ice-houſe in the greateſt Heats of Summer. This ſolitary Palace is cut out of the ſolid Rock, without Mortar, Cement, Wood or Iron. Chapel, Steeple, Altar, Benches, Windows, Floors, Cieling, all in one Word is Rock. The ingenious Architect hath likewiſe ſmoothed and poliſhed a large Spot of it which he has covered with Earth, and has made a very fine Garden planted with Dwarf-trees and Fruit-trees of all Sorts ſet againſt the Walls.

'Tis

'Tis true he laboured 25 Years in compleating this marvellous Solitude; but when one carefully examines all the Parts of it, he can ſcarcely help thinking that ſome Elf or Fairy muſt have lent him a helping Hand; ſo like does it look to a Work of Enchantment. The Hermit proteſted to us, that no Perſon had aſſiſted him in any Manner of Way, directly or indirectly; and he likewiſe owned to us, that the Funnel of his Chimney was the Work which had coſt him the greateſt Labour, having been a whole Year about it, and deſpairing often to be able to accompliſh it. 1705. *Aug.* 19. Wonderful Hermitage.

This moſt ſurprizing of all Hermitages looks towards *Friburg*, of which, with the charming Country about it, one has from hence a full View. The *Sarine* flows by the Foot of the Rock on which it ſtands, and round about it is an Eſplanade covered by part of the Foreſt, I have already mentioned, in which are Roads and Avenues, where one may walk and ruminate in a Shade at all Times. In fine, this charming Place is above all Apprehenſion; and I acknowledge that during the many Years I have been Knight Errant, I have ſeen nothing that in the leaſt comes up to this curious Building and delightful Solitude. Nay, I proteſt I ſhould be mighty glad to paſs all the Remainder of my Days in it, provided it were with you and our Books. Fine Situation of it.

While we were examining all the different Beauties in this Hermitage, Mr. *d'Alten* Treaſurer, *i. e.* one of the firſt Magiſtrates of *Friburg*, came here. After the uſual Compliments, Mr. *de Mellarde* begged we would allow him to leave us for half an Hour, having ſome Affairs of Conſequence to regulate with this Magiſtrate. We might eaſily ſee that this Meeting was by Appointment, and that theſe Gentlemen were upon Buſineſs of Importance. Inſtead of half an Hour they were near two Hours together: But we were ſo agreeably amuſed with the Converſation of good Brother *John*, that we did not think the Time long. At laſt they returned, made their Excuſes, and we prepared for going back to *Avenches*. But behold a Table was laid in the grand Hall, and a magnificent Dinner was ſerved up. This not a little ſurprized us; but we ſoon diſcovered that this Repaſt had been beſpoke by Mr. *Mellarde* the Day before, and brought from *Friburg*. There was no reſiſting the Civility of this polite Gentleman: We ſat down to Table where there was every thing for our Entertainment one could deſire. Brother *John* ſaid Grace, and for a while did the Duty of Houſe-Steward; but at the ſecond Courſe he took his Place at Table, and plied his Teeth very heartily, after our Example. Grand' Entertainment in this Solitude.

After Dinner we left the moſt obliging Envoy and Brother *John*, whom we with much ado forced to accept of a ſmall Preſent, and ſet out in Company with Mr. *Alten* to make a little Excurſion to *Friburg*, which is but a League from this Hermitage.

CHAP.

1705. Aug. 9.

CHAP. LIX.

FRIBURG.

Friburg *Capital of a Canton. A Deſcription of it. Its Hiſtory and Government.* Payerne *and* Mouldon. *Some Particulars touching theſe two Towns.* Lauſanne *Capital of the Country of* Vaud. *The great Church there. The Town and its Government deſcribed. Character of its Inhabitants. A Voyage upon the* Leman *Lake from* Lauzanne *to* Geneva.

Friburg Capital of a Canton, and its Deſcription.

FRIBURG is the Capital of a Canton bearing its Name. It is called *Friburg* in *Nuchteland*, to diſtinguiſh it from *Friburg* in *Briſgaw*. It ſtands upon the River *Sana* or *Sarine*; but its Situation is very whimſical, one Part of it being upon a high, rugged and rocky Mountain, and the other in a Valley through which this River flows. The Town-houſe is upon a hanging Rock where there was formerly a Caſtle conſiderable for its Situation and Strength. The great Street, which goes up to the higher Part of the Town is ſo ſteep, that it is hard to get up to it on Horſeback: All the Houſes are of hewn Stone.

Its great Church.

The great Church is very handſome: Its Portail is loaded with Sculptures highly eſteemed here; but which in truth are not extraordinary. The Steeple is ſquare and very high, ending in eight Pyramids. In the Choir are ancient Tapiſtries very well wrought, that were taken from *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy* at the Battle of *Granſon*; and there is ſcarce one of the Cantons that does not poſſeſs ſome Spoils of that unfortunate Prince, who through his too great Confidence in the Count of *Campobaſſo* a *Neapolitan*, who betrayed him on all Occaſions, utterly ruined himſelf and his Family.

Uneven Situation.

Whichever Way you go in this Town, you muſt climb or deſcend: But what is moſt ſingular, in the lower Town without the Gate called the Port of *Berne*, nothing is ſpoke but *German*, and in the higher Town and the Country about it they all ſpeak *Roman*, or a ſort of corrupted *French*.

Hiſtory.

'Twas *Berthold* IV. Duke of *Zeringen* who built *Friburg* in *Nuithonibus*, as well as the other *Friburg* Capital of *Briſgaw*, in the Year 1179. After the Death of its Founder and of *Berthold* V. his Son, who died without Children, it came under the Protection of the Empire, and *Frederic* II. favoured it with ſeveral Privileges. Afterwards it became ſubject to the Counts of *Kyburg*, and then to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, *Rodolph* of *Habspurg* having bought it from theſe Counts. In fine, during the Wars of *Burgundy* it was received into the Number of the Cantons.

Public Buildings.

Beſides the great Church there are ſeveral others in this City, which is but of an ordinary Bulk for the Capital of a pretty large Canton. There is likewiſe a fine College of *Jeſuits*, whoſe different Apartments afford a great Variety of very noble Proſpects. They ſhewed us many Portraits of Gentlemen of their Society, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in ſeveral Parts

Parts of Science or Literature, or in Piety; and among others, a Picture of the famous *Garnet* who was concerned in the Gun-powder Plot, whom they conſider as a Martyr, according to their Maxim of making Saints of the greateſt Villains. Beſides this *Jeſuits* Houſe, there are in *Friburg* four Convents of *Monks*, and as many of *Nuns*. 1705. *Aug.* 19. FRIBURG.

The Government here conſiſts of the great and little Council; the former is compoſed of 200, and the latter of 24 Perſons. The firſt of the Council is the *Advoyer*: There are alſo four *Banderets*, or Captains of Wards, as at *Bern*; a Treaſurer who manages the public Revenues, and four Secretaries. Government.

Friburg formerly depended in Spirituals upon the Biſhop of *Lauſanne*, and its Inhabitants are all *Roman* Catholics. This Canton is divided into ſeveral Bailiwics, the chief of which is that of *Gruyere*, which formerly had its Counts. It is now famous for the excellent Cheeſe it ſends every Year, to the Value of above 100000 Florins into *France*, in exchange of Salt that is imported from thence. The Territories of *Friburg* are ſurrounded by thoſe of *Bern*. The former are eaſily diſtinguiſhable by the large Croſſes which are planted on the high Roads. They produce all Things in Abundance, except Wine, which they are ſupplied with from the Country of *Vaud*. Religion and extent.

Laſſels, according to Cuſtom, makes this wiſe Remark on this Canton. He ſays, that "the Villages of the Catholics are intermingled with thoſe "of the Heretics, and ſo reſemble a chequered Board with black and "white Spots; that the one may be known by a Croſs, and the other by "Sign-Poſts, bearing a Bear, to ſignify that they are Proteſtants, tho' "they belong to the ſame Canton." What poor Stuff, does not this Author void every now and then to ſlander or blacken the Proteſtants! And how many Falſhoods in theſe few Words! The Villages where one ſees the Figure of a Bear are not of the ſame Canton with thoſe where one ſees Croſſes, as he aſſerts, for they all belong to the ſole Canton of *Bern*, whoſe Arms is a Bear. Pitiful Remarks of *Laſſels*.

From *Friburg* we returned to *Avenches*, where we ſpent another Night. The next Day we ſet out, and a little after we had left that Town we paſſed thro' another called *Payerne*, in *Latin Paterniacum*, and by the *Germans Peterling*. It lies upon the River *Broye*, two Leagues from *Avenches*, and four from *Mouldon*, is well built, and encompaſſed with ſtrong Walls. There are two Churches ſo near one another that there is nothing but an open Place between them. Tradition ſays they were built by Queen *Berthe*, not Queen of *France*, as Mr. *Patin* ſays; but Widow of *Rodolph* King of *Burgundy*, who founded here a very fine Monaſtery, where ſhe would have herſelf to be interred, and all her Family. It is added, that in the Time of *Charlemagne*, *Payerne* belonged in Property to one *Guevelin* Count of *Glane*, who is alſo buried there. *Aug.* 20. *Payerne*, Canton of *Bern*.

This Town has large Immunities and Privileges, and a conſiderable Revenue. The *Advoyer*, or chief Magiſtrate, is taken out of the Body of the Citizens, but nominated by the Lords of *Bern*, who have only a Receiver Its Privileges and Fruitfulneſs.

1705. *Aug.* 20. PAYERNE.

ceiver here, instead of a Bailiff, and this Receiver has no Jurisdiction in the Town, but merely over two or three neighbouring Villages. The Territory about *Payerne* produces no Wine, but it is abundantly supplied with it from the Country called *Lavaux*; and instead of Wine they have a vast Quantity of Cheese, Rice, Barley, Oats, and white Pease, famous throughout all *Switzerland* for their Goodness.

Pretended Antiquity of this Town.

The Inhabitants will needs have *Payerne* to be very ancient, because of a certain *Graccius Paternus*, who, they say, commanded here under the *Romans*, and an antique Inscription to be seen on a round Marble on the Bridge over the little River *Broye*, which runs along the Town. The Inscription is in the following Words.

IOVI. O. M.
GENIO. LOCI.
FORTVNÆ. REDVCI.
D. APPIVS. AVGVSTVS.
DEDIC.

But there is no Probability that there was anciently a Town so near *Avenches*, which was then the most considerable in all *Switzerland*. Besides the Marble with this Inscription, may have been brought hither from some other Place. But here is another, and very comical Argument which they formerly used to produce in Favour of the Antiquity of this Town. There was some Years ago hung up and exposed to public View, somewhere near the Town-house, a Saddle which they took care to shew to all Strangers, for a Saddle used by the famous *Julius Cæsar*: But unhappily for them this pretended venerable Saddle had Stirrups; and some Antiquarians having told the Magistrates that Stirrups were a modern Invention, and by no Means in use amongst the *Romans*, they were ashamed of their Ignorance, and the pretended Saddle of *Julius Cæsar* has never appeared since.

Mouldon, an ancient Town.

The Country is very beautiful between *Payerne* and *Mouldon*, where we arrived at Noon. While Dinner was getting ready we walked thro' the Town, which is very ancient. *Antonin* mentions it in his Itinerary, under the Name of *Molodunum*, and it is thought to have been one of those the *Swiss* burnt in the Time of *Julius Cæsar*. It has often been demolished by the *Barbarians*. *Conrad* of *Zeringen* rebuilt the Castle under the Empire of *Lotharius* II. and about 1190. *Berthold* V. last Duke of *Zeringen*, repaired the Town after it had been reduced by several Misfortunes to a sad Condition. Now *Mouldon* is reckoned the first of those Towns commonly called *the four good Towns of the Country of* Vaud.

Its Situation.

It is situated, as I have hinted before, on the *Broye*, but in an unpleasant and inconvenient Spot. The lower Part of the Town is level enough, and has one Church; but the rest lies on the Declivety of a Hill which is very steep in some Places, and surrounded with a Rivulet, which running thro'

the lower Town under Arches, flows with great Rapidity into the *Broye*. In the higheſt Part of it was anciently a Church dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*, of which nothing remains now but a Tower, or a Kind of a Steeple. There are four Fairs at *Mouldon* yearly, which have been famous for a long Time; but are at preſent reduced to little or nothing. Its Bailiwick is of the Canton of *Bern*, and comprehends above ſixty Villages, and ſeveral very fine Land Eſtates belonging to private Gentlemen. The Village of *Dalliens*, though lying within the Bounds of the Bailiwick of *Morges*, depends nevertheleſs upon that of *Mouldon*; and the Lord of that Place is of the Family of the *Manlies*, who derive their Deſcent from the *Roman Manlius*. The Soil of this Territory is but indifferently fruitful, it being very woody, and full of Foreſts.

1705. *Aug.* 20. MOULDON. Fairs, &c.

From *Mouldon* we continued our Journey to *Lauſanne*, the Capital of that Part of the Canton of *Bern* where *French* is ſpoke, and not *German*, as in the other. It is called *Païx de Vaud*, and was formerly conquered by the ſaid Canton from the Duke of *Savoy*. We ſpent three Days in that City, which is by no Means handſome, and has nothing agreeable in it, except the better Sort of the Inhabitants, who are for the moſt Part very polite and civil to Strangers; they being pretty much of the *French* Temper, imitating their Manners and Cuſtoms as much as they can, and having little or no Buſineſs upon their Hands, they generally ſpend the beſt Part of their Time in gaming, and other ſuch Kind of Diverſions: By which means they gradually very much impair their Eſtates, and reduce themſelves and Families to very low Circumſtances. The Children thus brought up in Idleneſs, and too proud to learn a Trade, are forced to enter into Foreign Services for a ſmall and ſcanty Maintenance, and ſeldom have the good Luck of raiſing themſelves to any conſiderable Station.

Aug. 21. *Lauſanne*, and Character of its Inhabitants.

The great Church, anciently the Cathedral, and dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*, is the chief, if not the only public Building that deſerves any Notice. It ſtands on a pretty high Hill, and in the moſt ancient Part of *Lauſanne* called *the City*. It is handſome enough and large, has two Towers, one of which is very lofty. Within are a vaſt Number of ſtately Columns, ſeveral of which are ſaid to be of one Piece. The Choir may be called fine; in it are ſtill remaining ſeveral Tombs of the Biſhops of *Lauſanne*, with their Statues upon them, moſt of which are much ſpoilt by Time.

The great Church.

Duke *Charles* of *Schomberg* killed at the Battle of *Marſaille* in *Piedmont*, is buried behind the Quire, without Epitaph or any Ornaments to his Grave.

I obſerved a Bas-relief which is droll enough, on one Side of the Benches where the Biſhop uſed to ſit before the Reformation: it is the Hiſtory of the *Maccabees* in the Cauldron; the Devil holds the Bellows, and blows up the Fire under it. *Salomone*, their Mother, ſtands near the Cauldron, and a Biſhop in the ſame Poſture behind the Devil, ſeems to encourage him to blow with all his Force.

1705. *Aug.* 21. LAUSANNE.

The celebrated *Laſſels*, with his uſual Impartiality and Learning, declares, that the Perſon who ſhewed him this Church, told him very poſitively, tho' a profeſſed Proteſtant, that it appeared from the Regiſters that Maſs had been ſaid here above 1300 Years ago. What a Blunder in one who piques himſelf on his Knowledge of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory!

Surpriſing Effect of an Earthquake.

To the South of the Quire is a large Window called by the common People *the Roſe*, which is of a very extraordinary Fabric. About fifty Years ago an Earthquake cleft it almoſt from Top to Bottom, and alſo the Wall into which it is inchaſed; inſomuch that thoſe who came to play at Tennis in the neighbouring Square uſed to ſtick their Cloathes into the Rent of this Wall. But another Earthquake which happened ten Years after, ſo joined this ſame Rent that it was hardly poſſible to diſtinguiſh the Place where it had been for ſo many Years.

Other public Buildings.

We likewiſe ſaw the Caſtle where the Bailiff reſides, the ancient Palace of the Biſhops, a Part of which now ſerves for a Priſon; the College, and the great Hoſpital, or Charity-houſe, but all this, as I have ſaid before, is very inconſiderable.

Deſcription and Hiſtory of *Lauſanne*.

This City undoubtedly is the firſt in Rank and Bigneſs of the Country of *Vaud*, and indeed of the whole Canton of *Bern*, next to the Capital. Some Hiſtorians will have it to have exiſted even in the Time of *Julius Cæſar*; others are of Opinion, that it was built by the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*; and ſome by *Aurelian*, out of the Ruins of *Arpentras*, a City anciently ſituated upon the Lake of *Geneva*, where now ſtands the Village of *Vidi*; but all theſe different Opinions are very uncertain. However it be, the Name of this City was not well known till it embraced Chriſtianity, which happened in the Reign of *Dioclefian* and *Maximian*. In that of *Honorius*, *Theodoſius* the younger, and *Valentinian*, the Vandals having driven out the Inhabitants, took Poſſeſſion of *Lauſanne*, which afterwards fell under the Domination of the Kings of *France* and *Burgundy*, till by the Conſent of the Emperors and the moſt Chriſtian Kings, the Biſhops took the Title of Princes Spiritual and Temporal of *Lauſanne*, the Biſhop's Seat having been, as I ſaid before, tranſplanted from *Avenches* to this City; but ſince the Reformation the Biſhops of *Lauſanne*, who now may be ſaid to be Biſhops *in partibus infidelium*, have always reſided at *Friburg* in *Briſgaw*: They are under the Metropolitan of *Beſançon*.

Its Situation.

It is ſituated at a long *Engliſh* Miles, diſtance from the Lake of *Geneva*; but not at one Extremity of it, as Dr. *Burnet* ſays, ſince the Lake extends four or five Leagues beyond it. He is no leſs miſtaken when he adds, that it goes by the Name of Lake of *Lauſanne*; ſince the *Swiſs* themſelves, whoſe Intereſt would lead them to give it that Name, as Maſters of the City, never call it by any other Name but *Jenfferzee*, *i. e.* the Lake of *Geneva*. Beſides, *Lauſanne* is built upon three Hills oppoſite to one another, and partly covered with Gardens and Vineyards. Near it are ſome pretty agreeable Walks, eſpecially on the Side of the Lake, and towards the Tower of *Ouchi*, where is an Eccho that repeats twelve Syllables.

The Town is almoſt ſquare, and in it are ſeveral Gentlemens Houſes tolerably well built, and very commodious; two public Fountains, with two very ſmall Rivulets, which turn a few Mills in two different Parts of the Town, and unite before they run out of it. There are ſome Ruins of a Convent of *Cordeliers*, where Pope *Felix* V. reſided ſome Years, known before under the Name of *Amedeus* VIII. firſt Duke of *Savoy*; and when the Council of *Baſil* was removed to *Lauſanne*. 1705. *Aug.* 23. LAUSANNE. And Deſcription.

There is a remarkable Privilege belonging to the Inhabitants of one of the largeſt Streets of this Place. They have the ſole Power of judging, condemning, or abſolving, as they think fit, any of them that has committed a capital Crime, let the Nature of it be what it will. I own I never heard of ſuch Kind of Prerogative granted to the Citizens of any other Town in the whole World. Wherefore it is no Wonder if, on this Account, the Houſes ſell and let at far higher Rates in this Street than in any other. For the meaneſt Inhabitant has as good a Title to a Vote, in all thoſe Caſes, as the richeſt. Witneſs a Cobler, who, five or ſix Years ago, having the caſting Vote, in a moſt important Affair, thought fit right or wrong to abſolve the Criminal. Privilege of the Inhabitant of one Street.

In the higheſt Part of the Town one ſees the Caſtle, an ancient Building, formerly the Biſhop's Palace, and now the Reſidence of the Bailiff: The College where Profeſſors in ſeveral Sciences daily read Lectures. After the Conqueſt of this Country, the Lords of *Bern* erected at *Lauſanne* a Sort of Univerſity, and handſomely endowed it for the Maintenance of the Profeſſors. The Caſtle and Academy.

As to the Government of *Lauſanne* there are two Councils, the little and the great, the former of ſixteen, the latter of two hundred Members. The Head of them is called Burgomaſter, and the moſt conſiderable after him are, the Treaſurer and the four *Banderets*; none are qualified for theſe Employments but Burgeſſes. The Bailiff has his Juriſdiction a-part, and his yearly Income is very conſiderable. In fine, this Town is about ten Leagues diſtant from *Geneva*. I wonder that Mr. *Patin*, who had no doubt ſeen it, does not ſo much as mention it in his Travels. Government.

The Weather being this Day very fine we ſet out from *Lauſanne*, and choſe rather to go to *Geneva* by the Lake than by Land. At firſt we kept in the Middle, ſoon after on the Coaſt of *Savoy*, and this being four or five Leagues diſtant from the oppoſite one, we could have but an imperfect View of that beautiful Tract of Land in the Country of *Vaud* called *La Côte*. It conſiſts of a vaſt Number of riſing Grounds, ſmall Towns, and Villages at the Right of the Lake. We paſſed by the Towns of *Evian*, anciently *Aquinium*, and *Thonon*, both belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*. It is between the latter and *Morges* on the oppoſite Bank, that the Lake has its greateſt Extent, it being there no leſs than five or ſix Leagues broad. *Aug.* 24. The *Leman* Lake or of *Geneva*.

Tho' I took a great Deal of Pains to examine whether it be really true, as ſeveral Authors have aſſerted, that the *Rhone* paſſes thro' the Middle of this False Notion about this Lake.

1705. *Aug.* 24. this Lake, without mixing with it, I could not perceive the leaſt Symptom of it, no more than in the Lake of *Conſtance*, where the ſame is ſaid of the *Rhine*.

Ammianus Marcellinus cited. It is *Ammianus Marcellinus* whom I conſulted, who has led moſt People into this Miſtake. Hear how he ſpeaks of it: *A Poeninis Alpibus effuſiore copia fontium Rhodanus fluens, & proclivi impetu ad planiora digrediens, proprio agmine ripas occultas, & paludi ſeſe ingurgitat, nomine Lemano, eamque intermeans nuſquam aquis miſcetur externis, ſed altrinſecus ſummitates undæ præterlabens ſegniores, quæritans exitus viam ſibi impetu veloci molitur. Undè ſinè jactura rerum per denſa paludium fertur, & ſequanos; longèque progreſſus Viennenſem latere ſiniſtro perſtringit, dextro Lugdunenſem; & emenſus ſpatia fluctuoſa, Ararim, quem Sauconnam appellant, inter Germaniam primam fluentem, ſuum in nomen adſciſcit; qui locus exordium eſt Galliarum*, &c.

How many Authors have affirmed this Story upon the Credit of this Hiſtorian? And how many, fond of the Reality of ſo extraordinary a Thing as the *Rhine*'s paſſing thro' the Lake of *Conſtance*, and the *Rhone*'s paſſing thro' that of *Geneva* without mingling, have affirmed it, tho' they never were here to examine into the Truth of the Aſſertion? So certain is what *Papyrius Maſſon* obſerves, that *Sæpè conficta fabula, mortalium aures ita penetravit, ut nunc quoque evelli ex plurimorum mentibus non poſſit.*

And confuted. I aſſure you *Ammianus Marcellinus* had never ſeen theſe two Lakes, whatever he may ſay, or he had never examined the Matter with ſuch Attention as I have done. Perhaps a gentle Breeze, as ſometimes happens, curling the Surface of the Waters in ſome Parts of theſe Lakes, while the reſt remained ſmooth, may have made ſome imagine theſe curled Parts were the Water of the River. Be that as it will, it is not only with Reſpect to the *Rhine* and *Rhone* that this Author has intended to palm Falſhoods on his Readers; for which Reaſon the learned *Lewis Vives* could not forbear paſſing this Judgment on him. *Ammiani Marcellini quod ſuper eſt opus, nec oratoris omnino, nec Hiſtorici.*

Yvoire. Nerny. Hermance in *Savoy.* The Heat being very violent, and our People rowing very gently that we might carefully ſearch into the Matter, we ſuffered a good Deal upon this Lake. At about One we paſſed by the Caſtle of *Yvoire*, anciently called *Aquaria*, where the Duke of *Savoy* keeps a few Gallies; ſometime after by the little Town of *Nerny*, and next by that of *Hermance*. This latter was formerly a very handſome Town; but the People of *Geneva* deſtroyed it during their War with *Charles* III. Duke of *Savoy*. Some Remains of the ancient Walls, together with ſome Towers, are yet ſubſiſting. They are at above half a League from the Town, which had formerly the Title of Barony.

Arrival at *Geneva*. About Six o'Clock we doubled the Point of *Bellerive*, on which ſtands a large ſquare Caſtle that jets into the Lake: Soon after *Geneva* appeared fully to our View, as a very beautiful Amphitheatre. In fine, we entered the Port, which is very handſome, at leaſt for a Place that is not a maritime Town.

Brunduſium longæ finis chartæque, viæque.

I have

I have already obſerved in the Preface, that the Author ſpent 16 *Months at* Geneva, *and employed the greateſt Part of that Time in compiling Memoirs for a Hiſtory of that Town and Republic. So that the Reader will not be ſurprized to find ſo long an Interruption in his Journal. He now reſumes the Thread of it, to give us an exact and full Account of his Travels through* Italy, *which make not only the largeſt, but incomparably the moſt curious Part of his Work.*

CHAP. LX.

Departure from Geneva. *Several Towns on the Road to* Soleure. *Deſcription of this City, and Capital of a Canton. The great Church. The* Jeſuit's *Houſe, and its Magnificence. The Town-houſe, and its Pictures. Government, Inhabitants, Arſenal and Situation of* Soleure. *Journey from that City to* Baſle.

1707. *Jan.* 1. Rout from *Geneva* to *Soleure.*

AFTER a very long Stay at *Geneva*, we reſolved to ſet out for *Italy*, the principal Object which they who make what is called the *Grand Tour of Europe*, generally propoſe in their Travels. Our ſhorteſt Road was by *Savoy* and *Mont-Cenis*, but the *French* being poſſeſſed of that Paſs, and the Road through the Country of the *Griſons* being the worſt of all, we were obliged to go by *Tirol*.

Verſoy. Soon after we had left *Geneva*, we arrived at *Verſoy*, a tolerably handſome Village belonging to *France*, which is a kind of a Thorn in the Foot of the Governments of *Bern* and *Geneva*, eſpecially in time of *War*. From thence we went on to *Copet*, a little Town lying on the Border of the Lake, *Copet.* with a Caſtle belonging to Count *Dhona*, who accordingly takes the Title of Baron of *Copet*. Then to *Nion* an ancient City. Some Inſcriptions *Nion.* which are built into ſome of their Walls prove that the *Romans* had a Colony there. It is ſituated upon a riſing Ground, has a Harbour upon the Lake, and is the Reſidence of a Bailif from *Bern*, who has under him the Barony of *Copet*, *Prangin*, and about 50 Villages. It is ſaid that it was formerly a large City, called *Novodunum*. *Rolle*, through which we paſſed *Rolle.* ſoon after, was likewiſe a City called *Rotulum*, but at preſent it is only a long Street. It has however the Title of a Barony, and the Baron of the Place has there a tolerable good, though old-faſhion'd Caſtle.

From *Rolle* we arrived at *Aubonne* a handſome Town, ſituated upon a *Aubonn.* riſing Ground not far from the Lake. It is alſo a Barony, which formerly belonged to the famous Traveller *Tavernier*, and then to the Marquis *Du Queſne*. He ſold it to the Government of *Bern*, who has improved it into an excellent Bailiwic, upon which they have built a very handſome Caſtle. Leaving *Aubonne* we came to St. *Prex*, a naſty Hole, though one St. *Prex.*

Plantin

1707. Jan. 1. *Plantin*, who has wrote a kind of an Abridgment of the Hiſtory of *Switzerland*, calls it *a very handſome Town*. Hard by there is a Spring of Mineral Waters which draws to it ſome Company. This little Place is ſingular in

Morges. having only one Gate. *Morges*, which we next meet with, is on the contrary a very handſome and modern Town, with large open Streets and a good Trade, on account of its Harbour on the Lake: Here is the Reſidence of a Bailif, and a College for educating Youth. This whole

Nion. Tract of Land between *Nion* and *Morges*, is called *la Côte*, and produces White Wines, which are famous among the Inhabitants of that Canton, who never find the leaſt Inconveniency, to whatever Exceſs they drink them.

Lauſanne. From *Morges* we arrived at *Lauſanne*, where we made no Stay. The Whole Country betwixt *Geneva* and this Place is very beautiful, and we ſeldom loſt Sight of the Lake. The Soil in general is fertile, full of Towns, Boroughs, Caſtles, Vineyards, Corn and Meadow Grounds. On the Side of *Savoy*, our View is terminated with high Mountains covered with eternal Snow, interſperſed however with very well cultivated Vallies. From

Mouldon. *Lauſanne* we arrived in a few Hours at *Mouldon*, into which we entered by a handſome Stone Bridge about 50 Paces long, thrown over the *Broye* a ſmall River, but by its Inundations in the Winter Seaſon, it ſometimes does a great deal of Damage.

About a League farther, we perceived the Caſtle of the Bailif of *Mouldon*, which is a tolerable handſome Building upon a riſing Ground. A few

Payerne. Hours after we came to *Payerne*, another Bailiwic and a pretty Town.

Morat. We next reached *Morat*, but I ſhall ſay nothing of either of thoſe two Places at preſent, becauſe I have ſpoken of them upon another Occaſion. We met with nothing worth mentioning betwixt *Morat* and *Aarberg*, except

Bienne. a diſtant Proſpect of the ſmall City of *Bienne* and its Lake. No Country in the World has ſo great a Collection of theſe kind of Waters. Every

Aarberg. Canton has its Lake, and ſome more than one. We entered *Aarberg* by a Stone Bridge upwards of 100 Paces in length, and covered over with Timber-work of an extraordinary Make and Solidity. This Bridge lies acroſs the River *Aar*, which, when it is a little ſwelled, runs quite round the Town. *Aarberg* though but ſmall, is one of the beſt Bailiwics in the Canton of *Bern*.

Buren. *Buren* is the next Place we meet with upon leaving *Aarberg*. It is likewiſe one of the Bailiwics of *Bern*, but without any thing remarkable in it, except the Bailif's Houſe; the Front of which is painted with the Repreſentation of the four Seaſons and the four Elements, and the Side facing the City Gate, with the Hiſtory of *Curtius* the famous *Roman* Knight, who plunged into a Gulph to ſave his Country. Under this Hiſtory they have put up the following Inſcription.

Omnia ſi perdas famam ſervare memento.

That is: *Though you loſe every thing, remember to keep your Reputation.*

An

An excellent Precept indeed; but very improper for the Houſe of a Baiſif of *Bern*. Theſe Bailifs are generally a Set of People, who have ſo little Regard either to their own Character or to the Good of their Country, that they employ the ſix Years of their Government in amaſſing Wealth by the moſt illegal Means, to be able afterwards to make a Figure in their own Capital. 1707. *Jan.* 2. Character of the *Swiſs* Bailifs.

The Subjects of *Switzerland* are ſaid to enjoy more Liberty than any People of *Europe*: But this is far from being the Caſe, for perhaps no People are ſo much preyed upon by a great Number of Tyrants, at leaſt in ſeveral of the Cantons, eſpecially in that of *Bern*. Their honourable Bailifs, who are often Fellows of no Birth, Education or Knowledge, are ſo many Leeches, who ſuck the beſt Blood of the poor People, and who exactly reſemble thoſe Governors of Provinces whom *Juvenal* laſhes ſo ſtrongly in his eighth *Satyr*. Character of the *Swiſs* Government

Inde Dolabella eſt, atque hinc Antonius; inde
Sacrilegus Verres; referebant Navibus altis
Occulta ſpolia, & plures de pace Triumphos.

But the greateſt Hardſhip of all upon theſe poor *Swiſs* is, that every ſix Years they have freſh Tyrants ſent them; ſo that they are ſubjected to a perpetual Rotation of Oppreſſion.

From *Buren* we reached *Soleure* in three Hours. Here the *Aar* is pretty large, and divides that City into two Parts, but the Communication is preſerved by two Bridges. This River, in Latin *Arula*, riſes near the Mountain called *la Fourche*, and paſſes by *Meringen*, and *Underſewen*, diſembogues into the Lake of *Thun*, and from thence it emerges and flows by *Thun*, *Bern*, *Aarberg*, *Buren*, and *Soleure*, below which it is increaſed by the ſmall River called *Emma*, and continues its Courſe by *Aarwangen*, *Aarburg*, *Olten*, *Aaraw*, *Bruck*, below which it is joined by the *Ruſs* and the *Limat*, and all together diſcharge themſelves into the *Rhine* betwixt *Zurzach* and *Waldſhut*. *Soleure*. *Aar* River, and its Courſe.

Soleure, the Capital of this Canton, is ſituated in a beautiful and fruitful Valley. Its Fortifications are regular, and all its Baſtions, Half-moons, and Ravelines faced with large, ſquare, hewn Stones, and ſurrounded with a good Ditch full of Water, the whole very fine and finiſhed at a vaſt Expence. Over the ſecond Gate, through which we entered, we ſaw the Arms of the Empire and thoſe of the City. The laſt of which are *party per face*, Gules and Argent, with the following *Latin* Verſe. The Capital of the Canton, and its Fortifications.

Sanguine parta fuit, floret candore Libertas.
S. P. Q. Solod.

Upon

1707. *Jan.* 3. SOLEURE

Upon entring the City, I remarked a Fountain with a Pillar rising from the middle of its Bason. On the Top of this Pillar is the Statue of *William Tell* in Armour, discharging a large Musket, which he holds bended to his Eye, and a small Bear betwixt his Legs. When I asked the Meaning of this Bear * no body could give me any Account of it. Adjoining to the Inn where we dined, is the famous *Tower of the Sun*, pretended by several Authors to be a Proof of the great Antiquity of this City, which contends to be as old as *Treves*. The following Distich is put under the Dial-plate of the Clock on the Tower.

The Statue of *W. Tell*, and the Tower of the Sun.

In Celtis nihil est Solodoro antiquius, unis
Exceptis Treviris, quarum Ego dicta Soror.

That is: *Among the* Celti *nothing is more ancient than* Soleure, *excepting* Treves, *of which I am called the Sister.* Mr. *Charles Patin* and Mr. *Misson*, in their Copy of this Distich, have both of them put *Scloduro* for *Solodoro*.

The great Church.

The great Church of *Soleure* is dedicated to St. *Urse*, *Sanctus Ursus*, and not to St. *Urge*, as Mr. *Misson* has it. Its Legend tells us, that it was founded by *Bertha* Queen of *Burgundy*. It is a very dark, old Building, and said here to be erected upon the Ruins of a Temple of *Mercury*, which formerly stood upon the same Place. As we entered, we were shewn two antique Pillars of the *Tuscan* Order, which we were assured were taken out of the Ruins of the ancient Temple. Its Treasury consists in a vast Quantity of Relicks, which would only disgust you should I describe them.

The *Jesuit*'s Church.

The *Jesuit*'s Church, is indisputably the most magnificent and the finest in the whole City. The present King of *France Lewis* XIVth gave a hundred thousand Livres towards building it, so much was he afraid of disobliging that dreadful Body of *Ignatians*. It is wholly built of hewn Stone, with the following Inscription in large Gold Letters upon the Freeze of the Front.

Ludovici Magni Regis Christianissimi munificentiæ Monumentum.

This is a Proof of their great Dexterity in offering Incense to those Princes, for that Gold which they have the Address to bubble them of. The high Altar is tolerably handsome, and the Picture on it, which represents the Assumption of the *Virgin*, is very much esteemed. We see there that Arch-Patriarch *Loyola*, on his Knees above the Prophets and the four Doctors of the Church, with a Book open in his Hand, on which we read the following Words in black Letters: *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.* The Pretence that cloaks all the Actions, either good or bad, of your

* It very probably has an Allusion to St. *Ursus*, who seems to be the tutelar Saint of the City.

right-bred *Jeſuits!* But whatever Zeal they may expreſs for the *Glory of God*, they are ſure never to forget the Profit of their Society, which they ſpare no Pains and leave no Method untry'd to advance. 1707. *Jan.* 4. SOLEURE

They have ſet up in their Church the Pictures of three of their Fraternity whom they regard as Martyrs, but who, in Reality, were three of thoſe Ruffians who, to gratify their Avarice and Ambition, enticed three Princes of *Japan* their Proſelytes, to rebel againſt the Emperor their Sovereign, and thereby occaſioned the Loſs of upwards of three hundred thouſand Men, and the abſolute Ruin of all the Chriſtians in that large Empire. Nay, they have carried their Profanation to ſuch a Pitch, as to put one of theſe villanous Incendiaries in Parallel with *Jeſus Chriſt*, by repreſenting him as faſtened to a Croſs betwixt two others, and a Soldier piercing his Side with a Lance, as good St. *Longinus* did that of our Saviour's betwixt the two Thieves. Three of their pretended Martyrs.

Theſe Reverend Fathers were but ten when they firſt ſettled at *Soleure*, and had only a thouſand Livres of Income to ſubſiſt upon; and yet they would not have been ſuffered to have ſtayed there, but upon Condition that they ſhould never exceed that Number. Their Circumſtances are much altered ſince that Time, and at preſent they are very numerous and powerful through all the Popiſh Cantons. Their Church and College in this City are ſo magnificent, that we were told they will coſt upwards of four hundred thouſand Livres before they are finiſhed, and then they will be the fineſt modern Edifices in all *Switzerland*. As to their preſent Revenue, I believe no body beſides the Superiors of the Convent can give any diſtinct Account of it, but it is doubtleſs vaſtly improved ſince their firſt Settlement. The Terms on which they were received at *Soleure*.

The Town-houſe is a very ordinary Edifice, yet its winding Stone Staircaſe is of a pretty remarkable Structure. The Council Chamber is wainſcotted and gilded, with ſome Pictures in the Pannels, one of which repreſents the Battle of *Morat*. The Houſe-keeper made us obſerve in that Picture, a General in the Duke of *Burgundy*'s Army, who ruſhing into the Lake after the Battle in a compleat Suit of Armour, and upon a Horſe compleatly capariſoned, made a Vow to St. *Urſus* of *Soleure*, for whom this *Burgundian* entertained a particular Devotion, that if he would deliver him in that Danger, he would hang up at the Feet of his Statue all his Armour, with the compleat Set of his Horſe's Harneſs. The Saint inſtantly appeared to him, and conducted him by the Hand, together with his Horſe to the oppoſite Bank of the Lake. The *Burgundian*, who was neither an *Italian* nor a *Norman*, punctually performed his Vow; and the whole is now preſerved in the Arſenal of *Soleure*. His Maſter, Duke *Charles*, fell upon a more ſure Expedient for ſaving his Life, when he ſaw he had loſt the Day; for he threw himſelf into the ſame Lake, in hopes that a very ſtout Battle Horſe which he had under him, would be able to ſwim it over. But looking behind, he perceived that one of his Pages had faſt hold with The Town-houſe and a remarkable Picture.

1727. *Jan.* 5. SOLEURE.

both his Hands of the poor Creature's Tail, and hung a dead Weight upon his Swimming. The Duke, without thinking of recommending himſelf to any Saint, either He or She, immediately drew one of his Piſtols and ſhot his Page through the Head, otherwiſe perhaps they muſt all three have gone to the Bottom. The Horſe, thus lightened of his Load, ſwam with more Vigour than before, and, at laſt, carried his Maſter ſafe to the oppoſite Side of the Lake.

Other Hiſtorical Pictures.

The other Pictures in this Chamber repreſent the Hiſtory of the Emperor *Frederic* II. beſieging *Soleure*, for taking part with his Enemy *Lewis* of *Bavaria*, and ſome Battles gained by the *Swiſs* over the *Auſtrians*. In another Room of the ſame Town-houſe, are the Pictures of all their Advoyers, who are as it were their Burgomaſters, with their Names, Sirnames and Arms, down to thoſe who are now poſſeſſed of that Dignity.

The Government and Inhabitants of *Soleure*.

The Government of *Soleure* conſiſts of thirty ſix Magiſtrates, of whom the two Advoyers, the *Banderet*, and the Treaſurer are the Principal. The Inhabitants are generally looked upon as very ſuperſtitious and bigotted, but their People of Faſhion are eſteemed the moſt polite of all the *Swiſſes*, and generally ſpeak *French*.

Deſcription of the Town and Arſenal.

This City, which is likewiſe the Reſidence of the *French* Ambaſſador, is pretty well built, adorned with many handſome Fountains, and ſome tollerably magnificent Houſes. As to its Arſenal it is but very indifferent, without any thing in it anſwerable to the Goodneſs and Beauty of the Fortifications. It contains but a few Cannons, a great many ſmall Arms, and old Arſenal Furniture which are now quite out of Faſhion. It is true, the ſureſt Arms, and the ſtrongeſt Fences of *Soleure*, are the high Mountains which ſurround and divide it from *Franche Comté*, and which nevertheleſs by, as it were, lowering their Tops more here than in any other Place in *Switzerland*, have thereby greatly contributed to the eaſy Courſe of the Waters, the Pleaſure of the Proſpect, and the Conveniencies of Life.

Jan. 7. Departure from *Soleure* and ſeveral ſmall Towns upon the Road to *Baſil*.

Having ſatisfied our Curioſity at *Soleure*, we ſet out to Day from thence, and after travelling ſome Hours we paſſed by the little Town of *Wielichbagh* belonging to the Canton of *Bern*, and then by *Balſtal*, a ſmall Borough in that of *Soleure*. Beyond that, we were detained for ſome time by the Steepneſs of the Ways, and betwixt 11 and 12 in the Forenoon, we had quite croſſed the Mountains, by paſſing through *Bahendorff*, an indifferent Place and a Bailiwic depending on the Canton of *Bern*, where is a Caſtle, the Reſidence of the Bailif, and which ſhuts up and commands the Paſs of the Mountains. About three in the Afternoon we went through *Liechſtal*, which is a pretty Town belonging to the ſame Canton. At laſt, after croſſing a large Forreſt upwards of two Leagues in length, we paſt the little River *Birs* upon a wooden Bridge, near the Place where it diſcharges itſelf into the *Rhine*, and arrived at *Baſil*.

1707. *Jan.* 9.

CHAP. LXI.

BASIL.

Basil. Switzers *in general are great Drinkers. The public Library very considerable. History of* Reuchlin, *or* Johannes Capnio. *Several Manuscripts. History of* Holbein *the Painter, and some of his best Performances. Collection of Medals. Representation of a Dance of the Dead. Short Account of the famous Council of* Basil.

WE had no sooner entered the Hall of our Inn, than our Landlord and his Servants came to give us welcome in their Country Fashion by taking us by the Right-hand, which they shook with all their Force. As soon as we had sate down, the Master hearing that we were *English*, came in a formal Manner, bareheaded to present us with a Health to the Queen of *England*, in a great Silver Mug upon a large Stand, and surrounded with 13 small ones, which they call the 13 *Cantons*. This brave jolly Fellow in a very short Time emptied them all one after another. But as we were neither able nor willing to follow his monstrous Example, each of us pledged him in one of the smaller Cups. This Rummer with its 13 Supporters swallowed up in honour of a Lady, somewhat resembles the ancient Custom of drinking as many Glasses of Wine to the Health of their Mistresses, as there were Letters in their Names.

The *Swisses* great drinking.

A whimsical Instance of it.

Nævia sex Cyathis septem Justina bibatur. Martial.

This puts me in Mind of an *Epigram* made by a Modern, which perhaps you have not seen, and is as follows.

A fine Modern Epigram.

* *Sæpè meæ nomen simul inter vina Puellæ,*
More jubes prisci temporis, Aule, *bibam:*
Tu Violentillam *potas, mihi* Claudia *septem*
Dat Cyathos, & jam frigida fugit hyems.
Quid faciam, sicci cùm terga Leonis adibit
Phoebus, & ingratus faucibus æstus erit?
Ergo meæ propter nomen breve cogar Amicæ
Ferre sitim? tanti nulla Puella mihi est.
Non tamen hanc Dominam mutabo, sitimque levabo:
Quid facies igitur? quæris: amabo duas.

* The Point of this Epigram lies in the Author's having a Mistress with a shorter Name than that of his Friend's Mistress, and therefore that he might have drinking enough to quench his Thirst, he was resolved to love two Mistresses, so that their two Names might furnish Letters sufficient for a greater Number of Glasses.

1727. *Jan.* 9. BASIL.

This Epigram is certainly very fine, and therefore you perhaps will take it into your Head to think that I have a mind to paſs an ancient Production upon you for a Modern one, contrary to what was done by *Muretus*, who actually did paſs upon *Scaliger* the younger, ſome Verſes of his own for an ancient Compoſition. At which, (though in my Opinion a very innocent Impoſition) the famous Deſcendant of the Princes of *Verona* was ſo incenſed, that he launched out theſe two moſt virulent Verſes againſt his Friend *Muretus*:

Qui flammas rigidæ vitaverat antè Tholoſæ,
Rumetus *fumos vendidit ille mihi.*

That is: Muretus *who eſcaped the Flames of* Tholouſe, *ſold the Smoke of theſe Flames (meaning his Verſes) to* Scaliger: Brutiſhly alluding to *Muretus* having been accuſed and condemned for *Sodomy* at *Thouloufe*; but it was the common Method of *Scaliger*, and a great many more of his learned Cotemporaries, to revenge themſelves by perſonal Defamation. As to the *Latin* Epigram before cited, it was wrote by a Modern called *Lotichius*, a *German* and a good Poet: Perhaps no other than a *German* could have ſucceeded ſo well in a Piece whoſe Subject was Drinking.

The public Library.

As we had got Letters of Recommendation to Mr. *Reboulet*, one of the Miniſters of the *French* Church at *Baſil*, we went to pay him a Viſit. We found him a well-bred polite Gentleman, and he waited upon us to Mr. *Werenfells*, who is a very learned Profeſſor of Theology, and Author of the moſt ingenious Treatiſe, entituled, *Logomachia Eruditorum*, which he has dedicated to Dr. *Burnet*, Biſhop of *Saliſbury*. He was ſo kind as to attend us to the public Library, to ſhew us its Curioſities. It contains upwards of 16000 Volumes, beſides Manuſcripts.

The *Buxtorffs* Books added to it.

The Univerſity has beſides lately augmented it by a large Collection of Books, all relating to the Oriental Languages, which had belonged from Father to Son to the celebrated Profeſſors *Buxtorffi*. The laſt of theſe great Men, who underſtood and freely ſpoke ſo many Languages, eſpecially the Oriental, has left an only Son behind him, who is not able to ſpeak ſo much as a ſingle one, he being unhappily born dumb. This Misfortune determined his Widow to ſell thoſe Books for 1000 Crowns to the Univerſity. A Catalogue has been printed of this curious Collection, and the Gentlemen of the Univerſity have acted very commendably in adding this Ornament to the public Library, which is unqueſtionably the beſt in all *Switzerland*.

Several Pictures.

The Building itſelf is well laid out, and the Cornice is adorned with the Picture of Pope *Pius* II. ſo famous before his Acceſſion to the Pontificate by the Name of *Æneas Sylvius Picolominus*, who founded the Univerſity of *Baſil*, in the Year 1460. Beſides this Picture there are many others of famous Profeſſors

Profeſſors in all Kinds of Learning; particularly that of the famous *Reuchlin*, otherwiſe *Joannes Capnio*. 1707. *Jan.* 7.

This learned Man was born near *Spire* in the Year 1450. and learned *Hebrew* at *Baſil*, where he came to be Profeſſor. He finiſhed himſelf in the Knowledge of that Language at *Rome*, under a *Jew* named *Abdias*. It was there he fell acquainted with, and likewiſe ſtudied under *Argyropilus*. He one Day deſiring *Reuchlin* to expound a certain Paſſage in *Thucydides*, the latter did it in ſo elegant a Manner, and with ſo graceful a Pronunciation, that *Argyropilus* ſaid with a Sigh, *Græcia noſtra exilio tranſvolavit Alpes*. Sometime after, the Monks having prevailed with the Emperor *Maximilian* I. to oblige all the *Jews* to bring their Books to the Inquiſitors that they might be burnt; *Reuchlin*, who had more Knowledge than all the Eccleſiaſtics of his Age, repreſented to this Prince that it was ſufficient to cauſe to be burnt all ſuch Kind of Books, as were expreſly wrote againſt *Jeſus-Chriſt*; but that all the others ought to be preſerved, eſpecially thoſe upon Grammar and Medicine. This Repreſentation had its deſired Effect, and was punctually obſerved. By this Behaviour he drew upon himſelf the Hatred of the ſtupid Clergy, and by his having condemned their Superſtitions and pious Frauds, which he called the *Nervi Regni Monaſtici*. To be revenged of him they accuſed him of Hereſy; but he was acquited by the Biſhop of *Spire*. They appealed to the Court of *Rome*, where *Eraſmus* and *Peter Galatin* having wrote in his Favour to *Leo* X. and ſome Cardinals, he was again acquitted by Cardinal *Grimani*. At laſt, upon *Luther*'s Revolt, the Monks, to whom he had given ſufficient Employment, troubled him no farther, and he died in the Year 1522. and the 72d of his Age. Amongſt many other Writings, he left behind him a Book, entituled, *De Arte Caballiſtica*, and two others, the *Speculum Oculare*, and the *Epiſtolæ obſcurorum virorum*, both of them againſt the Monks. Their Eagerneſs to cauſe all the *Jewiſh* Books to be burnt, puts me in Mind of Pope *Gregory* VII. who burnt the Writings of a great many Ancients, eſpecially the Works of *Varro*, the moſt learned of the *Romans*, giving this ridiculous Reaſon for his Conduct, that *Auguſtin* might never be accuſed of *Plagiariſm* for *having ſtole from this Author the greateſt Part of his Book* De Civitate Dei.

BASIL.

The Hiſtory of *Reuchlin*, or *Joannes Capnio*.

In this Library we ſaw a great Number of Manuſcripts, but chiefly the Writings of the Fathers, a great many Homilies and Legends, and a great Variety of Authors who lived in the dark Ages. Mr. *Werenfells* told us, that moſt Part of theſe Works were brought to *Baſil* by the ſeveral Doctors who aſſiſted at its famous Council, and were placed in the publick Library at the Time of the Reformation, with all the Books which the Monks were not able to carry off. The greateſt Curioſities ſhewn us by this Gentleman were as follows.

Manuſcripts.

A *Greek Thucydides*, in *Quarto*, from which *Camerarius* printed his Edition.

A *Greek*

1707. *Jan.* 7. BASIL.

A *Greek* New Teſtament upon Vellum, which he aſſured us was upwards of a thouſand Years old: The Letters are all Square, with the Accents, the Aſpirations, and the Points.

The four Goſpels in large *Greek* Characters, but very ill ſhaped and incorrect, with the Concords at the Bottom of the Pages.

The Works of *Gregory* of *Nazianze*, in very neat Red Letters, with handſome Drawings in Miniature, and the Commentaries of *Elias Cretenſis*, wrote in black Letters.

A *Latin* Bible, in two large *Folio* Volumes, with two Columns in each Page, and as old as the Age of *Charles* the Great.

A very handſome *Virgil*, but very modern, and not very rare, as Mr. *Miſſon* ſays.

A *Horace* of a very old Date, with Notes wrote by the Monk who had copied it. When I opened this Manuſcript I happened to caſt my Eye upon a very comical Paſſage in Ode ix. of Book 3. beginning *Donec gratus eram tibi*, &c. where inſtead of the Words *Quid ſi priſca redit venus:* The Monk boldly and merrily reads *Nunc me priſca riget venus*; and inſiſts in his Notes after his Faſhion, *Riget, id eſt, rigidum facit.* This no Doubt was ſome merry Monk who knew other Things than reading his Breviary.

The Alcoran of *Mahomet* in *Arabic*, upon a very beautiful *Chineſe* Paper, and extremely well wrote.

The *Officiale Durandi*, printed at *Mentz* by *John Fuſtius*, in a large *Folio* of two Columns, and upon very fine Vellum, the Date *Octob.* 6. 1459.

The four Letters which *John Huſs* wrote to the *Bohemians* two or three Days before he was burned alive at *Conſtance*. Theſe Letters are very ſimple, but perfectly beautiful as to the Subject.

The Cabinet of Curioſities and Hiſtory of *Holbein* the Painter.

In a large Cabinet on one Side of the Library, are a great many Originals of the famous *Holbein* in Oil, with *Crayon*, and with the Pen. This excellent Painter acquired all his Skill and Knowledge in that Art without any Maſter. He was a Native of *Baſil*, a little given to Tipling, and ſo very poor, that he had not often wherewithal to get a Dinner. They ſhow to this Day at the Corner of a blind Street a Houſe, which in his Time was a Tavern, the Outſide of which was all painted with his Hand, as we are told, to diſcharge the Scores which this poor Painter had run up there for Victuals and Drink.

Eraſmus, touched with his Miſery, purſuaded him to go to *England*, and furniſhed him with Letters to his Friend the Chancellor Sir *Thomas Moore*. *Holbein* was highly pleaſed with leaving his own Country, both to avoid the Scoldings of a She-friend whom he had married, and to make himſelf better known in the World. The Chancellor received him very handſomely upon the Recommendation of *Eraſmus*, and preſented him to his Maſter *Henry* VIII. who employed him; and perceiving the Extent of his Genius, not only honoured him with his Eſteem, but ſoon raiſed him to an Eſtate. *Holbein*'s good Fortune upon this made him often have this Re-

flexion

flexion in his Mouth: *Is it poſſible that ever I have been ſo poor as to be obliged to paint the Walls of a Tavern for a Dinner.* 1727. *Jan.* 7.

The moſt remarkable of his Pictures which were ſhewn us in the Library are as follows. Several of his Performances.

A *Venus* and *Cupid*, which an ignorant Monk once took for the Virgin *Mary* and the Child *Jeſus*.

A *Lais* of *Corinth* drawn with a large Piece of Gold before her.

Two laſt Suppers of *Jeſus Chriſt* and his Diſciples, and a Flagillation.

A dead *Chriſt* extended in a Shroud, very much eſteemed, and for which they tell us a great deal of Money has been offered.

The Picture of *Holbein*, together with that of his Wife and two little Children, almoſt all in Rags.

Two Pictures of the famous *Eraſmus*, the leaſt of which is thought to have the ſtrongeſt Likeneſs of that great Man of any that was ever drawn. It is a half Length, and occaſioned the following famous Epigram.

Ingens ingentem quem perſonat orbis Erafmum
Hic tibi dimidium picta Tabella refert.
At cur non totum? mirari deſine Lector,
Integra nam totum terra nec ipſa capit.

That is, *Why does not this Painting repreſent only* Eraſmus *in half Length? The Reader will be ſatisfied when he is told that all the World is not ſufficient to contain a full Repreſentation of him.* In the firſt Line Mr. *Miſſon* writes *Orbus* for *Orbis*, and in the laſt *Integra non totum* for *Integra nam totum.*

Mr. *Werenfells* ſhewed us beſides in a large wooded Coffer of an antique Taſte, ornamented with old Sculptures, and which formerly belonged to *Eraſmus*, ſome Manuſcripts, together with the following Curioſities. Curioſities that had belonged to *Eraſmus.*

Eraſmus's Will and Teſtament, wrote with his own Hand in very aukward Characters, like thoſe of moſt other learned Men. His Seal, which is at the Bottom, repreſents the God *Terminus*; his Dagger, his Knife, his Bodkin, together with *Holbein*'s Dagger; both theſe Daggers are pretty handſome, and of Silver gilt.

But what, no doubt, you would chiefly value in this Library, if you ſhould happen to ſee it, is ſeveral compleat Sets of Conſular and Imperial Medals, both in Silver and Braſs, beſides a vaſt Quantity of Modern ones. The moſt rare of the Ancient are a Gordian of *Africa*, Silver; a *Plotina*, Wife to *Trajan*, Gold; and a *Criſpus*, *Conſtantine* the Great's Son. Collection of Medals.

To Day we went to ſee the famous Dance of the Dead, which is painted upon the Wall of the Church yard belonging to the *French* Church, formerly the *Dominican* Convent. This Piece repreſents the Figures of about ſixty Perſons of all Ages and Stations, from the Pope and Emperor down to the Beggar. Every Figure is attended with that of a *Death*, each in a different Attitude, and has upon its Face all the Expreſſion of Terror which *Jan.* 8. The celebrated Dance of the Dead.

ſo

1707. *Jan.* 8. BASIL. frightful an Object can inspire. But Mr. *Misson* is mistaken when he tells the World *that this Picture is a Kind of String of People of all Ranks, holding one another by the Hand, and Death leading up the Dance*; for all these Figures are detached from one another, and each is accompanied by *a Death.*

In my Opinion the two most remarkable of the whole Set are, that of a fat jolly Cook, in the Appurtenances of his Profession, whom a Death holds fast by the Hand, and carries a-cross her Shoulders, like a Musket, a Spit with a Capon ready larded, which the Cook looks upon with a very wishful Eye, as if he regretted his being obliged to set out before it was quite roasted. The other Figure is that of a blind Beggar led by his Dog, whom *his Death* snaps up with one Hand, and with the other cuts the String by which the Dog was tied to his Master's Arm.

As the Wall whereon all these Figures are painted is very much exposed to the Weather, many of them are quite effaced, and the whole has lost its Lustre, which made the Government resolve to have it retouched by a Painter whom they imagined to be capable of repairing the Ravages of the Air and Rain; but his Execution was so miserable that they had much better have let it alone than to have had it so wretchedly bungled.

Not painted by *Holbein* as generally thought.

It is generally thought that this Dance of the Dead is painted by *Holbein*, and I have been always told so; but our Conductor assured us, that a great many of his Acquaintance in that City, who are Men of Learning and Credit, maintained, that all these different Figures had been painted during the Council held there in the Time of the Emperor *Sigismond*, who was himself represented among them, as they said, to the Life. If this is true it is impossible that it can be *Holbeins*, for he was not born at the Time of that Council. However it be, this Picture is a very mortifying Object to Christians; and 'tis impossible to look upon it without being affected with Reflexions on our latter End.

Council of *Basil.*

Many Circumstances concur to render this last mentioned Council too famous not to be taken some Notice of in this Place. Pope *Martin* V. who had been chosen by the Council of *Constance*, in Opposition to three others who had usurped the Title of Pope, seeing that *Alphonsus* King of *Arragon*, was intriguing to have *Peter de Luna*, one of the three Anti-popes deposed at *Constance*, re-established by that of *Sienna*, found means to dissolve the last mentioned Council. And that it might not seem as if he declined those general Assemblies of Christian Doctors, he appointed another at *Basil*, and sent *Julian Cesarini* Cardinal of St. *Angelo* to preside in it in Quality of his Legate. This Council began to sit the seventh of *September* 1431. but was so far from reforming Abuses, that they created new Errors, and occasioned a fresh Schism; for *Martin* dying at *Rome* the same Year, his Successor *Eugenius* IV. was so scandalized at the Council of *Basil* for having deemed it as an Article of Faith, *that General Councils are above the Pope*, that he summoned another at *Bologna.*

The Emperor *Sigiſmond*, the Princes, and the other Prelates, reſented this Proceeding ſo highly that they ordered him inſtantly to repair in Perſon to the Council of *Baſil*, and in Caſe of Refuſal they threaten'd to proceed againſt him as a Rebel. *Eugenius* intimidated by theſe Menaces, iſſued his Apoſtolical Letters, confirming this Council, and granting free Acceſs to all who wanted to repair to it; but this Fit of Condeſcenſion ſoon went off on ſecond Thought, and he removed the Council to *Ferrara*, on pretence that the *Greeks* had pitched upon that City, to treat there in a Council about their Re-union with the *Roman* Church. On the other Hand the Fathers of the Council exhorted the *Greeks* to paſs the *Alps*, and repair to *Baſil*, threatening to depoſe *Eugenius* if he ſhould refuſe to obey. 1727. *Jan.* 8. BASIL.

The Councils of *Ferrara* and *Florence*.

But the Authority of the Council received a great Blow by the Death of the Emperor *Sigiſmond*, which happened in the Year 1437. and made the Pope ſo inſolent that he went to *Ferrara* next Year, where he had called together his Anti-council. The Emperor *John Paleologus* the Son of *Manuel*, *Joſeph* Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, and a great Number of Biſhops, with the greateſt Part of the *Greek* Nobility, went at the ſame Time to *Ferrara*; but the Plague having infected that City, *Eugenius* removed the Aſſembly to *Florence*, where, after many Debates, the *Greeks* agreed with the *Latins* upon ſome controverted Points; but could never be brought to admit of the Doctrine of Tranſubſtantiation, nor to acquieſce in the Pope's Dictates as to the Election of a new Patriarch in the Room of *Joſeph* who died at *Florence*. Alledging that it was unlawful for them to nominate a new Patriarch in any other Place but in the Church of St. *Sophia* at *Conſtantinople*, and at a General Aſſembly of all the *Greek* Clergy. This Obſtinacy of theirs was a little mortifying to the Pope, who was in Hopes of cauſing a Patriarch to be elected at *Florence*, who being approved and confirmed by him, would be for ever dependant upon the See of *Rome*.

Pope *Eugenius* depoſed by the Council of *Baſil*.

While all this paſſed at *Florence*, the Council of *Baſil* proceeded juridically againſt *Eugenius*, and depoſed him from the Pontificate. The following is an Abridgement of his Sentence, as it is found at length. *Seſſ.* 34. *in Litteris datis* 7. *Calend. Julii*, *Anno Domini* 1439. *Baſileæ deturbatur è Sede per Conſilium Eugenius*; *damnaturque tanquam contumax*, *& præceptis Eccleſiæ univerſalis inobediens*, *in aperta rebellione perſiſtens*, *pacis & unitatis Eccleſiæ Dei perturbator* notorius, *Univerſalis Eccleſiæ ſcandaliſator*, *inſignis Simoniacus*, *perjurus*, *incorrigibilis*, *Schiſmaticus*, *à fide devius*, *pertinax Hæreticus*, *Dilapidator jurium & bonorum Eccleſiæ*, *inutilis & damnoſus in adminiſtratione Romani Pontificatus*. *Prohibet præterea Synodus omnibus fidelibus*, *ſub pœnis Schiſmatis & Hæreſis*, *obedire aut favere Pontifici notorio Schiſmatico*, *Perjuro*, *& Hæretico*. *Pronunciat denique Synodus omnes ejus Conſtitutiones*, *& alia ejus inſtituta*, *prorſus haberi debere irrita*, &c.

Amedeus Duke of *Savoy* choſen in his Place.

After this Condemnation the Council choſe in his Place *Amedeus* Duke of *Savoy*, who took the Name of *Felix* V. On the other Hand, *Eugenius* uſed all Means to render the Council of *Baſil* deſpicable; and to ſtrengthen his Party made at one Time eighteen Cardinals, and notified to all the Chriſtian

1707. Jan. 8. Christian Princes in *Europe* that he intended to call a General Council at *Lateran*.

BASIL. *Eugenius* Abuses the Council.

He likewise caused his Secretary *Poggio* to abuse the Council of *Basil* in the following gross Terms. *Quis ignorat qualis fuerit illa inquinatissimorum hominum manus? Quis non novit quales viri, quàm nefarii, quàm scelesti in illa sentina nequitiæ fuerunt versati? Apostatæ, fornicarii, incesti, raptores, transfugæ, blasphemi, Deo & suis superioribus rebelles, fæx denique pretio & mercede conducta, illa colluvies fuit quæ Basilæam profecta est ad explendas varias libidines, & impunitatem suorum scelerum consequendam. Aderant suis decretis Coqui, Lanii, Sartores, Piscatores, Stabularii, Medici, & omnis illarum gentium barbaries spurcissima, quæ Spiritum Sanctum veluti dormientem suis clamoribus excitarent; illum ex Tabernis & Coquinis excitatum invocabant ad rem profectò piam, ut Schisma introducerent in Populo Christiano. Egregium sanè opus, & Amedæo illius satore præcipuè laudandum; non Concilium, sed Domicilium Seditiosorum, Diversorium iniquitatis, Perfidiæ domus, Conventus ac Concursus hominum perditorum, ut si quis illam multiplicium scelerum Colluvionem definire velit, Meretricum & Lenonum, sordidorumque hominum conventum rectissimè appellet.* All the rest of this virulent Invective is wrote in the same Stile: Yet that Council had been called by Pope *Martin* V. and the Emperor *Sigismond*, Cardinal *de St. Angelo* the Pope's Legate, many other Cardinals, and the most considerable Bishops of *Europe* had assisted at it: But this is the Spirit of the Vicars of *Jesus Christ*.

His Endeavours to dissolve it.

Besides all this, *Platina* himself in the Life of that Pope assures us, that he employed open Violence to annull and dissolve the Council of *Basil*. *Bella ita amavit, Eugenius*, says that Author, *quod mirum in Pontifice videri debet, ut præterea quæ scripsimus ab eo in Italiâ gesta, Delphinum Caroli Regis filium, composita prius inter Regem & Ducem Burgundiæ pace, cum magno equitatu in Basilienses concitaverit, ad dissipandum Conventum illum. Author quoque fuit Eugenius ejus belli infaustissimi, quo ab Amurathe victus & occisus est Rex Ladislaus, & uno prælio inter Hadrianopolim & Danubium ad triginta millia fidelium fusa sunt atque cæsa.*

End of the Schism.

This Schism which began under *Eugenius* IV. did not however end with his Death, which happened in the Year 1447. His Party chose in his Place *Nicolas* V. and it was not till two Years after that *Felix* renounced the Pontificate at the Persuasion of the Emperor *Frederic* IV. on Condition that he should be a Cardinal, Legate in *Germany*, and in his own States, and that all the Cardinals of his Creation should preserve their Dignity. After this Resignation *Nicholas* approved of the Council of *Basil* by a Bull dated 1449. *though it had subjected Popes to the Authority of General Councils.*

CHAP.

1707. *Jan.* 9. BASIL.

CHAP. LXII.

Basil. *The Cathedral. Tomb and Epitaph of* Erasmus. *Three other remarkable Epitaphs of as many learned Men. Those of the famous Printers* Froben *and* Isingrinus. *Tomb and Epitaph of the learned* Amerbachius. *The Platform of* Basil. *Cabinet of Curiosities. The Town-house, and its Singularities. History, Description, Government, and Inhabitants of this City.*

WE passed part of this Day in seeing the Cathedral, and the Curiosities it contains. It is a large *Gothic* Building of hewn Stone, with two Spires of very curious Workmanship. The Hall where the Consistory or Vestry assembles at present is the same where the famous Council was held. The Cathedral.

Instead of a magnificent Tomb which ought to have been erected to the Memory of the famous *Erasmus*, who died in this City, nothing is to be seen in the Cathedral but an Epitaph, in a very confused perplexed Stile, engraved upon a Marble Table, set up against one of the Pillars of this Church. Dr. *Burnet* is pleased to call it a *Grotesque Inscription on a large Brass Plate.* The Epitaph is as follows:

Epitaph of *Erasmus.*

Christo Servatori. S.
Des. Erasmo Roterodamo
Viro omnibus modis maximo.
Cujus incomparabilem in omni Disciplinarum genere
Eruditionem pari conjunctam Prudentia
Posteri & admirabuntur & prædicabunt.
Bonifacius Amerbachius. Hier. Frobenius. Nic. Episcopius
Hæres, & nuncupati supremæ suæ voluntatis vindices.
Patrono optimo
Non Memoriæ quam immortalem sibi editis Lucubrationibus comparavit.
iis tantisper
Dum Orbis Terrarum stabit superfuturo
Ac Eruditis ubique Gentium colloquuturo.
Sed Corporis mortalis quò reconditum sit ergo.
Hoc Saxum posuere.
Mortuus est IIII. *Eid. Jul. jam septuagenarius.*
Anno à Christo nato M.D.XXXVI.

Upon the flat Tomb which covers the Body of this great Man, are the following Words: *Desiderium Erasmum Rotterdamum Amici sub hoc Saxo condebant* IIII. *Eidus. Jul. Anno* M.D.XXXVI. His Tomb

1707. *Jan.* 10. BASIL.

You may eaſily remark by the Words *hoc Saxum poſuere* in the firſt Inſcription, that it is not engraven on a large Plate of Braſs, as Doctor *Burnet* ſays; that the *Hæres* mentioned in the ſaid Inſcription can only be meant of *Amerbachius*, and what follows for the two others, though that is not a diſtinct Way of writing. I ſhould have rather choſen to have ſaid thus. *Bonificius Amerbachius Hæres*; *Hieronymus Frobenius*, *Nic. Epiſcopius nuncupati ſupremæ ſuæ voluntatis vindices.* Mr. *Miſſon*, who ſays that he has copied this Epitaph with great Exactneſs, has however taken no Notice of the God *Terminus*, the Device and ordinary Seal of *Eraſmus*, which are repreſented above the Epitaph; neither has he ſaid ſo much as one Word of thoſe of the two *Buxtorffs* Father and Son, nor of a great many others which are worthy of ſome Notice.

Miſtakes of Dr. *Burnet*, and Omiſſions of Mr. *Miſſon.*

Several other Epitaphs of learned Men.

In the Cloiſters of the ſame Church, ſeveral other Epitaphs of celebrated Men are to be ſeen, and in particular that of *Cælius ſecundus Curio*, of his Son *Leo Curio*, of the two *Grinæus*, of *Amandus Polanus*, and a great many more learned Perſons: But I ſhall only mention four, the three firſt of which are upon the ſame Pannel indented into the Wall. The firſt in the *Accuſative*, the ſecond in the *Nominative*, and the third in the *Dative* Caſe. They are ranged in the following Manner, and all three in Capital Letters.

Thoſe of *J. Meierus*, *Joh. Oecolampadius* and *Simon Grinæus.*

Deo Opt. Max. & Chriſto Servatori S.

Dominum Jacobum Meierum Hujus inclytæ Urbis Conſulem prudentiſſimum, conſultiſſimumque, Pietatis ſanæ cultorem ac promotorem primarium, omnis honeſtatis quod in ipſo fuit inſtauratorem diligentiſſimum, lapis ſubjectus contegit.	*D. Io. Oecolampadius Profeſſione Theologus, trium Linguarum Peritiſſimus, Author Evangelicæ Doctrinæ in hac urbe primus, & Templi hujus verus* EPISCOPVS *& Doctrina, ſic vitæ Sanctimonia pollentiſſimus, ſub breve Saxum hoc reconditus jaCeT.*	*Domino Simoni Grinæo Almæ hujus Academiæ Rectori, & laude & memoria ſempiterna ob linguarum latinæ, Græcæ & Hebraicæ Peritiam, omniſque Phiæ ad miraculum uſque cognitionem, ob Theologiæ veræ Scientiam & uſum digno, Monumentum hoc dicatum eſt.*

Anno ſalutis M.D.XXXXII. FF.

Below theſe Epitaphs are the two following *German* Verſes in large *Gothic* Characters.

So Eer. Gut. kunſt. Hulfend Inn Nòtt.
Wer keiner von Dieſen Dryen Todt.

That is to ſay; *that if Wealth, Honours and vaſt Erudition could be of any Aſſiſtance in our laſt Moments, not one of thoſe three great Men would have ended their Lives.*

The fourth is that of *Froben*, the famous and learned Printer and Publiſher of ſo many beautiful Editions of Books. It is likewiſe in Capital Letters, and, in my Opinion, rather better than that of *Eraſmus*, who by his laſt Will named *Froben* one of his Executors. 1707. *Jan.* 10. BASIL. That of *Froben* the famous Printer.

D. O. M. S.
Hieronimo Frobenio
Joan. F. Typographo Clariſſ.
Inter initia Fœd. Helvetii
Baſileæ nato,
Sinceræ Relig. & Æquitatis
Obſervantiſſ.
De Rep. Liter. optumis Autorib.
Emendatè atque Eleg. edendis
Præclarè merito.
Humanitate ac Beneficientia
Domi foriſque omnibus
Charo.
In acerbiſſ. ac diuturnis ſtomachi
Cruciatib. quibus & extinctus eſt.
ſupra fidem
Ad extremum uſque Patientiſſimo.
M. S. *Ergo*
Ambroſius & Aurelius Filii
Parenti longè chariſſ.
H. M. PP.
V. *annos* LXI. M. VII.
D. VII.
Obiit Anno Chriſti Servatoris
M.D.LXIII.
III. *Eid. Mart.*

At the Top of the Marble Table with white Veins, on which this Epitaph is engraved, are the Arms of *Froben* upon one Side, and upon the other the *Caducæus* of *Mercury*, which is generally ſeen on the Title Pages, and at the End of the fine Editions publiſhed by this celebrated Printer.

Not far from *Froben*'s Tomb, is that of another famous Printer of *Baſil*, named *Michael Iſingrinus*, who is interred, together with his Wife and Son in Law, in the ſame Tomb. His Epitaph, which is very long, has nothing in it extraordinary; I ſhall only give you the four laſt Verſes of it which are far better than the former. And of *Inſingrinus* of the ſame Profeſſion.

En Socerum, Socrum, Genetum lapis obtegit unus,
Quos vivos Chriſto junxerat una fides.
Quid ni ſperemus quin rurſum Chriſtus eoſdem
Jungat in æthereæ luce, ſimulque beet.

The

1705. *Jan.* 10. BASIL. The Tomb & Epitaph of the learned *Amerbachius.*

The learned *Bonifacius Amerbachius*, a famous Lawyer and intimate Friend of *Erasmus*, who made him his Heir, is buried in the Church-yard of the *Chartreuse*, where he ordered his Tomb to be made eighteen Years before his Death. He was born at *Basil* in the Year 1495, and died in the Year 1562, aged 67. The following is the Epitaph inscribed upon his Tomb, into which, in his own Life-time, he caused the Bones of his Father, his Mother, his two Brothers, his Wife and his two Daughters to be removed.

Quo nullus suo sæculo fuit, cùm in excudendis libris nitidior, quod sumptuosæ dexteritatis est, tùm in iisdem ad veterum Exemplarium fidem restituendis diligentior, quod eruditionem & laborem requirit, Johannes Amerbachius hîc cubat, cum Barbarâ Ortenbergiâ, singularis pudicitiæ fœminâ, ac Brunone, Basilioque filiis, præproperè quidem hinc ereptis, sed tamen eruditione sua trilingui per laboriosissimam Hieronymianorum operum recognitionem, quibus docti ubique gentium fruuntur, orbi toto commendatâ. Bonifacius Amerbachius Parentibus & Fratribus optimis, sed & Marthæ Fuchsiæ Uxori suæ, Christianarum virtutum dotibus incomparabili, cum Ursula ac Hestere duabus filiolis hîc quiescenti: Item sibi ipsi, liberis suis superstitibus, Faustinæ, Basilio, Julianæ, posterisque in fragilitatis memoriam F. C. Parentibus Fratribusque jam olim, uxore verò in ipso ætatis flore cum filiolis haud ita dudùm hic expectandi censorii novissimi Diei ergò collocatis anno 1544. *Cal. Feb.*

The Platform and the famous Lime-tree of *Basil.*

When we left the Cathedral, we went to a Platform which is hard by, from whence we saw a very beautiful Landskip; in the middle of it grows a Lime-Tree of a prodigious Extent, and forming a very agreeable Shade. It is surrounded by a Terras with a Border of hewn Stone, on which is engraved the following Verses:

Julius Ecclesiæ dùm præfuit eccè secundus,
Dum sceptra Imperii Maximilianus habet.
Hoc opus exciſum, quo Rhenum cernere amœnum;
Quo nemora & campos, monticulosque potes.
Quo gemínas turres & mœnia conspicis Urbis;
Concentus audis dulcisonosque modos. An. D. 1512.

Errors of Mr. *Misson* concerning it.

Mr. *Misson*, who likewise speaks of that famous Lime-tree in his Article of *Basil*, begins the fourth of those Lines by the Words, *Quo nemora & Pontes*; though the Inscription has *Quo nemora & Campos.* He says that

he Terras is covered or ſupported with Planks, and that the Verſes are cut upon or round theſe Planks; whereas they are cut upon a Stone Border, which both ſupports and encloſes this Terras. He likewiſe ſays after a great many other Writers who have ſpoken of this Lime; *that its Trunk is at leaſt ſix foot Diameter*, which no doubt would be a very extraordinary Thickneſs for a Lime-tree; but after carefully examining it, I plainly obſerved that inſtead of one Lime-tree, there were ſeven or eight, planted ſo near one another, and ſo cloſely linked together, that to one who does not obſerve very nearly, they all together appear to be one and the ſame Tree. 1707. *Jan.* 9. BASIL.

Some Years ago, a Scholar of this City fell from the Top of the Platform into a Garden on the Banks of the *Rhine*, without receiving the leaſt Hurt, though it be a frightful Precipice. In a Nich of the Wall flanking this Terras ſtands a Statue, which is ſaid to be that of *Charles* the Great, raiſed about 10 or 12 Foot below the Parapet on the Out-ſide. Not long ago another Scholar was raſh enough to lay a trifling Wager, that he would go and kiſs three times the Mouth of this Statue, if he were let down along the Wall by a Rope. He accordingly won the Wager; but was nevertheleſs a Mad-man in venturing to looſe his Life, eſpecially for ſuch a ſmall Conſideration. A wonderful Fall from this Place.

We were likewiſe ſhewn from this Terras, the Plain where Mr. *Villars* ſome Years ago gained the Battle of *Friſinguen* againſt the *Imperialiſts*, who attempted to penetrate into the Heart of *France* through *Alſace*. In fine, from hence we ſaw the Quarries whence the *French* brought all the Stones for building the famous Fort of *Huningen*, which we can eaſily diſcern from the Windows of our Apartment. The King of *France* knew ſo well how to lull the *Swiſſes* with his Louis-d'ors, that they ſuffered him to erect, at the very Gates of *Baſil*, this Fortreſs, which conſiſts of ſix Royal Baſtions and a great many Horn-works. It is ſituated upon the *Rhine*, with a Wooden Bridge a little below this City in the *Suntgouw*: As nothing commands it in the leaſt, and its Magazine being Bomb proof, it is reckoned the ſtrongeſt Citadel in *Europe*. Fort of *Huningen*.

To Day we went to viſit the fine Cabinet of Mr. *Feſch* Secretary of State, a Man of the greateſt Learning and Politeneſs. He received us very handſomly, and ſhewed us all the principal Curioſities of his Collection; among which are a good many Gold, Silver, and Braſs Medals, ſome of them extremely rare, as a Greek *Otho* in Bronze, a *Pertinax*, a *Peſcennius Niger*, together with an antique Marble very well preſerved with the following Inſcription. *Jan.* 10. Cabinet of Curioſities belonging to Mr. *Feſch*.

D. M.
LABERIAE. TRENAE.
V. A. XI. DIEBVS. XXVII.
VETVRIVS. HELIX. ET. LABERIA.
SYNTICHE. FILIAE. PIENTISS.
FECERVNT.

Inſcription on an antique Marble.

He

1707. *Jan.* 10. BASIL. He very juſtly puts a great Value upon a Cup of Oriental *Agathe* of one ſingle Piece, Octogone Form, and upwards of half a Foot in height. Among his Antiques, I took Notice of a *Cornelian* Stone, of the fineſt Kind, on which is engraved the Rape of *Proſerpine* by *Theſeus* and *Pyrithous*. He likewiſe ſhewed us the Skin of a Calf which had two Heads, Minerals, Criſtals, Petrifications, and a great Quantity of all kind of Shells; the Portrait of the famous Count *Tilly* very finely engraved in Wood; three Volumes in *Folio*, of Deſigns and Prints, by *Albert Durer* and *Holbein*, the moſt curious of which are a Crucifixion, with the *Virgin Mary* and St. *John* on each ſide of the Croſs, and *Magdalen* at the Foot. *Durer* himſelf had engraved this ſame Deſign on the Pommel of *Maximilian* the Firſt's Sword, which was formerly kept at the Caſtle of *Amras* near *Inſpruck* the Capital of *Tyrol*; but it was ſince removed, as a very valuable Curioſity, to *Vienna* in *Auſtria*.

His Library. Mr. *Feſch* has likewiſe a very fine Library, with a great many *Greek* and *Latin* Manuſcripts, and amongſt others one of the moſt ancient Chriſtian Poets, namely, *Coelius Sedulius Retus*, who lived in the IVth Century, and was Cotemporary with *Claudian*, under the Emperor *Honorius*. The Poem of this Author, which is in the Library of Mr. *Feſch*, is a pretty large Volume wrote upon Vellum, and entituled *De feſto Paſchatis*, beginning with the following Verſe.

Plurima Niliacis tradunt mendacia Biblis.

Cædulius, an old Chriſtian Poet, and his Works. This *Sedulius* was alſo Cotemporary with *Auſonius*, St. *Ambroſe*, *Gregory* of *Nazianzen*, and *Gregory* of *Nice*. He is not to be confounded with another *Sedulius* who lived at the Beginning of the VIIth Century, and was Cotemporary with the venerable *Bede* the *Anglo-Saxon*. Beſides this Poem *De feſto Paſchalis*, the *Sedulius* I ſpeak of, wrote a Volume of *Latin* Verſes and Epiſtles upon ſeveral Subjects; *De vita Chriſti*, *Lib.* 2. *Annotationes in omnes Pauli Apoſt. Epiſtolas*, printed at *Baſil. Hymnus de Servatore ad Theodoſium Cæſarem: In Donati Editionem Lib.* 1: *In Priſciani volumen*, *Lib.* 1. *Exhortatorium ad Fideles liber unus*, and ſome other Works.

A beautiful Portrait of *Eraſmus*. After having ſhewn us all his Curioſities, Mr. *Feſch* made me a Preſent of a Portrait of *Eraſmus* cut in Wood, the fineſt and moſt beautiful of any thing I ever ſaw of that Kind, it being done by *Holbein*, who, like *Albert Durer*, was an excellent Engraver, as well as an able Painter. *Eraſmus* is there repreſented at full Length, in the Habit and Bonnet of a Doctor, holding a Book open in one Hand, and with the other reſting upon the Figure of the God *Terminus*, which he choſe for his Emblem.

To conclude, this Library of Mr. *Feſch*, after the Death of each immediate Poſſeſſor, is to deſcend to a learned Man of the ſame Family, when any ſuch can be found, and in Default of that, it is to be joined to the public Library: But probably this will not ſoon be the Caſe, for Mr. *Feſch* the preſent Proprietor, is Grandſon to *Rodolph Feſch* Burgomaſter of *Baſil*, who

who after being married ſixty Years, ſaw before his Death one hundred and ſixty five Children, deſcended of himſelf, his Sons and Grandſons, a great many of whom are yet alive. 1707. *Jan* 10.

BASIL.

Having fully ſatisfied our Curioſity in this Cabinet, we went next to the Town-houſe, which is a Building of a very ſingular Form. On its Walls we ſee the Remains of ſome Painting and of a very good Hand; amongſt others, the *laſt Judgment*, where Devils are painted dragging a Pope, ſome Cardinals and other Eccleſiaſtics to Hell. We are told by Tradition, that the Council of *Baſil* having condemned and depoſed *Eugenius* IVth as a Heretic, and guilty of many attrocious Crimes, the Magiſtrates from an over Zeal, cauſed that Pontiff to be repreſented in this manner upon the Walls of their Town-houſe with ſeveral Cardinals, Biſhops and other Eccleſiaſtics of his Faction. The Town-houſe and odd Pictures.

At the Foot of the Stair-caſe is to be ſeen, a Stone Statue of *Munatius Plancus* in *Roman* Armour, with a Scepter in his Left-hand, and ſtanding upon a large ſquare Pillar ſupported by a Pedeſtal, whereon is the following Inſcription. The Statue of *Minutius Plancus*, and its Inſcription.

> *Honori & Virtuti L. Munatii. L. F. L. N. L. Prone. Planci. Cos. Imp. iter.* VII. *Viri Epulonum. Qui triumph. ex Rætis. Ædem Saturni F. ex Manub. Agros diviſit in Italia Beneventi. In Gallia Colonias ded. Lugdunum atque Rauricum. Civitas Baſilienſis ex Bellicoſiſſimâ Gente Allemannorum. in Rauricorum fines tranſductâ. Simulacrum hoc ex Senatus auct. dicandam Statuendamque curavit Anno ſal. Chriſtianæ* CIↃ.IↃ.XXC.

The Council Chamber is very low and dark. They ſhewed us there, a Piece repreſenting the Paſſion of *Jeſus Chriſt* in eight Compartiments, all of them by the Hand of *Holbein*. It is the moſt valued here of all his Works, and indeed it is a Maſter-piece, the Colours being ſo freſh and lively, that to look at this Piece alone would be ſufficient to convince us, that *Holbein* excelled in that Part of Painting. A Counſellor of the City, who was preſent, aſſured us, that the late Elector of *Bavaria* offered the Magiſtracy of *Baſil* thirty thouſand *German* Florins, or fifteen thouſand *French* Crowns for this Piece. The Council Chamber. An excellent Painting of *Holbein*.

We were likewiſe ſhewn the Portrait of the famous Arch-Heretic *David George* drawn from the Life, who came from *Delft* in *Holland* to reſide at *Baſil* with all his Family, in the Year 1544. This Man, by an unconceivable Frenzie, called himſelf *the true Chriſt and Meſſiah, the well-beloved Son of the Father*; and gave it confidently out, *that he would riſe three Years after his Death.* Notwithſtanding the ſtupid Extravagance of this Fanatic, he had a vaſt Number of Followers, ſo true it is, that the moſt abſurd Opinions will find Abettors. His Bones were taken up and burnt, together with his Effigy. Picture of *David George* a famous Arch-Heretic.

1707. *Jan.* 11. BASIL.

Having related the chief Curioſities of this City, I am now to give you a ſhort Deſcription of it. *Baſil*, anciently known under the Name of *Auguſta Rauricorum*, was erected into a *Roman* Colony by the Emperor *Auguſtus*, and the Settlement was made by *Munatius Plancus*, whoſe Statue ſtands in the Town-houſe. At preſent it is the Capital of a Canton, which entered into the Confederacy with the others in the Year 1327. Its Biſhop before the Reformation, was ſuffragan to the Archbiſhop of *Beſançon*, but ſince that Period he reſides at *Poirentru*, and his Chapter at *Friburg* in *Briſgaw*. Though he be a Prince of the Empire, yet he is not ſuffered to reſide in his Epiſcopal Palace at *Baſil*, which is let into Tenements; and he comes once every Year to receive the Money which the City is bound to pay him in lieu of his Rights, but he muſt be gone as ſoon as he has received it. The *Carthuſians* had likewiſe a fine Houſe there with a Church, which the Proteſtants have appropriated to their own Uſe. We are told that when theſe Fathers were obliged to quit it, they went out of the City in Proceſſion, ſinging the 79th *Pſalm*, which begins, *O God, the Heathens are come into thine Inheritance, &c.* for which they had almoſt been torn in Pieces by the Populace.

The History of *Baſil*.

Its Biſhop.

The Univerſity.

The Univerſity, which was founded by *Pius* II. in the Year 1460, has rendered *Baſil* famous by the Number of its learned Profeſſors. And what is moſt remarkable, the preſent ones have all been choſen out of the Body of their own Citizens.

The Bigneſs and Richneſs of *Baſil*.

It is indiſputably the largeſt and fineſt City in *Switzerland*, though its Houſes are in general plaiſtered over on the Out-ſide. It has commonly been accounted, by thoſe who have wrote of it, the richeſt too, but I have been aſſured by People of Credit, that in this Reſpect it was inferior to *Zurich*; and indeed *Baſil* is not populous in proportion to its Largeneſs; and though it has admitted a great many *French* Refugees, who have ſet up Manufactures, yet ſeveral Parts of the Town, both within the Walls and in the Suburbs, are ſtill empty.

And Deſcription.

The *Rhine*, which is pretty wide and forms the greateſt Elbow there of any in its whole Courſe, divides the City into two Parts, which are joined by a great Wooden Bridge, and not as Mr. *Miſſon* ſays, by *a fine Bridge of Stone*; for, excepting ſix Stone Piers which ſupports the End of it on the Side of the *Little Baſil*, the whole is of Wood. That Part of the Town which goes by this Name, makes only about one fourth of it; but the other called *Great Baſil*, is incomparably the fineſt. It ſtands upon a riſing Ground, and from the Bridge it appears like an Amphitheatre. Though the formidable Fortreſs of *Hunningen* lies at its very Gates, and is a very ſtrong Curb upon it, yet it has no Fortifications, being only ſurrounded by a plain Wall, which is flanked with ſome old-faſhioned Towers. But the chief Strength of *Baſil* conſiſts in its Alliance with the other *Swiſs* Cantons. Its Arms are a Field Argent, a Fleur-de-lis, Sable reverſed.

Privileges of the Citizens.

The Burghers of *Baſil* enjoy very advantageous Privileges, which they will not grant to Strangers; and that Stiffneſs, in my Opinion, does great Hurt

Hurt to the Commerce of this City, as well as to that of *Zurich*, where the ſame Partiality obtains, by hindering a great many ſubſtantial Merchants from ſettling among them. I am convinced, the true Means of drawing a great Number of Inhabitants from *France*, *Germany* and other Places to both thoſe Towns, would be to eſtabliſh different Degrees of Burgherſhip; alotting the firſt and moſt honourable to their ancient Families both Patricians and others, who in Virtue of that Right ſhould be in a Capacity of diſcharging public Offices; and as to the other and inferior Claſs, that their Privileges ſhould be communicated indiſcriminately to all Strangers who were deſirous of ſettling among them. Should thoſe Regulations take place, there is no doubt but the Trade of thoſe two Cities would be infinitely more flouriſhing than it is at preſent. 1707. *Jan.* 10. BASIL.

The Magiſtracy conſiſts of two Burgomaſters, who rule alternately, and in two Chiefs of Tribes, who change and govern in the ſame Manner. Their Power is for Life; and as the Town is divided into ſixteen Tribes, or different Companies, each of which chooſe four Deligates to ſit in the leſſer Council, this Aſſembly is compoſed of ſixty four Members. Its Government.

The great Council conſiſts of more than two hundred, and theſe Heads of their Tribes very nearly reſemble the *Tribunes* of the People among the ancient *Romans*. In other Reſpects the Government is much the ſame in all the Cantons, excepting ſome inſignificant Differences; ſuch as calling the Advoyer *Burgomaſter* in one, and *Amptman* in another, or the different Appellations of *Treaſurer* and *Purſer*, ſo that in the main they come to the ſame thing.

It is a curious Thing to ſee theſe Magiſtrates ſitting in Council, moſt of them wearing long Beards, ſtarched Ruffs, high crown'd Hats, and other like out-of-the-way Accoutrements. But for all this whimſical Faſhion, I never met in all my Travels, a Set of Men more truely venerable in all Reſpects, but eſpecially on account of their excellent Senſe and Honour. And as Governors are generally imitated by the Subjects, I own I ſcarce ever ſaw a more virtuous, honeſt Sort of People than the Inhabitants of *Baſil*. Not to ſay, that many of them are fond of Learning, and cultivate polite Literature in a very high Degree. Oriental Languages, in many Reſpects ſo uſeful, have been in particular vaſtly improved at all times among them, eſpecially by the famous *Eraſmus*, *Amersbach*, *Grinæus*, the two *Buxtorffs* Father and Son, by *Munſterus*, *Mutius*, and many other learned Men born in this Town, or who taught there for many Years with great Reputation. Habit of the Magiſtrates, and Character of the Inhabitants.

I muſt not paſs over another Singularity of *Baſil*; their Clocks go an Hour too faſt, and when they ſtrike and point at Twelve, it is only Eleven in the Country. Some refer the Original of this Cuſtom, to the Council that was held there in the Time of the Emperor *Sigiſmund*, and pretend that it was to haſten its Meetings, and ſhorten its Sittings; others again ſay, that it is owing to a certain Conſpiracy, which would have been carried into Execution at a preciſe Hour, but that the Government being appriſed Irregularity of their Clocks.

1707. *Jan.* 10. of it, gave Orders privately that the Clocks ſhould be put an Hour forward, to prevent its taking effect, and that this has continued ever ſince.

BASIL. The Diabolical Invention of a Gunſmith.

They make a great Noiſe here, about a helliſh Invention of a Gunſmith, who invented Wind-Guns and Piſtols. Some of them contain Air enough to make ten ſucceſſive Exploſions, or may be diſcharged all at once, and thus kill many People in an Inſtant. This Invention may be truly called Diabolical, and the Uſe of it ought to be forbid on Pain of Death; nothing being more abominable than an Art of murdering People in a clandeſtine, ſilent Manner, which can neither be foreſeen, prevented, or guarded againſt.

A fine Landskip, &c.

The Landſkip round about *Baſil* muſt of Courſe be exceedingly beautiful during the Summer Seaſon. The Town itſelf, as I have already hinted, ſtanding upon a riſing Ground like an Amphitheatre, produces a moſt charming Object, when ſeen, eſpecially from the Bottom of it near the River. That Part of the *Rhine*, in particular, where the *Salmon* comes up againſt the Current to ſpawn, is, in my Opinion, well worth the Obſervation of a curious Traveller. The Fiſhermen know exactly the Time of their coming, how long they will continue, and when they go away, and conſequently are never diſappointed. The Nature of the Sand, and Bits of Gold that are now and then found, plainly demonſtrate, that there muſt be ſome Gold Mines in the Neighbourhood, but hitherto undiſcovered.

Ruins of an ancient City.

At two ſhort Leagues Diſtance from the Town, is a Village called *Augſt*, which they ſay gave *Baſil* the Name of *Auguſta Rauricorum*. Near it are to be ſeen the Ruins of an ancient City, among which have been found ſeveral Pieces of Antiquity, ſuch as Medals, Rings, Inſtruments the *Pagans* uſed in Sacrifices, and others of the like Nature. This City ſeems to have been of a great Extent, both becauſe the Ruins lie wide, and that the *Romans* never gave the Name of *Auguſta* but to Capital Cities. Beſides, it is highly probable that they had made a conſiderable and powerful Settlement in theſe Parts, in order to obviate and repulſe the Incurſions of the *Germans*. Be that as it will, we ſee here an Aqueduct, and another Building, which the learned *Amerbachius* thinks to have been anciently a Theatre, conſiſting of four Towers, ſeparated each by a Stair-caſe.

To conclude this long Article of *Baſil*: The whole Canton conſiſts of no more than ſix Bailiwics, of ſo ſmall an Income, that each Bailif barely receives a thouſand or twelve hundred of that Country Livres a Year. Thoſe of the Canton of *Bern*, as I have obſerved before, are upon quite another Footing, being able by their abſolute and tyrannical Power to raiſe a very conſiderable Fortune in their ſix Years Adminiſtration.

CHAP.

1707.
Jan. 12

CHAP. LXIII.

Departure from Basil *to* Inspruck. *Several Towns and Boroughs upon the Road; especially* Aaraw, Schaffhousen *and* Ulm. *The great Church of this last, and other public Buildings. Its Fortifications exactly described. Government and History. Other Towns,* Guntzburg, Augsburg, Schongaw, Mittenwald, Shernitz, *&c.*

AFTER we had left *Basil*, we passed again through *Lichstal*, and *Lausel* a Town of the same Canton, till we arrived at a Village, of which I have forgot the Name. The Road is not only bad, but frightful beyond expression, till you come to *Olten* a small Town of the Canton of *Soleure*, situated upon the *Aar*. Hard by is a Convent of *Augustins*, extremely magnificent. In a few Hours after, we arrived at *Aaraw*. There is a Canal from the *Aar*, which I had not observed before: It passes near one of the Town Gates upon a small Stone-bridge of three Arches. This Canal runs quite through the Town, and having supply'd several Mills, goes and waters the neighbouring Meadows. There is no Bailif at *Aaraw*, but an Avoyer or Burgomaster chosen from among the Burghers by the Lords of *Bern*. The Language made use of here is broad *German*, but the better Sort speak *French*. The Country round about affords plenty of Game, for it every where abounds with wild Beasts.

Departure from *Basil*.

Aaraw in the Canton of *Bern*.

Two Leagues from *Aaraw* we came to *Lentzburg*, a pretty good Town: Its Streets are large, and the Town-house tolerably handsome. The Citadel, which is built on an Eminence, is seen at a great Distance. The Town and Territory together make up one of the principal Bailiwics of the Canton of *Bern*. Two Leagues from it we again crossed the *Russ* at *Mellingen*, a great Ferry over that River, and sometime after we got to *Baden*, and from thence to *Keyserstal*, a small Town also of the Canton of *Bern*, but subject to the Bishop of *Constance*, both in Spirituals and Temporals; for he appoints there a Civil and an Ecclesiastical Magistrate. It is the ancient *Forum Tiberii*, of the *Romans*. The People appeared to us quite stupid and ignorant; for we could learn nothing particular from them, in relation to the Town. The *Rhine* washes Part of its Walls, and one goes over it to *Schaffhousen* by a wooden Bridge.

Lentzburg in the same Canton.

Mellingen.

Baden.

Keyserstal.

This is what we likewise did, and afterwards passed a good many little Towns and Villages, some of them belonging to the House of *Austria*. We were told that all this Country is very beautiful in Summer, producing a great deal of Corn, and full of Copses which harbour a vast Quantity of Game. The Cold is so excessively sharp in Winter there that we found their Vineyards covered with Straw. A little way from this, we again drew near to the *Rhine*, which we coasted for some time, and

1707. *Jan.* 12. The Caſcade of the *Rhine*.

had for the ſecond time ſight of its famous * Fall. The Merchants of *Shaffhouſe* are obliged to cauſe all their Goods which they bring from *Germany* by the Lake of *Conſtance*, to be unloaded a little above the Place where the Declivity of the Current begins, and to re-load them on board of other Barks a little below the Caſcade. This is very inconvenient, but then the Inconveniency is well compenſated, by the great Advantage which the Inhabitants make by taking Salmons, which ſwim up the River in great Shoals, but never can get above the Caſcade.

Shaffhouſen, and its publiic Library.

We ſtayed but a ſhort time at *Shaffhouſen*, ſince we had before ſeen its Curioſities. The public Library, which they were prudent enough not to ſhew us the firſt time of our being there, is ſcarce worth mentioning; for it conſiſts only of about 3000 Volumes, in very pitiful Plight, and very inconſiderable in themſelves, and a few Manuſcripts of very little Value.

An extraordinary Inſtance of a young Woman quite blind.

The Librarian ſhewed us ſome Writing, the Letters pretty well ſhaped, of a young Lady who is quite blind, and whom we had very often ſeen at *Geneva*. She is really a Prodigy, the Daughter of Mr. *Waldkierk* of *Shaffhouſen*, and Miſtreſs of ſeveral Languages both Ancient and Modern. She has ſtudied Theology and Philoſophy, ſings like an Angel, and plays very finely upon ſeveral Inſtruments; in ſhort her Sweetneſs, joined to the Knowledge and Wit ſhe diſcovers in Converſation, is quite raviſhing.

Paintings in the Library.

To return to the Library; we ſaw there a Chronological Suit of Portraits of ſeveral Magiſtrates of the City, and were likewiſe ſhewn that of *Zimprecht Vooght*, its firſt Proteſtant Miniſter, a Man of a gay Turn of Wit, eſpecially in roaſting the *Monks*: And we were told, that he uſed always to preach with his Sword by his Side.

Citadel of *Shaffhouſen*.

There is a kind of Citadel, ſituated upon the higheſt Ground within this Town, but remarkable for nothing beſides the Thickneſs of its Walls, two Wells, a ſmall Arſenal, and Lodgments under Ground Bomb-proof, large enough to contain 2000 Men. It commands the City and all the Eminences round about, excepting one.

Hohentwiel. The River *Acht*.

When we left *Shaffhouſen*, we marched along the Fortreſs of *Hohentwiel*, one of the Keys of *Wirtenberg*, and ſoon after we paſſed the River *Acht* at a little Town named *Singhen*, belonging to the Houſe of *Auſtria*. This River diſcharges itſelf into the Lake of *Conſtance*, a little below the Town of *Bellingen* in that Biſhopric. We then came to *Stockah*, which not long ago was burnt by the *French* and *Bavarians*, a Town depending on the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and the Capital of the Landgravate of *Nellembourg*, and is now beginning to be re-built. We then paſſed by *Pfullendorff*, one of the ſmalleſt Imperial Towns, and after croſſing a Foreſt two Leagues in length, we arrived at *Meengen*. In the great Church here, we were ſhewn a *Virgin Mary*, which they ſay, in the Time of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, ſhed many Tears, a Prodigy, continue they, that ſo aſtoniſhed the *Swedes* as to deter them from executing their Intentions, which were to have deſtroyed the Town.

Stockal.

Pfullendorff.

Meengen, and its Miraculous Virgin.

Half

Vid. Page 325.

Half a League from this Town we paſſed the *Danube* at *Riedlingen*, where this River is not very large, but forms a very beautiful Caſcade, which falls with a prodigious Noiſe. Some Hours after, we repaſſed it at *Marchtal*, a large Town with a handſome Caſtle, and then arrived at *Ehingen*, a ſmall Town depending on the Biſhopric of *Conſtance* as to Spirituals, but on the Houſe of *Auſtria* as to Temporals. Its great Church is tolerably well furniſhed, and its Altars covered over with Carvings, Painting and Gilding. At laſt, having for a long time travelled along the Side of the *Danube*, we entered the Imperial City of *Ulm*. 1707. *Jan.* 12. *Riedlingen* *Ehingen.* Its great Church.

ULM.

Its great Church is a very fine Building, and one of the higheſt in all *Germany*. We were aſſured that the very Shell of it, without Windows, Altars, or any other Ornament, coſt 600,000 *French* Crowns. And what is more remarkable and almoſt incredible is, that the Citizens themſelves were at the whole Expence in the Year 1300; and that every Company of the Trades gave it a magnificent Window with the Arms of the Corporation. This Church is 365 Feet long, and its Height is equal to its Breadth. Its high Church.

The Tabernacle, which formerly contained the Holy Sacrament, is ſaid to have coſt a *Patrician* of thoſe Days, whoſe Statue is repreſented on its Knees againſt a Pillar which is on the Side of the Tabernacle, named *Johannes Ehinger*, a hundred thouſand Florins. It is a very fine, tho' *Gothic* Piece of Work, of a very ſingular Kind of Marble, and ornamented with abundance of Statues very well executed for the Age in which they were done. The Pulpit and Organs are likewiſe worth notice. They keep to this Day, the Picture which was put up above the great Altar before the Reformation. It repreſents a laſt Supper, and is an old Piece very much eſteemed here, though we thought it but very indifferent. The Benches which run along the two Sides of the Choir are loaded with Carvings, repreſenting a great Number of hiſtorical Paſſages in the Old and New Teſtament. But what is moſt valued about this Church are ſix Windows in the Choir, one of which we were aſſured coſt 3000 *German* Florins, and repreſents all the Poſterity of *Abraham* down to *Jeſus Chriſt*, the whole in very lively Colours exquiſitely painted; the five others are likewiſe perfectly beautiful. Its Curioſities.

They likewiſe put a great Value upon a Portrait of *Luther*, which they ſhewed us in their Sacriſty, as being a great Curioſity. This Portrait is drawn with a Pen, and its Hairs being compoſed of ſmall Characters contains all the 37th Chapter of the Book of *Eccleſiaſtes*, or of *Jeſus* the Son of *Sirach*. It is probable that the People here have not ſeen a great deal of the World, becauſe one may find in a thouſand Places Pieces of Writing of that Sort infinitely more curious than theſe Hairs of *Luther*; yet this did not hinder us from making the Church-warden a pecuniary Acknowledgment; for we can't ſee any thing here for nothing, any more than in *England*. I know no other Country but *France*, wherea contrary Cuſtom prevails. A Fanciful Portrait of *Luther*.

1707. *Jan.* 12. ULM. Other Churches.

Beſides the great Church, the *Lutherans* have two Churches here for their Service, and the *Roman* Catholics, though they are but very few in Number, have two likewiſe; *viz.* that of the *Teutonic* Order, and that of the *Benedictins*. The Marquis *de Blainville*, Son to Monſieur *Colbert*, is buried in the latter: It was he who ſo nobly defended *Keyſerſweert* againſt the Allies. Having paſſed the Black Foreſt by Roads which were before thought impracticable, he was the firſt who joined the Elector of *Bavaria* with a Body of Troops; and afterwards upon the ſurpriſing of *Ulm*, being made Governor of this City, he was carried thither after the Battle of *Hochſtett*, and died, much lamented by the *French*, of the Wounds he had received in that celebrated Action.

The Marquis of *Blainville* buried in the *Benedictin* Church there.

The Arſenal is large and well vaulted, but poorly furniſhed: We ſaw in it only one piece of caſt Cannon, of 48 Pounds, and ſome of 24, three of wrought Iron, and ſome leſſer Pieces: The reſt of the Furniture conſiſts of old Cuiraſſes, Muſquets with Reſts, and ſuch other Fripperies of an Arſenal; amongſt others I obſerved a Muſquet twenty Foot long, without being very weighty. They ſay, that the *French* carried off whatever was moſt valuable here before the Battle of *Hochſtett*, and in this they acted wiſely.

The Arſenal.

The Town-houſe is a wretched little Building, without any thing remarkable about it, and not worth the Pains of ſeeing.

The Town-houſe.

The public Library is very inconſiderable likewiſe, conſiſting of three or four thouſand very common Volumes, few or none of them good Editions, and no Manuſcripts worthy Notice; yet it is divided into three Parts, and in three private Houſes.

The public Library.

Deſcription of *Ulm*.

Theſe are the moſt remarkable Objects in the Imperial City of *Ulm* in *Suabia*, which is ſcarcely ſo large as the Half of *Augsburg*, but better peopled. Both of them formerly were very rich, but they are now almoſt ruined by the different Wars in *Germany*: And as their Territory, I mean that which properly depends upon the Cities themſelves, is pretty much confined, it is with Difficulty they maintain themſelves upon the Trade ariſing from their Manufactures.

A learned Inhabitant of *Ulm* pretends that this City is that of the ancient *Alcimeans*; but be that as it will, its Houſes for the moſt part are of Timber-work and Plaiſter, and very ill trimmed on the Outſide: Their Streets in general are neither handſome nor wide, and its Squares mean and very irregular. It ſtands upon the *Danube*, which there receives the *Iſler*, in Latin *Ilarus* and *Ilargus*, a pretty good River ariſing from the Confines of *Tirol*, croſſes part of *Suabia*, runs by the City and Abbey of *Kempten*, and at *Ulm* diſcharges itſelf into the *Danube*, which there begins to carry Boats, to aſſume that noble Appearance, and flow with that reſiſtleſs Rapidity, which diſtinguiſhes it as the firſt River in *Europe*.

Iſler a River, and its Courſe.

The

The Plain on which this City ſtands is one of the moſt fertile in all *Suabia:* It is ſaid to be ſix Miles and near a half in Circumference, and is undoubtedly the beſt fortified Place of any in that Province. Its Figure is an Undecagon, that is, it has eleven Sides, eight of which are perfectly regular, and face the Country: The three other Sides are defective, and conſequently irregular: All the Baſtions and Curtains are double. The inner Fortification, which is made in the Manner of a Retrenchment, is all of Earth, covered with a firm Turff, and the Parapet made without Embraſures, ſo that the Cannon fire over it. The outer Fortification is lower, and faced with Stone, as high as the *Cordon*; the upper Part with the Parapet is of Earth, well rammed, and covered with Turff: The whole of it built according to the Syſtem of Count *Pagan*, that is, with the Flanks very oblique, and open to the Field. The Top of this laſt Work is almoſt on a Level with the Top of the covered Way, and conſequently fit to raze the Eſplanade. It may be properly enough named a falſe Bray of Earth running along all the eight Sides. 1707. *Jan.* 13. ULM. And Fortification.

The Ditches are fine, and extremely broad, every Part of them ſeen from the Place, and well defended: They are double almoſt every where, and on one Side of the Town the *Danube* runs thro' them with great Rapidity; on the other they are kept full of freſh Water by Sluices: Theſe two Waters are kept ſeparate in the ſame Ditch by a ſmall Dike of Stone.

The covered Way is very regular, and in excellent Repair, and has a Glacis, which ſlopes ſo imperceptibly, that it is to appearance level with the Field. There are no Out-works, excepting before the Gates, every one of which has a half Moon ſufficiently large to cover it; their Ditches, Counterſcarps, and Covered Way, are made in the ſame Manner as thoſe of the Place.

This Place is a little commanded on two Sides. On that Side where the commanding Ground lies the neareſt, they have raiſed upon the oppoſite Baſtion a large Cavalier of Earth, which overlooks and batters all that Eminence; but this is but a weak Defence, for as they can only fire with Cannon, the Fire of the Beſiegers muſt always be much ſtronger than that of the Beſieged. They are much better covered againſt the other commanding Ground, tho' at a much greater Diſtance from them: They have there raiſed a great Horn-work at a proper Diſtance from the Body of the Place (that is, within Muſket-ſhot) with its half Moon in the Middle, and its Ditch well ſeen and defended. The whole being according to the moſt exact Rules of Art.

Its weakeſt Part is that along the *Danube*, which ſerves it for a Ditch. It however is defended by Flanks, and three ſmall irregular Baſtions; but the beſt Part of the Defence is a large half Moon of Earth, covering the Gate and the Bridge, which runs acroſs as far as the City: This Work is well paliſaded, and has a good Ditch at the Extremities of its two Faces. Here are two other half Moons which they call Redoubts, becauſe they are built only of Paliſades, with a ſmall Parapet behind. Yet theſe muſt

1707. *Jan.* 14. ULM. neceſſarily be taken before the great Work, faced with Stone, of an irregular Form, can be attacked. This Work compleats the covering the Bridge, ſcours the Country, and commands the half Moon, and would go far to ruin any Lodgements which might be made upon it.

Ulm ravaged by the *French* and *Bavarians*. You know that the Elector of *Bavaria* began to break with the Empire by ſurpriſing this City, which thereby ſuffered a great deal. The ſecond Day the *French* and *Bavarians* were Maſters of it, they made the Inhabitants pay 200000 *German* Florins for their Welcome, and as long as it continued under their Government ſqueezed other large Sums of Money from them; ſo that this poor Imperial City will ſmart for a long Time from the injurious Uſage it then received.

Its Government. Both the Magiſtrates and moſt Part of the Inhabitants are of the *Lutheran* Perſuaſion: It is governed by two *Elderherren*, who are the Heads and Preſidents of the Council, four Burgomaſters, who enter upon the Execution of their Magiſtracy every Year alternately; twenty four Patricians or Senators, and twelve Plebeians. Its Garriſon conſiſts only of 700 Soldiers, of which 300 mount Guard every Day with 100 Burghers.

And Hiſtory. I learned from an old Chronicle of *Ulm*, belonging to my Landlord, that, in the Time of *Charles* the Great, this City was only a Borough which that Emperor made a Preſent of to the Abbey of *Reichnaw*. That afterwards *Lotharius* II. who had granted it as many Privileges as any other City in its Neighbourhood enjoyed, took, pillaged, and entirely ruined it, for having refuſed, in very outrageous Terms, to open its Gates to him; but that the Inhabitants after the Death of that Prince having rebuilt it, it was matriculated, upon paying a large Sum of Money, among the Imperial Cities. The *Germans* commanded by General *Thungen*, retook it from the *French* and *Bavarians* in the Year 1704, ſoon after the Battle of *Hochſtett*. *Gregory Horſtius*, who died in the Year 1636. is reckoned among the learned Men of this City.

Jan. 22. We left *Ulm* by a large Stone-bridge which is thrown acroſs the *Danube*, a little above the Conjunction of that River with the *Iler*. Three Hours

Lipheim. after we paſſed by the ſmall Town of *Lipheim*, the laſt Place of the Territory of *Ulm*. Here is a Caſtle where the Bailiff reſides, encloſed with a plain Wall, and flanked by ſome antique Towers: All the Inhabitants are *Lutherans*; and the Country produces a vaſt Quantity of Hops. After

Guntzburg. this we arrived at the City of *Guntzburg*, which is a good deal larger than the former. It belongs to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and is ſituated upon the little River *Guntz*, which diſcharges itſelf into the *Danube*; and as our Road lay from *Ulm*, we entered the Town thro' a pretty long Suburbs. It

Its Caſtle demoliſhed. formerly had a magnificent Caſtle, where Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* reſided for five Years, the neighbourhood being a fine ſporting Country; but the *French* burnt this Caſtle a little before the Battle of *Hochſtett*. There are two Convents in *Guntzburg*, and ſeveral other Churches, but very inconſiderable. All the Inhabitants are *Roman* Catholics, and its Magiſtracy conſiſts of three Burgomaſters, and twenty four Counſellors.

Upon leaving this City we entered a Foreſt three Leagues long, by a very troubleſome Road, which conducted us to a pretty large Town called *Zumerſhauſen*, in the Dioceſe of *Augsburg*. Very near this Place the Marſhal *de Turene*, *Wrangel*, and *Koniſmark* defeated the Imperialiſts and *Bavarians* in the Year 1648. At laſt, after a tedious Journey of twelve *German* Leagues, we arrived at *Augsburg*, where we ſpent ſome Days in ſeeing our Friends. After this we bargained with our Drivers to convey us in Chaiſes, with all our Baggage, free of all farther Expence, to *Venice*. 1707. *Jan.* 23. *Zumerſhauſen.* *Augsburg.*

From *Augsburg* we came in two Hours to *Hauſteten*, a large Town, with a Caſtle depending upon the Abbey of St. *Ulrich*. Afterwards coaſting the *Lech*, which runs thro' a vaſt Plain, almoſt as far as we can ſee, we came in the Evening to a very little Village named *Kirkheim*, near to which is a Convent of Capuchines, with a very fine Church. On the Top of its Steeple is a large Lanthorn, which ſerves to light the Drivers in the Night-time. *Hauſteten.* *Kirkheim.*

After this we paſſed thro' a Country, which indeed is pretty level, but not very fertile, being diverſified with Woods of Firs, and Fields and ſome Villages interſperſed, each of which generally has its Caſtle. Afterwards we ſtopped for an Hour at a Kind of a Town called *Aſch*, belonging to the Count *de Mokental*. In proceeding on our Journey, we entered into a large Foreſt of Firs more than two Leagues in length. After paſſing it we obſerved ſome Part of the Mountains of *Tirol*, and the Beginning of the *Alps*. The diſtant Proſpect of which reſembles the foaming Billows of the Sea. *Aſch.*

At length we arrived at *Schongaw*, a pretty little Town, with about ſix hundred Houſes, ſituated upon a ſmall Declivity, at the Foot of which runs the River *Lech*. Its great Square is handſome, and adorned with three Fountains of a Kind of Marble, the Product of that Country. The middle Fountain has a large Column ariſing from its Baſon; on the Top of which is a large gilded Statue of the Virgin, as big as Life. The two others which are placed at the two Extremities of the Square are ornamented, the one with the Figure of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and a Globe in his Hand, the other with an Angel, both which Statues are likewiſe gilded. *Schongaw.* Its Square and Fountains.

There are eight Churches in *Schongaw*, but moſt without any Thing remarkable about them. The largeſt is pretty handſome, very well enlightened, with a fine Steeple over it, in the Shape of a Dome. Its high Altar is very much gilded, and loaded with Carvings. The Pulpit is very beautiful, ſupported by an Angel, in a very good Attitude. We there ſee *Jeſus Chriſt*, the four Evangeliſts, and a great many other Figures, very finely carved: This little Town lies in *Bavaria*. In Spirituals, it is ſubject to the Biſhop of *Augsburg*; and in Civil Affairs, to four Burgomaſters and eight Counſellors. It is only two *German* Leagues diſtant from the Lake of *Ammerzee*, and three from that of *Wormzee*. Churches. And Government.

To conclude, two hundred and thirty *Bavarians* defended it not long ago againſt ſix thouſand Imperialiſts, who aſſaulted it three Times without Succeſs, The fine Defence it made.

1707. *Jan.* 24. Succeſs, tho' it is ſurrounded only with a plain Wall, and ſome old faſhioned Towers. Nor did they ſurrender till they were forced to it by the Inhabitants, who were alarmed by fifty Bombs which had been thrown into their Town.

The River *Lech.* We went out of *Schongaw* by a large wooden Bridge acroſs the *Lech*, which tho' narrow and ſhallow in Winter, grows large and impetuous in Summer, by the melting of the Snows. At laſt we entered upon the Mountains, and after, as it were, ſcrambling a long while among Foreſts of Firs, Rocks, and Snow, we paſſed hard by a *Benedictine* Abbey named *Beyerſoa*, as large as a little Town. From thence we deſcended into a ſmall circular Valley, bordered by a Number of Firs riſing in the Form of an Amphitheatre. The little River *Amber* winds thro' the Middle of this Valley, and after running into a Lake of its own Name, it emerges from thence to diſcharge itſelf into the *Iſer*, which riſes near *Inſpruck*, and running by *Munich* and *Freiſingen*, receives the *Amber* a little below *Moſburg*, till both looſe themſelves in the *Danube*.

Beyerſoa, a large Abbey.

The Rivers *Amber* and *Iſer.*

Raitenpuch. We dined at *Raitenpuch*, a ſmall Town in *Bavaria* likewiſe. The Houſes here are extremely elegant in the Inſide; and tho' this Country has been entirely ruined by the Allies, yet a great Deal of handſome Furniture, eſpecially Plate, is to be ſeen in their Houſes. In our Journey we paſſed near another *Benedictine* Abbey called *Etal*, which has very handſome large Apartments. Sometime after we deſcended the Mountain by a Road ſo ſteep, that it was railed in to prevent Travellers from falling down thoſe frightful Precipices. At laſt, after very great Fatigue, we arrived late at *Partenkirk*, anciently *Parthenium*, a pretty large Town in the Biſhopric of *Friſingen*. We there had a Ragoût which we found extremely delicate, dreſſed of a certain Animal's Fleſh called *Steinbock*, a Kind of Fawns, which are taken in great Numbers upon the Mountains of *Tirol*.

The Abbey of *Etal.*

Partenkirk.

Mittenwald. From *Partenkirk* we were perpetually winding and turning till we came to the Town of *Mittenwald* where we arrived about Mid-day, after having travelled to the Downward for ſometime. *Mittenwald* ſtands in a ſmall Plain, encompaſſed with very high Rocks, and covered with Snows, which have been there ever ſince the Creation. It has two Churches, at the two Extremities of the Town, the one new, and the other old. I obſerved, upon the Wall of the latter a St. *Chriſtopher*, with a little Baſket at his Side full of Trouts, with the following *Latin* Verſe above his Head.

Its Churches.

Dulcia non meruit qui non guſtavit amara.

That is, *He who has not taſted the bitter does not deſerve the ſweet.* A Maxim which you know I have ſome Reaſon to wiſh may be always verified. But be that as it will, I imagine that this Baſket of Trouts intimates that they are very often caught in that Place. They eat there extremely delicate, and like Salmon.

In

In the ſame Church there is a miraculous Crucifix dreſſed in a Perriwig, like that in the Church of the *Maccabees* at *Cologne*. Would you believe that Luxury and faſhionable Dreſs had found their Way even into theſe frightful Rocks? It ſtands againſt the Wall, and is ſurrounded with an infinite Number of votive Pictures, repreſenting the different Miracles wrought by this holy Crucifix, either by curing the Sick in great Numbers, or by delivering from Shipwreck, Robbers, or Precipices, a vaſt many People who had addreſſed themſelves to it upon thoſe different Emergencies of Danger. 1707. *Jan.* 25. A miraculous Crucifix dreſt in a Periwig.

Amongſt a Dozen of Figures of the Virgin *Mary* which we ſee in this Place, there is but one which condeſcends to work Miracles; nor does her Virtue extend any farther than curing Beaſts, for ſhe is ſurrounded with nothing but Herds of little Horſes, Cows, Bullocks, and Sheep, all in Wax, without a ſingle Vow of any other Species. And miraculous Statue of the Virgin

After a good Dinner at *Mittenwald* (but without ſeeing the Bezoar Bullets which Mr. *Miſſon* mentions, tho' we enquired after them) we proceeded in our Way, and about an Hours time after we arrived at the Fortreſs of *Schernitz*, where we were obliged to ſhew our Paſs-ports, tho' it contains no more in Garriſon than a Serjeant and ſeven or eight Soldiers. This Fort, which ſeparates the Dutchy of *Bavaria* from the County of *Tirol*, was formerly of very little Importance, tho' it ſtands betwixt two almoſt inacceſſible Rocks; but when the preſent Elector of *Bavaria* intended to enter *Tirol*, the *Imperialiſts* built a new Fort oppoſite to the old one. It extends from the Top of the Mountain by ſeveral Redoubts, directly to the Bottom, where there is a good Baſtion and ſome Ravelins, which ſhut up the Paſſage betwixt the Mountain and the left, at the Foot of which there is a Sconce with Retrenchments very well paliſaded. The Fortreſs of *Schernitz*. Its Strength and Situation.

We paſſed the *Iſer*, which is but ſmall, at the little Village of *Schernitz*, which gives its Name to the Fortreſs; and a little after we left on one Hand the Caſtle of *Schloſberg*, which is only a Kind of a large Tower, with ſome Palliſades. From thence we immediately entered the Village *Seefeld*, where there is a large Convent of *Auguſtines*, who preſerve in their Church a Number of miraculous Things, very much celebrated in that Country. Amongſt others is a large Hoſt, all bloody, which was taken in that Condition, and all chewed, out of the Mouth of a Lord of *Schloſberg* named *Milſer*. But as we wanted that Night to be at *Inſpruck*, we did not think proper to ſtop at *Seefeld* to ſee all theſe fine Rarities, which no doubt greatly helped to make theſe honeſt Clergymens Pots boil. The Village of *Schernitz*. *Seefeld*. A wonderful Hoſt, and other Curioſities.

It is but half a League (and not two long Leagues, as Mr. *Miſſon* calls it) from *Seefeld* to where we begin to deſcend the Mountain: And the deſcent is ſtill continued for two long Leagues before we arrive at a deep Valley, thro' which the River *Inn* winds. They have been even obliged to cut part of the Road one hundred common Paces out of the Rock, to open the Paſſage into this Valley. As the Snow had riſen to an extraordinary Height, we were longer in deſcending than we thought of; ſo that

1707. *Jan.* 26. *Czierl* belonging to the House of *Austria.*

we were obliged to stop that Night at a large Borough named *Czierl*. About four Years ago the *Bavarians*, as they were returning from *Tirol*, entirely burnt this Town; but at present it is rebuilt a-new, and more beautiful than ever. In our Descent, a little before we came hither, we passed under some Ruins, which are pretty entire, of a large Castle, standing upon the Top of the Mountain; from whence, from time to time, large Fragments of Stone and Rock roll down, which expose Travellers in that narrow dangerous Passage to be crushed to pieces. The hindermost of our Chaises, in coming down the Mountain, was within three Paces of being buried under one of these Fragments.

Feb. 3. Ceremony used in the Inns of *Tirol.*

This Morning as we were making ready to get into our Port-chaises the chief Maid-servant of the Inn, where we lay last Night, came with a great Deal of Formality to present each of us with a Nosegay of Artificial Flowers, done up with Tinsel. These Nosegays were very handsomely ranged in a large Copper Bason; and before she gave each of us one, she went thro' a long Harangue in her Gibberish, in which she was not at all sparing of the Title of *Heer Graaff*, *i. e.* My Lord Count, accompanied with a hearty Kiss and a Hug. This is another Custom which we were obliged to humour, by giving a large Drink-gilt (Drink-money.)

A frightful Precipice.

About half a League from *Czierl* we saw the great steep Rock, so famous for the Adventure of the Archduke *Maximilian* I. I viewed this Precipice with Attention, and it is next to impossible to believe that the Eagerness of a Chase could carry a Man to ride down a Part of it, considering the frightful Precipice which presents below. With all due Deference to his Serene Highness, this Adventure did not prove him to be a very wise Man: And if he was ever guilty of such another, he deserved the Title of Arch-fool, rather than Archduke of *Austria* and Emperor, as he afterwards was. A Passion for Hunting becomes a Kind of Frenzy, when it prompts People to despise the steepest Precipices, to be ripped up by a wild Boar, like the brave Count *de Serin*, and a great many others; or to be gor'd by a wild Bull, like the *Spaniards*. In the Place where the Archduke stopped, and from which he was obliged to come down by the Help of Machines, because he durst not venture to come back the same Way he came down, they have hollowed a Nitch into the Rock, where a great Crucifix is placed, with a Statue on each Side.

An Adventure of an Archduke of *Austria.*

CHAP.

1707.
Feb. 3.

CHAP. LXIV.

Inſpruck, *Capital of* Tirol. *The Palace of the Archdukes. The Manege and Univerſity. Church of the* Cordeliers. *Splendid Tomb, and twenty eight beautiful Braſs-Statues. Other Tombs. Jeſuits Houſe and Church. Pretended Gold Tiles. Ridiculous Stories concerning them. Deſcription of* Inſpruck, *and Etymology of its Name. Earthquakes frequent here. Mines, Salt-pits, and Fertility of the Country. Its Inhabitants uſed with great Lenity by the Court of* Vienna.

TWO Hours after we arrived at *Inſpruck*, having almoſt all along coaſted the River *Inn*, upon which this City is ſituated. There is however a ſmall Part beyond the Bridge, where ſome Years ago they have built very fine Houſes, and a Church which they call the Church *of the States*, pretty much reſembling that of the *Lutherans* at *Amſterdam*, upon the *Cingle*. Like that, its Doom is covered with large Plates of Red Copper. After paſſing the Bridge we went down to the Golden Eagle, a famous Inn, where we took ſome Repoſe; and afterwards went to the Houſe of one of the City Magiſtrates, for whom we had Letters of Recommendation, and whom we found a very well bred Man. He was pleaſed to attend us in Perſon, to ſhew us all the Curioſities in the City. *Inſpruck*, ſituated on the River *Inn*.

We began with the Palace, which formerly was that of the Archdukes. It is pretty large, and contains a good Deal of Lodging-Room, but the whole may be called a Piece of Patch-work, having been built at different Times, ſo that we muſt not here expect Regularity. Count *Fuggers*, Director of the Emperor's Privy-council in this City, has an Apartment in it, but all the reſt is empty and unfurniſhed; tho' we were told that it will ſoon be fitted up for Prince *Charles* of *Newburg*, Brother to the Elector Palatine, and the Biſhop of *Augsburg*, whom the Emperor has made Governor of *Tirol*, and who is expected at *Inſpruck*. The late Duke of *Loraine*, who had the ſame Government, paſſed many Years there with his Lady the Queen Dowager of *Poland*. The Palace of the Archdukes.

The great Hall is magnificent, with the whole Hiſtory of the Labours of *Hercules*, painted in *Freſco*. It is a Loſs that a great many Places of it is cracked and rent by the Earthquakes, which are very frequent in this Country. The Gardens are pretty large, but kept in ill Order. The moſt remarkable Thing to be ſeen in them is an excellent Equeſtrian Statue in Braſs of Archduke *Leopold*, and twelve other Figures as large as the Life, repreſenting River-Gods, and Nymphs. All theſe were deſigned as Ornaments to a magnificent Fountain, which was intended to have been made in the Middle of the Gardens, but has never been yet executed. The great Hall and Gardens.

Adjoyning

1707. *Feb.* 3. Another Palace.

Adjoyning to this Palace there is another but not near ſo large, built of Wood, and very ſlight, into which the Governor and his Court retire upon the firſt Shock of an Earthquake, becauſe the Danger of being cruſh'd or maim'd is leſs here than in the other Palace, which has five covered Galleries, leading to five different Churches where they end.

The Manege.

The Manege, which is not far from the Palace, was built about fifty Years ago by the Archduke *Ferdinand Charles*, but is yet unfiniſhed. It is a ſpacious high Building, and one of its Extremities ends in a large Theatre, which muſt have been very fine had it been compleated. The Boxes on both Sides are numerous, and tolerably handſome.

The Theatre.

And Univerſity.

Not far from the Manege there is another Building called the Univerſity, erected by order of the late Emperor *Leopold*. We came in at the End of a public Leſſon ; but were ſurprized to ſee only four or five Students in blue Gowns, and Mr. Profeſſor in a Scarlet Cloak ; ſo that he only wanted a Sword and Feather to make him paſs rather for an Officer than a Profeſſor.

The Church of the *Cordeliers*.

The Church of the *Cordeliers* is one of the moſt conſiderable in *Inſpruck*. Here is the magnificent Tomb of the Emperor *Maximilian* I. ſurrounded with an Iron Baluſtade, and adorned with twenty four Pannels of white Marble, containing the principal Actions of his Life in Bas-relief, of admirable Sculpture, by the Hand of one *Alexander Colin* of *Mechlen*, who cut it in the Year 1565. The Brazen Statue of *Maximilian*, who is upon his Knees on the Top of the Tomb, is likewiſe very good.

The Tomb of the Emperor *Maximilian* I.

Several Braſs Statues.

There are alſo twenty eight Brazen Statues larger than the Life in this Church. Mr. *Miſſon* is miſtaken when he ſays, that theſe Statues were made by Order of the Archduke *Friderick Empty-purſe* : For our Friend the Magiſtrate and the Guardian of the *Cordeliers* aſſured us, that *Ferdinand* I. Brother of *Charles* V. cauſed this Convent and the Church to be built, and placed thoſe twenty eight Statues there, the Names and Order are as follows :

1. *Albertus Archiduc Auſtriæ. Rex Hung. & Bohemiæ.*
2. *Fridericus* III. *Imp. Pater Maximiliani* I.
3. *Ferdinandus* I. *Imper.*
4. *Carolus* V. *Imp. Rex. Hiſp. & Indiarum.*
5. *Leopoldus Archidux Auſtriæ*
6. *Fridericus cum vacuo Marſupio, Dux Auſtriæ, qui tectum aureum fecit.*
7. *Albertus Primus Auſtriæ, hujus nominis Imperator.*
8. *Gothofredus Bullion. Rex. Hieroſ. cum coronâ ſpinæâ.*
9. *Elizabetha filia Sigiſmundi Regis Hungar. uxor Alberti* I. *Imper.*
10. *Maria Caroli Audacis filia, uxor prima Maximiliani* I.
11. *Margarita Duciſſa Stiriæ, Carinthiæ, & Tirolis, nupta Duci Bavariæ.*
12. *Elizabetha ſoror Maxim.* I. *Imper. nupta Erneſto Duci Bavariæ.*
13. *Ferdinandus Rex Hiſpaniæ. Maritus Iſabellæ.*
14. *Johanna Fatua filia Ferdinandi & Iſabellæ* *.

* This mad Woman ſhould not have been placed in ſuch an Auguſt Company.

15. *Phi-*

15. *Philippus bonus Dux Burgundiæ.* 1707. *Feb.* 3.
16. *Carolus Audax, filius ejus* *.
17. *Kimburgis. Avia Maximil.* I. *mulier miræ fortitudinis, quæ nuces Italas cum duobus digitis frangebat* †.
18. *Elizabetha filia Maximil.* I. *quæ nupsit Duci Sabaudiæ.*
19. *Maria Blanca filia Max. Sforsiæ Ducis Mediolan. secunda uxor Maximil.* I.
20. *Sigismundus Dives, Archidux Austriæ.*
21. *Arthur Rex Britanniæ, cum Thorace cooperta Draconibus, à Patre Uterpandragon.*
22. *Theodoricus Comes Hapsburg.*
23. *Ernestus ferreus, Dux Austriæ, Maritus Kimburgis, avus Maximil.* I §.
24. *Amelus* II. *Rex Italiæ Gothus, occisor Parentis sui in prælio* ‖.
25. *Albertus sapiens Dux Austriæ,*
26. *Rudolphus comes Hapsburg. Imper. Auctor Domus Austriæ.*
27. *Philippus Pulcher, Archidux Austriæ, Pater Caroli* V. *& Ferdin.* I.
28. *Clodoveus* I. *Rex Galliæ Christianus.*

Most of these Princes are: *Armati ferro, & Cristis capita alta corusci.* Virg. Æn. ix.

Other Statues, and wonderful Image of St. *Anthony* of *Padua.*

The same *Ferdinand* I. caused 23 other brazen Statues to be erected in this Church, representing so many Princes and Princesses of the House of *Austria*; each is but two Foot high. We were likewise shewn an Image of St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, found entire in the midst of the Flames which reduced the Town of *Czriel* to Ashes, in the Year 1661. This Image has still some Marks of Burning upon its Face and Neck, with this Inscription.

In medio Ignis non sum æstuatus.

The Tomb of an Arch-Ducheſs of *Austria* Daughter to a Merchant of *Augsburg.*

In a Chapel there is a Marble Tomb of the Daughter of a considerable Merchant of *Augsburg*, whom *Ferdinand* Arch-duke of *Austria* married on account of her Beauty. The Statue of this Lady lies all along the Tomb, with this Inscription betwixt two Bass-reliefs.

Ferdinandus, Dei Gratia Archidux Austriæ,
Dux Burgundiæ, Comes Tirolis. Philippinæ
Conjugi charissimæ fieri curavit. Obiit XXIV.
Mensis Aprilis, Anno Salutis M.D.LXXX.

And of *Ferdinand* the Generous, who lived 110 Years.

In this Chapel stands likewise, the Tomb of *Ferdinand* the Generous, Duke of *Austria* and Count of *Tirol*, Cotemporary with *Charles* the Vth,

* He was a Kind of *Don Quixote*, well deserving to be confined to a Madhouse.
† A wonderful Qualification in the Grandmother of an Emperor.
§ This Iron Man was wonderfully well matched with that famous Nutcracker.
‖ An Act for which he little deserved a Statue.

1707. *Jul.* 3. and who lived one hundred and ten Years. His Statue is of white Marble, and likewiſe extended upon his Tomb, the whole being encloſed by an Iron Baluſtrade. By the way, I muſt take notice, that the Pillars which ſupport the Roof of this Church, are at leaſt three times too long, in Proportion to their Bigneſs.

The Gate of the Armories.

The Gate of the City called *Wapenthurn*, that is to ſay, the *Gate of Armouries*, which is not far from the Church of the *Cordeliers*, is all painted over from Head to Foot, with the Arms of the different Kingdoms and Provinces belonging to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, all diſtinctly Blazon'd, and the Painter has drawn his own Picture full in the Middle of the whole, with a *German* Inſcription under his Portrait ſignifying, *that* George Kelderer *painted this Gate in the Year* 1499.

Church and Houſe of the *Jeſuits*.

The Church and Houſe of the *Jeſuits* are likewiſe very fine. The Arch-duke *Leopold*, who built them and died in the Year 1632, is buried in a Vault under the Church, as are ſome other Princes and Princeſſes of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and the fourth Son of *Charles* the Vth laſt Duke of *Lorrain*, who was killed at the Battle of *Caſſona* in *Italy*. Oppoſite to this Vault there is another, which ſerves as a Burying-place for thoſe pious Fathers the *Jeſuits*; ſo that we may ſay, they are as little in ordinary Company when they are dead, as when they were alive. The Librarian, who ſpeaks five or ſix Languages, received us very civilly, and ſhewed us the Library which is very inconſiderable; but to make amends, the Houſe itſelf is very beautiful. The Front is 200 ordinary Paces broad, beſides the Church, and all of it extremely well proportioned.

The Story of the golden Roof exploded.

As to the famous Roof that is covered with pretended Plates of Gold, which has given Riſe to ſo many Stories, without any other Foundation but Tradition, I have been at the utmoſt Pains to learn ſomething certain about it, and examined it at great Leiſure. It is about 16 Foot ſquare, and the Plates which cover it have a pretty near Reſemblance to Gold: But our Friend the Magiſtrate, having ſtopt one of his Brethren as he was paſſing by while we were attentively examining it, aſked him in our Hearing, whether the Regiſters in the Archives of the City do not poſitively aſſert, that theſe Plates are of Copper; but that their Gilding and double Gilding coſt 20000 Ducats to *Frederic Emptypurſe*. It was this ſame Duke of *Auſtria*, and not the Arch-duke (as Mr. *Miſſon* would have him) who helped Pope *John* XXIII, otherwiſe *Baltazar Coſſa* in making his Eſcape out of *Conſtance*, after he had been depoſed by the Council; and it was for contributing to this Evaſion, that this Prince was for a long time afterwards perſecuted by the Emperor *Sigiſmond* and Pope *Martin* Vth, who had been choſen in Place of the three Anti-Popes.

Notwithſtanding all this, the People of *Inſpruck* would venture their Souls, upon Occaſion, that theſe Plates are all of Gold; ſo much are weak Minds the Dupes to Tradition, and in this Reſpect three Fourths of Mankind are of that Number. But as theſe two Magiſtrates aſſured us poſitively, that

that the Regiſters in the Archives ſay, that they are only Copper gilt, I choſe rather to believe thoſe public Monuments than any popular Tradition. 1702. *Feb.* 3.

But what ſurprizes me moſt is, that the Learned *Charles Patin* has given into another Tradition, which has ſtill leſs Foundation. His Words, in a Letter wrote to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, are as follows: *A private Inhabitant of* Inſpruck, *who did not know what to do with his Money, aſked leave of the* Arch-Duke *to cover part of his Houſe with Gold. Leave was granted; but, ſaid the Prince, though I conſent, yet I will not anſwer for Thieves. This Gallery, which is covered with* 2 *or* 3000 *Gold Tiles, is at preſent in the Poſſeſſion of the Emperor. I have been told that a* Jew *offered a hundred thouſand Florins for each, a* Chriſtian *would have offered more, for* Jews *always make* Jews *Bargains.* An Inſtance of great Credulity in *Charles Patin.*

Mr. *Patin* was doubtleſs a very learned Antiquary, but he appears to have been a bad Arithmetician, otherwiſe he might have calculated that two or three thouſand Tiles of Gold, at a hundred thouſand Florins each, would amount to two or three hundred Millions of *German* Florins, which is more ready Money than four of the moſt powerful Princes in *Europe* can command. Beſides this little Roof of about 16 Foot ſquare, is not a Gallery covered with two or three thouſand Tiles of Gold, as he calls it.

The ſame Magiſtrates told us likewiſe, that the Houſe which had this pretended Roof of Gold upon its Veſtible, is not the Chancery, as Mr. *Miſſon* and ſome others ſay it is, but the Chamber of Accounts of the Treaſury, greateſt part of which was ruined by Earthquakes, as we ſee by the following Inſcription above the Gate of this Building, the Capitals of which mark its Date. Other Errors confuted.

Reſta Vror poſt horrenDos ContInuo anno,
& VLtra, perpeſſos terræ MotVs.

The Houſes of *Inſpruck* are tolerably handſome, and for the moſt part built upon Porticoes like thoſe of *Bern*; but they appear a little diſagreeable by the Roofs being all flat, and their Joiſts placed ſo as to form a Hollow, ſo that the Gutter is exactly in the middle of the Roof. This City is none of the largeſt, ſince one may eaſily ſee from the Middle of the Square its four Gates, which are never ſhut, in ſo great Security do the Inhabitants think themſelves on account the Fortreſs of *Schermtz*, which guards the Entry into *Tyrol*. However the Elector of *Bavaria* made himſelf Maſter of it ſome Years ago, together with the Town of *Inſpruck* itſelf, and the greateſt Part of the Country. Deſcription of the Houſes of *Inſpruck.*

This City has its Name from the River *Inn*, in Latin *Œnus*, (which ariſes from the Mountain *Maloja* in the *Alps*, and not from the Mountain *Bernina*, as ſome Geographers affirm, runs acroſs the *Tyroleſe*, enters *Bavaria*, and diſembogues in the *Danube* at *Paſſaw*) and the Word *Pruck*, which in Etymology of the Name. The River *Inn.*

1707. *Feb.* 3. *German* ſignifies a *Bridge*, ſo that *Inſpruck* is called in Latin *Œnipons*, or *Æni-pons*, becauſe it is the common Bridge or Paſſage over that River.

TYROL. Deſcription and Situation.

Inſpruck is the Capital of *Tirol*, and was formerly the ordinary Reſidence of the Arch-Dukes of *Auſtria*, as it is at preſent of the Governors ſent thither by that Houſe, to whom it hereditarily belongs. It is but a little, though an agreeable City, ſituated in a very fertile Plain ſurrounded by Mountains, the Tops of which are covered with eternal Snow, but their Middle is well cultivated. The River *Inn* runs along the Foot of its Walls, which are weak, without any Flanks, and lower by four or five Fathoms than the Houſes of the City. We paſs the River by a pretty large Wooden Bridge, at the End of which, as I have already mentioned, there is a Suburbs much better built than the City itſelf, and which lies along the River. It has no leſs than twelve Churches, including eight Convents, five of Men and three of Women, and two Suburbs, both of them finely built: In ſhort, *Inſpruck* is a very handſome City.

Much ſubject to Earthquakes.

Notwithſtanding all that, and its being the Capitol of *Tyrol*, I ſhould not chuſe to be condemned to paſs the Remainder of my Days there: For this City, as well as all the Bottom in which it ſtands, being ſhut up amongſt high Mountains, is ſubject to frequent and furious Earthquakes. Our Conductor told us, that ſince the New-year came in, they had felt upwards of fifty, one of which had deſtroyed a great many People and Houſes.

Mines of Silver and Gold in *Tyrol*.

There are Silver Mines, and likewiſe ſome Veins of Gold near *Inſpruck*, and in other Places of the *Tiroleſe*; all of them make up a pretty Revenue, together with the Salt-works of *Hall*, another ſmall Town of this Province ſituated upon the *Inn*, a League from *Inſpruck*.

Hall its Saltworks and Mint-houſe.

Theſe Salt-works and the Mint-houſe that has been ſet up at *Hall*, have rendered it almoſt as populous as the Capital itſelf. It is in this Mint-houſe that they melt and work the greateſt Part of the Metals they dig from their Mines, which conſtantly employ five or ſix thouſand Perſons of all Ages and Sexes. All theſe Particulars I learned from the Magiſtrate to whom we were recommended.

Fertility and Government of *Tirol*.

He likewiſe told me that the Soil of the Country, mountainous as it is, produces great Quantities of excellent Wines, and almoſt all the Neceſſaries of Life: That it is governed by three Councils reſiding at *Inſpruck*; the one having power of Life and Death; the Second, for the Adminiſtration of Civil Juſtice; and the Third for the Impoſition of Taxes and Contributions: But that an Appeal from them all is ſtill reſerved to the Court of *Vienna*.

The Sovereign very mild to the Subjects.

That Court treats the Inhabitants *Tirol* much more gently than thoſe of the other hereditary Countries, and ſuffers them to enjoy a great many more Privileges. The Reaſon of this is, becauſe they are naturally fortified among the Mountains; and beſides that, as they are the immediate Neighbours of the *Venetians*, the *Griſons*, the *Swiſſes* and the *Bavarians*, it is to be feared that too ſevere a Yoke would drive them into the Arms of ſome of thoſe

those Powers who are the most capable to protect them. This is all that I have to write to you upon the Subject of *Inspruck* and *Tirol*. 1707. *Feb.* 4.

TYROL.

As to the Castle of *Amras* and its Curiosities, Mr. *Charles Patin* and many others have been so full upon them, that any Relation of mine would be but a tedious Repetition of what they said before. While we were thanking our Conductor for all his Civilities, we felt the Shock of an Earthquake, which, though not very violent, made us run as hard as we could into the great Square. We walked there with our Friend the Magistrate till Evening, with a firm Resolution early in the Morning to quit a City where the Ground it stands upon seems to be always in a Fit of an Ague. To conclude, it was at *Inspruck* that Queen *Christina* of *Sweden* first abjured the Protestant Religion, in the Year 1655. Castle of *Amras*.

CHAP. LXV.

Departure from Inspruck. *Inscription on the Meeting of* Charles V. *and his Brother* Ferdinand, *after a long Absence.* Brennenberg *a frightful Mountain.* Stertzlingen. *Two haunted Castles. Inscription and two curious Marbles.* Brixen *a Bishopric. Its Cathedral. Epitaph of a learned Bishop. Other Churches and their Curiosities. Council of* Brixen. *History of Pope* Gregory VII. *Decree of that Assembly against him. Singular Epitaphs of the Emperor* Henry IV. *and Pope* Bonifacius VIII. *A merry Pilgrimage.*

ABOUT a long half League from *Inspruck*, we entered upon the Mountains, and for four or five Hours we did nothing but ascend and descend through very narrow Roads and frightful Precipices. Sometimes we were level with the highest Rocks, that is, with the middle Region of the Air, and sometimes sunk into Valleys so deep and so narrow, that the Points of the Rocks almost hindered us from seeing the Heaven above us; so that we might apply *Virgil*'s Riddle to this Place, more justly than to a Draw-well. Craggy Roads from *Inspruck*.

> *Dic quibus in terris, & eris mihi magnus Apollo,*
> *Tres pateat cœli spacium non amplius ulnas.*

At last, after passing through a large Town called *Matrey*, where are two Churches, we came in two Hours to another called *Steinach*. These two Towns are situated upon a little River, or large Torrent, which winds along this Valley. We stopped to dine at the latter, which we did very sorrily. *Matrey*. *Steinach*.

Immediately after, we continued our Journey, always coasting along the little River, till within two hundred Paces of a small Village called *Gruss*, i. e. *Salutation*, because in this Place the Emperor *Charles* Vth, passing *Gruss*.

from

1707. Feb. 4. TYROL. from *Italy* to *Germany*, was met by his Brother *Ferdinand* King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, who came thus far to see him. The History of this Meeting is represented in Bas-relief upon a large Pannel of Brass, and not upon Marble, as Mr. *Misson* says, with the following Inscription.

> *Imp. Cæs. Carolo V. P. F. Aug. ex Hispaniis Italiaque susceptis imperialibus coronis advenienti. Et Ferdinando Hungar. Boemiæque Regi, è Pannoniis occurrenti. Optimis Principibus, ad perpetuam Publicæ Lætitiæ memoriam, quod Fratres ante ann.* VIII. *digressi, summis inter mortales honoribus, regnis, triumphis aucti. Hoc in loco salvi sospitesque convenerunt Anno salutis* M.D.XXX.
> *Frid. Franzius à monte niveo* * *Steinaci Præfect.*
> *Mandato Regio* F. C.

This brazen Monument is placed upon a large Piece of Rock near the High-way, about 200 Paces from the Village, and within nine or ten Paces of the little River, which was the Spot whereon these two Brothers met and embraced after an Absence of eight Years.

Brennenberg, or the burning Mountain.

We afterwards passed by *Brennenberg*, that is, the *burning Mountain*, a very dangerous Passage, subject to Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, in all Seasons. These Hurricanes often oblige those who travel by this frightful Mountain to wait several Days till they are over. There is here a Place about 200 Paces long, and about a Fathom in Breadth, which the Sun never shone upon. It is enclosed on both Sides by two very high Mountains, and a bare ragged Rock. The eternal Shade formed by these, throws a deep Gloom upon the Waters of the *Adige*, which are very impetuous here, and furiously lashing the Banks of this narrow Passage, create a kind of an almost irresistible Horror, from which one does not recover till he regains the Air, and sees himself amidst other Mountains. These, at first, appear Savage; but notwithstanding the Snow with which they are top'd, they are improved by the ingenious and indefatigable Labour of their Inhabitants, so as to produce plentifully every thing, both for their own and Cattles Sustenance. The Mixture that one sees there in Spring and Autumn, of Meadows, Orchards, Corn Fields, Vineyards, Olive-trees and Kitchen-gardens, presents a very agreeable Object to the Eyes, after leaving that dreadful Passage of *Brennenberg*. And it is equally charming to see the natural Cascades of Water pouring in great Numbers with, as it were, a joyful Rapidity, from the Tops of the most elevated and frightful Rocks.

Stertzlingen.

Some time after we arrived, almost benummed with Cold, at the Town of *Stertzlingen*, through so thick a Snow, that our Chaises and Horses were quite covered with it; and to compleat our Pennance, we could not find a

* The *German* Name of this Bailif of *Steinach* was *Frederic Franz von Schneberg.*

single

ſingle Stove in the whole Inn, but were obliged to warm ourſelves in the Kitchen. There we were regaled with a wretched Broth made of fry'd Barley-meal, and ſomewhat like a Capon, ſo lean that its Bones cut the Shin. 1707. *Feb.* 4. TYROL.

I forgot to tell you that betwixt *Schongaw* to *Stertzlingen*, we met with a great many Carts loaded with *Tiroleſe* Wines, which were carrying to *Augsburg*, and from thence all over *Germany*, and likewiſe a vaſt Number of little Caraiages with two Wheels, which the Highlanders themſelves draw, and are loaded with Salt, which they bring from *Hall* a-croſs ſo many Precipices. The Drawers of theſe little Waggons are generally big, ſtrong Men, ſome of them with Hats, and others with green, yellow, or blue Caps. Their Cloaths are likewiſe very ſingular, and ſome of them made almoſt like Women's Cloaths. Trade with Wines and Salt of *Tyrol*.

We left *Stertzlingen* at Break of Day, and a long half League from thence we paſſed betwixt two large Caſtles; that on the Left, which is on the Top of a Rock, makes the beſt Appearance. The Fortifications of it are not very extraordinary; but as it is the neareſt to the Highway, which it ſcowrs, nothing would be eaſier than to make a very ſtrong Place of it, and thus to render the Road almoſt unpaſſable for an Army. Theſe Caſtles are named *Brechtenſhans*; but though they are in very good Repair, and their Apartments, as we were told, be very fine, they are quite empty, by reaſon of their being haunted by Spirits or Fairies, who terrify and bruiſe thoſe who are bold enough to paſs a Night in them. But the Fairies which haunt thoſe empty Caſtles are generally Devils of Fleſh and Blood, who have ſome Views, either of Intereſt or Diverſion, which they take at the Expence of Simpletons or timorous People: For if theſe pretended Devils know that they are to meet with half a Dozen of young, vigorous, reſolute Fellows properly armed, they generally diſappear without chooſing to ſtand a Bruſh. But the Prejudices of ſome Religions, ſupported by an infectious Pannic, which eaſily catches the Populace, are their Maſters, and perſuade them into a thouſand Abſurdities. *Feb.* 5. *Brechtenſhans*, two haunted Caſtles. Reflexion upon the Notion of Fairies.

An Hour after we arrived at the ſmall Village of *Mauls*; where there is a Toll-houſe. Having Occaſion to alight from my Chaiſe, I obſerved in the Wall of a large Houſe two antique Marbles, the firſt of which contains an Inſcription which is pretty entire. I have copied it, becauſe I know you have a Taſte for thoſe Things. *Mauls*.

Inſcription upon a Marble.

D. Φ. M.
AVRELIAE
RVFFINAE
MATRI.
AELIVS
QVARTINVS.

The

1707. *Feb.* 5. TIROL. Account of a very curious Marble.

The other is a good deal larger. In the middle of it are ſeen the Figures of a Bull laying under an armed Man, who holds the Bull by a Horn with one Hand, and with the other by the Muzzle. Before the Bull there is the Figure of another Man, but leſs than the former, with a large Club in his Hand lifted up, as it were, to knock the Bull on the Head: Behind the Bull is another Figure of a Man reſembling that with the Club, which pulls him by the Tail, together with a Dog and a Snake which bite him. On the two Corners above are two Buſts, the Head of the one with Rays, and that of the other with Horns. This Marble has ſix Compartiments on each of its two Sides, upon which are ſeveral Figures.

The Author's Opinion about it.

The Buſt with Rays and that with Horns, together with the twelve Copartiments, in my Opinion, repreſent the Sun, the Moon and the twelve Months of the Year; the Bull, the Dog, and the Snake, three Signs of the *Zodiac*, and were it not for the two latter, and the two little Figures of Men, I ſhould have taken the reſt for the Fight betwixt *Hercules* and *Achelous*, who was changed into a Bull: But all theſe other Figures puzle me. Beſides, *Hercules* is never repreſented with any other Arms than his Club, ſo that I can make nothing of it, except it be a Sacrifice to *Mithras* the God of the *Perſians*. I will leave the Unriddling of the whole to you, who are a compleat Antiquary.

Brixen a Biſhopric.

At Midday we arrived at *Brixen*, a City and Biſhopric, which is Suffragan to the Archbiſhopric of *Saltzburg*. It is ſituated at the Foot of the Mountains upon the Left-hand, and as we drew near to this City, we began to diſcover Vineyards. While we waited for Dinner, we walked about a little in the Streets.

Its Houſes and Cathedral.

Moſt of its Houſes have Porticoes as at *Inſpruck*, and are adorned with various Paintings on the Outſide. The Cathedral, which is but ſmall, maintains twenty Canons, but has nothing about it worth Notice. We ſee there ſome Tombs of Biſhops, amongſt which are two of black Marble, exactly like one another; each with two Statues of white Marble in Epiſcopal Robes, lying by one another's Sides. At the four Corners are four Children, of the ſame Marble, ſitting, and the two Sides contain eight Copartiments, where the Miracles performed by theſe four Biſhops of *Brixen* are repreſented in Bas-relief. Upon one of which we read the following Inſcription, in Letters of Gold.

In honorem ſanctamque memoriam
Beatorum Hartmanni & Hertvici
Confeſſorum & Epiſcop. Brixenſium.

Tombs of Biſhops

The other incloſes the Bodies of St. *Ingenuinus* and St. *Albuinus*, who were likewiſe Biſhops of *Brixen*.

Epitaph of a learned Biſhop of *Crotona*.

There is alſo here the Epitaph of a learned Biſhop of *Crotona*, who attended *Ferdinand* II. Great Duke of *Tuſcany* in his Travels, in Capital Letters, upon a Pannel of black Marble; and becauſe it is pretty good, I have here copied it.

1707. *Feb.* 5. BRIXEN.

Excubant hîc lugentes muſæ
Græïæ, Latinæ, Etruſcæ.
Brevi hoc Sarcophago conduntur
Eloquentia, Probitas, Fides.
Coſmus Minerletus
Patricius Florentinus,
Epiſcopus Cortonenſis,
Invidâ morte interceptus,
Germaniæ Monumentum
Italiæ ſui deſiderium reliquit.
Kal. Maii. A°. R. S. M.DC.XXVIII.
Sereniſſ. Ferdin. II. *M. D. Etruriæ, redux,*
Comiti cariſſimo gratus P.

Miſtake of Mr. *Miſſon* with Regard to a Picture.

We ſearched all the Creeks and Corners of the Church for the Picture which Mr. *Miſſon* ſays he ſaw, and appeared to him ſo very ſingular; but all to no Purpoſe. A Canon, who obſerved us ſearching ſo inquiſitively, aſked the Reaſon, and upon my telling him, he replied, that "we were "not the firſt who had loſt our Pains in that Search, and that the Perſon "who had advanced that Fact was certainly miſtaken; for he would ven- "ture to aſſure us, that there is no ſuch Picture, either in the Cathedral, "or any Church in *Brixen*; and that if any ſuch were, he could not con- "ceive any Reaſon for concealing it". Let them debate this betwixt them.

Deſcription of a curious Picture of the Aſſumption.

There is in Fact one in this ſame Church, which, in my Opinion, well deſerves to be minded. It repreſents the Aſſumption of the *Virgin*, and the Apoſtles are round her Tomb very earneſt in ſearching for her Body, by lifting up the Linnen-cloth which is left there, but all to no Purpoſe, for all this while, ſhe is in Heaven, upon her Knees with her Hair diſhevelled, before God the Father, who is ſitting in an Elbow Chair putting a Scepter into her Hand, while *Jeſus Chriſt*, who is ſtanding at her Side, puts an Imperial Crown upon her Head: Two Angels ſerve her in Quality of Pages, and bear up her Train. What do you think of all this? Will you ſtill go on to find Fault with honeſt Catholics, for treating the Virgin as the Empreſs and Queen of Heaven, ſince they have ſo particularly diſplay'd the Hiſtory of her Coronation in their Churches?

Pfabr-kirck, a Church.

The fineſt of the eight Churches in *Brixen*, next to the Cathedral is that which they call *Pfabr-kirck*. Its high Altar is very finely carved and gilt. The Picture over it, which is much valued here, is done by an able *German* Painter, and repreſents the Fall of the wicked Angels. *Michael* the Arch-angel, whom moſt Painters repreſent with a flaming Sword in his Hand, is here armed only with a bloody Javelin, which he has already run through the Guts of ſeveral of thoſe Devils, who are transformed into Lyons, Bears, and Serpents. At ſome Diſtance from this Picture, hangs a

Deſcription of a Picture of the Battle of the Angels.

1707. *Feb.* 5. BRIXEN.

Holy Ghoſt in the Figure of a Pidgeon as large as a Gooſe, with a Hoſt in its Beak as if it were to ſwallow it. By the Side of this Altar is another, but much leſs, and made like a Nich all gilded over. In it is ſhewn a miraculous Image of the Virgin richly dreſt, holding a dead *Chriſt* upon her Knees. Before her are ſeven golden Lamps, each in the Shape of a Heart, and hung in ſuch a Manner, as that all together form a Heart that burns Night and Day. Theſe ſeven Lamps are deſigned to repreſent the ſeven great Agonies of the *Virgin*.

Miraculous Image of the *Virgin*.

Palace, Revenues, Prerogatives, of the Biſhop of *Brixen*.

There is a tolerably handſome Square before the Cathedral, and the Biſhop's Palace, which is nigh it, is but an indifferent Houſe, built in Form of a Cloiſter, and ſurrounded with flat-bottomed Ditches. Four caſt Culverines defend the Entry, but the Inſide is not at all anſwerable to the Outſide, mean as it is, except in the Hall which is well enough, and in the Fore-part of the Houſe. For all this indifferent Appearance, this Prelate is a Prince of the Empire, has a Revenue of 30000 or 35000 Crowns, and conſtantly reſides in this Palace. He poſſeſſes both the ſpiritual and temporal Juriſdiction of *Brixen*, but his Dioceſe does not extend above ſeven or eight Leagues. The City has however its own Magiſtrates, who are two Burgomaſters and twelve Counſellors; theſe are appointed to decide in the private Affairs of the Citizens, and to adminiſter Juſtice.

The River *Eyſach* and its Courſe.

The Road betwixt *Stertzlingen* and *Brixen* is pretty good, you are all the Way generally betwixt two Chains of Mountains, and coaſting the little River *Eyſach*, which with another, riſes from the ſame Source from among the Mountains we paſſed Yeſterday: The other River falls into the *Inn* near *Inſpruck*, and the *Eyſach* diſcharges itſelf into the *Adige* a little below *Bolzane*, and not a little above *Trent*, as Mr. *Miſſon* ſays.

The Council of *Brixen*.

Brixen, in Latin *Brixinum* and *Brixia*, likewiſe lies in *Tirol*, and was the Place where that Council was held in 1080. which depoſed the famous Monk *Hildebrand*, otherwiſe *Gregory* VIIth. It was compoſed of *German* and *Italian* Biſhops, among whom the Emperor *Henry* the IVth preſided.

Hiſtory of Pope *Gregory* the VIIth.

This *Monk* was the Son of a Carpenter, and became Pope by *Simony*, and was the firſt who prohibited Marriage to the Clergy. He likewiſe perſuaded the Archbiſhop of *Mentz* to ſummon an Aſſembly of his Clergy at *Erfurt*, where he exhorted the Biſhops and other Prieſts to rid themſelves of their Wives, which put them into ſuch a Paſſion, that they were near putting both the Archbiſhop and the Pope's Nuncio to Death. But though this haughty, arrogant Pontiff could not compleat this Deſign, he was more ſucceſsful in that of humbling the Emperor; for having put him under Sentence of Excommunication, and taking advantage of the Animoſities ſubſiſting betwixt him and the *German* Biſhops and Nobility, he forced him to come, during a very ſevere Winter, into *Italy*, attended with his Empreſs and his Son. Nor did he take off the Sentence he had thundered out againſt him, till he had made the Emperor wait for three Days barefooted, and ſtript of all the Badges of his Dignity, in the Court-yard of the

His Inſolence.

the Fortreſs, where his haughty Holineſs had ſhut himſelf up with his Concubine *Matilda*. 1707. *Feb.* 5.

BRIXEN. Decree of the Council againſt him.

The Decree of the Council, as it is inſerted at length in the Chronicle of the Abbey of *Urſperge*, is as follows: *Anno* 1080. *Brixiæ Synodus eſt celebrata, in quâ omnium conſenſu decretum eſt Hildebrandum Papam Gregor.* VII. *dictum Pſeudonomachum, totiuſque veſaniæ peſtiferum Principem, & Romanæ ſedis invaſorem, ab Apoſtolicâ ſede depellendum. Quia illum conſtat non â Deo electum, ſed à ſe ipſo in fraude ac pecuniâ impudentiſſimè objectum, qui Eccleſiaſticum ſubvertit Ordinem, qui Chriſtiani Imperii perturbavit regnum: Qui Imperatori pacifico corporis & Animæ intentat mortem, qui perjurum defendit Regem; qui inter concordes ſeminavit diſcordiam, inter pacificos lites, inter fratres ſcandala, inter conjuges divortia; & quicquid quietè inter piè viventes ſtare videbatur, concuſſit. Nos authore Deo congregati in unum, Legatis ac Litteris freti decem & novem Epiſcoporum, die ſancto præteritæ Pentecoſtes Moguntiæ congregatorum, contra eundem Hildebrandum procaciſſimum, Sacrilegia ac incendia prædicantem, perjuria defendentem, Catholicam & Apoſtolicam fidem de corpore & ſanguine Domini in queſtionem ponentem, Divinationum ac ſomniorum cultorem manifeſtum, Necromanticum, Pythonico Spiritu laborantem, & id circò aerâ fide exorbitantem:* Judicamus *Canonicè deponendum & expellendum, & niſi ab ipsâ ſede his auditis deſcenderit, in perpetuum condemnandum. Facta ſunt hæc* 7. *Calend. Julii, feria* 5. *indictiones.*

Remakable Quotation from *Volquin* with Regard to Popes.

Volquin Biſhop of *Minden* in *Germany*, who lived in the Reign of the Emperor *Albert* I. and under the Pontificate of *Boniface* the VIIIth, mentioning how dexterous *Gregory* the VIIth, *Alexander* the IIId. and *Boniface* the VIIIth were at ſtirring up the Clergy of their Times, againſt the Emperors *Henry* the IVth, *Frederic* I. and King *Philip* the Handſome of *France*, cries out in the Paſſion of Grief: *Proh dolor! & proh dolor! hodie meretrix antiqua, quæ poculum aureum abominatione, fornicatione & immunditiâ plenum in manu ſuâ habebat, mirabiliter inebriat Sacerdotes & Clericos; de quâ in Apocalypſi prædictum eſt.* "Grief! Grief! to Day the old Strumpet "who held in her Hand the golden Cup, full of Abomination, Fornication "and Uncleanneſs, to a wonderful Degree intoxicates the Prieſts and Cler- "gy, according as it is foretold in the Revelation.

Curious Epitaph of *Henry* the IVth.

I believe it will not be amiſs to add two Epitaphs here: The firſt is that upon Poor *Henry* the IVth, one of the greateſt but at the ſame time, one of the moſt unhappy of all the *German* Emperors, having been all his Lifetime perſecuted and harraſſed by the Popes. It is as follows.

Pontificum ſcelera, & perverſæ numina Romæ,
Hunc Regem variis expoſuere malis.
Sic, qui perfidiam Latii, qui vicerat hoſtes
Perfidiam Cleri vincere non potuit.

1707. *Feb.* 6. And of *Boniface* VIIIth. The other Epitaph is that of *Benedict Cajetan*, or *Boniface* the VIIIth, who came to the Popedom like a Fox, held it like a Lyon, and died like a Dog, after being, as is well known, smartly checked by *Philip* the Handsome King of *France*.

Hic jacet eccè Nero, Laicis mors, vipera Clero.
Devius à vero, cupa repleta mero.

Several Errors of Mr. *Misson*. We were but two Leagues gone from *Brixen*, when we entered that narrow Passage which Mr. *Misson* calls so dangerous. 'Tis true that we are almost continually betwixt the River and very high Mountains, and that in some Places we pass by Rocks, Pieces of which jet out above the Heads of Travellers; but all besides are Vineyards, Gardens, Towns and Villages, with here and there some little Oratories, with no other Furniture than a Crucifix, and Pictures of the *Virgin Mary*, but without any Accounts of *Disasters that have happened by rolling down of Rocks*, as he says; at least I will venture to assure you, that I attentively examined the few Oratories that were on this Road, (which he says *is quite strowed with them*) without seeing any such thing. I only observed a Crucifix and a *Virgin Mary*, the first of which was metamorphosed into a *Bacchus*, and the latter into a *Ceres*; that is, the one was crowned and so dressed up with Vines and dry'd Grapes, and the other with Ears of Corn, in Gratitude for the fine Vintage and Harvest they had had, that those Heathen Divinities never were more loaded. Mr. *Misson* likewise says, *that it is but a seven Hour's Journey betwixt* Brixen *and* Bolsane; and that *Coaches are very often overturned by the Unevenness of the Roads*. This is not true; for it is eleven long Leagues betwixt *Brixen* and *Bolzane*, and we found the Roads here as smooth as any in all the *Tirolese*, at least till we came to *Colman*; so that he must have mistaken one Road for another.

Clausin. Its Castle. Towards seven o'Clock we had past by the little Town of *Clausen*, which lies in the same narrow Road; and consists only of one Street, with a Gate at each End. Its Castle has no Flanks, and is only a Square Lodgment enclosed by Walls, and situated upon the Point of a Rock at a pretty Distance from the Town. An Hour after, still coasting the River *Eysach*, we

Colman. Its Fortifications. came to another Town, but something larger, named *Colman*, where we lodged all Night. The Entrance into this Place is guarded by two large Ramparts, one of which flanks the Gate, the other commands the River, and faces the opposite Side of the Mountain. Both of them are well vaulted with Casemates; but all this would make but a poor Defence, even against a flying Party, because they have no Ditches to prevent them from being assaulted.

Another Fortress. On the other Side of the River, and upon an Eminence at some Distance, there is a large Castle well defended. The Figure is a Parallelogram, and upon the Places where the Slope appears gentlest and most accessible, there are Ravelins with low Flanks cased with Mason's Work, which makes all Approaches

Approaches to it very difficult. The principal Gate is defended by two Works cased with Stone, in Form of a Priest's Cap. The Postern is guarded by a great salliant Angle, upon which is a Redoubt, and a flying Bridge opens at the Bottom of the Wall. 1707. *Feb.* 6.

A merry Pilgrimage.

We went into our Chaises about six o' Clock, in a very fine but bitterly cold Morning. We met from time to time with Companies of young Pilgrims Male and Female, going to visit the miraculous Statue of our Lady at *Pfahr-kirck* of *Brixen*. Though they all had Beads in their Hands, yet they minded Devotion but very indifferently. The Fellows were, instead of praying, everlastingly dancing, singing, kissing and toying the Girls, who, on their Side, seemed to like the Sport mighty well. And I leave you to judge what the Consequence must be, when both these He and She Pilgrims lay together at the Inns, upon the self same Straw-bed.

Gross Errors of the same Traveller.

We still continued our Journey betwixt the River *Eysach* and very high Mountains, which, though to Appearance, wild and inaccessible, yet are all of them cultivated. About eleven o' Clock we had a distant Prospect of the Town of *Bolzane*, which is situated in a large fine Valley. Upon entering this Valley we expected to find, *The softest Air that one could wish for, the Vineyards almost all of them verdant, as well as the Willows, the Rose-bushes, Mulberry and a great many other Trees. In short, a real Summer in the middle of Winter*; as Mr. *Misson* says he found all this. But we were surprized to feel a Cold as piercing as amidst the highest Rocks; to see the Trees without so much as a single Leaf, and the Vines without the least Appearance of Buds. It must therefore follow, that Mr. *Misson* has confounded this Valley with another, or would make us believe, that the Sun and the Climate had mistaken the Season, and that God Almighty had wrought a Miracle in his Favour to distinguish him from all other Mortals. When a Man writes to the Public, he is accountable to the Public for what he writes, and he ought therefore to confine himself to the Rules of pure and genuine Truth. However that may be, one of our principal Drivers, who had lived at *Bolzane* for thirty Years, laughed at us when we asked him if he had ever seen, *the Valley where that Town stands all green in the Month of December*. And our Landlord at the *Golden Key* where we dined, who was born and bred up in *Bolzane*, assured us very positively, that *whoever asserted such a Fact in writing, wanted to impose upon the Public*.

CHAP.

1707. *Feb.* 6. BOLZANE.

CHAP. LXVI.

Bolzane. *Its Convents, and principal Church. A Picture very remarkable for its proving Tranſubſtantiation. Deſcription of the Town and Territory. Road from* Bolzane *to* Trent, *a Biſhopric. A Tower where lewd Eccleſiaſtics uſed formerly to be drowned. The Cathedral and Beautiful Chapel. Tombs and Epitaphs. Church of St.* Peter, *and Confutation of the Story of St.* Simonin. *Epitaph of* Fronſberg, *General of* Charles V. *Church of St.* Mary Major. *Short Hiſtory of the Council of* Trent. *Oppoſite Opinions about that Aſſembly. Many* Roman *Catholics have ſpoke bitterly againſt it. Frightful Picture of it by a famous Biſhop. Epiſcopal Palace. Hiſtory of* Trent. *Extent of that Dioceſe, and Government of the Town. Death of the Emperor* Lotharius II. *and his Hiſtory.*

Its Convents and Churches.

BOLZANE, which *Blondus* calls *Banzanum*, tho' not a large Town, cannot be called a ſmall one, as Mr. *Miſſon* is pleaſed to do, ſince it is a full third bigger than *Brixen.* It contains ſeveral Religious Houſes: A Convent of *Dominicans*, one of *Auguſtines*, one of *Cordeliers*, one of *Capuchines*, one of the Daughters of the *Annonciade*, beſides the great Church, and that of the Hoſpital.

The high Church and its Organs.

There is nothing remarkable in the high Church beſides the Organs, which has extraordinary large Stops; and another ſmaller, built into the high Altar. In the Roof, or upper Part of this Building, is a round Hole, thro' which they hoiſt a Man on Aſcenſion-Day to repreſent *Jeſus Chriſt.*

Comical Manner of repreſenting the Aſcenſion of *Jeſus Chriſt.*

As the Hole is not above three Foot Diameter, and as we were told, that he riſes with inconceivable Swiftneſs, the Machine muſt mount him very perpendicularly, otherwiſe he ſtands a Chance of breaking his Neck in his Journey to Heaven. The Steeple is very high, and adorned with three Stories of Baluſtrades, of very good Workmanſhip. The Vane on the Top of the Steeple is a Piece of fine Work, pierced through and through; at the Extremity is a large gilded Apple or Globe, with four others which are lower. The Church-yard, like thoſe over all *Germany*, is very much ornamented with gilded Croſſes in different Manners and Figures.

A ridiculous Picture, proving the Real Preſence.

I obſerved in the Church of the *Capuchines* a very good Altar-piece, which they call by Way of Excellency, *the holy Picture*; and indeed with good Reaſon; for it contains as indiſputable a Proof of Tranſubſtantiation as the Picture of St. *Juan Sagontin* in the Church of the *Auguſtines* at *Wirtzburg.* Upon the Fore-ground there is repreſented St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, with the Child *Jeſus* upon his left Arm, and a New Teſtament open in his right Hand. He is ſeated betwixt St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, to

whom he explains, or asks them to explain a Passage in the New Testament, and the two Apostles listening to him with great Attention. A Number of *Capuchines* are standing behind them, and upon a small rising Ground, at a little further Distance, is the great St. *Francis* of *Assize*, with his dearly beloved Companion honest Brother *Macé*. Right over against this great Patriarch of the *Mendicans* is the Virgin *Mary*, who likewise holds a young *Jesus* in her Arms. Above all, in the Clouds, there appears another *Jesus*, but grown to Manhood, and issues from his Mouth these Words, which reach in large Letters to the Ears of the blessed St. *Francis*. AD LITTERAM. AD LITTERAM. AD LITTERAM. SINE GLOSSA. SINE GLOSSA. SINE GLOSSA. That is, *Litterally*, *Litterally*, *Litterally*, *without Comment*, *without Comment*, *without Comment*. 1707. *Feb.* 6. BOLZANE.

I asked the Meaning of this Mystery of a Brother *Sacristan*, who had very piously just drunk up the Remains of Wine which was left in the Mass-Vessels; and he told me ingenuously that he did not understand it, but that he would send me a Father who should explain the whole. Accordingly, the Father being come, he told me that that Picture represented the History of the Decision which *Jesus Christ* gave with Regard to the Words *Hoc est corpus meum*. That the Apostles St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* having one Day a Dispute with St. *Anthony* of *Padua* upon these Words, the two former explaining them in a *Huguenot*, and the latter in a Catholic Sense; our Lord pitched upon his Prototype St. *Francis* to decide the Difference, and commanded him to inform the Disputants that the Words ought to be understood *Litterally*, *and without any Comment*. What do you say, my Friend, to all this? Is not here Transubstantiation proved to all Intents and Purposes, and the Sentiments of two Apostles and all you Heretics condemned by *Jesus Christ* himself? Besides is not the Plurality of great and little *Christ*'s upon this excellent Picture, a plain Representation of the Real Presence, in so many thousand great and little Masses which are every Day celebrated by Catholic Priests? Explanation of the Mysteries contained in it.

Bolzane, tho' as to Spirituals it depends upon the Bishop of *Trent*, yet it lies likewise in *Tirol*. It is very much talked of, and a very trading Place, by Reason of the Fairs that are held here four Times a Year: Each Fair continues fifteen Days, and they bring to it Commodities from *Germany* and *Italy*, which meet here with a very good Market. The Houses are all plaistered over, and whitened on the Outside, but neat enough within; every Street has a small Rivulet of Spring Water which runs thro' its Middle for the Conveniency of the Inhabitants, who can draw as much as they please, each at his own Door: Besides, the Streets are generally streight and broad; but the Town itself can be called only a Country Town, not being enclosed by Walls, and without any Defence, excepting a large Stream which stops up the Entrance into it. The Bridge is defended by a pitiful little Work contrived in the Rock, and extended by some Curtains without Flancs or Ditches. Description of *Bolzane*.

The

1707. *Feb.* 6. BOLZANE. Dreſs of the Inhabitants and Government.

The Inhabitants here are dreſt pretty much the ſame with thoſe of *Brixen* and the reſt of the *Tyroleſe*, but the Ladies of any Diſtinction are dreſt in the *French* Faſhion. The Government of the Town conſiſts in a Council compoſed of a Deputy from the high Nobility, who ought to be a Count, and three other Deputies whom they call the Knighthood, three Deputies from the lower Nobility, ten from the Burghers, the chief of whom is Burgomaſter, and five Deputies from the Peaſants.

The Vineyards and Wines of this Country.

The Neighbourhood of *Bolzane*, with the whole Valley, is full of Vineyards. I obſerved all of them are planted as Arbours, Props not being uſed in this Country. As to the Wines, and thoſe of the *Tiroleſe* in general, they are not of a flat ſweetiſh Taſte, as Mr. *Miſſon* aſſerts; for their White Wines have generally a very agreeable Piquancy, pretty much like that of the *Jennetin* of *Anjou*.

Road from *Bolzane*.

Upon leaving *Bolzane* we all along followed the Valley, which in Summer muſt needs be very pleaſant. At certain Diſtances there are little Straw Hutts, each raiſed upon three Trunks of Trees, placed triangular wiſe, which conceal thoſe who guard the Grapes after they begin to ripen, not only againſt the Bears who come down from the Mountains to eat them, but likewiſe againſt Thieves. A League from *Bolzane* we coaſted the *Adige*, in *Latin Atheſis*, and in *German Etſch*, which has its Riſe in a Valley of *Tirol*, called *Malſerheid*, a little above the Town of *Glurentz*. It runs by *Trent* and *Verona*, after receiving the *Eyſſach*, a League from *Bolzane*, and diſcharges itſelf into the Gulph of *Venice*. About Six in the Evening we paſſed a large Town, named *Newmarck*, the Houſes of which are built upon Porticos; and at Eight we arrived at another ſmaller Town called *Salurn*, where we were reſolved to halt till next Morning.

The River *Adige*.

Newmarckt.

Salurn.

Feb. 7. A ſtrong Caſtle.

In the Morning, coming out of *Salurn*, I obſerved upon the Top of a Rock, which was ſteep on every Side above the Town, a little Caſtle which would hold out very well againſt a flying Party; it is true there is only one Tower, which ſerves as a Redoubt, and is very well defended; for it is covered on every Side, at leaſt as much as the Irregularity and Roughneſs of the Place will admit the Aſſiſtance of Art.

Lavis, a Town and Torrent.

Having paſſed this Caſtle we coaſted the *Adige* for ſome Hours, and had all along in Sight many ſteep Rocks, the Tops of which were all covered with Snow, and ſeemed to mingle with the Clouds. This River waſhes a great many Towns and Villages, built of Stone, and their Houſes very ſolid. A full League on this Side of *Trent* we met with a large Town named *Lavis*, along which runs a Torrent, with the ſame Name, though ſome People call it *Nevis*. It falls from the Mountains ſo impetuouſly, that, in order to prevent its overflowing the neighbouring Grounds, the Inhabitants were obliged to raiſe a Bulwark, ſupported by a ſtrong Wall and large Beams. When the Snows melt in the Summer Seaſon, this Torrent becomes a large River, and diſcharges itſelf into the *Adige*, where the latter ſeparates the Confines of *Tirol* from thoſe of the *Trentine*. The

Bridge over it is of a pretty ſingular Structure; it is all built and covered with Fir-wood; and tho' ſeventy Paces long, it is ſupported neither by Arches nor Pillars, but is ſuſpended by a very ingenious Invention, and the Help of ſome Burtreſſes at its two Extremities only. The Vines here are planted at the Foot of Elm Trees, and many tied up in Garlands to Willow Branches which grow here in great Quantities. 1707. *Feb.* 7. TRENT.

We arrived at *Trent* preciſely at Noon, and as we were entering the City they pointed out to us an old ſquare Tower, called *the green Tower*, probably from its being covered with green Pan-tiles. It ſtands upon the *Adige*, and we were aſſured that formerly the Water of that River was conveyed into it, for drowning ſuch Eccleſiaſtics, whatever might be their Order or Quality, who were too kind to their Neighbours Wives and Daughters. It is a Pity that this laudable Cuſtom is loſt. I wiſh it was univerſally eſtabliſhed, for it would teach thoſe Eccleſiaſtics to mind their own Buſineſs, and not to interfere with other People's Affairs. *Trent*, a Biſhopric.

Immediately after Dinner we went to the Cathedral of *Trent*, which is a very large dark *Gothic* Building, dedicated to St. *Vigilius* Biſhop of *Trent*, who is here buried along with his Mother *Maxentia*. We were ſhewn, *i. e.* for our Money, the famous Crucifix which preſided at the Council of *Trent*, and which we were told bowed the Head, as a Mark of its approving all the Decrees of this *Sacroſanct* Aſſembly of Cardinals, Prelates, and Doctors. This Crucifix is as large as the Life, and ſeems to be made of a yellowiſh Marble, or a ſolid Wood, painted over with that Colour. But the Perſon who ſhewed it us, ſwore *per Chriſto* that no Man was ever able to know of what Materials it was made, *but that for his own Part he believed, with a great many other learned Men, that this rare miraculous Crucifix fell from Heaven.* This Story is exactly copied from that of the famous Buckler, who fell from Heaven into *Rome* in the Time of King *Numa*. The Cathedral. A miraculous Crucifix.

The new Chapel where this Crucifix has been placed for ſome Years is very magnificent. The Altar upon which it ſtands is covered over by a Curtain, which conceals it from thoſe who don't care to go to the Expence of paying for the Sight of it, and the Altar itſelf is of very fine Marble of different Colours. The Chapel and the Dome are adorned with a great many Pictures in Pannels, repreſenting all the Life of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and painted by the famous *Carlo Lotti*. There is nothing to be ſeen here but Carvings, Sculptures, and Marble. And its fine Chapel.

Above this holy Crucifix, and quite at the Top of the Altar, is repreſented our Grandmother *Eve* giving the Apple (or call it what Fruit you will) to her moſt complaiſant Huſband, after having firſt taſted it herſelf at the Perſuaſion of the Serpent. On the two Sides of the Altar are the two Statues of *Mary Magdalen* and the *Veronica*: Againſt the right Wall are thoſe of Biſhop *Francis de Albertis*, who built this Chapel, and of St. *Vigilius*, Biſhop and Patron of *Trent*. Againſt the Wall on the left is that of *Francis d'Aſſize*, all of them of white Marble, as big as the Life. In ſhort this Chapel is beautiful in every Reſpect, and we were aſſured that Several Statues.

1707. *Feb.* 7. TRENT.

it coſt the honeſt Biſhop above-mentioned, who is buried at the Foot of the Altar, 100000 Crowns. There is nothing upon his Tomb but a round Plate of wrought Braſs, about three Foot and a half in Diameter, with theſe Words in the Middle, *Orate pro me*, and the Date 1687. This Chapel is encloſed by a Baluſtrade of red and white Marble, raiſed by an Iron Grate, wrought and gilt.

Tomb of *Matthiolus.*

I likewiſe remarked in this Cathedral the Tomb of the famous *Matthiolus*; it is of white Marble, his Statue is in a ſitting Poſture, and holds before him the Book of *Dioſcorides*, upon which you know *Matthiolus* wrote large Commentaries. The Inſcription which is below it is too diffuſe to have a Place here, beſides it contains ſcarcely any Thing elſe but Genealogies and Dignities. However I have marked down in my Pocket-book the two *Latin* Diſtichs which are above him, and are as follows:

Herbarum vires nec rectius edidit alter,
Nec magè te clarus hac ſuper arte fuit.
Si mens, ut corpus, depingi poſſet, Imago
Una Dioſcoridis Matthiolique foret.

Church of St. *Peter*, and Hiſtory of young St. *Simonin.*

From the Cathedral we went to the Church of St. *Peter*, where we were ſhewn the little St. *Simonin*. Notwithſtanding what Mr. *Miſſon* ſays, it is impoſſible that this ſhould be the ſame Child whoſe Hiſtory is painted at *Frankfort* under the Gate of the Bridge leading to *Saxenhouſe*. The Inſcription upon that calls it, *The Child* Simon, *aged two Years and a half*; and it is pretended he was murdered on *Palm Sunday*, in the Year 1475. Whereas this of *Trent* is called St. *Simonin*, and was but two Years old when he was martyrized His Hiſtory, as we were told it, is as follows:

The *Jews* of this City kidnapt a Child belonging to a Shoemaker in the Year 1276. and convey'd him into one of their own Houſes, after giving him an Apple to keep him from crying. There they cruelly murdered him, by drawing all the Blood out of his little Body, thro' a great Number of Wounds which they gave him. Afterwards they threw his Body into a large Stream which carried it to the *Adige*, from which he was drawn by the Fiſhermen. I could never learn by what means the Suſpicion of this Murder was fixt upon the *Jews*; it is ſufficient to tell you that they were convicted of it; forty of them were hanged, and the reſt baniſhed the City. All this we were informed happened under the Popedom of *Sixtus* IV. who canonized this Infant under the Name of St. *Simonin*.

His miraculous Body.

They ſhew his Body embalmed in a Shrine, placed upon the Altar of the Chapel, which is dedicated to him. On the Top of this Altar are two Votive Infants of Maſſy Silver, preſented by two Gentlemen, whoſe Children, after being deſperately ill, were cured by the Miniſtry of St. *Simonin*. We were likewiſe ſhewn the Knife, Pincers, and four great Iron Needles, with which the *Jews* drew out all his Blood; two Silver

Bowls, and one of Chryſtal, in which it is pretended thoſe Wretches received his Blood, and drank it: All this Aparatus is preſerved in a Preſs on the Side of the Altar. 1707. *Feb.* 7.

TRENT.

Suppoſing thoſe two Murders to be real, you are ſenſible it is impoſſible that this of *Trent* ſhould ever be the ſame with that of *Frankfort*; there happening, according to the two Legends, 199 Years betwixt the one and the other. The Name of this Child was *Simonin*; Pope *Sixtus* IV. canonized him, and he wrought many Miracles after his Death. The Name of the other was only *Simon*, and was never *ſainted*, nor ſo much as *beatified*, ſo that there is no mention of his Miracles at *Frankfort*. We are only told that he was murdered by the *Jews*, without their being able to aſſign a *why* or a *wherefore*: But the *Jews* of *Trent* murdered this little St. *Simonin*, in order to drink his Blood at one of their Feaſts; ſo that here is the *Cui bono* of this Murder accounted for, which that of *Frankfort* is not. This Story cannot be the ſame with that told at *Frankfort*.

You'll doubtleſs Anſwer me that this *Cui bono* can never be reconciled to Probability, becauſe the *Jews* have neither Feaſt nor Ceremony that oblige them to drink human Blood. With all my Heart, and this ſingle Circumſtance renders to me the Hiſtory of St. *Simonin* of *Trent*, as ſuſpicious as that of the Child *Simon* at *Frankfort*. Whatever may be in this, I am of your Opinion, that all theſe Stories are forged with a View to defame the poor *Iſraelites*. Both Stories equally falſe.

It is likewiſe in this Church that the famous *George Fronſberg*, one of Emperor *Charles* the Vth's Generals, is buried. His Epitaph is as follows: Tomb and Epitaph of *Fronſberg*.

Georgio à Fronſberg Impp. Decretis Germanici Exercitus Duci. Qui per Tyrolim Defectionem Colonorum compreſſit. Per Liguriam & Regionem Tranſpadanam Italiæ Urbes, Populos Rebelles perdomuit. Ad Paludes venetas & Turrim uſque Megaram victor acceſſit, ferro, igni urbem terruit. Socias Civitates oppugnatas, Exercitumque ad loca iniqua delapſum, ex hoſte confertiſſimo quartùm et quintùm liberavit. Vicies plus minùs ſignis collatis pugnavit. Fortitudine, celeritate, animo conſilioque rebus inclinatis præſentiſſimum ſe & invictum præſtitit. Ad eum modum armatus ante Papiam Gallos cæcidit, caſtra cepit, obſeſſos extrema patientes ſervavit. Poſt ingentia facta vitâ perfuncto, Patri optimo Gaſparus filius pientiſſimus gemens illacrimanſque, Monumentum hoc more Majorum poſuit. Anno Chriſtiano M.D.XXVIII. *menſe Auguſto die* XX. *Obiit diem Ætatis* LIV.

In *Engliſh* thus: "To *George Fronſberg*, by Imperial Commiſſion, General of the *German* Army, who in *Tirol* ſuppreſſed the Revolt of the "*Boors*: In *Liguria*, and the Country beyond the *Po*, ſubdued the Cities Tranſlat'd into *Engliſh*.

1707. Feb. 7. TRENT. " of *Italy*, and the Rebels who were in Arms: Who victoriously marched " up to the Marshes of *Venice*, as far as the Tower of *Megara*, and al- " larmed that City with Fire and Sword: Who a fourth and a fifth Time " freed the Cities of his Confederates which were besieged, and their Ar- " my, which had fallen into a disadvantageous Ground, from the Power " of very numerous Enemies. He fought about twenty Pitched Battles. " He gave Proofs of his great Presence of Mind, and invincible Courage " by his Fortitude, Quickness, Spirit, and Conduct in Adversity. With " such Dispositions he in Arms overthrew the *French* before *Padua*, took " their Camp, and relieved the Besieged, who were reduced to the last " Extremity. His Life being ended after a Train of glorious Actions, " *Gaspar*, his most dutiful Son, in Tears and Mourning, agreeable to an- " cient Custom, erected this Monument to his most excellent Father."

Remark upon this General.

The *German* Historians give the Honour of taking and defeating *Francis* I. before *Padua* to this General; the *Spaniards* and *Italians* attribute it to Generals of their Nations. Which of them shall we believe? So true it is, that an Historian should be entirely destitute of Prejudice, of no Party, and if possible of no Religion.

The Church of St. *Mary*, and its fine Organs.

We afterwards went to visit the Church of St. *Mary* the Greater or Major, which is built of a reddish Marble, rusticated. Its Organs are of an extraordinary Largeness, and have upwards of fifty Stops. When they play upon it, we hear human Voices, the Cries of several Animals, the Sound of a Drum; but we cannot hear all these Things without touching Mr. Organist with a Piece of Gold, for he would not deign to play upon so fine an Organ for any Thing less than Gold. It is likewise in this Church that the celebrated Council of *Trent* was held, and it is represented on a large Picture against the Wall.

The Council of *Trent*, and its History by *Fra. Paolo*.

It would be impertinent should I amuse you in this Place with the History of this Council, as it is universally known. That of *Fra Paolo Servite*, the *Venetian*, is doubtless the most genuine, and had almost cost him his Life. *Mark Anthony de Dominis*, Archbishop of *Spalatro*, brought it into *England*, where he had it printed, and dedicated to King *James* I. who ordered it to be translated into *Latin*, and printed in *Folio*: It was afterwards printed in *Quarto* at *Frankfort* upon the *Mein*, where it was translated into *German*. *Jean Diodati*, a learned Professor at *Geneva*, and Mr. *Amelot de la Houssaye* have each of them translated it into *French*.

Short Account of it

You know that this Council began under Pope *Paul* III. *Dec.* 13. 1545. That it was continued under Pope *Julius* III. and did not end till towards the Close of the Year 1563. under the Pontificate of Pope *Pius* IV. The Protestants of *Germany*, on whose Account principally this Council was called, refused to assist at it, as not believing it to be a lawful one, for many Reasons which they published in the Year 1545. The Principal of which are as follow:

Reasons why the Protestants would not come to it.

" That according to the Promises of the Emperor *Charles* V. and the " Popes *Adrian* VI. and *Clement* VII. a general and a free Council ought " to

" to have been called together in a City of *Germany*; that *Paul* III. had " declared he intended to preſide by his Legates at the Council of *Trent*, " there to propoſe all Matters that ought to come under their Delibera- " tion; and that he would over-rule the Deciſions by the Prelates who " were devoted to him; that he ought not to be ignorant that the Pro- " teſtants conſider him only as the Biſhop of *Rome*; and as ſuch, that he " neither can nor ought to have any Authority in a general Council, to " which he ſhould be ſubject, as well as all other Chriſtians; and that in " ſhort, as he had a Difference with them, it was abſurd in him to pretend " to be both Judge and Party in the ſame Cauſe." *Francis* I. had no better Opinion of the Council of *Trent* than the Proteſtants; for he would not ſuffer the Prelates of his Kingdom to repair to it. 1707. *Feb.* 7. TRENT.

Many *Roman* Catholics have raiſed this Council to the very Skies, and praiſed it in the ſtrongeſt and moſt extravagant Expreſſions imaginable, and more particularly Cardinal *Palavicini*, *James d'Andrada*, a *Portugueſe*, and the Cardinals *Bellarmin* and *Baronius*, the laſt of whom calls it *Turris fortium Salomonis, de qua dependent mille clypei.* Praiſes given it by *Popiſh* Writers.

But no Body has been more hyberbolical in its Praiſe than the Jeſuit *Edmund Campian*. *Tridentina Synodus*, ſays he *, *quò magis inveteraſſet, eò magis in dies, eò-que perennius efloreſcet. Bone Deus, quæ Gentium varietas! qui delectus Epiſcoporum totius orbis! qui Regum & Rerumpublicarum ſplendor! quæ médulla Theologorum! quæ ſanctitas! quæ lacrymæ! quæ jejunia! qui flores Academici! quæ linguæ! quanta ſubtilitas! quantus labor! quam infinita Lectio! quantæ virtutum & ſtudiorum divitiæ Auguſtum illud ſacrarium impleverunt!* Its Encomium by *Edmund Campian.*

On the other Hand the Proteſtants have treated this Council with very little Reſerve, comparing it in many Reſpects to that ancient one which was called, the *Confederacy of Rogues of Epheſus*. *Martin Chemnitz* refutes it in a Book, entituled, *Examen Concilii Tridentini*. As does *John Calvin* in his *Antidoton*, and *Innocent Gentillet* in another Examen, where he proves, by a vaſt Number of Particulars, this Council to be abſolutely contradictory to ancient Councils and Canons, and likewiſe to the Authority of the *French* King, and treats it as a *Phariſaical Conciliabulum*. *Philip de Marnix* is no leſs ſevere upon it in his *Apiarium*. Cenſures of it by Proteſtants.

But it is not Proteſtants only who have ſpoken ill of the Council of *Trent*, for a great many Catholics have wrote very much to its Diſcredit, eſpecially *Fra Paolo* and *Andrew Dudithius*, Biſhop of the Five-Churches, Counſellor and Embaſſador from the Emperor. This laſt, who was a learned, grave, and wiſe Man, aſſiſted in Perſon at the Council, and was Eye-witneſs to all that paſſed in it. As this Prelate had Orders from his Maſter to demand the Cup in the Sacrament for the Laity, and Liberty for the Clergy to marry, without his being able to obtain either, he gave an Account to the Emperor *Maximilian* II. of all that paſſed thereupon, in the following Terms. And ſome Catholics.

* Rat. 4. ad Academ.

Quid

1562. *Feb.* 7. TRENT. Particularly by *Dudithius* an *Hungarian* Bishop.

Quid profici potuit in eo Concilio, in quo numerarentur, non suis momentis ponderarentur Sententiæ? Si causâ, si ratione pugnandum fuisset, si pauci quidam socii nobis adfuissent, viceramus, quamvis pauci, magnas copias adversariorum: Sed cùm numerus tantùm prodiret in aciem, quo longè inferiores futuri fuissemus, in optimâ causâ victores discedere non potuimus. Singulis nostrûm centenos de suis Papa potuit opponere; ac si centeni parùm multi viderentur, repentè mille creare potuit, quos suis laborantibus subsidio mitteret: Itaque videre erat quotidie famelicos & egentes Episcopos, ex majori parte barbatulos adolescentes, luxuque perditos, Tridentum volitare, conductos ad Sententiam secundum Papæ voluntatem dicendam; indoctos illos quidem & stolidos, sed tamen impudentiâ & audaciâ utiles. Hi cùm ad veteres adulatores Papæ accesserant, tùm verò victrix exultabat Iniquitas, neque decerni jam quidquàm potuit, nisi in eorum sententiam, qui Papæ potentiam luxumque defendere, summam religionem arbitrabantur. Eratne aliquis vir gravis & eruditus, qui tantam indignitatem ferre non poterat? hic, ut non bonus Catholicus, terrore, minis, ac insectatione à Concilio ad probandum, quæ nollet, traducebatur. In summâ, in eum statum res est adducta, istorum, qui illuc facti institutique venerant, improbitate; ut non jam Episcoporum, sed larvarum, non hominum, sed simulacrorum, quæ nervis moventur alienis, Concilium illud videretur. Erant Episcopi illi conductitii plerique, ut utres, Rusticorum musicum Instrumentum, quos, ut vocem mittant, inflare necesse est. Nil habuit cùm illo conventu Spiritus Sanctus commercii: Omnia erant humana consilia, quæ in immodicâ, & sanè quàm pudendâ Pontificum tuendâ Dominatione consumebantur. Illinc responsa, tanquàm Delphis aut Dodonâ expectabantur; illinc nimirùm Spiritus ille Sanctus quem suis Conciliis præesse jactant, Tabellarii manticis inclusus mittebatur: qui (quod admodùm ridiculum est) cùm aliquandò, ut fit, aquæ pluviis excrescebant, non antè advolare poterat, quàm inundationes desedissent. Ita fiebat, ut Spiritus non super aquas, ut est in Genesi, sed secùs aquas ferretur. O portentosam & singularem Dementiam! Ratum nihil esse poterat, quod Episcopi tanquàm plebs, scisserent, nisi Papa autor fieret.

This Passage is so curious and so full of good Sense, that I dare say the *English* Reader will be glad to see the whole of it in his own Language.

His Account of the Council rendered into *English*.

" What Progress could be made in that Council, in which Sentiments " were estimated by the Numbers upon a Division, and not by their " Weight and Importance upon a Debate? Had Success depended upon " the Merits of the Cause, or the Force of Reasoning; had we had even " but a few Assistants, few as they were, we could have defeated the nu- " merous Forces of our Antagonists. But as Numbers only were brought " into the Field, where we were to make but an inconsiderable Figure com- " pared to them, it was impossible that we could come off victorious, even " in that best of Causes.

" The Pope could draw hundreds of his own Creatures against every " single Man of us; and if even *hundreds* had seemed too few, it was in " his Power of a sudden to create a *thousand* to send to the Relief of such of " his Party as were engaged in Action. Therefore one might have every " Day seen Bishops, hungry and needy, and for the most part young Men " just

" juſt bearded, ſunk in Luxury, flying to *Trent*, after being hired to vote 1707.
" as the Pope ſhould direct. Theſe Fellows are indeed very unlearned and *Feb.* 7.
" very fooliſh, but yet they are uſeful for their Impudence and Preſump- TRENT.
" tuouſneſs.

" When theſe Auxiliaries had joined the old Worſhipers of the Pope,
" then it was that Iniquity grew rampant and triumphant; nor now could
" any thing paſs but according to the Sentiments of thoſe who thought that
" all Religion conſiſted in defending the Power and Luxury of the Pope.
" Was there any Man of Wiſdom and Learning, who thought ſuch infa-
" mous Proceedings intolerable? He was traduced, threatned and perſe-
" cuted, and repreſented as a bad Catholic for oppoſing what he could not
" but abhor.

" In ſhort, things were brought to that Paſs by the Roguery of thoſe
" who had come thither created and prepared for that Purpoſe, that the
" Council ſeemed an Aſſembly, not of Biſhops, but of Puppets; not of Men,
" but of Images put in motion by Machines behind the Curtain. Moſt
" of the Biſhops were Hirelings, actuated and inſpired much in the ſame
" Manner as thoſe Wind-bags, a common muſical Inſtrument among our
" Country People, which it is neceſſary to ſwell up, in order to make them
" give a Sound.

" The Holy Ghoſt had no Buſineſs in that Aſſembly; all their Conſultations
" were the Conſultations of meer Men, turning upon the Preſervation of the
" immoderate, and indeed ſhameful Power of the See of *Rome*. From thence,
" as from another *Delphos* or *Dodona*, their Anſwers were expected. It was
" from thence that the Holy Spirit, which they boaſted preſided over
" their Councils, was conveyed in the Mail of a Poſt-boy or Meſſenger:
" and, which is very ridiculous, if at any time the Waters ſwelled to a
" height, as they ſometimes did, he could not fly over until they fell; the
" Conſequence of that Accident was, that the Spirit of God, did not here
" as in *Geneſis*, *move upon the Waters*, *but according to the Motion of the*
" *Waters*. Monſtrous and unparalleled Madneſs! Biſhops, as if they had
" been mere Mob, could come to no poſitive Reſolution, unleſs directed
" by the Pope."

This Picture, which this good Biſhop of the Five-Churches draws of the Council of *Trent*, is very unlike that given us by the Jeſuit *Campian*. But this is not at all ſurprizing, ſince the former drew from the Life, and the other, who was a Creature of the Pope, from Fancy, and upon falſe Records and idle Reports, and conſequently his Picture could not be but extravagantly flattering. Reflexion upon this Teſtimony.

We likewiſe ſaw the Epiſcopal Palace, which is but a very indifferent Houſe. On the Side of the Stair-caſe is a kind of Portico, painted in Freſco, but the Painting is worn off in ſeveral Places; there remains however a Piece of it pretty entire, which they very much value. It repreſents a Man fleaing a Cat upon the Table in Preſence of two Women and three The Epiſcopal Palace.

1707. *Feb.* 7. three other Men, who are all very attentive to this important Operation. *Apollo* never flead poor *Marſyas* more effectually nor dextrouſly.

TRENT. A great many fine Pictures.

The Gallery and Apartments are alſo full of Paintings, among which are many Nudities, even in thoſe Pieces that are taken from the Old Teſtament; ſuch as *Lot* and his Daughters, *Judas* and *Thamar* his Daughter-in-law; *Joſeph* and the Wife of *Potiphar*; *Suſanna* and the two old Men; *David* and *Bathſheba*. Here are alſo ſome Pictures of *Venus*, *Lucretia*, *Tarquin*, *Cleopatra*, and other naked Women; eſpecially in a Room where the Biſhop uſes to ſpend ſome time after Dinner upon a Couch. Don't you think that ſo many Pictures of this Kind are ſomewhat too wanton in a Biſhop's Palace, or that his Hours of Retirement ought to be ſpent in more ſerious Meditations? But what is more edifying and moſt beautiful, as to Painting in the whole, is two Cielings containing the four greater and twelve leſſer Prophets, done by a famous Painter which the Emperor *Charles* Vth brought with him on his Return from *Italy*, together with the Martyrdom of St. *Simonin*, which is performed with all the affecting Circumſtances that the Imagination of the Painter could ſuggeſt.

The Palace inconſiderable.

The two fineſt Apartments in this pretended Palace are paved with Porcelane, and the others with an ugly greyiſh Stone full of Cracks, the Colour whereof reſembles Clay. In fine, though this Houſe is ſo much talked of, there is ſcarce any thing in it deſerving the Attention of a Traveller, or worth while to give Money to ſee it. At one end of the Court there ſtands a great round Tower, which 'tis ſaid was built long before the Birth of *Chriſt*.

The Original and Hiſtory of *Trent*.

Trent, in Latin *Tridentum*, by the Italians *Trento*, by the Germans *Triendt*, is ſituated upon the *Adige*, in a very fruitful Valley ſurrounded with high Hills. It is mentioned by *Strabo*, *Phlegon*, *Ptolomey*, *Trogus*, *Pliny*, and the Itinerary of *Antoninus*. It was built by the *Cenoman Gauls*, who were diſpoſſeſſed by the *Romans*. The *Goths* became Maſters of it when they came into *Italy*, and after them the *Lombards*. Afterwards it was poſſeſſed by the *German* Emperors, until the Year 1377. when *Venceſlaus* Son to *Charles* the IVth gave it to the Church of *Rome*. Afterwards its Biſhops being made Princes of the Empire, became temporal as well as ſpiritual Lords of the City.

Etymology of its Name.

Some Authors affirm, that the Name *Tridentum* is derived from *Neptune*'s Scepter or Trident, to whom, ſay they, the City was formerly conſecrated. This Opinion took its Riſe from an ancient Marble being found there, whereon was a *Neptune* holding his Trident. Others derive the Name from three Rivers or Torrents, that fall into the *Adige* a little above and below the City. Others again ſay, that it has its Name from three high Rocks in the Neighbourhood, which appear like three Teeth, *tres dentes*.

Bigneſs, Richneſs, &c.

However that may be, the City is near twice as large as *Bolſana*, well inhabited and very rich, occaſioned by its Commerce, encompaſſed with a ſingle Wall without any Flanks, only ſome ſmall ancient Towers very well built to defend it. The Wooden Bridge over the *Adige*, ſo much boaſted of

of by the Inhabitants as a Wonder, is so insignificant, that it hardly deserves to be mentioned. But as this City lies upon the Frontiers of *Italy*, we must not be surprized if all their Language has a small Twang of the Hyperbole. The lowest Title of Honour they bestow on any one in Conversation, is that of *Illustrissimo*, and if you pay them well, they will flatly call you *Excellence*; which makes me incline to believe that *Trent* is in *Italy*, and not in *Tirol*, as most Geographers have affirmed. Besides, their Language is a broad *Italian*. The *German* Language is also spoke here. 1707. *Feb.* 7. TRENT. Fulsomeness of the *Italians*.

The Bishop is a Prince of the Empire, and temporal as well as spiritual Lord of his Diocese, which is of a very large Extent. His Revenue may be about 40,000 Crowns *per annum*, and his Court consists mostly of sorry Fellows, having only a few Gentlemen in his Service, some Footmen, and not one Page. Notwithstanding the Sovereignty of the Bishop, the City of *Trent* has its own distinct Privileges, and Magistrates to preserve them: These consist of two Burgomasters, who preside by turns, and twelve Counsellors. Bishop of *Trent* and his Prerogatives.

Three Years ago, the Duke of *Vendome* besieged the City of *Trent* with a *French* Army, as he was returning from *Italy* in order to join the Elector of *Bavaria* in the *Tiroleſe*; but four thousand Imperialists, commanded by General *Solari*, throwing themselves into the Town obliged him to retire, after having bombarded and cannonaded it for eight Days, and burning but very few Houses, because they are strongly built, and of a kind of red and white Marble dug out of the neighbouring Mountains. They shewed us the Rock from which the Duke of *Vendome* battered the Town. I forgot to tell you that in the *Trentin* the Heat is very great in Summer, and the Cold in Winter insupportable; the first I can only tell you by hearsay, but the last from my own Experience. The Town besieged by the *French*

'Twas in the Valley of *Trent* that the Emperor *Lotharius* II. died as he returned from *Italy*, where he had gained so many Victories; being siezed mortally, he was obliged to put up at a Peasant's Hut, where he yielded his last Breath in the Month of *December*, in 1137. This Emperor re-established the *Roman* Law, which had been abolished by the Barbarians upwards of 500 Years. *Lotharius* who for his many good Qualities may be equaled to *Charles* the Great, chiefly on account of the many Victories he obtained in *Italy* in Favour of Pope *Innocent* II. whom he twice settled in the See of *Rome*, was nevertheless so weak as to suffer that ingrateful Pope (after being crowned in the *Lateran* Palace) to cause the Ceremony of the Coronation to be painted and hung up there with the following haughty Inscription below. History of *Lotharius* II. Haughtiness of Pope *Innocent*. II.

Rex venit ante fores, jurans prius urbis honores.
Post homo fit Papæ, sumit quo dante Coronam.

So true is it, that the Popes have always behaved with the greatest Insolence to those Emperors who bestowed most Favours upon them.

1707. *Feb.* 8.

CHAP. LXVII.

Departure from Trent. Belem *a ſtrong Fortreſs.* Roveredo *and its Caſtle. Its Church, and famous Silk-Mill. Remarks on the Inhabitants of* Tirol *and the* Trentin. *A dangerous Paſs. Deſcription of the Fort* Chiuſa. Piſcantina. Verona *a Biſhopric. Triumphal Arch of the Emperor* Gallienus. Dominican *Church. The Cathedral. Epitaph of Pope* Lucius III. *and his Hiſtory. That of the learned* Ceruttus. *The Sacriſty and Canons of the Cathedral. Church of the* Madona *of the Organs. That of St.* Zenon. *Hiſtory of this Saint, and of the Devil* Aſmodeus. *Church of St.* George. *A fine Cabinet of Curioſities. Reflexion on the Jealouſy of the* Italians. *Church of* Sancta Maria Auticha, *and Tombs of the* Scaligers, *Princes of* Verona. Julius Scaliger *abuſed by many learned Men.*

Departure from *Trent* The Torrent of *Perſena.*

IT was very bad Weather when we left *Trent*, and the Road as rough and ſtony as that we meet with ſome Hours before we come to *Lindaw.* About half a League from the City, we croſſed the Torrent *Perſena*, which makes furious Inundations in the Summer, and diſcharges itſelf into the *Adige.* I cannot underſtand why Mr. *Miſſon* could ſay, *that this Torrent, together with the* Lavis, *run or rather tumble over great Rocks until they come to* Trent, ſince one of them runs into the *Adige* more than a League above the City, and the other more than half a League below it.

The Fort of *Belem* belonging to the Houſe of *Auſtria* deſcribed.

An Hour afterwards we paſſed under the Fort of *Belem*, built upon a high Rock, and belonging to the Emperor. The Place is ſtrong, large and commodious, of a quadrangular Figure, but oblong, and fortified with Towers which command the Roads at the Foot of the Mountain. The Courtains and Parapets are well-faced, as are the Merlons; but the Out-works are more regular. A falſe Bray well-faced, built with falliant and re-entrant Angles defends the Fort, and makes the Acceſs very difficult. The Glacis, quite round is ſo very ſteep, that even an Attempt to take it muſt be attended with great Danger, but there muſt be much more Difficulty in making a Lodgement upon it. At the Angle neareſt to the Paſs from the Plain, which is all ſeen and commanded by theſe Fortifications, they have built a large Ravelin, very commodiouſly pierced with low Embraſures, the upper part of which ſerves for a Cavalier, and ſcours both the Plain and the Paſs. The Rocks which ſurround the Fort are ſo rugged and inacceſſible, that inſtead of finding any convenient Situation for a Battery, or a Road to the Top of them, I could not ſo much as ſee a Cranny where a Cat might lodge.

At

At Noon we arrived at *Roveredo*, in Latin *Roboretum*. This City, which has no other Fortification than plain Walls, is ſituated at the Bottom of the Mountains on the Bank of the *Adige*. We paſs the River by a Stone Bridge, the Entry of which is defended by two large and ſtrong Towers, and full of Embraſures. Theſe Towers are defended by a Caſtle built on a riſing Ground, which commands the Bridge, and indeed the whole City. This Caſtle, in which there is a Garriſon kept by the Emperor, is not amiſs; for beſides its Situation which renders it inacceſſible, it is flanked with four great Towers, very ſtrong as well as their Curtains, all which have a great Number of low Embraſures. The Situation renders it impoſſible to make either a Foſſee or Out-works, but then I could obſerve no Place where a Battery could be raiſed againſt it, and the Road that leads to it is very narrow, difficult, and entirely ſeen from the Place. 1707. *Feb.* 8. *Roveredo*, and its Fortifications.

The City is tolerably handſome, but the *Podeſtat*'s Houſe, though a very poor one, is there dignified with the Name of a Palace; for no other Reaſon but becauſe it has a Balcony of Marble, ſupported by two Pillars, over the Entry. On the Front of the Houſe there is a Marble, whereon is carved the Arms of a Gentleman of *Trent*, who has thrice been *Podeſtat* of *Roveredo*: His Name is *Hieronimus Pilatus*, and thinks it no Diſhonour to derive the Origine of his Family from the celebrated *Pontus Pilate*, who condemned *Chriſt* in the Reign of *Tiberius*. On the contrary, he has often been heard to ſay, that his Predeceſſor *Pontius* was not blameable, being himſelf threatened with an Accuſation before the Emperor, for having favoured a Man who pretended to be King of the *Jews*, and who of Conſequence ought to have been conſidered as a ſeditious Perſon. The Town deſcribed.

We alſo went to ſee ſome Churches, particularly St. *Mark*'s, which is the principal, together with thoſe of the *Capuchins* and *Carmelites*, which are at the Diſtance of a Muſquet-ſhot of the City Gate. There is nothing remarkable to be ſeen in the two firſt of theſe Churches, but the third is famous at *Roveredo* and in the Neighbourhood, on account of a Statue of St. *Thereſa*, who, 'tis ſaid, performs many Miracles, and is ſurrounded with a great Number of ſmall Pictures, repreſenting all the Wonders ſhe has performed, which ſurpaſs thoſe ſhe even did in *Spain*, though that be her own dear Country. Its Churches. Miraculous Statue.

Our Conductor carried us alſo to ſee what they call, *the great Wonder of* Roveredo. You muſt know that in this City they have a great Trade in Silk, and that a Building is erected on purpoſe to carry on that Manufacture (which they call *the great Spinning-houſe*) on the Banks of a little Brook, which turns a large Wheel, and that Wheel communicates Motion to a Machine within the Houſe, that ſpins raw Silk without any body's Touching it, farther than to ſet it a going. But what is very remarkable, this ſame Mill throws or winds off at leaſt ſix hundred Pounds of Silk at once, and thus makes a prodigious Quantity of it every Day. When this Silk is dyed, they manufacture it into Sattins, Damaſks, Velvets and other Stuffs, which are ſold at the Fairs of *Bolzane*, and from thence tranſported into *Germany*. Remarkable Silk-Mill, and Manufactures.

1707. *Feb.* 8. After having paid dear for a bad Dinner, we ſet out from *Roveredo*, and as we were coming out at the Gate, I ſpied on the Inſide over head, an Image of the *Virgin Mary*, with the two following Lines under.

Patris ave Genitrix, Nati quoque Filia ſalve,
Hanc Urbem Virgo cerne, tuere, bea.

I own my Ignorance, I cannot make Senſe of the firſt Verſe.

The Foreſt of *Roveredo.* About half a League from *Roveredo* we croſſed a kind of Country about a League in length, all covered with Pieces of Rocks, as if they had fallen like Rain from Heaven: This they call the Foreſt of *Roveredo*, though I could not ſee above a Dozen old ſcabby Trees in the whole Place. The Road, which was extremely bad, often led us by the Banks of the *Adige*, until we came to a large Borough called *Alla*, and ſo near were we ſometimes to the River, that our Drivers had ſeveral times almoſt tumbled into it. *Alla* is a ſpacious well built Town, and looks like a ſmall but handſome City. At laſt we arrived at *Borguetto*, the laſt Village of the Dioceſe of *Trent*, where we found Chimneys to hold the Fire, inſtead of the Stoves uſed in *Germany*.

Alla.

Borguetto.

Feb. 9. Remarks upon the Genius & Diſpoſition of the *Tiroleſe* & *Trentins.* Before I leave the *Trentin*, give me leave to communicate to you ſome ſmall Obſervations I have made on its Inhabitants, and thoſe of *Tirol* their Neighbours. In this laſt Country, the Women are ſtrong and generally very fair; the Men very tall, robuſt and vigorous. As to their Temper, they are neither *Italians* nor *Germans*, but both blended together, for there appears in them an equal Mixture of the Qualities of both Nations: For Inſtance, the Sprightlineſs of the *Italian*, quenched a little by the plegmatic Temper of the *Germans*. The *Trentins* have all the Wit and Vivacity of the former, and like them, are of a very middling Size. Moſt of their Women are but ſhort, of a good Complexion, with black Hair, black Eyes and Eye-brows, in ſhort, the *Italian* Air.

Their chief Saints. St. *Anthony* of *Padua* is held in the *Trentin* in great Veneration, and looked upon as the firſt Saint in Paradiſe. In the *Tiroleſe*, St. *Chriſtopher* is reckoned the principal Saint; there you meet with his Picture every where, not only on the Outſide of the Churches, but in very many private Houſes; and no wonder, for this St. *Goliah* is the Patron and Protector of the whole Country, which is the largeſt Earldom in *Europe*. It belongs to the Emperor, and contains the Counties of *Tirol*, *Bregentz* and *Feldkirk*, together with the Biſhopric of *Brixen*, &c.

Chiuſa, a Fort belonging to the *Venetians.* An Hour after we had left *Borguetto*, we came to *Oſſenigo*, the firſt Village of the *Veroneze*; it contains but about a dozen Houſes, and half of theſe are ruinous. About ten o' Clock we came to *Chiuſa*, a ſmall Fort that ſhuts the Paſſage between the Rocks and the *Adige*, which runs in a Precipice at the Foot of the Mountain. The Road which leads to the Fort is cut out of the Rock, but ſo narrow and rough, that 'tis impoſſible for Horſes

Horſes to draw Wheel-carriages along it; we were obliged to unyoke ours, and to hire nine or ten Peaſants to draw and carry our Chaiſes a little beyond the Fort. This Paſſage is much more dangerous than that from *Brixen* to *Bolzane*, becauſe there are every Moment Pieces of Rock tumbling down and falling into the *Adige*. Yet Mr. *Miſſon*, who magnifies to ſuch a Degree the Danger of the other, ſays not one Word of this. For all this Danger, I took notice of a great Nich or kind of Oratory cut in the Rock, containing a Statue of our Lady, before which there was a Lamp which burns Day and Night: It was with difficulty I could climb up to it by ſmall Steps cut out on purpoſe. Under the Window that ſhuts the Nich, are the two following Lines. 1707. *Feb.* 9. A dangerous Paſs.

Virginis intactæ cùm veneris ante figuram,
Prætereundo cave ne ſileatur Ave.

We made all the haſte imaginable to obey the Precept, leſt a great Piece of Rock ſhould fall down and cruſh us to Death for our Diſobedience.

Whilſt our Chaiſes and Baggage were bringing up, I had leiſure to view the Fort of *Chiuſa*, which is reckoned to be a very conſiderable Paſs. It ſtands upon the Confines of the *Venetian* Territories and thoſe of *Trent*, and its Situation to me appeared of ſo great Importance, that I am ſurpriſed the *Venetians*, to whom it belongs, do not put it in a better Condition. It commands the great Road that leads through the high Rocks, and one muſt of Neceſſity either paſs that Way, or elſe fly over them. It overlooks the River, and can eaſily obſtruct or defend the Paſſage; yet is no more than a ſimple Square, without either Flank or Foſſee, or even the leaſt Outwork before its Gate; inſomuch that it has no other Reſource on any Occaſion but the Fire of its Curtains. On the Side that looks towards *Trent*, there are ſome ſmall Embraſures made in the Rock; theſe command the great Road which is there ſteep and difficult; but as it were eaſy to plant great Guns on both Sides of it, I'm afraid it could make but a poor Defence, having nothing but plain Walls on the Side that looks towards the *Venetian* Dominions. At the Diſtance of an hundred Paces from thence, the Mountain juts out into an Angle large enough to contain a conſiderable Body of Foot, together with ſome Guns, from whence an Enemy might very eaſily climb up to the Fort and take it by Aſſault. The Garriſon conſiſts of thirty *Albanian* Soldiers, a kind of *Huſſars* that ſerve the Republic, and have no better Appearance than ſo many *Gipſies*. Deſcription of the Fort.

After leaving the Fort of *Chiuſa*, we travelled a conſiderable Time in a narrow Paſſage ſurrounded by Rocks of a prodigious Height, where there is an Eccho that repeats a Sound five or ſix times very diſtinctly. Purſuing our Journey along the Banks of the *Adige*, which runs in a ſerpentine Stream among the Rocks, we at laſt ſpied, all at once, the Heavens more open. A large fine Country (ſuch as we had not ſeen ſince we entered among the Moun- A fine Proſpect.

1707. Feb. 9. Mountains after leaving *Schongaw*) with Hills rising gently at a Distance, presented itself to our View. In a Word, the charming Country of *Italy* appeared before us.

Tum procul obscuros colleis, humilemque videmus
Italiam: Italiam primùs conclamat Amyntas:
Italiam læto socii clamore salutant
Horendas variis transgressi casibus Alpes.

Piscantina, a poor Place

Having travelled over a large Plain, where the Vines are planted by the Roots of white Mulbery, and other Trees loaded with Vine Branches, we reached *Piscantina* before Dinner. Here, with the greatest Difficulty, our Drivers purchased a little Hay for their Horses, and we ourselves a little bit of Sauceage (the only Meat we could procure) but could find no Mustard to eat with it until an Apothecary supplied us.

Piscantina is a small Town, and of a wretched Appearance; but observe the Vanity of the Inhabitants, who have the following Inscription in Capital Letters upon what they call their Town-house, *PISCANTINA VENETORUM FIDELISSIMA*: Don't you think that this is a kind of Reflexion upon the other Towns that depend on the Republic?

Suburb and sad Appearance of *Verona*.

About a League from this paltry Place, we crossed the *Adige* in a Ferry-boat, opposite to a little Country-house which the Boatman told us was the Palace of a *Veronese* Count, but not worth looking at. Some time after, we distinctly saw the beautiful Prospect of *Verona* presenting itself, but the Road that leads to it is very rough and Stony. I agree with Mr. *Misson* that the Entry on this Side of *Verona* is not apt to give Travellers a high Opinion of its Grandeur, most of the Streets in that Quarter being unpaved, thinly inhabited, and in short it looks extremely poor and wretched. But he has not observed that all that Part, until we come to *Castel-Vecchio* (which is a kind of Arsenal) is no more than a mean Suburb, which is only inhabited by the Rabble. But when we once pass the Triumphal Arch, now called *Porta di Bursari*, formerly erected in Honour of the Emperor *Gallienus*, and whose Inscription, though a little worn out, is still pretty legible. Mr. *Misson* has copied it very ill. Here it is with the greatest Accuracy.

Triumphal Arch of *Galienus*, and its Inscription.

Colonia. Augusta. Verona. nova. Gallieniana. Valeriano. II.
Et. Licinio. coss. Muri. Veronensium. fabricati. ex. Die. III. *Non.*
Aprilium. Dedicati. pr. Non. Decembris. jubente. Sanctissimo. Gallieno.
Aug. N. insistente. Aur. Marcellino. V. P. *Duc. curante. Jul. Marcellino.*

I say, when we pass this Arch, we meet with a quite different View; the Houses are magnificent, consisting mostly of three Stories, are a Demonstration that they are not quite low, as that Traveller affirms. We observed, as well as he, several Balconies of these Houses adorned with Orange, Citron and Pomegranate Trees, in Pots and in Boxes.

1707. *Feb.* 10. VERONA.

The Church of the *Dominicans* (one of the fineſt in the City) and which happened to be near the Inn where we lodged, was the firſt we viſited. There we ſaw the magnificent Tomb of *John Fregoſa* Doge of *Genoa*, and Generaliſſimo of the *Venetian* Troops; it is adorned with ſeveral Statues of white Marble, and ſupported by fluted Pillars of a great height. The Epitaph inſcribed is as follows. The *Dominican* Church.

Epitaph of a Doge of *Genoa*.

Deo. Opt. Max.
Janus Fregoſius Ligurum Princeps
Ac venet. Reip. Terreſtrium copiarum
Omnium præfect. Ubi fortiſſ. Ducis
Officia, Domi foriſque præſtitiſſet
Sac. H. T. F. I. *Hercules* F.
Paternæ pietatis memor P.

The Cathedral.

From this Church we went to view the Cathedral, which indeed is none of the moſt magnificent. It is not however *very little and dark*, as Mr. *Miſſon* is pleaſed to ſay, on the contrary 'tis very light. Pope *Lucius* III. who died at *Verona* when a Council was holding there, is buried in the Middle of the Quire. I cannot comprehend what the ſame Traveller means, when he ſays, "that his whole Epitaph conſiſts in theſe few Words. *Oſſa Lucii* III. *Româ pulſi invidiâ*: "The Bones of *Lucius* III. driven by Malice from "*Rome*: Whereas we read the following one upon his Tomb, which I have copied Word for Word.

Tomb and Epitaph of Pope *Lucius* III.

Oſſa
Lucii III. *Pont. Max.*
Cui Româ ob invidiam pulſo
Verona tutiſſ. ac gratiſſ. Perfugium
fuit. Ubi conventu Chriſtianorum cœto
Dum præclara multa molitur è vita
exceſſit.

That is: *The Bones of Pope* Lucius III. *to whom, after being driven by Malice from* Rome, Verona *afforded a more ſafe and agreeable Shelter: There holding a Council of Chriſtians, wherein, while he was concerting many noble Deſigns, he left this Life.*

Under this Epitaph are the two Keys Croſs ways, with a triple Crown in white, yellow and red Marble, the whole of Moſaïc-work, and encloſed within an Oval of white Marble. Your *Engliſh* Traveller *Laſſels* made uſe of bad Spectacles when he read this Epitaph, for he ſays it is expreſſed in the following Words:

Luca

1707. *Feb.* 10. VERONA

Luca dedit lucem tibi, Luci; Pontificatam
Oſtia; Papatum Roma; Verona mori.
Imò Verona dedit tibi Lucis gaudia; Roma
Exilium; curas Oſtia; Luca mori.

Mr. *Miſſon*, who mentions thoſe Verſes likewiſe, as having read them ſomewhere, commits a great many Blunders here, both in tranſpoſing and pointing the Words.

His Hiſtory and Character

This Pope *Lucius* retired to *Verona* for ſome Encroachments of Power at *Rome*, from whence he was driven by the Magiſtracy and the Friends of the Emperor *Frederic Barbaroſſa*; ſo that I cannot eaſily conceive how it could be ſaid, as it is in his Epitaph; *Dum præclara multa molitur, conventu Chriſtianorum acto è vita exceſſit*, ſince he bears the Character of a very profligate and wicked Pope, both in the Hiſtory of his Pontificate, and in a great many Epigrams which were made againſt him. The following was preſerved to us by the Abbot of *Urſperg*, and we may likewiſe find it in a Letter which the Univerſity of *Prague* wrote to that of *Oxford*, in the Time of the Emperor *Venceſlas*.

A virulent Epigram againſt him.

Lucius eſt piſcis, Rex atque Tyrannus aquarum,
A quo diſcordat Lucius *iſte parùm.*
Devorat hic homines, hic piſcibus inſidiatur;
Eſurit hic ſemper, hic aliquandò ſatur.
Amborum vitam ſi laus æquata notaret,
Plus rationis habet, qui ratione caret.

In *Engliſh* thus: "*Lucius* is the Name of a Fiſh, who is both the King and "the Tyrant of the Waters, and in this reſpect, Pope *Lucius* is not unlike "him. The Fiſh lives upon his Equals, and ſo does the Pontiff. The firſt is "ſometimes ſatisfy'd, but the ſecond has always a devouring Appetite. In "ſhort, of theſe two Monſters, he that is naturally deſtitute of Reaſon, is "nevertheleſs far more rational than the other.

Hiſtory and Epitaph of the learned *Ceruttus*.

The famous *Fredericus Ceruttus*, the ableſt Grammarian and Rhetorician in his Age, is likewiſe buried in this Cathedral. For 50 Years he taught thoſe two Arts with ſo much Reputation, that he rendered his School at *Verona* as famous as moſt Univerſities in *Italy*. He died quite worn out with his long Fatigues, in the 79th Year of his Age. His Son *Benedict Ceruttus* a Philoſopher and Phyſician, who publiſhed the *Muſeum Calceolarii*, erected to his Father a Monument, where he addreſſes himſelf to him in the following Apoſtrophe:

Ave Pater Frederice Cerutte.

Pater Eruditionis omnis Liberalioris. Parens incomparabilis & memorande, Promeritumque hunc Titulum æternum à Filio Pientiſſimo Benedicto Cerutto, Medico Phyſico habe. Anno M.DC.XI. XIX. *Cal. Febr. Qui dies finitionis ejus fuit. vixit an. 79. m. 5. d. 4.*

Frederic Ceruttus had a very fine Library ſtocked with a great many curious Manuſcripts both *Greek* and *Latin*. He has publiſhed ſeveral Works,

and amongſt others one intituled, *Commentariorum Elenchus*, and a very fine Paraphraſe in Proſe of *Horace*'s Works. 1707. *Feb.* 10.

VERONA

Under the White Marble Buſt of Cardinal *Auguſtino Valerio* Biſhop of *Verona*, who is interred in the ſame Church, there is an Epitaph of that Prelate, in which he is compared to God in the following impious Terms:

Blaſphemous Epitaph upon a Biſhop of *Verona*.

Inter quem & Deum, virtute conciliante omni, ſumma neceſſitudo fuit, ſumma ſimilitudo. Which is in *Engliſh*: "Between whom and God, by the Me- "diation of every Virtue, there was the greateſt Friendſhip, and the "greateſt Reſemblance." So true it is, that this Nation is hyperbolous in every Reſpect.

The Honorary Tomb of Cardinal *Norris*.

We likewiſe ſee there the honorary Monument erected by the People of *Verona* to the learned Cardinal *Norris*, formerly a Religious *Auguſtine*. His Buſt of White Marble is ſupported by four Angels of the ſame Matter.

The Sacriſty and its Pictures.

We were ſhewn in the Sacriſty a great many excellent Pictures, amongſt whom they put a great Value upon one of the laſt Supper of *Jeſus Chriſt*, one of St. *Peter*, one of St. *Paul*, and two holy Families by *Paul Veroneſe*, together with an Aſſumption of the Virgin *Mary* by *Titian*.

The Canons of the Cathedral.

The Canons belonging to this Cathedral are fixt to the Number of twenty one preciſely, beyond which they cannot be augmented: And as ſoon as they come to be ſixty Years of Age they are allowed to take a Co-adjutor for diſcharging their Office, upon paying him a certain Sum. The Sieur *Jouvin de Rochfort* in his Voyage to *Italy* ſays, that the Church of St. *Zeno* is the Cathedral of *Verona*, but he is groſsly miſtaken.

The Church of our Lady of the Organs.

From the Cathedral, we went to the Church of our Lady of the Organs, there to viſit the *holy Statue, and the Relicks of the bleſſed* Aſs, upon which *Jeſus Chriſt* was formally mounted, and whoſe Travels and Adventures Mr. *Miſſon* has been at pains to give us, from his leaving *Paleſtine* all thro' the Iſles of *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, *Candia*, *Malta*, *Sicily*, and the Gulph of *Venice*, till he came to *Verona*, and all this upon the Relation of a *French* Merchant. It was entirely upon the Credit of this Traveller, that we aſked for a Sight of theſe fine Relicks; but the Religious, to whom we addreſſed ourſelves for that Purpoſe, fell into a Paſſion, and treated us as ſo many Viſionaries and Hereticks, and we were afraid that they would even turn us out of their Church as ſuch by the Shoulders. Being mortified with this ſmart Rebuff, we made the beſt of our Way out, without having the Satisfaction of ſeeing this new St. *Martin*, and went to the Church of St. *Zeno*.

The bleſſed Aſs, an Invention of Mr. *Miſſon*.

The Church of St. *Zeno*.

It is near the Gate of the ſame Name, and is ſaid to have been built by *Pepin*, Son to *Charles* the Great, and King of *Italy*. Its great Gate makes indeed a very *Gothic* Appearance, and the Figures upon it in Bas-Relief, agree very well with the Taſte of thoſe Times. I muſt by the way obſerve, that the learned Father *Mabillon* is miſtaken, when he writes, that that Prince is buried in this Church; for his Tomb is ſhewn in that of St. *Procolus*, which is hard by.

Feb. 10. VERONA. Adventure of this Saint with the Devil *Asmodeus.*

In a Cell near that of St. *Zeno* is to be ſeen a great Baſon of red Marble, pretty much reſembling Porphiry; this Baſon is of a prodigious Largeneſs and Weight. We are told here, as an indiſputable Truth, that the Devil *Aſmodeus* being quite mad, that St. *Zeno*, Biſhop of *Verona*, ſaid Maſs every Day in this Church, with ſo much Devotion that he converted even the moſt Abandoned, took it into his Head one Day to go and take up this great Baſon, which ſerved as a Receiver to a Fountain in the Gardens of the Royal Palace at *Liſbon*, and without any Manner of Reſpect for the Preſence of *Jeſus Chriſt*, which the holy Biſhop was then elevating in the Sacrament, he threw this enormous Veſſel into the Middle of the Church, with an amazing Noiſe. It is not very clear whether it came thro' the Door, or broke the Roof; but however that be, this Accident interrupted the Devotion of the good Souls who were aſſiſting at Maſs, and gave ſuch Offence to St. *Zeno*, that after having ſmartly reprimanded this moſt impudent Devil, he ordered him immediately to carry the Veſſel to the Place from whence he had taken it, under the Pain of having a double Strapade in Hell. The poor Devil, quite ſtunned with this Alternative, threw himſelf at the Feet of the Saint, aſked Pardon for his Inſolence, begging him to conſider the monſtrous Weight of the Baſon, and that he was quite out of Breath with having already carried it ſo far. The good Biſhop, touched with the Reaſoning and Humility of the Devil, commanded him only, by Way of Penance, to take up the Baſon, and place it at the outer Side of the Church-door, where it is yet to be ſeen, with the Prints of his Claws upon it. This merry Story is believed here by the common People as an Article of Faith.

Beſides this Church, we viſited ſeveral others, which have little or nothing remarkable in them, exceptinga few pretty good Pictures. That of St. *George*, which is the handſomeſt, has the following Inſcription upon its Front:

Church of St. *George.*

Numini Jancto propitiato Divi Georgii, pollentis, potentis, invicti. Piè, Ritè, Solemnitus, Sacrum, dicatum eſto.

There are likewiſe in this Church ſome excellent Pictures of *Paul Veroneſe* otherwiſe *Paul Gagliari*, a famous Painter, born in this City in the Year 1490; amongſt which the Martyrdom of St. *George* is juſtly admired for its great Beauty.

Feb. 11. The famous Cabinet of Count *Moſcardo.*

A Man of Diſtinction, to whom we were recommended, this Day introduced us to Count *Moſcardo*, who is one of the Canons of the Cathedral. This Gentleman, who is upwards of ſixty Years of Age, received us with great Civility, and inſiſted upon ſhewing us in Perſon not a mere Cabinet of Curioſities, but a ſpacious Apartment, conſiſting of ſix Chambers and a Gallery, filled with the moſt curious Productions of Nature and Art. As there are a great many both particular and general Deſcriptions of all thoſe Curioſities, I ſhall not undertake to give you an exact

exact Catalogue of them, which of itself would swell to be a tolerably large Volume. In Reality, the Collection of Count *Moscardo* is one of the largest and finest that is to be seen any where, consisting of Books, Pictures, precious Stones, Metals, Chrystals, Plants, Petrefactions, Medals, Monies, little Statues, Instruments used by the *Pagans* in their Sacrifices, Urns, Sepulchral Lamps, Rings, Seals, and Keys of the Ancients: We likewise see there a Collection of Vases, Arms, Head-dresses, and Shoes of different Nations, Clocks of all Kinds, Shells, Fossils, Mirrors of mixt Metal, Coral Trees, *Amianthus* Stones, monstrous Productions or Whims of Nature; in short, every Thing that can be imagined curious, rare, or extraordinary. 1707. *Feb.* 11. VERONA

Two remarkable Curiosities.

After spending a good Part of the Day in viewing those fine Things, amongst which are, as it is pretended, some *Basilisk* Eggs; the polite Count shewed us, as a particular Favour, two or three little Curiosities, which I dare say are not mentioned in any of the printed Catalogues of his Rarities. The first was a small Picture representing naked Men and Women in a great many lascivious Postures, but when viewed thro' a Microscope, made for that Purpose, all the different Figures in the true Point of View, represent only a *Venus* and *Cupid*, composed of the Head of one Figure, the Arms of another, the Body of a third, and so on. The other Rarity, which he reserved for us as a dainty Bit, is half a dozen of antique *Priapi* in Bronze of different Largeness, with a *Propugnaculum pudendorum fœminini generis*, or a Padlock to keep the Ladies chaste, upon which the good Count, who is both a Canon and Priest, was very merry and witty.

Reflexions upon the Jealousy of the *Italians*.

I took the Liberty to tell him that no other than a jealous-pated Fool could be capable of inventing such a Machine, of which ten to one he himself was the Dupe, since the Ladies were to cunning to be thus imposed upon by their Husbands, especially when they are kept under too great a Confinement. He answered, that I was in the right, but that it was a Kind of Repose which *Italian* married Men chose to give themselves, they generally believing that this little Precaution is an excellent Preservative against the Growth of Horns. Don't you think that these People are to be pitied for lying under such a Mistake? The Uneasiness created by Jealousy is only an Evil of the Imagination; and can the Padlocks, and the Guards which they place about their Women, cure this Distemper? No, these Keepers are not so quick-sighted, as that some Gallantries do not escape them, which they either will not, or do not see; for very often the Infidelity of those Guardians contribute to that of their Wards.

History of this Collection.

But to return to our Canon, he told us that his Father Count *Lewis Moscardo*, Author of the History of *Verona*, and his Grandfather had both successively been labouring for upwards of fifty Years, in collecting all these Curiosities, which, as he said, cost upwards of one hundred thousand Ducats. That his Father had left three Sons, one of whom, a famous Doctor of Law, had been dead for some Years, and that another Brother and himself was all that remained of the Family of *Moscardo*; therefore I can-

1707. *Feb.* 11. VERONA

not understand who the Person could be that shewed all those Curiosities to Mr. *Misson*, and whom he calls *Mr.* N—, *and the worthy Professor of the Cabinet*, as if that whole Family had been extinct at that Time. Besides this curious Collection, there are several others at *Verona*, particularly in the Palaces of the Counts *Bevilaqua* and *Justi*, which contain a vast Number of Rarities, such as Pictures, Statues, *&c.*

The Church of *Santa Maria Antiche*, and Tomb of the *Scaligers.*

Passing before the Church of *Santa Maria Antiche*, which is very little and dark, we observed some magnificent Tombs of Brass of the *Scaligers*, who were formerly Princes of *Verona*. You know that *Julius Cæsar*, and his Son *Joseph Scaliger* boasted that they were descended from those Princes, and that the satirical *Scioppius* has rallied them very pleasantly upon that Account in his *Scaliger Hypobolimæus.*

Julius Cæsar Scaliger censured by *Scioppius* and *Guy Patin*

Guy Patin has been as severe as *Scioppius* on *Scaliger* the Father, his Words are as follow: "*Julius Cæsar Scaliger* was a noted Impostor; he "never was in the Wars, as he says he was, nor at the Court of the Em- "peror *Maximilian* I. He studied hard all his Life, and acquired a great "deal of Learning. When he was young he became *Cordelier*, having "nothing to subsist upon, and continued his Studies very closely; upon "his quitting that Habit he devised the Cheat, with which he imposed "upon all *Europe*, *viz.* that he was descended from the Princes of *Verona*. "In order to conceal himself the better he came to *France*, where he mar- "ried the Daughter of an Apothecary of *Agen*, tho' some say she was a "Bishop's Bastard. He wrote a very fine Work against *Cardan*; only "we must observe of it, that all the Experiments he reports of himself, "and which he says he made in Natural History, War, and Medicine, "are absolutly false; for he counterfeited them all on purpose for no other "End than to disguise his mean Birth, and his being a Monk, which he "thought disgraceful, being of a very ambitious Temper. There is one "*Bartholemy Riccius* who writes to him in the following Terms. You must "necessarily at present be very learned, for you have studied close for these "thirty Years."

Censured by *Leo Allatius* likewise.

Scioppius and *Patin* are not the only Writers who have fallen foul on *Scaliger* the Father; for *Leo Allatius*, a Native of the Island of *Chio*, Gentleman to Cardinal *Barbarini*, and afterwards Keeper of the *Vatican* Library upon the Death of *Holstenius*, calls *Scaliger*, *Decoctor*, *furibundus*, *fatuus*, *furens*, *insaniens*, *delirans*, *qui multa scripsit bruto potius quam homine digna.* That is in *English:* "A Plagiary, a Madman, a Fool, a frantic, "senseless, doating Fellow, and one who wrote a great many Things "more worthy of a Brute than a Man." And all this was because *Scaliger* was no Friend to *Greek* Authors, particularly *Homer*, whom he has degraded too much below *Virgil.*

History of *Leo Allatius.*

This is the same *Leo Allatius* who wrote a Book upon the native Country of *Homer*, and undertook a Journey in order to find it out. He pretends it was the Island of *Chio*, where he himself was born. Mr. *Gronovius* has inserted that Book in his tenth Volume of his *Greek* Antiquities.

Leo

Leo Allatius likewiſe was the Perſon whom *Gregory* XV. ſent into *Germany* to bring the Library of *Heidelberg* to *Rome*; but finding that Pope dead at his Return, he was thrown into Priſon, being accuſed by *Scioppius*, and ſome others, with having embezled the beſt Books of that Library. He was even very near coming to the Gallows, as his Reward for the great Trouble he had been at in bringing that Library from ſuch a Diſtance. 1707. *Feb.* 11. VERONA

As to the *Scaligers*, Father and Son, if both have been abuſed in a great Number of Writings, they have on their Side launched out full as many Invectives againſt moſt of the learned Men of their Age; a Behaviour unworthy of the Deſcendants of the brave Princes of *Verona*. Both *Scaligers* very ſcurrilous in their Works.

CHAP. LXVIII.

Verona *belonging to the* Venetians. *Its Amphitheatre. A fine Building, and its Inſcription. Ridiculous Pretenſion of the noble Family of* Coronaro *at* Venice. *The Exchange for the Merchants. The Town-houſe, and ſeveral Palaces. The Fortreſſes. Falſe Repreſentation of this City, by Monſ.* Miſſon. *Its Hiſtory, and adjacent Country. Learned Perſons of both Sexes born at* Verona. *Its Biſhops, Churches, Soil, and Character of its Inhabitants. Fine Encomiums of this City by both the* Scaligers.

THE Amphitheatre being the fineſt Piece of Antiquity in *Verona*, we went this Morning to ſee it. It is a pretty entire Piece, and perfectly Oval; but its outer Wall is all ruined, excepting a Fragment, with about a dozen Arcades. We were aſſured that the Church of St. *Nicolas*, or the *Theatins*, which is near to the Theatre, was built out of its Ruins, as well as the Convent of thoſe good Fathers. *Feb.* 12. The Amphitheatre of *Verona* deſcribed.

Some learned Men pretend, that it was built by *T. Quintius Flaminius*, the Son of that *Flaminius*, who was defeated by *Hannibal* near the Lake of *Traſimene*; others will have it to be a Work of *Auguſtus*; and others that of a private Perſon. The Entrance to the *Arena*, or Pit, is by two large Gates oppoſite to one another, each with a Platform above, encloſed by a Marble Baluſtrade; but thoſe Gates are not antique. *Jouvin de Rochefort* aſſigns only forty two Rows of Seats to this Amphitheatre; Dr. *Burnet* but eight and twenty; Mr. *Miſſon* forty four; Mr. *Huguetan*, an Advocate in the Parliament of *Paris*, mounts them to forty ſix, and ſays, that the whole is built of a white and red Marble. For my Part I counted them three Times in three different Places, and will venture to aſſure you that there are forty five Rows, including that which is now almoſt level with the Floor of the Arena or Pit; ſo much is the Ground raiſed by Time. Theſe Seats or Steps are of an exceeding hard Stone, pretty wide, and very high,

1707. *Feb.* 12. VERONA

high, and the Magiſtrates take care to keep them in Repair in Proportion, as any of them are conſumed by that grand Devourer, Time.

Several Antiquities diſcovered by digging the Ground here.

They begun laſt Year to dig up the Middle of the Pit, and they have diſcovered a great many Statues of Stone, with their Baſes and Chapiters, all upright, and ranged pretty much like thoſe of a Portico. This Diſcovery has made them reſolve to dig and ſearch all over the *Arena*, in hopes of finding a good many Antiquities, upon which the Learned of *Verona* are preparing to make endleſs Diſſertations.

We went out of the Amphitheatre thro' one of the Seventy two Doors it had formerly. Thoſe that remain are turn'd into Warehouſes, where Goods and others Things are lock'd up. I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that towards the Middle of its Height, on the Inſide, there is the following Inſcription above one of the Paſſages betwixt the Benches or Seats:

A modern Inſcription.

Jacobo Foſcareno
Quod Amphitheatrum inſtaurandum
curavit.
Quodque ejus prudentiâ
In Max. Italiæ frumenti inopiâ,
Una Verona abundavit.
Prætori Patrique opt. Veron. D. P.

In *Engliſh:* "To the Memory of *James Foſcarenus*, an excellent Prætor "and Senator of *Verona*, for his Care in repairing this Amphitheatre, and "his wiſe Management in preſerving *Verona* alone in Plenty, amidſt the "greateſt Scarcity of Corn all over *Italy*."

Earthquakes and Thunder fatal to this City.

Hard by this Amphitheatre are the ancient Walls of the City; it is ſaid that an Earthquake in the Year 1117. one of the moſt terrible ever felt in that Country, ruined that Part of thoſe Walls which are now wanting, together with moſt of the public Edifices, and a vaſt Number of private Houſes. In the Year 1624. the Lightening fell upon the Powder-Magazine, which blew up ſo furiouſly as to bury under its Ruins, beſides a great Number of Houſes, four Convents, with all the Nuns that were in them.

A fine modern Building, but unfiniſhed.

The Square, commonly called the *Ox Square*, is between the Amphitheatre and another great Building of hewn Stone, and of a very fine Architecture. The Senate of *Venice* deſigned it for an Arſenal, a Manege, and other Military Uſes. It is pity that it is not finiſhed, for it would be a very fine Structure. A White Marble Stone built into its Front, contains the following Inſcription, in Praiſe of the Perſon who raiſed it thus high.

Scipiadum

1707.
Feb. 12.

VERONA And Inſcription.

Scipiadum vera ſoboles Hier. Cornelius.
Non everſæ Carthaginis gloriam,
Sed inclytas Avorum virtutes æmulatus.
Præfecturam prudentiſſimè gerens.
Molem hanc vix ſolo emergentem
Eccè in quam amplitudinem extulerit.
MD.C.XI.

In *Engliſh:* "The true Deſcendant of the *Scipio*'s, without aſpiring to "their Glory of deſtroying a *Carthage*, but emulous of the illuſtrious Vir- "tues of his latter Anceſtors, and behaving with wonderful Prudence in "his Civil Magiſtracy, has raiſed this very noble Structure almoſt from "the Ground in the Year 1611."

Ridiculous Pretenſion of the *Cornaro* Family at *Venice*.

I could wager a good Deal, my Friend, that for all the many fine Things you know, particularly your great Learning in Antiquity, you never had heard that there are People now in the World who preſume to call themſelves the Deſcendants of the Conqueror of *Hannibal*, and the Deſtroyer of *Carthage*. It is however certain, that the noble Family of the *Cornaro*'s in *Venice*, ſeriouſly value themſelves upon being related to thoſe ancient Heroes. This Relation probably is ſomewhat like that of the Fellow in one of *Scarron*'s Plays, who was Couſin to the Emperor *Charles* the Vth, in the two thouſand and eightieth Degree. So that I would not adviſe the Nobleman, who reſides at *London* in Quality of Embaſſador from the moſt Serene Republick, and who is of that Family, to value himſelf too much upon this Head, for fear ſome blunt *Briton* ſhould tell him in a ſatirical Stile:

———Cur cum propriis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in ſtirpe triumphos?
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem, victumque Syphacem
In caſtris: & cum totâ Carthagine migra.

Feb. 13. The Exchange, Town-houſe, and other Palaces.

Tho' Mr. *Miſſon* has ſpoke but indifferently of this City, yet the more we walked thro' it we thought it the more beautiful. The Square or Exchange where the Merchants meet may be called a very fine one. It is embelliſhed with a magnificent Fountain, adorned with a Number of Statues, that, thro' a great many Parts of their Bodies, throw up the Water, which falls into three Stories of Baſons. The Town-houſe which looks into this Square is likewiſe worthy of Remark: Its Front is adorned with the Figures of the moſt illuſtrious learned Men that *Verona* has produced: 'Tis compoſed of three great Wings, with a Court in the Middle, and its Halls and Chambers are filled with a vaſt Number of valuable Paintings. The Palaces of the General, and the Podeſtat are likewiſe well worth the ſeeing, on Account of a conſiderable Number of fine Pictures

1707. *Feb.* 13. VERONA

that are in them; as is that of Count *Chiodo*, both on Account of its Paintings and magnificent Furniture. It is built according to the most exact Rules of Architecture, with a noble *Salon*; and the Beauty of the whole is compleated by the fine Prospect from it, which terminates the View on two Sides, over the River and over the City. A large Garden in the Form of a Terrass, adorned with a vast Number of Statues, and a Fountain with Water-works, compleats this noble Mansion.

The *Jews* Quarter.

Not far from the Exchange lies the *Jews* Street, which is a great deal larger and cleaner than that of their Brethren at *Frankfort*, tho' not so long. Like that there are two Gates, one at each End of it, guarded by two Soldiers, who are relieved from Time to Time; they lock the Gates every Night at Seven o'Clock, and carry the Keys to the Governour; so that these poor *Israelites* are as it were imprisoned in their own Street every Night, till two other Soldiers come next Morning at Eight o'Clock to open their Gates.

The Castle of St. *Peter*, and that of St. *Felix*.

The Castle of St. *Peter* built by *Mastin Scaliger* upon the Ruins of an ancient Theatre, and that of St. *Felix*, which is higher than the other, are situated on a rising Ground within the Walls, and absolutely command the City. The Walls on that Side are very plain, without Flanks or Defenses, excepting a few Towers raised here and there. As to the Castles, that of St. *Peter* is built towards the Middle of the Declivity in the old Manner, and flanked with Towers, which have Merlons and Loopholes, but without any Ditch.

The Castle of St. *Felix*, which they call the Citadel, stands much higher, and is built in the modern Way. It is a regular Square, with Bastions and Curtains. It is but a small Place, and capable of containing only a few People, but is of great Importance, as it commands the Castle as well as the City. It has no Out-works, not even a Covered Way; its greatest Strength consists in its Situation, which is very rugged and steep. The Ditch is but small, and without any Counterscarpe.

Fine Prospect from them.

From these two Places we can survey the whole Extent of the City, and be charmed with its delightful Situation, which Mr. *Misson* could never be tired with contemplating. It is indeed a pretty unequal one, but the most agreeable that can be seen in the World. Thro' the Middle of the City runs the *Adige*, a large River, which your Countryman *Lassels* improperly Names the *Adda*, and which is the only considerable River in *Lombardy* that does not discharge itself into the *Po*. Over it are thrown four fine Stone-bridges, the handsomest of which is called *Castel-vecchio*, whose middle Arch is of an extraordinary Heighth and Breadth.

The River *Adige*, and its Bridges

Remark on the Situation of *Verona*.

I must here take Notice, that either *Verona* has very much changed her Situation since the Days of *Silius Italicus*, who lived under *Nero*, or that this Poet is very much mistaken, when he says, in his eighth Book of the *Punic* War, that the *Adige* encompasses that City:

Tum Verona Athesi circumflua, & undique sollers
Arva coronantem nutrire Faventia pinum.

The

The other Fortifications of *Verona*, tho' irregular, are at preſent in pretty good Repair, and well provided with Cannon, eſpecially ſince the *Imperialiſts* under Prince *Eugene*, and the Armies of *France* and *Spain* under the Duke *de Vendoſme*, encampt ſo near the City, as that they could be diſtinctly viewed from its Ramparts. Such dangerous Neighbours greatly alarmed the Senate of *Venice*, which, to prevent a Surprize, inſtantly ſet about repairing the Fortifications, and guarded them with a ſtrong Garriſon. 1707. *Feb.* 13. VERONA The Fortifications in good Order.

Once more, I can't imagine what could induce Mr. *Miſſon* to write "that this City is ill peopled, that it has a mean Air, but little Commerce, and that it is far from being agreeable; in ſhort, that there is "nothing in it that can allure a Traveller; and that the moſt ſubſtantial "Inhabitants live but poorly, and without any State or Pomp." All that we ſaw flatly contradicted this Account. I agree with him that the Suburbs of St. *Zeno*'s Gate is not very populous, but the People ſwarm in the City itſelf, and after we paſſed the Triumphal Arch; ſo that great Crowds are ſeen almoſt every where in the Streets, eſpecially on the Side of the Square, upon the Exchange, and the Bridges. But to prove that there is a great Trade at *Verona*, I need but inform you, that there are here a great many rich Bankers; that the Goods ſent from *Germany* to the Fairs of *Bolzane*, in order to be tranſported into *Italy*, generally come thro' *Verona* by the *Adige*; that there are beſides a vaſt Number of Silk-weavers, together with Swarms of *Jews* who carry on large Dealings. *Verona* very populous, and full of Trade.

As to the pretended poor Figure, and Way of Living of the Gentry, I can aver that we ſaw here a great Deal of Finery, and a vaſt Number of magnificent Coaches, and that Count *Moſcardo*, with other credible Perſons, aſſured us, that moſt of the Canons, all the Eccleſiaſtics of ſome Diſtinction, and almoſt every Gentleman keeps his Coach. Beſides there is here a Podeſtat for adminiſtring Juſtice, and a *Capitano Grande*, who has the Charge of warlike Affairs, both of them noble *Venetians*, and each keeps a little Court, where there are very frequent Balls, and ſometimes even Operas. You may imagine that all theſe are Inducements for the Nobility to make a Figure. In ſhort, *Verona* appeared in our Eyes to be a fine large City, and we were joined in our Opinion by a good many Strangers who lodged with us in the ſame Inn. And Pomp.

As to its Original, Authors are divided: The pretended *Cato* and *Sempronius* of *Annius* of *Viterbo* ſay, that it was built by the *Tuſcans*; *Ptolemy* and *Livy* by the *Gauls* under *Brennus*; and *Pliny* by the *Euganeans*. However that may be, after the *Romans* had chaſed the *Cenoman Gauls* from thence, they ſent a Colony hither under *Cn. Pompeius Strabo*, Father to the great *Pompey*, in the Year of *Rome* 664. It was afterwards demoliſhed under *Attila*, that true *Scourge of God*; by the *Goths*; and repaired by the *Lombards*, and *Charles* the Great. It fell afterwards into the Hands of different Maſters, ſuch as the Tyrant *Ezzelin*, the *Carraras*, the *Scaligers*, till Original and Hiſtory of *Verona*.

1707. *Feb.* 13. it came to its preſent Maſters the *Venetians*, and it is now one of the beſt Cities upon all their Territories.

VERONA Situation and adjacent Parts.

Its Situation is ſo pleaſant, and the Air ſo pure and wholeſome, that ſeveral *Roman* Emperors have lived long here on that very account. Not far from it lies the high Mountain *Baldo*, which produces a great many Medicinal Simples and Herbs, tho' its Top is covered with Snow thro' all the Seaſons. It is plentifully furniſhed with excellent Fiſhes, particularly with a delicate Trout, named *Carpione*, from the Lake *de Garda*, anciently *Lacus Benacus*, which is thirty five Miles long and twelve broad. The Lake is famous for the little Iſland of *Sirmio*, ſo much celebrated by *Catullus*. It is ſometimes as tempeſtuous as the Sea itſelf, as *Virgil* very well obſerves:

——Te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus, & fremitu aſſurgens, Benace, marino.
Virgil. Georg. lib. 2.

There vex'd by Winter-Storms Benacus *raves,*
Confus'd with working Sands and rolling Waves,
Rough and tumultuous, like a Sea it lies,
So loud the Tempeſt roars, ſo high the Billows riſe.
ADDISON.

The learned Men of *Verona*.

Verona has produced ſeveral learned Men, amongſt others the Poets *Catullus* and *Emilius Macer*, who is ſo honourably mentioned by *Ovid*.

Sæpe ſuas volucres legit mihi grandior ævo
Quæque nocet ſerpens, quæ juvat herba, Macer.

Beſides thoſe two great Poets, this City likewiſe gave Birth to *Cornelius Nepos* and the two *Plinys*, if we are to believe *Eobanus Heſſus*, who ſpeaks of them in the following Terms:

Magna tuo ſalve major Verona Catullo,
Plinius hîc cunas unus & alter habet.

But the Town of *Como* diſputes the Birth of the elder *Pliny* with *Verona*: *Vitruvius* likewiſe was a *Veroneſe*, as was the Hiſtorian *Paulus Emilius*, *Hieronimus Fracaſtorius*, *Domitius Calderinus*, and *Onuphrius Panvius*. *Vir ad omnes & Romanas & Eccleſiaſticas Antiquitates è tenebris eruendas natus.* That is, "A Man born for digging out of Obſcurity all the *Roman* "and Eccleſiaſtical Antiquities."

Fracaſtorius, born without a Mouth.

I have read ſomewhere that *Fracaſtorius* was born without a Mouth, or with only a ſmall Slit, or that his Lips were almoſt cloſed together, and that

that a Surgeon ſeparated them with an Inſtrument; upon which *Julius Cæſar Scaliger* compoſed the following Verſes: 1707. *Feb.* 13.

VERONA Epigram of *Scaliger* thereupon

Os Fracaſtorio naſcenti defuit, ergo
Sedulus attenta finxit Apollo manu.
Inde hauri, Medicuſque ingens, ingenſque Poëta,
Et magno facies omnia plena Deo.

You know that *Fracaſtorius* was a Phyſician, and an excellent Poet, Philoſopher, and Aſtrologer. In the firſt of thoſe Profeſſions he practiſed without taking any Fees for his Viſits or Preſcriptions, excepting when he attended the Fathers of the Council of *Trent* in Quality of their Phyſician. His Poem *de Syphilide*, which he addreſt to Cardinal *Peter Bembus*, is incomparably fine; but his Poetic Fire ſeems to have been evaporated when he wrote his Poem upon the Adventures of *Joſeph* the Patriarch; for it is in Truth but an indifferent Performance; ſo that honeſt *Fracaſtorius* did more honour to the Pox than to the Patriarch. The following Epitaph was compoſed by the ſame *Scaliger* upon his Death: Several Particulars of his Life.

Hic ſitus eſt Fracaſtorius Hieronymus; urna
Quem capit, hic cepit pectore cuncta ſuo.
Sidera digeſſit: revocavit funera, Rerum
Naturæ imperii conſcius, atque Dei.
Aut Heliconiadum fontem ſibi ſuſtulit omnem:
Aut tumulus vertex hic Heliconis erit.

His Epitaph by *Scaliger*.

The judicious Cardinal *Henry Norris*, formerly a religious *Auguſtine*, and Profeſſor of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory at *Piſa*, and the learned *Tancellus Sarayna* were likewiſe of *Verona*. The former was Author of the *Hiſtoria Pelagiana*, printed at *Padua* in 1673. The Hiſtory of the *Donatiſts*, a great many Works upon St. *Auguſtine*'s Doctrine of Grace againſt Father *Macedo*; *Duplex Diſſertatio de duobus Nummis Diocletiani*, printed at *Florence* in 1675. and ſeveral other Tracts. The latter wrote the Hiſtory of his own Country in four Books. Cardinal *Norris* and *Sarayna*.

But the peculiar Glory of this City lies in her four Ladies, *viz. Angela*, *Iſota*, *Genevra*, and *Laura* who was of the Family of *Nogarola*. They lived towards the Middle of the XVth Century, and were all of them very learned, eſpecially *Iſota*, whom the famous Cardinal *Beſſarion* having ſeen and talked with, calls *Virginem non humanam ſed divinam*, i. e. *Not a Mortal, but an Angelic Virgin*. Pope *Pius* II. deſired to enter into a literary Correſpondence with her, and the learned *Bartholinus*, a *Dane*, made the following Verſes to the Praiſe of theſe four *Heroins*: Four remarkably learned Ladies of *Verona*.

1707. *Feb.* 13.

VERONA

Bartholinus's Verſes to their Honour.

Junxerat has patriæ ſplendor, generiſque propago,
Et genii ſummas maſcula ſcripta Deas.
Dumque tacent, illinc tacitum devolvitur ævum,
Et noſtro ſurgunt, quæ rediere, ſolo.
Holkia Danorum ſydus, Schurmanna Batavûm,
Sole peregrino compoſuere decus.

Biſhops & Churches.

Verona is the Capital of the *Veroneſe*, and Suffragan to the Patriarch of *Aquilea*. It boaſts of its having had thirty ſeven Biſhops canonized, amongſt whom is honeſt St. *Zeno*, who was ſo good-natured as to pardon the Devil *Aſmodeus*, for inſolently interrupting him in Divine Service. There are at leaſt forty Churches in *Verona*, and at preſent there is ſtill an Academy of *Literati*, who call themſelves *Philarmonici*.

Fertility of the Soil.

The Soil about this Town is very fertile and well ſtocked with Cattle, but eſpecially of the wooley Kind, with Corns, Wines, Oils, and Fruits, that are famous for their Goodneſs, particularly the Olives, which are better there than in any Place of *Europe* except *Lucca*; at leaſt, I can't ſay that I ever eat any ſo good either in *Spain*, *Provence*, or *Languedoc*. We likewiſe got a Glaſs of a Kind of very good Red Wine from our Landlord; but all the other Wines in that Country which we taſted were either very flat, or rough, and very diſagreeable to a Stranger not uſed to drink them. As to the Bread it is very bad, being heavy and hard, tho' the Corn of the Country is very good; the Reaſon of this is, that they don't know how to bake it, and they over-heat their Ovens.

Character of the *Veroneſe*.

As to the Inhabitants of *Verona* they have always paſſed for a very induſtrious People, and for having a very improvable Genius for every Thing that is good or uſeful. To prove this I will give you the two Encomiums made by the two *Scaligers*, Father and Son, upon *Verona* and its Inhabitants.

Encomium of this City, and its Inhabitants by *Julius Cæſar Scaliger*,

J. Cæſaris Scaligeri.

Italiæ canimus ſemper Florentis ocellum:
Calliope nequeat grandius ulla loqui.
Aucta Deis, auctura Poli Verona Quirites:
Quot cives, tot habens ſidera digna Jove.
Non animi, non ingenii vigor acrior uſquam:
Nulla creat plures Martia terra Duces.
Transferre in cœlum voluit ſibi Jupiter: atquì
Clarior in noſtris maluit eſſe locis.

Joſephi

1707.
Feb. 13.
VERONA and by his Son *Joseph Scaliger.*

Josephi Scaligeri Jul. Cæs. Filii.

Ocelle Mundi, sidus Itali coeli,
Flos Urbium, flos, corculumque amænarum
Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuere Verona:
Brenni Smaragde, Transpadane berylle,
Gallorum jaspis, Margarita Benaci,
Apex supremus Elegantiæ rerum,
Et meta summa, Dædaleæque naturæ.
Quam fronte prona, fascibusque submissis
Urbes adorent; et libenter agnoscant
Sublime Majestatis arduæ lumen:
Nisi orba lucis viveres, salutisque,
Injuriosa servitute prædonum.
O Diva, namque vorticosa tempestas?
Quis turbo? quæ æstuantis aura fortunæ
Te mutat aliam, quisve casus affligit?
Quæ tristis, exspes, cassa lucis, atrata
Squallentis obsoleta sordibus luctus.
Mœres, ut orba, quæ flet unicum mater?
Regina tot rerum, & tot Urbium princeps,
Ubi tuorum est lux vetusta sceptrorum?
Et aureo splendore fulta Majestas?
Illique magni gloriæ tuæ fasces?
Ubi Quirites heu tui, tui cives,
Delecta pubes, flosculus Juventutis?
Ubi divi alumni principes Jovis semen?
Proceres beati: debitum genus coelo?
Fulmen duelli: terror Adriæ magni:
Tutela Patriæ: spes labantium rerum:
Pacis sequestri: civibusque devoti,
Scaligera Soboles: qui Feretrium tantis
Tot olim opimis, teque, Diva, mactarunt:
Quis tot triumphos, tot trophæa, tot Laurus?
Quis sceptri honores, atque nomen Augustæ
Accepta debes: quæque mole sublimi
Educta Mausolæa provocant coelum?
Proh sortem acerbam, proh volubilem casum:
Quanta è supremo culmine, è statu rerum
Quanta excidisti? non tibi obsuit tantum
(Nec posse credam) Nauta Japidis ripæ:
Quantum una, sudos quæ tibi dies, quæque
Fortuna præter propter invidit lucem.
Ast O venusta mater, O parens salve,
O mea creatrix: vosque rite Majorum

1707. *Feb.* 13. VICENZA.

Salvete manes. Ille ego Nepos veſter,
Pila, atque luſus, ludicrumque fortunæ:
Currens Parentis exul exulis curſum:
Pro farre ſalſo, proque adoreo libo,
Pro thure, proque februo parentali,
His vos ſaluto lætus. Eſte felices.

Battles fought in its Neighbourhood.

I forgot to tell you, that it was in the Neighbourhood of *Verona* that *Marius*, in a famous Battle, defeated the *Cimbri*, and *Theodoric* King of the *Oſtregoths* cut in Pieces the Army of *Odoacer* King of *Italy*. Theſe are the moſt remarkable Particulars that I have to inform you of with regard to this City.

CHAP. LXIX.

Wretched Roads between Verona *and* Vicenza, *and Fertility of the Soil.* Vicenza, *a City and Biſhoprick. Its Origin, Hiſtory, and Deſcription. The principal Churches. Ruins of an Amphitheatre, and two ancient Inſcriptions. Convent of the Madona of Mount* Beric, *and its miraculous Image. Other Singularities of* Vicenza. *The famous City of* Padua, *called the* Learned. *Outrages formerly committed there by the Students. Pretended Tomb of* Autenor. *That of* Lupatus, *and his Hiſtory. The Univerſity of late Years very much decayed.*

Feb. 14. Bad Roads from *Verona* to *Vicenza.*

I don't believe that in all *Italy* there is really a worſe Road in the Winter-time than that from *Verona* to *Vicenza*, tho' we were told it was tolerably good in the Summer. Imagine to yourſelf at leaſt a large Foot and half deep of Mud, covering an Infinity of huge large Pebbles, intermixed with a great Number of leſſer ones, lying at three or four Inches diſtance from one another, and you may judge what kind of a Dance we had to lead. This delightful Sport continued however till about One o'Clock, when we halted to dine at a ſorry Village called *La Torre di confini*, and not plain *La Torre*, as Mr. *Miſſon* calls it. This Village ſeparates the *Veroneſe* from the *Vicentin*. After a very wretched Meal we continued our Journey to *Vicenza*, and found the Roads full as bad as before. We paſſed by a pretty good Town called *Montebello*, and ſometime after we croſſed by a Bridge, the little River called *La Gua*.

In going on we could not but obſerve, that the Soil of the *Vincentin* is very fat and fertile. On all Hands we ſaw nothing but Gardens, Meadows, well cultivated Fields, together with prodigious Quantities of Mulberry, Olive and other Trees, planted in the Form of a Cheſs-board. If you were told, that there is a certain Country in *Europe*, where the Vintage

tage is performed with Ladders of a good Height, you would take it for an Impoſition. Yet it is true; for in the *Veroneſe* and the *Vincentin*, their Vines, which they plant at the Foot of the Trees, ſhoot up as high as the higheſt Branches of thoſe Trees, to which they ſtick very cloſe, ſo that they muſt have Ladders to reap them. The Ground betwixt thoſe Trees is cultivated, and carries very good Corn. In a Word, this little Spot is ſo fertile and plentiful in every thing, that moſt part of the Cattle, Fruits, Pulſe and other Garden-ſtuff conſumed in *Venice*, is brought from the *Vincentin*. As the plaguy Roads obliged us to travel very ſlowly, it was very late when we arrived at *Vincenza*, though it is no more than thirty Miles from *Verona*.. 1707. *Feb.* 14. VICENZA

Feb. 15. Deſcription and Original of *Vicenza*.

The Inhabitants of *Verona* pretend, that their City is twice as large as *Vicenza*. Thoſe of the Latter own that it is leſs, though not quite ſo ſmall. But to make amends, they pretend that it is one of the oldeſt Cities in all *Italy*; and that it was founded four hundred Years before the Birth of *Chriſt*, by the *Euganeans*; that it was increaſed by the *Galli Senones*, under their Leader *Brennus*, who took *Rome*. It is certain that it has changed its Condition and Maſters very often; that it belonged by turns, to the *Romans*, the *Huns*, the *Goths*, the *Lombards*, the Kings of *Italy*, the Emperors of *Germany*, the *Scaligers*, the *Cararas*, till it fell into the Hands of its preſent Maſters the *Venetians*. The Senate refuſed to gratify Pope *Paul* III. in his Requeſt to make it the Seat of a General Council, which obliged him to hold it at *Trent*. This Refuſal proceeded from a Refinement in Politics, they being afraid that *Solyman* the *Turkiſh* Emperor, with whom they had juſt made a Peace, ſhould be jealous that they were ſolliciting the Princes of Chriſtendom to make War againſt him. Upon this the Pope was forced to alter his Meaſures, and to ſummon his Council at *Trent*.

Situation and Deſcription of *Vicenza*.

Vicenza is ſituated at the Foot of a riſing Ground, and has no other Defence but a pitiful Wall, with Battlements defended by ſome ſquare Towers: In the middle of the City, there is ſtill remaining ſome Part of the ancient Walls which originally ſurrounded it. The little Rivers of *Aſtego*, *Leogra*, and *Rerona*, together with the *Bacchiglione*, which is larger than all the others, run through it, and are mighty convenient for the Inhabitants, by ſetting their Paper Mills and Oil Mills, with their Silk and Iron Works a going. The Square, which they call *della Segnoria*, or *of the Lordſhip*, is the largeſt of all their ſeven Squares, and perhaps the only one amongſt them which deſerves that Name. We there ſee the Town-houſe or the public Palace, which they cry up as a wonderful Piece. Its Tower is tolerably high and loaded with a great many Ornaments of Architecture and a pretty Clock: But neither all this, nor the Palace of their *Capitano-Grande*, nor that of their *Podeſta*, before which we ſee two Marble Pillars ſupporting St. *Mark*'s Lyon of Braſs guilt, nor that which they call the *Mount of Piety*, deſerve the Epithets of *Marvigliosi* or *Stupenda*, *Marvelous*

Its Square and Town houſe.

1707. *Feb.* 15. *lous* and *Stupendeous*, which they give them. There are however a great Number of fine Houſes in *Vicenza*.

VICENZA Churches and Cathedral. Of all its Churches, thoſe of the *Jeſuits*, the *Carmelites*, St. *Jerome*, St. *Mary d'Aracœli*, the *Coronata*, and that of the *Dominicans*, may paſs for the fineſt. They contain a great many Pictures of old *Baſſan*, old *Palma*, *Paul Veroneſe*, *Paris Bordone*, and other great Painters. The Cathedral, which is in the ſame Square with the Biſhop's Palace, has nothing remarkable about it but the high Altar, ſupported by ſeveral Pillars, with a Corniſh of very fine Marble on the Top, ſome good Paintings, and two very old Tombs in the Choir: Its Roof is tolerably high and wide.

Tomb and Epitaph of the Poet *Ferretus*. In the Church of St. *Laurence*, we ſee the Tomb of a *Vicentine* Poet named *Ferretus*, who wrote the Hiſtory of the Lords of *Scala*, formerly Princes of *Verona*, in Verſe. He was likewiſe Author of a Book of Annals, and the Hiſtory of the *Genoeſe* War, with ſome other Works, as may be ſeen by his Epitaph, which is as follows:

Hic ſitus eſt clarâ Ferretus origine vates,
Scaligeros decuit quem ceciniſſe Duces.
Scripſit & Annales, Genuenſe & in ordine bellum,
Et nova de priſcis carmina temporibus.
Et decus hic Patriæ, Ferretæ hic gloria gentis;
Hic locat æternum nomen, & oſſa, lapis.

Pretended Remains of an Amphitheatre As we had been told of the Remains of an Amphitheatre, which they pretend to have been one of the fineſt in all *Italy*, we went to one of the Extremities of the City, to ſee thoſe pretended Remains, but were ſurpriſed to find only a few pitiful Ruins, which are ſo inconſiderable that 'tis impoſſible to judge, whether they are thoſe of an Amphitheatre, or of ſome other Building. In the Wall of a Houſe adjoining to thoſe Ruins, are two old Marbles with the following Inſcriptions.

Two ancient Marbles and their Inſcriptions.

I.

IMP. CAES.
MARCO. ANTONIO.
GORDIANO. PIO.
FEL. AVG. PP. COS. II.
PROCOS. TRIB.
POT. V. PONT. MAX.
RESPVBLICA.
EX. LIBERALITATE
MATIDIARVM.
P. D.

SEX,

1707.
Feb. 15.
VICENZA

II.

SEX. ATILIVS. M. F. SERRANVS.
PROCOS. EX. SENATVS. C.
INTER. ATESTINOS.
ET. VEICENTINOS.
FINEIS. TERMINOS. QUE.
STATVI. IVSSIT.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

The Place which they call the *Field of Mars*, is a public Walk where the Nobility reſort every Evening, in their Coaches to take the Air. At different Seaſons of the Year, ſeveral Fairs are alſo held in this Place. The Triumphal Arch which ſtands at the Entry is very fine, and of the famous *Paladio*'s Architecture, together with the Theatre in the *Olympian* Academy, which we were told can contain 3000 People. The Field of *Mars*.

We went likewiſe to ſee the Convent of our Lady of *Mont-Beric*, famous all over that Country for the great Number of Miracles ſhe has wrought. We mount to this Church by a grand Stair-caſe with upwards of 150 Steps, upon which we enter by a ſpacious Marble Portico, ornamented with Columns and Statues. The Church is enriched with a great many Lamps and Candleſticks of Silver, Pictures, *Baſſo-Relievo*'s and Pillars of Marble, which ornament its Altar. Convent & Church of the *Madona* of *Mount-Beric*.

But what is more valuable than all, is our *Lady* herſelf; who, according to her Legend, made a ſudden Leap from under the Ground to the Place where ſhe is now to be ſeen. All that could be ſaid to perſuade her to take up her Reſidence at *Vicenza* could not prevail with her, and all they could do to force her to remove from thence was ineffectual; for ſhe kept as immoveable as the Tower of *Babel*, or the God *Terminus*. Hiſtory of that *Madona*.

From this Eminence, we ſee the whole Extent of *Vicenza*, with the fine fertile Plain in which it is ſituated, together with the beautiful Riſings of the Mounts called *Euganeans*, and a great many Country Seats belonging to ſeveral Counts and Marquiſſes. Proſpect of the Country.

You no doubt remember the humourous Saying of the Emperor *Charles* the Vth, when he conferred thoſe Titles upon the Nobility of *Vicenza*, who importuned him for them a little too forwardly. In order to rid himſelf of their troubleſome Sollicitations, he told them all at once, *that he made them all Counts and Marquiſſes, both City and Suburbs.* Theſe Noblemen are civil enough to Strangers, though 'tis ſaid there are more Aſſaſſines amongſt the Commonalty here, than in any other City of *Italy*. Witty Saying of *Charles* the Vth.

Though *Vicenza* is ſubject to the *Venetians*, yet it enjoys a great many fine Privileges. It has Conſuls or Judges, who determine in all criminal and capital Cauſes: Their Determination, together with that of the *Po-deſtat* Privileges and Academy of *Vicenza*.

1707. Feb. 15. VICENZA.

deſtat is final, without any Appeal lying from their Sentences; a Privilege which we are told, no other City in *Italy* enjoys but this. *Urbis Rectores nequeunt Criminales, ut aiunt, cauſas decernere abſque conſultatione quorundam ex præcipuis Vicentiæ Civibus, qui hoc Privilegio fruuntur antiquitùs, ut criminalia delicta ſimul cum Magiſtratu ipſi quoque dijudicent.* That is, "The Governors of the City (meaning the *Podeſtat* and the *Capitano Grande*) cannot, as they ſay, judge criminal Cauſes, without conſulting with ſome of "the chief Citizens of *Vicenzà*, who anciently had this Privilege of judging "in all criminal Cauſes with the Government." *Philip. Honorius in relat. Rep. Ven.* There is likewiſe at *Vicenzà*, an Academy of *Literati*, who are nick-named *Gli Olympici*. It is the Capital of the *Vicentin*, which is a ſmall but fertile Country ſituated amidſt *Tirol*, the Marquiſate of *Triviſane*, the *Veroneſe* and the *Paduan*. It is alſo a Biſhopric Suffragan of *Aquilea*.

Learned Men.

This City boaſts of being the Native Country of the Grammarian *Rhemmius Palemon*, Preceptor to the Poets *Lucan* and *Perſius*; of *Cecinna*, who was General of the Army of *Vitellius* againſt *Otho*; of the two holy Martyrs *Fortunatus* and *Felix*, of *Joſeph Gualdus*, *Vicentius Colcæus*, *Anthonius Luſcus*, *Johannes Ferretus*, *Georgius Triſſinus*, and of the two learned Brothers, *Fabius* and *Julius Pacius*, one of them a Philoſopher and Phyſician, and the other a Philoſopher and an able Lawyer. The one died in the Year 1614. at *Vicenza* where he was born, aged 66 Years, and the other at *Valence* in *Dauphiné*, in the Year 1635, aged 86.

Several Particulars concerning the Inhabitants.

In walking along the Streets, we ſaw a great many Women who gain their Livelyhood by thowing of Silk, and a great many Manufacturers who prepare it for them. Moſt part of the Houſes have nothing but Paper or Gauze to their Windows inſtead of Glaſs; and they who have won Prizes by ſhooting at a Mark, cauſe the ſame Mark pierced through to be fixed to the Front of their Houſes, as ſo many Trophies of their Glory. Theſe are all the remarkable Particulars I can inform you of in Relation to this City, where we ſtaid but one Day; I hope to find ſomething at *Padua* which will furniſh you with more Entertainment. I forgot to tell you, that at a little Diſtance from *Vicenza* there are two famous Marble Quarries, in a Mountain called *Monte-Cæveto*, anciently *Mons Cornelius*.

Feb. 16. Departure from *Vicenza*.

This Morning we ſet out for *Padua*. The Roads continued ſo wretched, that we were obliged to walk moſt of the Way on foot. About a League from *Vicenza* we paſſed the little River *Tezenza*, and about Noon we arrived at a large Inn near the High-way, three Leagues from *Padua*. Here we dined, and every thing was exceſſively bad, eſpecially the Drink, tho' the Country affords moſt excellent Wines. Notwithſtanding this miſerable Entertainment, we paid extravagantly dear for it; and indeed, the *Italian* In-keepers are in general downright Cut-throats.

The bad Way continued till within a League of *Padua*, where we paſſed the *Brenta*, the *Medoacus* of the Ancients, and entered the City towards the Evening.

Next Day we went out to walk about the Town: The firſt thing I took notice of is, that almoſt all the Houſes are built upon Portico's, under which one may walk without any Inconveniencies, either from the Sun or Rain; but this Conveniency occaſions the Streets to be narrow and dark. It was under theſe Porticoes that the famous Aſſaults and Batteries, called the *Qui-va-li*, were performed. The Students of *Padua* had, as it were, acquired a Right to murder, or at leaſt to break the Bones of ſuch People as paſſed that way a little too late. But this terrible Privilege, which they had aſſumed by Violence, has been entirely loſt for theſe nine or ten Years, during which Time there has not been a ſingle Inſtance heard, either of a Murder or an Inſult. 1707. *Feb.* 16. PADUA. The *Qui-va-li*.

Is it not ſurprizing, that a Man of Mr. *Miſſon*'s good Senſe, ſhould pretend, in his Account of this Country, that the ſuffering theſe dreadful Diſorders ſo long to continue, was owing to the refined Politics of the Senate of *Venice*? *Not*, ſays he, *but that they are very well able to reſtrain this Licentiouſneſs, be it ever ſo violent; but the refined Politics of the* Venetians, *which they carry to terrible Lengths, deſigns that this Patrol, which coſts them nothing, ſhall ſerve as a Scourge for the* Paduans. *I will inform you farther another Opportunity.* What a Pity is it that Mr. *Miſſon* did not at once unriddle to his Friend the whole Secret of thoſe *refined Politics*, with Regard to the Paduan *Qui-va-li*? In truth, it would be a ſtrange and an unconceivable Refinement in the Senate, wantonly to ruin and turn into a Deſart one of the moſt flouriſhing Cities in their whole Dominions, and whoſe famous Univerſity attracts the Learned from all Parts of *Europe*. What Motive of Hatred againſt the poor Inhabitants of this Place could induce the Sovereigns, to ſuffer them to be viſited with ſuch a terrible Calamity? Were the *Paduans* Rebels or public Rioters ſo dangerous to a State, that thoſe refined Politicians ſhould mark them out to piece-meal Ruin by this noble Patrol? Let us rather account for it by ſaying, that it is probable that the Number of Students, which formerly amounted to 12 or 13,000 compoſed of different Nations, by Degrees introduced theſe Outrages and Aſſaſſinations in the Streets: That it was then utterly impoſſible to put a Stop to them by downright Force, but that the Number of Students diminiſhing by degrees, the Government began to ſuppreſs the *Qui-va-li*, by making ſeveral Examples of the moſt guilty. Mr. *Miſſon*'s Notions about the *Qui-va-li* of *Padua* confuted.

Mr. *Miſſon* himſelf, but inaccurately, relates a pretty conſiderable Inſtance of this Kind. It is that of a Fine which ſome Rioters were obliged to pay about 25 Years ago, and which was converted into one of the largeſt Silver Lamps now to be ſeen in the magnificent Chapel of St. *Anthony*; not, as Mr. *Miſſon* ſays, for killing a Man at the Entry of the Church; but for having the Inſolence to purſue with Piſtols in their Hands, three *Sbirri* even into the Church itſelf. The *Decemvirs* entered ſo ſeriouſly into the Cognizance of this Fact, that the Offenders, who were very numerous, were baniſhed the City with Sound of Trumpet, and it was a long time before the preſſing Sollicitations of the principal Inhabitants, to whom they were re- How theſe Riots were puniſhed and ſuppreſſed.

1707. *Feb.* 16. PADUA. lated, could obtain leave for their Return. We were told this History by a Perſon of very great Veracity of *Padua*, and it was confirmed to us by Mr. *Dument*, who were both of them Eye-witneſſes of the Fact. The former has lived in this Town for upwards of theſe ſixty Years the other for thirty; and Mr. *Miſſon* quotes him as a very creditable Perſon, and one very well verſed in every thing relating to that City.

The Tomb of *Antenor*. The pretended Tomb of *Antenor* ſtands againſt the Wall of the ſmall Church of St. *Laurence*. It is ſupported by four ſmall Pillars, which the Hyperbolous *Jouvin de Rochfort* terms, *tall Marble Columnes*. The Inſcription upon them is as follows:

*Poteſtate * Nobili viro Domino*
Fantone de Rubeis de Florentia,
perfectum fuit hoc opus.

Miſtakes of ſeveral Authors as to its Inſcription. A great many Travellers have given an Account of the *Latin* Verſes engraved upon the Tomb, but for want of copying them exactly, ſome way or other, their Accounts have been ſtill unfaithful. The Anonymous Author of *Travels through* France *and* Italy, printed at *Paris* by *Dezallier*, in 1667. ſays that *thoſe Verſes are wrote upon the Covering of the Tomb*; which is a Miſtake, for they are inſcribed upon one of its Fronts. Some have added Words and Letters that are not there, and others have omitted what is actually there. Mr. *Miſſon*, in the laſt Edition of his Book, owns, that like others he had copied them unfaithfully; but he has corrected them in that Edition, excepting in the Figure of the Tomb, where he has ſuffered the former Inaccuracy to remain. The Verſes are exactly as follows, inſcribed in *Gothic* Characters:

The true one.

C. Inclitus Antenor. Patriam vox niſa quietem.
Tranſtulit huc Enetum Dardanidumque fugas.
Expulit Euganeuos Patavinā ꝯdidit urbem.
Quem tenet hic humili marmore ceſa domus.

Other Miſtakes of Travellers concerning the ſame. *Pflaumeren* a *German* Lawyer, and Author of the *Mercurius Italicus*, printed at *Lyons* in 1628, gives the firſt Line as follows:

Inclitus Antenor, poſt eruta Pergama bello
Tranſtulit &c.

Paulus Merula a learned Profeſſor at *Leyden*, in his Deſcription of *Italy*, reads it thus.

Inclytus Antenor poſtdiruta moenia Troje,

* That is to ſay the *Podeſtat*,

But both are wrong. They have likewiſe put in the laſt Line, *Quem tegit*, for *Quem tenet*. Your Countryman *Laſſels* tells us very gravely, "That "there is an Inſcription in *Gothic* Characters upon *Antenor*'s Tomb, "which makes him doubt whether it be ſo ancient as it is ſaid to be. You will judge whether a Man needs be a Conjuror to find this out, after reading that it is not much above 400 Years ſince this Tomb was diſcovered, and that thoſe Letters were engraved upon one of its Sides after this Diſcovery; ſo that *Laſſel*'s poor Reaſoning makes nothing againſt the Antiquity of the Tomb, ſuppoſing it to be that of *Antenor*, which I believe as little as he does. 1707. *Feb.* 17. PADUA.

I am ſurpriſed that none of theſe Travellers, not even Mr. *Miſſon*, who values himſelf upon his Exactneſs, even in Trifles, and gives us an Abridgment of the Hiſtory of the Diſcovery of *Antenor*'s Tomb, has ſaid nothing of that of *Lupatus*, which ſtands likewiſe againſt a Wall of the ſame Church, the Entry being betwixt both, yet it was very natural for him to have mentioned it. This *Lupatus* was a Magiſtrate of *Padua* when this pretended Coffin of *Antenor* was diſcovered. He had a chief Hand in making it paſs for his, and ordered the four Verſes which we have already mentioned to be cut upon it, and which are as unintelligible as the four laſt of the eight which are cut upon his own Tomb as follows. Tomb and Epitaph of *Lupatus*.

Id quod es, antè fui; quid ſim poſt funera queris?
Quod ſum, quicquid id eſt, tu quoque, Lector, eris.
Ignea pars Coelo, ceſæ pars Oſſea Rupi,
Lectori ceſſit nomen inane Lupi.

Below theſe Verſes, are the four following.

Mors mortis, morti mortem, ſi morte dediſſet,
Hic foret in terris, aut integer Aſtra petiſſet,
Sed quia diſſolvi fuerat ſic juncta neceſſe,
Oſſa tenet Saxum, proprio mens gaudet ineſſe:
Obiit anno nat. XRI. M.CCC. *nono.*
Septimo die intrante Marcio *

There are likewiſe upon this Tomb of *Lupatus*, two Wolves in Bas-relief (his proper Arms) with an Inſcription under one of them in large *Gothic* Characters as follows.

T † *Loupati Paduani militis,*
Judicis & Poëtæ.

The anonymous Author of Travels thro' *France* and *Italy*, whom I have already mentioned, ſays, "That near *Antenor*'s Tomb, there is ano- "ther with a *Greek* Epitaph, and that they who are curious, may examine "it. As the *Gothic* Characters of the Epitaph and Inſcription upon *Lupatus*'s Tomb Miſtake of an anonymous Author.

* Inſtead of *Marcio*. † *Tumulus Loupati.*

1707. *Feb.* 16. PADUA.

Tomb are exceedingly hard to decypher this Author probably miſtook them for *Greek* Letters; and yet he is upon every Occaſion dealing in *Greek* Etymologies that he may paſs with his Readers for a thorough Maſter of that Tongue.

Attempts to make Senſe of this Epitaph.

When I ſaid that the laſt four Lines were unintelligible, I meant that they could not be reconciled to plain common Senſe any other way, than by ſuppoſing the two firſt Lines to import that "If *Jeſus Chriſt* who tri- "umphs over *Death*, and is here called *Mors Mortis*, had by his *Death*, "redeemed Mankind from bodily *Death*, the Corpſe encloſed in this Tomb "would have been ſtill alive, or would have aſcended alive into Heaven; *Aut integer Aſtra petiſſet.* If you can find any better Meaning in it I beg you to let me know it when you write to me.

Merry Story of *Lupatus.*

We are here told a little Story of this *Lupatus*, which I thought diverting enough. Before he was a Magiſtrate of *Padua*, his Profeſſion was that of a Counſellor at Law. A Client coming to him to beg that he would plead his Cauſe, which was very preſſing and important; *Lupatus* inſtantly went into Court with him, in a pitiful Dreſs which he generally wore when he was amongſt his Books. The Judge, who had been but lately raiſed to the Bench, and who never paſſed for a Conjuror in Learning, was unacquainted with *Lupatus*, and ſeeing one in ſo mean a Habit undertake to plead a Cauſe of ſuch Importance, looked upon him very contemptuouſly. *Lupatus* perceived this, and began to plead in what we call *Kitchen Latin*, which confirmed the Judge in his Opinion of him. In order to have ſome Diverſion at *Lupatus*'s Coſt, he interrupted him haſtily and aſked him, *Scis Literas*, (do you underſtand Letters) *Lupatus* inſtantly anſwered, *Scis Paucas*, (you underſtand little of them.) The Judge imagining he had committed a Blunder and miſtaken *Scis* for *Scio*, (You) for (I) continued to play upon him. But *Lupatus*, who had done it archly to expoſe the Judge's Ignorance, inſtantly altered his Stile, and after pleading his Client's Cauſe with a great deal of Eloquence, he went from the Bar, leaving the Judge quite dumb-founded, and he having aſked the Name of that Counſellor, underſtood that he was one of the moſt learned Men in *Padua.*

The Univerſity formerly very flouriſhing.

The Univerſity was founded by *Charles* the Great, and augmented by the Emperor *Frederic* II. *Huguetan* ſays, by *Frederic Barbaroſſa*, in Pique to the Univerſity of *Bologna*, but he is certainly miſtaken. Others ſay, that it was not founded till the Year 1221. However that may be, it has been for theſe many Years one of the moſt famous in all *Europe*, and ſo flouriſhing as to render *Padua* a ſecond *Athens*, and acquire to her the Epithet of *PADUA the Learned.*

Bright Encomiums of it by ſeveral learned Men.

An ingenious Poet names it

——— *Juris legumque Corona,*
Et ſacræ Themidis, Juſtitiæque Domus.

The

1707. *Feb.* 17. PADUA.

The famous Lawyer *Jason* ſpeaks of it in the following honourable Terms: *Si quem, neque Urbis Pativinæ vetuſtas movet, quam conſtat à Trojano Antenore conditam eſſe, neque amplitudo, ſive triplicem murorum ambitum interfluente Timavo conſideret, ſive Prætorium, omniumque in Orbe memorantur, digniſſimum; moveat ſaltem Patavinæ Academiæ gloria: eſt enim totius Italiæ celeberrima, & veluti Athenienſis Areopaguſque ſemper viros in omni ingenuarum Artium genere claros & celebres fovit, auxitque; ac nobilium Auditorum frequentia ſemper abundavit, non modò illorum qui Venetæ ditioni ſubſunt, ſed etiam exterarum Gentium, ac remotiſſimarum Nationum.*

Now very much decayed.

At preſent it is entirely ſtript of all its former Luſtre: The War which has for ſo many Years defolated *Europe*, and the Deaths of ſo many learned Profeſſors, who had ſo long filled her Chairs, have reduced her Students from 12 or 13,000, their ordinary Number, to 400: This ſmall Number, and the exemplary Puniſhments inflicted upon them from time to time, have occaſioned, as I ſaid before, the *Qui-va-li* to be utterly aboliſhed.

Its Building, and ſeveral Apartments.

The Building of the Univerſity, is one of the handſomeſt old ones in the whole City. It is ſquare, and contains ſeveral Schools, a great number of Rooms, and two Galleries one over another, ſupported by 64 large Stone Pillars; their Walls and Cieling are adorned with a great many Buſts, Portraits and Coats of Arms of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Students. Over the great Gate, ſupported by ſome Pillars and Figures of Lyons, there is a *Latin* Inſcription, but it is ſo long that I would not undertake to copy it. The *Anatomy Hall* is amongſt its fineſt Halls; there is here an Amphitheatre ſo artfully fitted up, that upwards of a thouſand Perſons may, without incommoding one another, ſee the Diſſection of a Body. Upon the Wall of the Law-School there is this Riddle. *Un cento, un cinque, un cinquanta, un zero, Sono l'aſpro, cagion che mi deſperg:* explain it if you can.

There is but one College remaining.

This is the only one that remains of all the ten Colleges or Public Schools that were formerly at *Padua*: It is called the *College of the Ox*, becauſe there formerly ſtood near it an Inn with the Sign of that Animal. *Laſſels* will have that Name given to it, "becauſe it, as well as the Univerſity of *Pa-*"*via*, was eſtabliſhed by certain *Engliſh* Doctors of the Univerſity of "*Oxford.*" Now you know, that the Arms of *Oxford* are an Ox or Cow, (*Iſis*) and this was Ground ſufficient for honeſt *Laſſels* to draw this Conſequence, and deprive *Charles* the Great of the Honour of founding the Univerſities of *Pavia* and *Padua*.

CHAP.

1707. *Feb.* 17.

PADUA.

CHAP. LXX.

Containing a curious Account of the moſt celebrated Learned Men born at Padua, *or who have taught the Sciences in that famous Univerſity.*

Learned Men of the Univerſity of *Padua.*

I Believe it will not be amiſs to preſent you here, with a ſmall Catalogue of the moſt learned and famous Men who have taught in this Univerſity, or have reſided in this City. I will begin with

Petrus Pomponatius and his Works

PETRUS POMPONATIUS of *Mantua*; he was a little Man, but lively and very learned. He ſtudied Philoſophy under the Celebrated *Thomas de Vio Cajetanus*, who wrote Commentaries upon the *Summa* of St. *Thomas Aquinas*. This *Cajetan* was a ſubtile, cunning *Jacobine*, afterwards Cardinal, and infected *Pomponatius* with ſome of his own Poiſon, which afterwards corrupted a great many more. While *Pomponatius* was Profeſſor at *Padua*, under the Popedom of *Leo* the Xth. he was in great Danger of being burned alive for teaching; *Animas poſt mortem Corporis interituras ex Sententia Ariſtotelis*. "That *Ariſtotle* was of Opinion, that "Souls periſhed after the Death of the Body." He was ſaved by Cardinal *Peter Bembo*; and *Pomponatius* wrote an Apology for his Book, which was worſe than the Book itſelf. He likewiſe pretended to aſſign a natural Reaſon, in his Book *de Incantationibus*, for the Miracle of raiſing *Lazarus* from the Grave.

Hiſtory of *La Porta* the Phyſician.

In this he was followed by a Phyſician of *Montpelier*, one *La Porta*, who in the Year 1608. made a public Diſcourſe to prove, that there was no manner of Miracle in this Reſurrection, becauſe it was wrought on the fourth Day, whereas it could not be miraculous, unleſs the four Days had been quite elapſed. This *La Porta* was a *Jew* by Religion and Birth, and deſcended of the *Jewiſh* Phyſicians who came from *Spain* to *Avignon* and *Montpelier*, and he counterfeited being a *Chriſtian*, though in Reality he was a *Jew*.

Pomponatius was reckoned an Atheiſt.

As to *Pomponatius*, he was an Atheiſt, or at leaſt a very dangerous *Free-thinker*, becauſe he had a great deal of Wit. After being Profeſſor for a long time at *Padua*, he was invited to *Bologna* where he died, aged 63, of a Retention of Urine. His Body was ſent to *Mantua*, where it was buried.

The Time of his Death.

Moreri and his Reviſer ſay, that *Pomponatius* died in 1512, whereas this Philoſopher has taken all neceſſary Precaution to prevent Poſterity from falling into any manner of Miſtake as to the Chronology of his Life; for he took care to add to all his Works, the Year and the Day in which he gave them the finiſhing Hand. It would tire you ſhould I here relate all thoſe different Paſſages: I ſhall only give you one which is at the End of his

his Treatise *de Nutritione & Augmentatione*, to prove that he was still living, after the Year 1520. *Ad laudem Dei Patris, Filii, & Spiritus Sancti, & gloriosissimæ Matris Domini Jesu Salvatoris nostri, necnon salutiferæ crucis, in cujus vigilia ego Petrus filius Joannis-Nicolai Pomponatii Mantuani, finem imposui huic negotio die 3. Septemb. 1521. anno Pontificatus nono Divi Leonis Xmi. anno verò primo Ducatus Venetorum Antonii Grimani, in alma Gymnasio Bononiensi, in capella Sancti Barbatiani Confessoris.* 1707. *Feb.* 17 PADUA.

All those whom *Pomponetius* wrote against, have not failed however to commend him very much, excepting *Ganellus* a learned *Jacobine* who was his mortal Enemy. No body has ever convicted him of Falsity in his Writings, or been able to refute his Reasonings with Solidity. He was praised even by his Enemies.

PIERUS VALERIANUS BELLINENSIS, was a very learned Man, as his Writings sufficiently witness. He has wrote upon *Virgil*, upon the Sphere, and a Treatise *de Literatorum infœlicitate*, together with a Book, which is now very rare, *de Fulminum significatione*, printed in 1517. He refused several Benefices, preferring a private Life, and to be the Votary of the Muses: *Musis sacra facere.* He died at *Padua* in 1558, the same Year with *Fernel* and the Elder *Scaliger*. *Pierius Valerianus Bellunensis.*

MELCHIOR GUILLANDINUS, a Native of *Konigsberg* in *Prussia*, has been one of the most learned Men of his Age. The Curiosity which he had when young of seeing foreign Places, could not be confined to *Europe*, nay scarcely to the whole Globe. Happily for him, his Passion was gratified by means of a noble *Venetian*'s Liberality, who enabled him to travel over *Asia* and *Africa*. Being satisfied with the Botanical Discoveries he had made in those vast Countries, he prepared to make new ones in *America*. For this Purpose he returned out of *Egypt* to *Sicily*, with a View of embarking for *Lisbon*, from whence he was to sail for *America*. But in his Passage betwixt *Sicily* and *Lisbon*, the Ship he was in was attacked off of the Isle of *Sardinia* by ten *Turkish* Galleys. After fighting for seven full Hours, and beating the Enemies several Times off, they were obliged to yield to Numbers, and to suffer themselves to be carried to *Algiers* to serve on board their Galleys. *Melchior Guillandinus*, a great Traveller and Botanist.

Guillandin was there when *Assan* the Son of *Cheredin*, called *Barbarossa*, was Governor of *Algiers*. Having been in this State of Slavery for several Years, he was delivered from it by the Generosity of *Gabriel Fallopius*, Professor of Botany and Surgery at *Padua*, who ransomed him in 1556. He was there made Botanic Professor, and Keeper of the *Garden of Simples*, in 1561. He died *December* the 25th 1589. He had a strong Dispute with the younger *Scaliger* about the *Papyrus Ægyptiaca*. The latter wrote Remarks upon the Commentary which *Guillandin* had published on three Chapters of *Pliny*, where this Plant is mentioned; and *Guillandin* instigated *Schiopius* to write his *Scaliger Hypcholimæus*, against his Pretensions of being the Descendant of the Princes of *Verona*.

1707. Feb. 17. PADUA.

Fredericus Pendaſius, a famous Philoſopher.

FREDERICUS PENDASIUS, was of *Mantua*, a great Philoſopher and a voluminous Writer. He was Author, amongſt other Things, of a Treatiſe *De corporum cæleſtium natura*, printed at *Mantua* in 1555. *Octavo*; and another intituled *Phyſicæ auditionis texturæ libri octo*, publiſhed at *Venice* 1603, in *Folio*. *Pendaſius* was Profeſſor in the Univerſity of *Padua*, from the Year 1564, to the Year 1571, when he was invited to *Bologna*, where he ſpent the Remainder of his Days, which ended in 1601. He was Maſter to *Zabarella* and *Fortunius Licetus*. His Profeſſorſhip was vacant for 27 Years, for want of a Perſon of equal Abilities with him to fill his Chair.

Euſtachius Rudius, a Phyſician.

EUSTACHIUS RUDIUS of *Udina*, was one of the moſt famous Profeſſors of Medicine in *Padua*. His Reputation of prognoſticating was ſo great, that no body would venture to attempt the curing any Patient whom he had given over; ſo that it grew a Proverb through all *Italy*, "God keep you from "the Prognoſtic of *Rudius*. He died about the Year 1612. The firſt of his Works is his Treatiſe *de virtutibus & vitiis cordis*, printed at *Venice* in 1587. *Tomaſini* calls him *Euſtachius Rudius Bellumenſis*, but he always took the Name of *Utinenſis*, in all his Works. *Vander Linden* has given us a Catalogue of all the Works which this Phyſician publiſhed, but we ought to add ſome that are in the *Oxford* Catalogue.

Antonius Maginus, a Mathematician.

ANTONIUS MAGINUS was born at *Padua*, and a great Mathematician. He has left *Aſtronomical Tables of the movable Stars of the firſt and ſecond Orders*. *Ephemerides*, a Commentary upon *Hippocrates's Book upon critical Days, and the lawful Uſe of Aſtrology in Medicine*. Another intituled *Italy*, which his Son *Fabio* publiſhed at *Bologna* in 1602, and a great many others, ſome of which have even been tranſlated into *French*, ſuch as *Leſſons upon the Appearances and wonderful Effects of the Concave Spherical Mirror*; *tranſlated by* J. Jaques Boiſſier *of* Provence, *Profeſſor of Mathematics at* Paris, and printed there in 1620.

While *Maginus* was Profeſſor at *Padua*, he one Day got *Notes of the Nativity* of two great Princes, and he was deſired to caſt their Horoſcopes. After looking upon them, he returned them with this cold Anſwer: "That "thoſe two Perſons did not deſerve to have their Horoſcopes caſt; that "both of them had very little Underſtanding, and would create a great "deal of Miſchief in the World, that their Nativity was very unhappy, "and that he had nothing more to ſay on that Head." One of theſe Princes however became a King. The great Reputation of *Maginus* occaſioned his being called to *Bologna*, where he profeſſed the Mathematics till he died, which was occaſioned by an Apoplexy in the Year 1617, aged 61 Years. He was a very large Man.

1-0-.

CÆSAR CREMONINUS, born at *Cento* in the *Ferrarese*, upon the Confines of the Territories of *Modena*, was Professor of Philosophy at *Padua* for 40 Years. He was one of the most famous Professors that ever was in *Italy*. He lived in great Pomp, his Lodging and Furniture being as magnificent as those of a Cardinal at *Rome*. His House was a Palace, and he was served by a Steward of his Household, *Valets de Chamber* and other Officers, and maintained two Coaches, and six good Horses to each. Besides 400 Scholars which he had, he likewise drew two thousand Crowns for his Salary as Professor. *Cujas*, who was a most excellent Lawyer, never had in *France* more than 15 or 1600 Livres of Pension.

Feb. 17. PADUA. *Cæsar Cremoninus*, a Philosopher.

Cremonin had a lively and universal Genius, was a Man of Address, knew the World, and was perfectly sensible of the Truth, but durst never speak it out in *Italy*. Most of the Professors in that Country were formerly Men of Sense, and free from vulgar Prejudices, with a thorough Comprehension of the Difference betwixt Right and Wrong. *Cremonin* acted his Part very cunningly; he appeared to have a great deal of Religion, but had not a Grain of it, at least of the Religion of this Country. One of his favourite Maxims was, *Intus ut libet, foris ut mos est.* "Within as "you please, but Outwardly follow the Fashion."

He was a Free thinker.

There were a great many other Unbelievers in *Italy* besides *Cremonin*. *Machiavel* played the same Game. *Cardan*, *Castellanus*, *Pomponatius*, *Borro*, *Boccace*, *Bembo*, *Sannazarius*, *Aretin*, and all who have wrote upon the Immortality of the Soul, are of the same Number.

Several other Learned of the same Mind.

To conclude, *Cremonin* died in the Year 1631, aged 80, not of the Plague, according to *Imperialis*, and *Freherus* and *Bayle* after him, but of a Refluxion that fell down upon his Breast; for *Thomasin* assures us that he died, *Non quidem Peste, sed Distilatione senio familiari.* We have a great many Works of *Cremonin*, and amongst others, a Treatise *de calido innato*; *de Semine*; *Apologia de origine & principatu Membrorum*, which is so valuable a Work, that *Riolanus*, a famous Physician at *Paris*, said, "If *Hippocrates* and *Galen* had joined in composing a Treatise upon that Subject, they could not have succeeded better."

His Death & Works.

LAURENTIUS PIGNORIUS, was Curate of St. *Laurence* at *Padua*, an excellent Humanist, a skilful Antiquarian, and the great Friend of *Dominico Molino*, Proveditor of the *Venetian* Republic, his *Mæcenas* and Patron. *Pignorius* wrote a good deal, and as he was a Person of great Curiosity, he had a Cabinet of Rarities, which every Body, who went thro' *Padua*, went to visit. *Tomasini* caused the Encomium of this learned Man to be printed in 1632. with a Catalogue of his Works, and the Rarities in his Collection. *Pignorius* was born *October* 12. 1571. and died *June* 15. 1631. of the Plague, aged fifty nine Years and eight Months. Sometime before his Death his Patron procured him a Canonship at *Tre-*

Laurentius Pignorius.

1707. *Feb.* 17 PADUA.

viſa, and after his Death cauſed to be erected to his Memory the Monument which we ſee under the Portico of the Church of St. *Laurence* in that City, with the following Inſcription:

His Epitadh.

D. O. M.

Alteri hujus Eccleſiæ primùm Parocho, deinde Tarviſii Canonico. Pietate ac morum ſanctitate ſpectatiſſimo. Vero Candoris & Pudoris exemplo. Litterarum omnium cùm graviorum, tum politiorum peritiſſimo. Penitioris Antiquitatis non minus certo quàm curioſo Indagatori. Patriæ, Amicorum, & ſui ipſius memoriæ luculentiſſimis ſcriptionibus Propagatori. Muſarum denique & gratiarum corculo & ocello. Dominicus Molinus Sen. Ven. Amico ac Hoſpiti cariſſimſ. & Jucundiſſimo P. Obiit Anno M.DC.XXXI. *id. Junii. Vixit Ann.* LIX. *Menſ.* VIII.

Antonius Quærengus.

ANTONIUS QUÆRENGUS was a Native of *Padua*, a learned Man, and a voluminous Writer. He was Referendary of both Signatures, Domeſtic Prelate to *Urban* VIII. and Canon of *Padua*. In ſhort, he appeared and lived like a great Lord. He was born in 1546. and died at *Rome* in 1633. aged eight ſix Years. *Allatius* has celebrated him by a long Encomium in his *Apes Urbanæ*.

Gaſpar Scioppius. His Name and Family.

GASPAR SCIOPPIUS, a learned *German*, was a great Critic and a bloody Satiriſt. A *German* Author who writes his Life ſays, that his Father was *Ædituus & Veſpillo in pago quodam Palatinatus non ignoto*, i. e. Beadle and Sexton in a well known Village of the *Palatinate*. His true Name was *Schopp*, to which he added that of *Munſter*, a noble Family in that Country, to which he pretended to be long. In the Dedication of his *Theſes de Injuriis* he ſays, that his Great Grandfather lived to the Age of One hundred and ten Years, and his Great Grandmother to that of One hundred and five. The ſame Hiſtorian adds, that his Mother, who was a Soldier's Widow, married the Father of *Scioppius* the very Day after her former Huſband was buried; and that our Satiriſt's Siſter was all her Life a *Lady of Pleaſure*.

His Life and Works.

He paſt thro' his Studies at the Expence of the Elector, firſt at *Amberg*, then at *Heidelberg*, and laſtly at *Altorff*. In his Youth he publiſhed at *Ingolſtad*, *Diverſorum Poëtarum in Priapum luſus, Virgilio hactenus in vulgatis libris aſſcripti cum commentariis Gaſparis Schoppii Franci*. Theſe Commentaries are obſcene beyond any Thing ever publiſhed. The learned Lawyer *Giphanius*, who received him very familiarly at his Table and into his Study, accuſed him of ſtealing from him a Manuſcript *Symmachus*, with Notes of his own Hand-writing: He complained of this Theft both by Words and Writing, which drew a whole Torrent of Abuſe upon him from *Scioppius*. He

likewiſe wrote a vaſt Number of Satyrs againſt the Jeſuits, whom he termed openly *Iberam parricidarum cohortem*, that is, The Murderous Troop of *Portugueſe*. 1707. *Feb.* 17. PADUA.

From *Ingolſtad* he returned to *Altorf*, and went from thence into *Italy*. Having halted for ſometime at *Verona*, he there wrote an Ode in Praiſe of the *Scaligers*, particularly of *Joſeph*, which he dedicated to *Paul Merula*, and publiſhed along with his *Ars Critica*. While he was at *Rome* he pinned himſelf upon the Cardinals *Baronius* and *Madrucius*, whoſe Paraſite he was; and was ambitious enough to hope for a Biſhoprick by means of theſe two Eminencies, but without being able to obtain the ſmalleſt Benefice. By the Perſuaſion of *Guillandinus*, *Robertus Titius*, and ſome others, he wrote a Volume of Abuſe againſt *Joſeph Scaliger* whom he had before ſo much extolled. The Friends of the latter anſwered him in two Satyrs, where they treat him as a Dog. One of theſe Satyrs is entituled, *Hercules tuam fidem, ſive Munſterus Hypobolimæus*. The other, *Virgula Divina, ſive Apotheoſis Lucretii veſpillonis*. To which is added, an Apology for *Scaliger*, under the Title of *Confutatio ſtultiſſimæ Burdonum Fabulæ*. Other Particulars of his Life. Satyres wrote againſt him.

In the former are introduced the *Parcæ* or Deſtinies, foretelling the Qualities of *Scioppius* when he ſhall come to a Man's Age. *Aſtropos* ſays, that he will be a great Stoick; *Lacheſis*, that he will be a great Poet, becauſe ſays ſhe, *Nemo enim majore unquam furore fores muſarum pulſavit, ſed nigram pituitam metuo, niſi malum hoc evomat, aut elebore curetur*. In *Engliſh* thus: "Nobody ever rapped with greater Fury at the Muſes Gates, but I am "afraid of his black Refluxion, unleſs he either vomits it up, or is cured "by Helebore." At laſt, *Clotho* foretells that he will be one of the greateſt Paraſites that ever lived.

Non illum Æacides, non illum Martius Hector
Vinceret, extantes patinis educere Rhombos.
Concedent volucres, cedet genus omne ferarum
Impranſo: quoties vacua deprenſus ab alvo
Collectam rabiem, atque iram exercebit edendo,
Impatiens totas ventri debere Placentas.
Non impunè tamen ſeſe feret obvius illi
Paſtus Aper glande ilignâ, vel tergora Tauri
Fortis & indomiti, ſurgenſque in cornua Cervus.
Quantos ille virûm magna mavortis in urbe
Siccabit calices! vel quas Tiberine videbis
Menſarum ſtrages, & raptæ funera Coenæ!

Scioppius having failed in his Views at *Rome*, thought of returning to his own Country; but arriving at *Venice*, ſoon after the Attempt to aſſaſſinate the celebrated *Fra Paolo*, he was thrown into Priſon by Order of the Senate, upon a Suſpicion of his having had a Hand in that Aſſaſſination, or at leaſt of his coming thither to finiſh the Attempt, in which the former Aſſaſſines He is impriſoned at *Venice*.

1707. *Feb.* 17. PADUA. Aſſaſſines had miſcarried. He lay two Years in Priſon, and would not have eſcaped ſo eaſily had the Senate known in what manner he had treated their Republic, in the Ode which he compoſed in Praiſe of *Joſeph Scaliger*, where he expreſſes himſelf as follows:

Sceptra ille avita ut perdiderit, ſuæ
Sedemque gentis, nunc videat feros
Tenere Prædones, &c.

His laſt tranſactions and Death.

When he came home he found that his Father was dead, and the little Eſtate he left was ſequeſtrated for Reaſons that would be too tedious to inſert here. This additional Misfortune obliged him a ſecond Time to go into *Italy*, where he publiſhed a Book upon his Converſion, with ſeveral other Works againſt the Jeſuits, among which is a bloody Satyr, entituled, *De Stratagematibus Jeſuitarum.* He boaſted of his having put it into the Head of *Clement* VIII. that the *German* Heretics are not Heretics *in forma*, i. e. formally, but *in materia*, i. e. materially; and conſequently that they are to be tollerated, and not burnt. After barking againſt almoſt the whole World, he retired to *Padua*, where he lived very quietly upon a ſmall Eſtate which he had in the *Mantuan.* He died in 1649. aged about ſeventy nine Years. *Placcius* has publiſhed a Liſt of the Libels he wrote againſt the Jeſuits; that entituled, *Infamia Famiani Stradæ*, is a very virulent one, and treats poor *Strada* as a very Aſs in the *Latin* Tongue, tho' a great many People have a high Opinion of his Stile as a Hiſtorian.

Claudius Berigardus, a Philoſopher.

CLAUDIUS BERIGARDUS, whom the *French* name Monſ. *Beauregard*, was a Native of *Moulins*, the Capital of the *Bourboneſe.* He was Profeſſor of Philoſophy at *Piſa* for twelve Years, from whence he was invited in the Year 1639. to *Padua*, to ſucceed *Fortunius Licetus.* He was ſtill Profeſſor there in 1653. in the ſixty ſecond Year of his Age, but it is uncertain in what Year he died. This Monſ. *Beauregard* was very much eſteemed in *Italy*, tho' he believed in *Ariſtotle* alone, and laughed at all the Religion of that Country. The learned *Morhoff* pretends in his *Polyhiſt:* that this Profeſſor had, and often read the Book, *De Tribus Impoſtoribus* *, tho' a great many People, particularly the learned Father *Richard Simon* of the Oratory, believes there never was any ſuch Book extant.

Monſ. *Beauregard* wrote the *Circulus Piſanus.* He had a Nephew, one *Petrus Berigardus*, a very learned Man born at *Florence*, who took it in his Head to put the Aphoriſms of *Hypocrates* into *Leonine* Verſe. It ſeems he had a good deal of Time upon his Hands that he did not know how to employ.

* Viz. *Moſes*, *Jeſus*, and *Mahomet.*

A N-

1707. *Feb.* 17. PADUA. *Andreas Argolus*, a Mathematician.

ANDREAS ARGOLUS was born at *Tagliacozzo* in the hither *Abruzzi*. This Family originally was of *Provence*, and it is pretended, that he took the Sirname of *Argoli* from the City *Arles*. He was admitted Mathematical Profeſſor at *Padua* in 1632. ſoon after he was made a Knight of St. *Mark*, and in 1651. his Salary was raiſed to 1200 Crowns; beſides a great deal of Money he got by calculating Nativities. He was however very much out in that of Cardinal *Mazarine*. He told the People, who applied to him upon that Score, that according to all the Rules of Art he would infallibly die a violent Death, and that he was threatned with Aſſaſſination, Poiſon, a Scaffold, *&c.* yet he died peaceably in his Bed like other Men. *Argolus* likewiſe forfeited a great deal of his Reputation in *Italy*, by having poſitively ſet the Time of Pope *Urban*'s Death five Years before it happened. He printed ſeveral Works, amongſt others, an *Ephemerides*, which at firſt met with a good Reception; and he died about the Year 1655. One of his Sons made an early Figure amongſt the Learned, for when he was only ſeventeen Years of Age he compoſed an *Italian* Poem, entituled, *Eudimione*, which was tranſlated into *French* by Mr. *Gombaud*. A Catalogue of the Works both of Father and Son may be ſeen in *Ghilini*, and in the *Neapolitan* Library.

Fabricius ab Aquapendente, a famous Phyſician

FABRICIUS ab AQUAPENDENTE, was a Profeſſor of Medicine in high Reputation at *Padua*. When any Body went to viſit him he uſed oſtentatiouſly to ſhew them a Cupboard full of Silver-plate, which he had accepted of as Preſents, inſtead of Ready Money which he had refuſed. He engraved upon them theſe three Words by Way of Motto: *Lucri neglecti lucrum.* I cannot learn in what Year *Aquapendente* died.

Prevotius, alſo a Phyſician.

PREVOTIUS was a *Swiſs*, born in the Neighbourhood of *Baſil*, and a very learned and much followed Profeſſor of Medicine. He wrote ſeveral Books, particularly the *Definitiones Morborum*, which the Students in Phyſic vied with one another in tranſcribing. *Prevotius* for pure Love married a poor Girl, and died in his forty ſix Year, very much regretted by all who knew him. The *German* Students of Phyſic cauſed a Monument to be erected under his Arms in the Public Schools, with this Inſcription:

Joanni Prevotio Rauraco,
Philoſopho ac Medico Inſigni,
Practicæ extraordinariæ Profeſſori Primario,
Civi & Doctori Deſideratiſſimo,
Natio Germana Artiſtarum poſuit.
An. M. DC. XXXIV.

Baſſianus Landus & *Pompeius Caimus.*

BASSIANUS LANDUS and *POMPEIUS CAIMUS* were two learned Profeſſors of Medicine in *Padua*. The former died when young, and

1707. *Feb.* 17. PADUA.

and was regretted ſtill more than *Prevotius*. The other was of *Utina*, and a true *Pompey*, for he was a bitter Enemy of the *Cæſars*. He diſputed with *Cæſar Lagalla*, and won from him, thro' the Favour of Pope *Paul* V. the Philoſophy Profeſſorſhip at *Rome*. Being afterwards invited by the Senate of *Venice* to *Padua*, he ſoon became the mortal Foe of *Cæſar Cremoninus*, with whom he had a great-many Rencounters. *Caimus* was a little Man in Perſon, very lively and paſſionate. He compoſed ſeveral Works, ſuch as, *De calido innato*, which he publiſhed in 1626 in *Quarto*. *De Febrium putridarum indicationibus Libri* II. *De Nobilitate*, *&c.* He died in his native Country in 1631, where he was buried. Yet ſo great was the Reputation he had acquired at *Padua*, that the Colleges of Philoſophy and Medicine there ſet up this Inſcription at the Side of the Chair, from whence he had delivered his public Lectures ſo many Years.

> *Pompeio Caimo Utinenſi, Equiti, Philoſopho, ac Medico eximio, in hac prima ſede Theor. Med. Ord. legendi munere egregiè functo. Profeſſori benemerito, Univerſitas Artiſt. P. Anno* M. DC.XXXIII.

Naibandus, Salicetus, Rhodiginus,

VINCENTIUS NAIBANDUS was a celebrated Profeſſor of Mathematics at *Padua*, where after ſerving as Profeſſor for many Years with Reputation, he was murdered in his Bed by Robbers. The famous *Bartholimæus Salicetus* was likewiſe Profeſſor of the Civil Law there for four Years; and the learned *Cœlius Rhodiginus* of the *Belles Lettres* till he died.

CHAP.

1707. *Feb.* 18.

PADUA.

CHAP. LXXI.

Padua. *The Town-house. Several remarkable Statues and Busts. Those of* T. Livius *and of* Peter *of* Apono, *who was falsly accused of being a Magician. Tomb of* Titus Livius. *Monument of the Marchioness of* Obizzi, *that celebrated* Heroine *for Chastity, and her History. The Conspiracy of the* Paduans *against the* Venetians. *Church of St.* Anthony *very magnificent. Epitaph of an* English *Nobleman. Beautiful Chapel wherein lieth the Body of St.* Anthony. *The Chapel of St.* Felix, *and its curious Relicks. Tomb of a very learned Lady.*

THIS Morning we begun our Survey of the City with the Town-house, which they name, *Palazzo della Ragione*, built by the Emperor *Henry* IV. Its great Hall is dark, and not unlike *Westminster* Hall, in having no Pillars to support its Roof; but unlike it, in having no Shops erected all along its Sides. The anonymous Author of Travels into *Italy*, whom I have already mentioned, and *Huguetan* make this Hall two hundred and fifty six Foot long, and eight six broad. *Jouvin de Rochefort* one hundred Paces long, and forty broad. *Lassels* one hundred and eighty Paces long, and forty broad. Mr. *Misson* makes it one hundred and ten Paces long, and forty broad. For my own Part, after I had measured it with all possible Exactness, I found it to be in Length one hundred and twenty five Paces, and in Breadth forty one. The Town-house of *Padua.*

We enter into this Hall by five different Gates, four of which are opposite to one another. Over the first of the two upon the Right-hand, on the Outside, there is the Figure of *Titius Livius* in half Relief. He is represented in a Pulpit as a Professor or a Preacher, holding a Book open before him, and in the Attitude of one who is speaking. I copied the Inscription which is under this Figure, and which in my Opinion contains the greatest Encomium that can possibly be given to that Historian. The Figure of *Titus Livius.*

Titius Livius Patavinus, Historicorum Latini nominis facilè Princeps, cujus lacteam Eloquentiam ætas illa quæ virtute pariter ac eruditione florebat, adeo admirata est, ut multi Romam non ut Urbem rerum pulcherrimam aut urbis & orbis Dominum Octavianum, sed ut hunc unum inviserent audirentque à Gadibus profecti sint. Hic res omnes quas Pop. Rom. pace belloque gessit, quatuor decim decadibus mira styli felicitate complexus, sibi ac Patriæ gloriam peperit sempiternam. And Inscription.

1707. *Feb.* 18. PADUA.

In *Engliſh* thus: "*Titus Livius* of *Padua*, by far the nobleſt of the "*Latin* Hiſtorians, whoſe flowing Expreſſion that Age, an Age diſtin- "guiſhed equally by Arms and Letters! ſo much admired, that many "came to *Rome* from the Extremities of the then known World, not to "ſee that City the moſt beautiful in the World, nor *Auguſtus Cæſar* the "Maſter of that City and of the World, but to hear and ſee this Hiſtorian "only.

"He wrote in fourteen Decads all the Tranſactions of the *Roman* People "both Civil and Military, in a Stile ſo wonderfully beautiful, that he "acquired immortal Honour to himſelf and his Country."

And of *Albertus Eremitanus.*

Above the ſecond Gate, on the ſame Side there is the Figure of the famous *Albertus Eremitanus*, who is likewiſe in a Pulpit, and appears to be reading a Book, in which we ſee wrote the following Words: *Beati qui cuſtodiunt Judicium, & faciunt Juſtitiam in omni tempore.* The Inſcription under his Figure, which only ſhews that he was a great Divine and a great Preacher, is as follows:

> *Albertus Pat. Eremitanæ Religionis ſplendor, continentiſſimæ vitæ, ſumptâ Pariſiis inſulâ Magiſtrali, in Theologia tantum profecit & profuit, ut Moſen, Paulum, Evangelia ac libros ſententiarum laudatiſſimè expoſuerit; facundiſſimus ea ætate Concionator, immortali memoriæ optimo jure datur.*

The Buſto of *Petrus de Apono.*

Above the firſt Gate upon the Left-hand is the Buſto of the celebrated *Peter de Apono*, with a Book in his Hand likewiſe, and the following Inſcription:

> *Petrus Aponus Pat. Philoſophiæ Medicinæque ſcientiſſimus, ob idque Conciliatoris cognomen adeptus, Aſtrologiæ verò adeo peritus, ut in Magiæ ſuſpicionem inciderit, falsòque de Hæreſi poſtulatus, abſolutus fuerit.*

In *Engliſh*: "*Peter Aponus* of *Padua* was very learned in Philoſophy and "Medicine, for which he got the Sirname of the *Reconciler*, and ſo ſkilled "in Aſtrology as to be ſuſpected of Magick, and falſly accuſed of He- "reſy, of which he was acquitted."

He was accuſed of Magick.

It appears that *Peter d'Abano* or *d'Apono* was accuſed of Magick by the Inquiſitors when he was eighty Years of Age; and that a great many Authors aſſure us, "that he learned the ſeven liberal Arts, by means of ſeven "familiar Spirits which he kept confined in a Chryſtal Veſſel; and that "he had the Knack of making the Money that he had expended return

"into his Purſe." *Caſtellanus* goes farther than all this in his *Vitæ Illuſ. Med.* for he ſays, that "*Peter d'Apono* dying in the Year 1305. before his "Proceſs was finiſhed, did not however prevent his being condemned to the "Fire, and burnt in Effigy in the public Square of *Padua*; in order to "prevent by the Dread of the like Puniſhment the reading of three abo- "minable Books he had wrote." The firſt of thoſe Books is the *Heptameron*, which is now printed at the End of the firſt Volume of *Agrippa*'s Works; the ſecond is, that which *Trithemius* calls *Elucidarium Necromanticum Petri de Abano*; and the laſt is what the ſame Author names, *Liber Experimentorum mirabilium de annulis ſecundum viginti octo manſiones Lunæ.* 1707. *Feb.* 18. PADUA.

His Juſtification and Hiſtory.

But in order to reſcue *Peter d'Abano* from the falſe Lights thrown upon him by his Enemies, and ſhew him in his proper Colours, we are to conſider that this learned Man appeared a Prodigy in that ignorant Age when he lived; that beſides his Knowledge of the Languages, he had dipp'd into the moſt abſtruſe Sciences, as ſufficiently appears by his Writings upon Phyſiognomy, Geomancy, and Chiromancy: That he afterwards left off all thoſe Studies, and all his youthful Curioſity, to devote himſelf entirely to Philoſophy, Medicine, and Aſtrology; that he ſucceeded ſo well in the two firſt Sciences as to win the good Graces of all the Popes in his Age; and to render himſelf a great Maſter in the laſt, as appears by the Aſtronomical Figures which he cauſed to be painted upon the Cieling of the great Hall I am now deſcribing, but likewiſe by his Tranſlations of the Books of *Rabbi Abraham Ben-Ezra*, beſides thoſe wrote by himſelf upon Critical Days, and the Illuſtration of Aſtronomy.

In the next Place, the fine Panegyric pronounced publicly at *Padua* upon *Peter d'Abano*, by the celebrated Mathematician *Regiomontanus* in the Character of an Aſtrologer, while he was lecturing upon the Book of *Alfraganus*, abſolutely deſtroys the Calumnies of his Enemies. Add to this, the Character given him by *Francis Picus Mirandolus*, who ſays, "That *Peter d'Apona* was by many thought to be a Magician, yet it appears that he was "charged with believing a very oppoſite Tenet, *viz.* that there were no "Dæmons." Then the Statue erected to his Memory by *Frederic* Duke of *Urbino*, amongſt the illuſtrious Perſonages in his Gallery; and laſtly, the public Teſtimony inſcribed under his Buſto, and which I have juſt related.

Reflexions on the Imputation of Magic.

As the Hiſtory of this great Man deſerves ſome Reflexion, I can't help obſerving that in all Ages, where Ignorance and Superſtition prevail, Men of Genius, Underſtanding or Learning above the common Rate of Mankind, have been looked upon and traduced as Magicians. Weak Minds cannot bear that, in the ordinary Courſe of Things, another Perſon ſhould be ſo far their Superior, and ſo they have recourſe to extraordinary Expedients for accounting for it. Even the Miracles of *Jeſus Chriſt* and *Moſes* could not eſcape the Cenſure of being wrought by Magic, as we learn from the Scripture and many Paſſages of the Fathers. Calumny, Ignorance and

1707. *Feb.* 18. PADUA.

Prejudice, are Proof againſt even the cleareſt Reaſon, nay often bear it down; becauſe

——— *Faciunt hi plura, ſed illos*
Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges.

The Buſt of *Paulus* the Lawyer, and Inſcription.

But to return to the great Hall of the Palace *della Ragione*. Under the ſecond Gate of the Left-hand, we ſee the Buſt of the Lawyer *Julius Paulus*, who is likewiſe repreſented in a Pulpit with ſome Books. He aſſiſted the Emperor *Alexander Severus* in reforming the *Roman* Empire. His Laws were ſo much eſteemed by *Juſtinian*, that he introduced them into moſt Parts of his Inſtitutes, as appears from the following Inſcription under his Buſto.

Paulus Pativinus Juriſconſultorum clariſſimus, hujus urbis decus æternum, Alex. mammeæ temporibus floruit, ad Præturam, Præfecturam, Conſulatumque evectus, cujuſque ſapientiam tanti fecit Juſtinianus Imperator, ut nulla Civilis Juris particula hujus legibus non decoretur, qui ſplendore famæ immortalis, oculis Poſteritatis admiran. inſigni Imagine hic meritò decoratur.

A Stone called *Lapis Vituperii*, &c. and the Uſe of it.

In entering the Hall by the great Gate, we ſee on the Left-hand a large Stone, called *Lapis Vituperii & Ceſſionis*, (the Stone of Reproach and Surrender.) They who are Bankrupt are obliged to ſit three times with their bare Buttocks upon this Stone during a certain Space, and at a certain Hour, to prevent their being ſent to Priſon.

Another Buſt of *Livy* and its Inſcription.

In the other End oppoſite to the Gate, againſt the Wall, we ſee a Buſt of *Titus Livius*, with the following Inſcription underneath.

V. F.
TITUS LIVIUS.
LIVIÆ. T. F.
QUARTÆ. L.
HALYS
CONCORDIALIS.
PATAVI
SIBI ET SUIS
OMNIBUS.

The Chevalier *Urſati*, who wrote the ancient Monuments of *Padua*, aſſures us that this *Lucius Halis*, mentioned in this Inſcription, was *Livy*'s Son-in-Law, and married to *Livia. T. Filia Quarta*, (to his fourth Daughter) and the ſame that *Seneca* mentions.

On

On the two Sides of this Inſcription they have placed a Statue of *Minerva*, and another repreſenting *Eternity*, both of Braſs, with the following ſix Verſes compoſed by a *Paduan* Profeſſor. 1707. *Feb.* 18.

PADUA. Two Statues and their Inſcriptions.

Oſſa tuumque caput, Cives tibi, Maxime Livi,
Prompto animo hic omnes compoſuere tui.
Tu famam æternam Romæ, Patriæque dediſti,
Huic oriens, illi fortia facta canens:
At tibi dat Patria hæc, & ſi majora liceret,
Hoc totus ſtares aureus ipſe loco.

Titus Livius, quarto Tiberii
Cæſaris anno, vita exceſſit:
ætatis verò ſuæ LXXVI.

Several Errors of Mr. *Miſſon.*

Mr. *Miſſon* has put *Quarto Imperii* for *Quarto Tiberii*, and in the firſt Verſe *Civis* for *Cives*. As to what he ſays in his Account of the Diſcovery of this pretended Tomb of *Livy*: "That the People were uſed to rub their "Beads upon the Cheſt, as if it had been that of the Body of one juſt canonized." I muſt make bold to ſay that that is a Story of his own Invention. I am acquainted with the Bigotry of the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, and underſtand, perhaps better than he does, to what Exceſs thoſe two People carry it; but I know at the ſame time, that they go to this Exceſs only with Regard to the Relicts of thoſe who have been really canonized, and not of mere Pagans knowing them to be ſuch. Why did Mr. *Miſſon* give the People of *Padua* a greater Veneration for the Bones of *Livy*, than for thoſe of *Antenor*, who I think deſerved it better at their Hands? Why did they not rub their Beads upon his Tomb, as he was the Founder of their City, and in a Character far ſuperior to that of a Citizen? Had he not many true Facts to expoſe the Bigotry of theſe Countries, without having recourſe to imaginary ones?

The great Veneration of the *Paduans* for *Livy.*

The Buſto of *Titus Livius* and its Inſcription are indiſputably antique; only ſome People pretend to ſay, that the Inſcription has not been deſigned for *Titus Livius* the Hiſtorian, but for one of his Daughter's Freedmen. However that may be, the *Paduans* have a great Veneration for the Memory and the Bones of that great Hiſtorian, which we are told are preſerved in a Tomb under the Door of a little Chamber as you go out of this Hall. Upon the Tomb there is another Stone Buſt of the ſame *Livy* with this Inſcription:

His Tomb and Inſcription.

Oſſa
Titi Livii Patavini.
Unius omnium Mortalium judicio digni,
Cujus propè invicto calamo
Invicti P. R. res geſtæ conſcriberentur.

1707. *Feb.* 18. PADUA.

Alphonſo King of *Arragon* demands a Bone of *Livy*'s Body, which is granted.

Alphonſo King of *Arragon* and *Naples*, having in the Year 1451 demanded a Bone of *Titus Livius* by his Ambaſſador *Antony Bevatello*, a celebrated Poet of that Age, and known by the Name of *Panormita*; the *Paduans* thought proper to gratify him in his Requeſt, and in Remembrance of this Preſent they engraved upon the ſame Door the following Inſcription.

Inclyto Alphonſo Arragonum Regi, Studiorum fautori, Reipublicæ Venetæ fœderato, Antonio Panormita Poëta, Legato ſuo orante, L. Mattheo Victurio hujus Urbis Prætore præſtantiſſimo intercedente, ex Hiſtoriarum Parentis T. Livii Oſſibus quæ hoc Tumulo conduntur, Brachium Pativini Cives in munus conceſſere. Anno Chriſti M.CCCC.LI. XIV. *kal. Septemb.*

Buſt of the Learned *Speron Speroni*.

Againſt the ſame Wall, in the Hall where the firſt-mentioned Buſto of *Titus Livius* is erected, we likewiſe ſee that of the learned *Spero Speroni*. It is of fine white Marble, with the following Inſcription.

Sperono Speronio
Sapientiſſ. Eloquentiſſ. optimo & viro
& Civi. cujus virtutem meritaque Acta,
Vita Sapientiam, Eloquentiam declarant Scripta.
Publico Decreto Urbis Quatuor viri P.
Anno à Chriſto nato M.D.XCIIII.
Ab Urbe condita
M.M.D.CC.XII.

The Monument of the chaſte Marchioneſs *d'Obizzi*.

But of all the Monuments in this Hall, the nobleſt, in my Opinion, is that erected to the Memory of the Illuſtrious and Virtuous the Marchioneſs *d'Obizzi*. This Lady was ſo eminently chaſte, as to chuſe to loſe her Life by the Hands of a Ruffian who ſurprized her in Bed, rather than conſent to his Lewdneſs. In this ſhe proved herſelf more heroic than *Lucretia*, who killed herſelf after ſuffering the Embraces of *Sextus*, the Son of *Tarquin* the Proud, the laſt King of *Rome*. The Inſcription, containing an Abridgment of this Story as I have now related it, and an Encomium upon the Lady, is as follows:

And fine Inſcription.

Venerare Pudicitiæ Simulachrum & victimam, Lucretiam de Dondis ab Horologio Pyæncæ de Obizzonibus, Orciani Marchionis Uxorem. Hæc inter noctis tenebras, Maritales afferens tedas, furiales recentis Tarquini faces, caſto cruore extinxit: Sicque Romanam Lucretiam, intemerati tori gloria vincit. Tantæ ſuæ Heroinæ generoſis manibus hanc dicavit Aram Civitas Patavina Decreto. Die XXXI. *Decemb. Anni* M.DC.LXI.

The

The Aſſaſſin eſcaped the Puniſhment which he would infallibly have ſuffered, but not the Reſentment of the young Marquiſs *d'Obizzi*, the Son of this ſecond *Lucretia*; for after many Years fruitleſs Purſuit in ſearch of him, he at laſt met with him and ſhot him through the Head with a Piſtol. This Marquis is the ſame who was Governor of *Vienna*, and lately died in the Emperor's Service. 1707. *Feb.* 18. PADUA.

But to proceed; there is a certain Clock in this Place, which every Evening about Twilight ſtrikes 39 Strokes. This we are told, is in Memory of a Conſpiracy of 39 of the principal Nobility of *Padua*, to betray that City to the Emperor *Maximilian*, who long ſince in vain beſieged it with a powerful Army. To effect this, the Conſpirators contrived to exhibit at their own Expence, Chariot and Horſe-Races, with other Diverſions to amuſe the People, while ſome of their Accomplices were opening the Gates to the Emperor's Troops, who thus rendered himſelf, which he could have done perhaps by no other Means, Maſter of *Padua*. Conſpiracy of the *Paduans* againſt the *Venetians*.

The Senate of *Venice*, to ſhew their Reſentment of this Treaſon, after the City was given back by the Emperor, cauſed the following Couplet to be engraved upon *Antenor*'s Tomb, in Alluſion to what we are told by the *Greek* Hiſtorians, that *Antenor* betrayed one of the Gates of *Troy* to the *Greeks*. Inſcription on that Occaſion.

Hic jacet Antenor Patavinæ conditor Urbis,
Proditor ipſe fuit, hique ſequuntur eum.

In *Engliſh*,

The Stones you ſee Antenor's *Bones embrace,*
The faithleſs Founder of a faithleſs Race.

But this Diſtich was afterwards eraſed at the Requeſt of ſome *Paduan* Nobility, who had done eminent Services to the *Venetians*.

Near to the *Palazzo della Ragione*, lies that of the *Great Captain*,* the Out-ſide of which is pretty magnificent, being compoſed of a great Pavilion, with three Wings and a Court in the middle. The Apartments are handſome and not ill furniſhed; particularly two Salons, which are adorned with a great many fine Pictures. In this Palace too is the public Library, which we found in very indifferent Order, through the Negligence of the Keepers. Not far from the Church of the *Auguſtines*, we likewiſe ſee another Palace, named *of the Foſcari*, built upon the Ruins of the ancient Amphitheatre, which we are told, was conſiderably larger than that at *Verona*. The Court of this Palace, which is called the *Arena*, remains in an oval Form; it is here that the young People of the City run at the Ring, and take ſeveral other Diverſions. The Biſhop's Palace has nothing about it conſiderable, beſides the Portraits of all the Biſhops of *Padua* ſince St. *Proſdocimus*, who is pretended to have been the Diſciple of St. *Peter*. Several Palaces.

The

* Capitano Grande.

1700.
Feb. 19.
PADUA.

The first Church we visited to Day was that of the famous St. *Anthony* of *Lisbon*, commonly called St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, from his dying and being buried in the latter City; but by Birth he was of *Lisbon*, and a *Franciscan*, and the intimate Friend of St. *Francis d'Assize*. Notwithstanding the profound Veneration for this last named Saint, yet the *Portuguese* beats him all to nothing in this Country, so that he is distinguished by the Name of *Il Santo* (the Saint) and they say of him;

Church of St. Anthony of Padua.

Exaudit, quos non audit & ipse Deus.

"He hears those whom God Almighty himself does not hear."

Its Wealth.

This Church, which is built upon the Ruins of a Temple of *Juno*, is very spacious, and full of Wealth, in precious Stones, Gold, Silver, Paintings, Gildings, Sculptures, and all other Magnificence. The Pavement is all of Marble of several Colours. We saw a great many magnificent Tombs here, particularly that of *Erasmo di Narni*, surnamed *Gatta Melata*, a *Venetian* General, and that of *Alexander Contarini*, Procurator of St. *Mark*, and Admiral of the Republic. The latter is by the Hand of *Augustin Zotto*.

Tomb of *Gatta Melata*. and *Alexander Contarini*.

Tomb of one of the Family of *Courtney* and his History.

I likewise observed the Tomb of one of your *English* Gentlemen of the ancient House of *Courtenay*, which has some Pretensions upon the Crown of *France*, as being descended, in a direct Line, from *Peter* of *France*, Chief of the Branch of *Courtenay*, and fifth Son to *Lewis* the Fat, or VIIIth of *France*. A younger Son of that Family settled in *England*, and from him descended this very *Courtenay*, who having pretended to espouse *Mary* Queen of *England* and Sister to *Elizabeth*, drew upon himself the Jealousy and Hatred of the Great, and thus was forced to leave his native Country. He retired to *Padua*, where he died. His Body was interred in the Church of St. *Anthony* with the following Epitaph, which contains nothing but some bright Encomiums.

And Inscription.

Anglia quem genuit, fuerat atque habitura Patronum
Cortoneum, celsa hæc continet arca Ducem.
Credita causa necis Regni affectata cupido,
Regiæ optatum tunc quoque connubium,
Cui Regni Proceres non consensere, Philippo
Reginam Regi jungere posse rati.
Europam unde fuit Juveni peragrare necesse,
Ex quo mors misero contigit ante diem.
Anglia si plorat, defuncto Principe tanto,
Nil mirum, Domino deficit illa pio.
Sed jam Cortoneus Cælo fruiturque Beatis,
Cùm doleant Angli, cùm sinè fine gemant.

Dum

1707. *Feb.* 18. PADUA.

Cortonei probitas igitur, Præſtantia, nomen,
Dum ſtabit hoc Templum, vivida ſemper erunt,
Angliaque hinc etiam ſtabit, ſtabuntque Britanni,
Conjugii optati fama perennis erit.
Improba Naturæ leges Libitina recidens
Ex æquo Juvenes præcipitatque Senes.

The Family of *Courtenay* ſtill ſubſiſts in *England*, and is pretty numerous.

The Quire of the Church is embelliſhed with Works in white and red Marble; the Benches are very fine, and adorned over head with Bas-reliefs, in 18 Braſs Pannels by *Sanſovin* and very much eſteemed, repreſenting ſeveral Paſſages of the Life of Chriſt. They likewiſe ſhewed us under the Vault of the Quire a Stone, which they told us ſerved for a Pillow to the bleſſed St. *Anthony*. But the richeſt Object in this Church, is the Chapel which contains the Body of the Saint. The Quire of the Church.

This Chapel is cruſted all over with White Marble, wrought into very fine Bas-reliefs repreſenting the chief Miracles of this Saint, ſome of them by *Tullius Lombardus*, others by *Sanſovin* and *Ricci*: But of all his Miracles the greateſt, in my Opinion is, his being at one and the ſame time in two different Places; for out of a Motive of Charity, he tranſported himſelf to *Liſbon*, in order to raiſe from the Dead a poor Man, whom the Judges had falſely condemned to be beheaded for killing his Child; and at the ſame Inſtant he was obliged to be at *Padua*, to prove his Sanctity by a Miracle which he wrought in Preſence of the Magiſtrates there, by cutting a large Block of Marble with a Piece of Glaſs. This laſt Miracle has ſomewhat in it reſembling the Story of the Augur *Attius Navius*, who cut a Whetſtone with a Raſor in Preſence of *Tarquinius Priſcus* King of *Rome*. Not a Day paſſes, but we hear of ſome new Miracle performed by this Saint, ſo that he is in greater Requeſt in *Italy*, *Spain* and *Portugal*, than fifty other of the moſt famous Saintſhips. The Chapel. Legend of St. *Anthony* of *Padua*.

The Altar of this Chapel is very high, and adorned with a great Number of rich Votive Preſents, in Gold, Silver and Painting. The Baluſtrade which encloſes it and the Steps mounting to it are of Braſs. The Body of the Saint lies under the Altar in a little Vault, and emits a very odoriferous Perfume, as we were aſſured by our Conductors: But as I had ſtill a great Cold, which I got in croſſing the *Alpes*, I could not enjoy this Perfume, tho' I thruſt my Noſe, as well as others did, into the Cleft through which it exhales. I was alſo told, that this Perfume is much ſtronger in the Morning than in the Evening, from whence, ſay they, the *Heretics* infer, that the Inſide of the Cleft is rubbed with Perfumes every Morning, before any Body approaches it. Six and thirty large Silver Lamps are kept burning Night and Day round the Altar, amongſt which is the *Compoſition* Lamp we have mentioned of the *Qui-va-li* Gentlemen, which mollified the good St. *Anthony* ſo much, as that he took off the Excommunication which theſe Wretches had incurred by their Sacrilege. The fine Altar of St. *Anthony*. His Body ſaid to be Odoriferous.

1707. *Feb.* 18. Brass Candlestick of *Andreas Ricci* is likewise here, and so incomparable a Piece of Workmanship, that we are assured it cost 800 Ducats.

PADUA. Portrait of St. *Anthony.* They likewise shew here a Portrait, which they believe firmly to be as like the Saint, as one Egg is like another, and are therefore so fond of it, that they would not exchange it for a Dozen of the best Pieces of *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo*. In short, this Chapel is one of the richest to be seen any where; but they built some time ago another much larger and finer, as to magnificent Marble Statues. This last one is designed to be the Repository of the Jaw-bones, the Tongue, the Fingers and all the other petty Relicks of the Saint. On the Day of his Festival they are carried in Procession in a very rich Coffer through the City, with great Devotion and Solemnity.

Chapel of St. *Felix.* The Chapel of the Pope and Martyr St. *Felix*, is likewise remarkable for a great many fine Paintings in *Fresco*, by the Hand of *Giotto*, who is reckoned one of the best *Italian* Painters in that Way; but the Sacristy contains a much richer Treasure than all this, consisting of a great many Vases, Candlesticks, Crosses, Censers, Chalices, Statues and Busto's, some of Gold and others of Silver, together with a vast Number of Altar Ornaments, enriched with Gold and precious Stones. They likewise shew us there, a Ship compleatly rigged, and a City, all of Silver. I don't mention a great Number of Relicks shown here, amongst which are one of the Ears of St. *Fortunatus*; the Hair and some of the Milk of the Blessed *Virgin*; three of the Thorns of our Saviour's Crown; and (under Favour of the Gentlemen of *Cologne*, who pretend to have them all) three Heads of St. *Ursula*'s Companions. But to give you a Catalogue of all the Relicks in this Sacristy, which passes for one of the richest in *Italy*, would be endless.

Tomb of *Helena Cornaro*, a learned Lady. I must not forget to inform you, that there is in this Church the honorary Tomb of a Lady who does Honour to her Sex: She was a Daughter of the *Cornaro* Family, the Descendants of the *Scipios*; her Father was Procurator of St. *Mark*, and her Name *Helena Cornelia*, or *Cornaro*. This Lady was very learned, and took her Degree of Doctor in Philosophy at *Padua*. Her Statue, which is of white Marble, is in a half recumbent Posture, with a Pen in her Hand, and encompassed with several other Statues of the same Marble. Though this Lady's Father was descended from the Conqueror of *Carthage*, related to the Queen of *Cyprus*, and Procurator of St. *Mark*, yet he was obliged to purchase the Nobility of his Son and his Daughters, because he had them by a *Gondolier*'s Daughter; and though he married her afterwards, yet the Laws of *Venice* declare Children of such Parents *Ignoble*, and a large Sum must be paid to get their Admission into the Body of the *Venetian* Nobility.

Tomb of the Earl of *Arundel.* There are likewise a vast Number of Epitaphs in the Cloisters, amongst others this Inscription upon a black Marble. *Interiora Thomæ Hoüardi Comitis Arondeliæ*, denoting that the Bowels of the famous Lord *Arundel*, who made a Present of the fine antique Marbles to the University of *Oxford*, and who died at *Padua*, are there buried.

CHAP. LXXII.

1707. *Feb.* 19.

Padua. *A fine Equeſtrian Statue, and its Inſcription. The beautiful Church of St.* Juſtina. *A Buſto and two remarkable Stones. The Bodies of St.* Luke, *and other Saints. The magnificent Abbacy of the* Benedictins. *The Cathedral. Tombs of the Empreſs* Bertha, *and of ſeveral Learned Men. That of* Charles Patin. Sarcophagus, *or Tomb of the Counts of St.* Sophia. Dominican *and* Eremitan *Churches. That of St.* Thomas *of* Canterbury, *and Epitaph of an Engliſh Lady. A Cabinet of Curioſities. Antique Urns. A moſt remarkable Example of Chaſtity in the Life of* Blanche de Roſſi, *an* Italian *Lady. Parallel between her and the ancient* Lucretia. *Origin, Hiſtory, and Deſcription of* Padua. *Other great Men this City has produced.* PADUA.

IN coming out of this Church, we ſaw in the Square which faces it, a fine Equeſtrian Statue of *Gatta Melata* General of the *Venetians*. He got this Epithet of the *Wheazel*, from his great Vigilance and Application to the particular Duties of his Station. *Jouvin de Rochefort* is ſo unpardonably inaccurate as to call this Statue, *The Figure of a Duke in Braſs mounted on Horſeback*, without any farther Explanation. This Statue is of gilt Braſs, and of the Hand of *Donatello*. Upon the Marble Pedeſtal which ſupports it, are the following Verſes. Equeſtrian Statue of *Gatta Melata*.

Dux bello inſignis, Dux & victricibus armis
Inclytus, atque animis Gatta-Melata fui.
*Narnia me genuit, mediâ de gente, * meoque*
Imperio Venetûm Sceptra ſuperba tuli.
Munere me digno, & Statua decoravit Equeſtri
Ordo Senatorum, noſtraque pura fides.

And its Inſcription.

From this we went to ſee the Church of St. *Juſtina*, which is reckoned one of the moſt magnificent in all *Italy*, and was built by *Paladio*. It is very ſpacious, and ſupported by four Rows of large Pillars. Its Portico inwardly ſtands upon ſeveral high Columns, and the Pavement of the Church is of red, white and black Marble. One can ſcarcely find a Church with ſo many Altars, all of them of fine Marble, and all different from one another. Above its magnificent high Altar there is a Picture by *Paul Veroneſe*, repreſenting the Martyrdom of St. *Juſtina*, whoſe Body, we are told, is buried under that Altar. The Benches of this Quire are ornamented with Bas-reliefs nobly deſigned, repreſenting ſeveral Hiſtories of the Old Teſta- Fine Church of St. *Juſtina*.

* This *mediâ de Gente* is not eaſily underſtood, conſidering that he was a Baker's Son.

1707. *Feb.* 19. PADUA.

Teſtament. We are aſſured that this fine Work is by the Hand of a *French* Man named *Richard*, and that it employed him for two and twenty Years; from whence it would appear, that this excellent Artiſt was none of the moſt expeditious or induſtrious.

Buſto of *Opilio Piſcaurus*, and its Inſcription.

At the Entry of this Quire, there is a Buſto on the Left-hand with the following Epitaph, in Memory of a *Roman* Patrician who had founded and helped greatly to endow this Monaſtry.

Memoriæ
CI. *Viri Opilionis Picauri Nobilis Patavini*
Patris Patriæ Patriciique Romani,
Qui, cùm, Imper. Hadriano circa annum Chriſti 138.
Divino afflatu vetus quod erat Concordiæ Templum,
D. Juſtinæ Martyri conſecraſſet, amplis hoc à fundamentis
addito; ac plurimis opibus ditato Monaſterio, ſeipſum
in Anguſtiſſima cella Divæ Mariæ Virgini dicavit,
ac propè B. Proſdocimum voluit Sepeliri.
Monachi congregat. Caſſ. memores poſuere.
M.D.LXI.

Mr. *Miſſon* aſſures us, " That there is only one Inſcription in this " Church, denoting that it was built at the Expence of the Convent," though he ought to have obſerved this Inſcription, which is obvious enough.

Two remarkable Stones.

They ſhow us in the Wall of the Chapel two Stones, which they value very much: The one of them is ſtained with ſome Drops of Blood, which they pretend to have been that of a great many Martyrs beheaded on this Stone, as we find from the following Inſcription on it:

Quàm Lapis hic pretioſus! ubi tot colla Piorum
Martyrii titulo depoſuere caput.

The other of thoſe Stones is, that on which St. *Proſdocimus*, the Diſciple of St. *Peter* and the firſt Biſhop of *Padua*, uſed every Day to ſay Maſs, as we learn from its Inſcription, which is as follows:

Hac ſuper inſigni petra Proſdocimus olim
Obtulit ò quoties munera ſacra Deo!

Don't you think this a rare Proof of the Antiquity of *Maſs-ſaying*, eſpecially as they tell us, that this Stone was put to the ſame Uſe by St. *Peter*.

Subterraneous Place.

Our Guides likewiſe conducted us to a ſubterraneous Place, which formerly reached as far as St. *Sophia*. There they ſhewed us a pretty deep Well, which, as they told us, was filled with a vaſt Number of Bones of

Male and Female Martyrs. Your devout Souls throw Pieces of Silver into this Well, but I ſuppoſe Care is taken that they don't moulder along with the Bones. 1707. *Feb.* 19. PADUA.

But the Relick which they make the greateſt Noiſe about in this Church, is the Body of St. *Luke* the Evangeliſt, whoſe Tomb is there ſhewn. The *Venetians*, who boaſt of having the true Body, ſay, that this is an Impoſture; and the Affair once grew ſo ſerious, that it was brought before Pope *Pius* the II. who referred the Cogniſance of it to Cardinal *Beſſarion*. The latter ordered a Committee of Phyſicians and Anatomiſts to examine both Bodies, and they reported that that at *Venice* was the Body of a young Man, and that at *Padua* of an Old one. Though this Circumſtance ſeemed to give it in Favour of the Latter, yet *Beſſarion*, who was very partial in Favour of *Venice*, decided it for the *Venetians*. However, the *Paduans* are ſtill very poſitive that theirs is the true St. *Luke*, ſo that here is a kind of Schiſm occaſioned by the true *Luke* and the *Anti-Luke*, in the ſame Manner as was formerly occaſioned by *Anti-Popes*. Were one to examine nicely into all this Trumpery of Relicks, we would find a great many *Anti*'s, I mean *Counterband Relicks* among them. Two Bodies of St. *Luke*.

We might ſtill have ſeen the Bodies of a vaſt Number of other Saints, particularly thoſe of three little Innocents murdered by *Herod*, and the Body of St. *Uriah* murdered by King *David*, after he had debauched his Wife. But as it would have taken up a great deal of Time to ſee theſe fine Relicks, we left the Church, which is extremely well lighted by means of eight or nine pretty high Domes, and entered into the Convent, which is a *Benedictine* Abbey with a very large Revenue. Other Bodies and Relicks of Saints.

The Magnificence of this Building, which is of large ſquare Stones, is anſwerable to the Beauty of the Church. It may be called a vaſt one, having ſix Cloiſters, ſeveral Courts, and I don't know how many Gardens. The Poet *Albertinus Muſſatus* is buried in one of the Cloyſters, which are almoſt all of them ornamented with Paintings. Convent of the Church.

The Refectory is very fine and extremely neat; I obſerved there an excellent Picture of *Jeſus* at *Emaus*, by *Titian*. They likewiſe put a great Value upon a Statue of the *Virgin Mary*, which was at *Conſtantinople* when the *Turks* made themſelves Maſters of that City, and was in ſuch Terror from thoſe *Barbarians*, that ſhe flew directly to *Padua*, according to her Legend. Its Refectory.

What they here call the Library, is a very magnificent Building, but very ill furniſhed with Books, (the Cellars are much better furniſhed with Hogſheads of Wine,) their moſt ancient Manuſcripts not being above four or five hundred years Old. The Regular Canons of St. *John de Viridario*, have a great many more curious Manuſcripts, both *Greek* and *Latin*; but to counter-ballance that, the *Benedictins* of St. *Juſtina* can boaſt of having diſcovered in their Gardens, the ſuppoſed Coffin of *Titus Livius*, and that this Convent is built upon the Ruins of an old Temple of *Concord*, ſome ſay of *Jupiter*. Library.

The

1707. *Feb.* 19. PADUA.

The Square called *Prato della Valle.*

The Square which is near it, and is the largeſt in *Padua*, was anciently called *the Field of Mars*; at preſent it goes by the plain Name of *Prato della valle.* There is a ſmall Spot in this Square diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Campo Santo*, or the *Holy Field*, becauſe, ſay they, a great many Chriſtians formerly ſuffered Martyrdom there for their Religion. This *Prato della valle* ſerves as a Walking-place for their Perſons of Diſtinction.

Cathedral of *Padua.*

The Cathedral is a very old Church, ſince it is pretended to be built by St. *Proſdocimus* the firſt Biſhop of *Padua*, though ſeveral Hiſtorians affirm, that it was built by the Emperor *Henry* IV. We are told, that it has an hundred thouſand Crowns of Revenue for maintaining twenty ſeven Canons, who muſt all be of noble Extraction, ſome Chaplains, and other Officers.

Many Pictures and Tomb of the Empreſs *Bertha* Wife to *Henry* IV.

Beſides a great many excellent Pictures of *Titian*, old *Palma*, *Giorgione*, *Baſſan*, and other excellent Hands, which are in this Church and its Sacriſty, we ſee upon the Right-hand in entring it, an ancient Tomb of red Marble with a Stone over it ſet in the Wall, repreſenting in Bas-relief the Emperor *Henry* IV. and his Empreſs *Bertha*, in two little Niches, with the following four Verſes betwixt them in very old *Gothic* Characters, without Points, Coma's or Dipthongs, importing that the ſaid Princeſs was a great Benefactrix to the Church.

Preſulis & Cleri preſenti predia fano
Donavit Regina jacens hoc marmore Bertha
Henrici Regis Patavi celeberrima Quarti
Conjunx tam grandi dono veneranda per evum

Groſs Miſtakes of ſome Travellers concerning it.

Jouvin de Rochefort makes this fine Remark upon this Tomb. "It is that "of *Henry* IV. King of *Padua*, and Queen *Bertha* his Wife, as appears "from the Epitaph in four Verſes." Indeed this City is highly obliged to him for having erected it into a Kingdom, who has even had four *Henrys* among her Kings. Beſides, this Inſcription mentions only *Bertha*, and not *Henry*, as being enterred in this Tomb. Likewiſe, the Author of an anonymous Journal, *&c.* ſays, that it is the Tomb of the Emperor *Henry* IV. But if both theſe Writers had conſulted Hiſtory, they would have known that this unfortunate Prince, having been ſtriped of his Dignity and Dominions by his own Son, died at *Liege*, and even in Priſon, as ſome Authors aſſert.

Other Tombs.

There are a great many other Tombs in this Church, eſpecially in the Quire, where ſeveral Biſhops of *Padua* are buried; but I ſhall only mention the moſt remarkable.

That of *Cajetan Vicenza.*

The firſt is that of the learned *Cajetan* of *Vicenza*, on which is his Buſto, and a Library in Bas-relief, with the following ſhort and plain, but comprehenſive Inſcription.

Cajetano

1707. *Feb.* 19. PADUA.

Cajetano clara ex Thienoea Familia, Canonico Patavino, viro integerrimo proboque, Theologorum Principi, Philoſopho eximio, cujus Doctrinâ cuncta Orbis Gymnaſia illuſtrantur, locus hic datus eſt.

In *Engliſh* thus: "This Spot is allotted to *Cajetan* of the illuſtrious Family of *Thieno*, a Canon of *Padua*, a Man of a blameleſs Life and Morals, a leading Divine, an eminent Philoſopher, and one whoſe Learning has enlightened all the Colleges in the World.

The ſecond Tomb is that of *Bovetinus*, who was a famous Lawyer, as we learn from the following Inſcription upon it in *Gothic* Characters. Of *Bovetinus* a famous Lawyer.

Mantua quem genuit Patavis Bovetinus & orbi?
A Bove nomen habens, patiens ſine fraude doliſve,
Quàm ſibi, plus aliis vigilans, Pietatis alumnus
Largus erat ſtudio, largus clero, ſibi parcus;
Canonicum luſtris docuit Jus ter tribus, annos
Deme duos: Obiit Auguſto jam mille trecentis
Elapſis. Jacet hic; coluit te, ſume colentis
Virgo Patrocinium, precibuſque aſſiſte colenti.

The third, which is in the Chapel of St. *George*, is that of the famous *Speron Speroni* where we ſee his Buſto in White Marble, with the following Words. Of *Speron Speroni.*

Sperone Speroni
Nacque
nel M.D. *di* XII. *d'Aprile*
Mori
nel M.D.LXXXVIII. *di* 11. *di Giugno.*
vivendo ſi fecè l'infraſcritto
Epitaphio

The Epitaph is likewiſe in *Italian* and very long, containing an Abridgment of his Life and his Praiſes. Upon a Stone Step, which ſerves as a Pediment to the Tomb, we read the following Words.

Al grande Sperone Speroni
Suo Padre, Giulia Sperona de Conti
M.D.LXXXVIII.

The

1707. Feb. 19. PADUA.

The fourth is that of *Charles Patin* the great Antiquarian, and the beloved Son of honeſt *Guy Patin*; his Epitaph, which is in Letters of Gold upon a black Marble with a Border of white Marble, is as follows.

And of *Charles Patin* and his fine Epitaph.

D. O. M.
Carolo Patino Paris. Eq. D. M.
Priſc. Numiſmatum ſtudiis Clariſſimo,
Famam celeberrimi Patris æmulato,
E Patrio in Patavinum Lyceum excepto.
Poſt totam Europam luſtratam
Præmiis & majorum Principum gratiâ auctо,
Cum Calommiâ fæliciter luctato,
Ac pro fundamento virtutis
Fortunæ ruinis uſo,
Ob veterem Eruditionem erutam
Poſterorum cultum promerito,
Magdalena Hommetz Paris. Uxor,
Gabrielis-Carola Sancta Paulina, & Carola Cath. Filiæ,
Extremo Amoris argumento
Annuente Capitulo
Parentant.
Obiit A. D. M.D.C.XCIII.
VI. ID. Oct.
Æt. ſuæ A. LIX. *Mens.* VIII. *Dies* X.

As this Epitaph is a very curious and a very fine one, we ſhall give the Subſtance of it in *Engliſh*.

" The Wife and Daughters of *Charles Patin* Knight, D. M. " eminent for his Learning in ancient Coins, the Rival of his cele- " brated Father's Fame, received from his own Univerſity into that of " *Padua*; one, who after travelling all over *Europe*, and being favoured " with the Preſents and Eſteem of the greateſt Princes, got the better of " Calumny, and made the Ruins of his Fortunes ſerve as the Foundations " of his Virtues; one who claims Reverence from Poſterity, by his great " Diſcoveries in Antiquity, have erected this Monument as the laſt Mark " of their Affection, with Conſent of the Chapter, to his Memory. He " died in *October* 1693, aged 59 Years, 8 Months, and 10 Days."

His principal Writings.

You know that this learned Antiquary, was Author of a great many Works, which have made him famous with the Curious. Among others, of a Treatiſe in *French* concerning *Peats* or *Combuſtible Turfs*, an *Account of* Germany; an *Introduction to the Knowledge of Medals*; a *Theſaurus Numiſmatum*; of the *Numiſmata ex ære medio*; of a *Suetonius* with Medals; of a Treatiſe *de nummo Platonis*; of an *Urſinus de Familiis Romanis*; the Orations of *Avicenno*; *Optima Secta Medicorum*, and ſeveral others.

In

In coming out of this Church, I obſerved above an Arcade a large Stone-Coffin or *Sarcophagus*, erected to the Memory of the Counts *Sancta Sophia* by one of their Family, who was principal Phyſician to the Dukes of *Fharneſe*. This Family boaſts of having furniſhed the Univerſity of *Padua* with twenty Profeſſors of Medicine. The Inſcription upon the *Sarcophagus* is as follows:

1707. *Feb.* 19. PADUA. Tomb of the Family of the Counts *de Sancta Sophia.*

Artis Apollineæ quondam decora alta, vetuſtæ
Gentis, & Euganei gloria rara ſoli,
Salvete indigetes Animæ, jamque addita Cœlo
Sidera, & occiduas non ſubitura plagas:
Hoc pia Poſteritas vobis dat pignus amoris,
Æternùmque jubet nomina veſtra legi.
Piis Avorum manibus
Comes Hyeronim..s de Sancta Sophia
Olim in Patrio Lyceo Primus Medicinæ Prof.
Nunc in Parmenſi Eminens,
Et Ser. Farneſiorum Ducum Archiater P.
M.DC.LXXXII.

This Morning we finiſhed our Viſits to the principal Churches of *Padua*: In that of the *Dominicians*, which is built on a Spot where a Temple of *Mars* anciently ſtood, are the Tombs of the *Carrara* Family, who made themſelves Maſters of this City, after the Death of the famous *Ezzelin*, the Lord or Tyrant of *Verona*, *Vicenza*, and *Padua*, which happened in the Year 1259. *Francis Carrara*, the laſt of this Family, was remarkable for his Lewdneſs and Cruelties, and ſtrangled with his four Children and his Brother by a Sentence of the Senate of *Venice* in the Year 1405.

Feb. 20. *Dominican* Church, and Tomb of the *Carrara* Family.

This Monſter had contrived little Croſs-Bows, with ſmall Steel-Arrows, with which he took Pleaſure to kill thoſe to whom he had any ill Will, without any Body being able to perceive from whence the Shot came. He likewiſe invented Trunks, covered with Cloth, with little Guns within them, diſpoſed in ſuch a Manner that, by Means of certain Springs, they killed the Perſon who opened the Trunk, as happened to the Counteſs *Sacrati*, a Lady of Quality, to whom this Tyrant had ſent one of them as a Preſent. This *Barbarian*, beſides theſe diabolical Inventions, trained up large fierce Maſtiffs, who were taught to tear in Pieces any Perſon he pointed at with his Finger.

Character of the laſt of that Family.

In this Convent is alſo to be ſeen the Room of *Albert* the Great, with a long Inſcription, which has nothing in it that is extraordinary.

The Church of the *Eremitans*, of the Order of St. *Auguſtine*, has nothing about it remarkable, excepting the Inſide of the Roof, which reſembles the Hulk of a Galley turned upſide down; and the Tombs of *Marcus Benavidius* and *Paulus Venetus*, and a *John* the Baptiſt by *Guido Rhoni*.

Church of the *Eremitans*, and nonary Tomb of *Quercu-*

1707. *Feb.* 20. PADUA. *Rheni.* Though the learned *Antonius Quærengus* of *Padua* died, and was buried at *Rome*; yet one of his Nephews cauſed a honorary Tomb to be erected to his Memory in this Church, with the following Inſcription:

Antonio Quærengo.

Utriuſque Pontificiæ Signaturæ Referendario. Pauli V. *Greg.* XV. *Urbani* VIII. *Praelato Domeſtico. Sacri Collegii à Secretis poſt Cardin. Antonianum. & Canonico Patavio. cujus merita eloquentis ac eruditæ Sapientiæ, Probitatis, Judicii, Roma prædicat, ſcripta teſtantur. Nominis Antonii digniſſimo ab Antonio Avunculo magno, Maximil.* I. *Imp. à Conciliis, & Tridenti Prætore. Flavius Quærengus Poiaghi Comes, Pauli, Gregorii, Urbani, intimus Cubicularius, & Canonicus Patavinus, Fratris F. Patruo de ſe optimè merito P. C. vixit ann.* LXXXVI. *Obiit Romæ Ann. Salutis* M. DC. XXXIII.

Story of *Luther's* Preaching and Pulpit

They tell us here a Story of a little Pulpit, which we ſee in one of the Corners of this Church againſt the Wall in the Outſide. They ſay that *Luther*, while he was ſtudying at *Padua*, ſometimes preached privately to his Comrades; and that this taking air, he was entreated by ſeveral Religious Communities to preach in their Churches. That having granted this Favour for ſome Days to the honeſt *Eremitan* Fathers, they found the Church too ſmall to contain the Crowds that came to hear him. *Luther* therefore was obliged to preach in the open Street, and from this Pulpit, which he cauſed to be made on purpoſe, and which, as a Memorial of the Fact, is left ſtill on the ſame Spot.

Tomb of a Lady of the *Talbot* Family.

In the Church of St. *Thomas* of *Canterbury* there is the Tomb of an *Engliſh* Lady of the ancient and illuſtrious Family of *Talbot*. She was Daughter to the Earl of *Shrewſbury*, and Wife to *Thomas Whitenhal*, Eſq; Conjugal Affection made her undertake Voyages too ſevere for her Sex and Conſtitution; for ſhe paſſed the Seas, viſited the *Low Countries*, *France* and *Italy*, in Company with her Spouſe, but died at *Padua*, as ſhe was preparing to return to *England*, as we learn from the following Epitaph, on a large White Marble erected by her Huſband.

Dilectæ & æternæ Memoriæ
Conjugis extra parem merentis
Catharinæ Whitenhal,
Ex alto Talbotorum Sanguine
Anglis venerando, Gallis tremendo, oriundæ,
Joannis Comitis Salopiæ, Waterford, &c. filiæ.
Quæ indignata arctiori ſe Britannico Mari
Ab orbe penè toto ſecludi,
Quum, ingentibus animis, majore pietate,

* On Account of the famous *Talbot*, General of *Henry* VI. in *France*, who rendered his Name formidable to the *French*, and as a Reward for his brave Actions was created Earl of *Shrewsbury*. Both he and his eldeſt Son were killed at the Siege of *Chatillon*. My Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury*, whom we ſaw at *Augsburg*, is alſo of that Family.

Martii

1707. *Feb.* 20. PADUA.

Mariti amore longè maximo,
Belgio, Galliâ, Italiâque peragratis,
Sæculari Anno Romam eſſet profecta,
Non contenta viſis ibidem Cæli clavibus,
Ipſum uſque Cælum
Et Portam Sanctiorem arſit intrare,
Angelicam in Patriam, non Angliam reditura
Nec jam Alpes ſuperatura, ſed Olympum.
Amans moerenſque Conjux
Thomas Whitenhal, P.
Obiit Patavii pridie nonas Jul. M. DC. L.
Ætatis ſuæ flore, virtutum meſſe.

Franciſcan Church & Tombs of learned Men.

In the Church of the *Franciſcans* we ſee the Tombs of the learned *Hieronimus Cagnolus*, *Chriſtophorus Longolius*, *Leonicus Thomeus*, and *Franciſcus Curtius*, the firſt and the laſt of whom were great Lawyers; the ſecond was honoured by Cardinal *Bembo*, with the following Epitaph:

Epitaph of *Longolius.*

Te juvenem rapuere Deæ fatalia nentes
Stamina, cùm ſcirent moriturum tempore nullo,
Longoli, *tibi ſi canos ſeniumque dediſſent.*

Cabinet of Curioſities of *Carlo Torto.*

In the Afternoon we viſited ſome Cabinets of Curioſities. That of Signor *Carlo Torto*, who is a mighty well-bred, polite, and learned Gentleman, is filled with all Kind of Rarities. Beſides a handſome Library, he has a good Number of Pictures by the beſt Hands, and puts a great Value upon a Portrait of *Charles* V. by *Titian*; but a greater upon a compleat Suit of that Prince's Armour, which is of poliſhed Braſs, indented with upwards of two thouſand ſmall double Eagles of Gold. He likewiſe ſhewed us the Portrait of *Silveſter Valier*, the laſt Doge, and that of his Wife upon the ſame Piece, with the following Words in a Label: *Cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria*, that is, His Horn ſhall be exalted in Glory. This Lady, who is ſtill alive, made a Preſent of this Piece to Mr. *Carlo Torto*, as a Mark of her particular Regard for him. She likewiſe gave him a Preſent of the *Corno*, or the Doge's Cap, which her Spouſe uſed to wear at home, together with her own; the former is Cloth of Gold, with a Silver Ground, lined with Crimſon Taffety. The other is Crimſon Damaſk, with Gold Flowers, but not above half as large as the Doges. I ſhall not tire you with an Account of all the Minerals, Foſſils, Shells, and Antiquities in this Cabinet, where we ſee in particular a moſt beautiful and compleat Suite of Golden Medals of the Emperors and Empreſſes.

A curious antique Urn, and its Contents.

I cannot however forbear mentioning one of his greateſt Curioſities, which is an *Urna fictilis*, or an Earthen Urn, found near to *Eſte* in the Year 1533. This Urn contains a leſſer one, in which was found a burning Lamp betwixt two ſmall Vials, the one of Gold, the other of Silver,

1707. Feb. 20. P. PUA. both of them full of a very clear Liquor. Upon the largeſt of theſe two Urns are the following *Latin* Verſes, in pretty legible Characters, without Diphthongs.

Plutoni ſacrum munus ne attingite fures,
Ignotum eſt vobis hoc quod in Urna latet.
Namque Elementa gravi clauſit digeſta labore
Vaſa ſub hoc modico Maximus Olibius.
Adſit fecundo cuſtos ſibi copia cornu,
Ne pretium tanti depereat Laticis.

In *Engliſh* thus: "You Thieves touch not the Gift that is conſecrated "to *Pluto*. The hidden Contents of this Urn is unknown to you; for "*Maximus Olibius* ſhut up in this ſmall Veſſel Elements which he had "prepared with great Toil. May Plenty attend him with her fruitful "Horn, that the Price of ſo valuable a Veſſel may not be loſt."

The Inſcription upon the leſſer one is in the ſame Characters:

Abitè hinc peſſimi fueres
Vos, quid voltis veſtris cum oculis emiſititis?
Abite hinc veſtro cum Mercurio petaſato caduceatoque
Maximus maximo donum Plutoni hoc ſacrum fecit.

"In *Engliſh*: "Be gone ye accurſed Thieves, what do you want here "with your prying Looks? Be gone from hence, together with your "*Mercury*, with his Cap and Wand. *Maximus* has conſecrated this Gift "to the great *Pluto*."

Conjectures upon them.

A great many learned Men who were then at *Padua*, entered upon endleſs Diſquiſitions with Regard to this Antiquity. They who thought themſelves happieſt in their Reſearches were of Opinion, that this *Maximus Olibius* was an Inhabitant of *Padua*, a great Philoſopher and Chymiſt; and that by the Help of his Labour and Study he had found out the Secret of tranſmuting Metals, and that this Secret was probably the Liquor encloſed in the two Vials, the one of Gold, the other of Silver; to make it underſtood that the one tranſmuted Metals into Gold, and the other into Silver.

They ſupported this Conjecture by the Line, *Namque Elementa Gravi clauſit digeſta Labore*; for, ſay they, all who have wrote of the Tranſmulation of Metals have aſſured us, that above all Things "Metals muſt be "purified, firſt the compounded Parts ſeparated from one another, and then "re-united." That the burning Lamp denotes, that this Purification can ſucceed only by Fire. They farther ſay, that the Line, *Ignotum eſt vobis hoc quod in Urna latet*, and the Words, *Abite hinc veſtro cum Mercurio petaſato caduſeatoque*, was a ſtinging Reflexion upon thoſe ignorant Pretenders who flattered themſelves with being able to make this wondetful tranſmuting

ing Compoſition, by means of common crude Mercury. Laſtly, they ſtrengthen their Opinion by maintaining, that the Words, *Maximus Maximo donum Plutoni hoc ſacrum fecit*, ſignify nothing but that this great Philoſopher *Maximus Olibius* had conſecrated this wonderful Secret of tranſmuting Metals to *Pluto*, the God of Riches, who was the firſt that taught the Art both of digging and refining Metals. Without entering upon any Criticiſm, with Regard to thoſe Conjectures, I ſhall only obſerve, that this Chymiſt's two Lines, by way of Prayer to *Pluto*, 1707. *Feb.* 20. PADUA.

Adſit fecundo cuſtos ſibi copia cornu
Ne pretium tanti depereat Laticis.

was not heard; for the People who found the Urns, imagining that this precious Liquor was common Water, ſpilt it every Drop: So that the Secret of tranſmuting Metals is as much a Secret as ever.

From thence we went to the Houſe of Count *Mantua*, who is as civil and obliging to Strangers as Signor *Carlo Torto* is. In the Court of his Palace there is the Statue of a naked *Hercules*, leaning upon his Club. It is of Stone, and ſo high that the talleſt Man can reach no higher than his Knee, and proportionably thick. The Inſcription upon the Pedeſtal is as follows: Houſe of Count *Mantua*.

Hercules Buphiloponus Beſtiarius,
Qui triſtitiam Orbis depulit omnem,
Peramplo hoc ſigno
Mantuæ curâ refloreſcit.

A large Statue of *Hercules*, with its Inſcription.

Upon his Club is engraved the following Words: *Bartholomei Ammanati Florentini opus.*

In this Court we likewiſe ſee the following Pieces of Antiquity; an antique Marble, with a ſmall modern Statue, and the following Words, *Gen. Aug.* Another with this Inſcription:

C. PAPIRIVS
C. L.
SODALIS.
SIBI ET ELONIAE MVRRAE
VXSORI *.
V. F.

An antique Marble.

A Buſto of *Lucretia*, with the following Inſcription, copied from an ancient Marble found near to *Viterbo*. A Buſto of *Lucretia*.

* *Uxori* with an *S*.

1777. Feb. 20 PADUA.

COLLATINUS TARQUINIUS DULCISSIMAE CONJUGI ET INCOMPARABILI, LUCRETIAE PUDICITIAE DECORI, MULIERUM GLORIAE. VIXIT ANN. XXII. MENS. III. DIES VII. PROH DOLOR! QUAE FUIT CARISSIMA.

The ancient *Lucretia* too much admired in all Ages.

I have been ſo long plagued with hearing the Wife of *Collatinus* cried up as the Mirror of Chaſtity, that I can no longer reſiſt the Temptation of letting you ſee that People are miſtaken when they give her the Preeminence of Virtue over all her Sex. I will therefore take this Opportunity to tell you that the Praiſes beſtowed on this *Roman* Lady are only the Effect of Prejudice. The greateſt Part of Mankind are prepoſſeſſed in Favour of venerable Antiquity; two thouſand Years and upwards give a Kind of *Relief* to a famous Action; they aggrandize inſtead of diminiſhing an Object by the Diſtance of Time. In ſhort,

Omnia poſt obitum pingit majora vetuſtas.

Far leſs admirable than the Marchioneſs of *Obizzi*.

For my Part, I have the greateſt Reſpect for the Gentlemen of Antiquity, for thoſe Qualifications that render them venerable; and as great an Admirer as you are of the Morals and Beauties of the Ancients, perhaps you don't eſteem them more than I do: But after all, muſt we thus cry up for a Wonder, a Woman who ſtabbed herſelf, after having ſuffered her Virtue to be violated? In my Opinion ſhe had merited greater Glory, if, like the illuſtrious Marchioneſs *de Obizzi* *, ſhe had ſtabbed herſelf rather than admit the Violence of her brutal Lover; and if it were to be determined to which of the two *Lucretias* the Preference is due, it is certain, that the Plurality of Voices will be in Favour of the Chriſtian.

Remarkable Hiſtory of *Blanche de Roſſi*.

But in order to put the Affair on a fair Parallel, and to ſhew you that I do not pretend to detract in the leaſt from the Merit of the *Roman*, I will quote the Example of another *Italian Heroine*, who though ſhe ſuffered the ſame Violence as the Wife of *Collatinus*, is in my Opinion her Superior. It is the valiant *Blanche de Roſſi*, Wife to *John Baptiſta de la Porta*, Governor of *Baſſano*. *Ezzelin* or *Acciolin*, Tyrant of *Padua*, having taken that Place by Aſſault, and the Governor being killed, fighting upon the Wall, this *Amazon*, who ſtood compleatly armed, fighting by her Huſband's Side, was after a ſtout Reſiſtance taken Priſoner, and carried in Triumph before the Tyrant, as the moſt valuable Part of his Victory.

She reſolutely reſiſts the Temptations of a Tyrant.

When he ſaw her thus armed, covered with Duſt, beſmeared with Sweat and Blood, he fell deſperately in Love with her. He ſpared neither Prayers nor Threats, nor Offers to make her conſent to his Deſires. Seeing however that nothing could ſhake her Conſtancy, he was preparing to make uſe of Violence, when the chaſte and couragious *Blanche* eſcaped out of

* See Page 470.

of his Hands, and running to the Window of a very high Apartment, caſt herſelf down from thence upon the Pavement of the Street, where ſhe was taken up all bruiſed and bloody. The Tyrant, aſtoniſhed at her Reſolution, ordered all the Care imaginable to be taken of her: She was laid on a Bed, and no means were ſpared for her Recovery, which yet was a long Time before it was perfected. 1707. *Feb.* 20. PADUA.

No ſooner was ſhe recovered, than *Ezzelin* renewed his Addreſſes with greater Ardour than formerly; but the ſecond Attack was not more ſucceſsful than the firſt: His largeſt Offers and ſtrongeſt Threats made no Impreſſion upon her. In ſhort, finding nothing mean or weak in her Soul, deſpairing to gain her Conſent by Perſuaſion, he made uſe, like a Tyrant as he was, of barbarous Violence. He ordered his Attendants to tie her upon a Table, and then ſatisfied his Brutality. The generous Lady ſcorned to ſurvive this Injury, and therefore retiring to the Place where her Huſband was buried, ſhe ordered the Tomb to be opened under Pretext of ſeeing him once more; but as ſoon as the Stone was lifted up, the *Heroine* threw herſelf upon the Body, and in Agonies of Grief graſped it in her Arms; at the ſame Time pulling down the Bar, which ſupported the Stone, ſhe was immediately cruſhed in the Grave; thus ſhe buried herſelf, as it were alive, in the Tomb of her dear Spouſe. This Tragedy happened about the Year 1253. She is raviſhed by him, and then kills herſelf.

If you ſhall ſay that this Lady did not kill herſelf till after ſhe was raviſhed like *Lucretia*, I anſwer, that it was not her Fault ſhe did not do it by throwing herſelf over the Window; that even afterwards her great Courage made her naturally take all poſſible Means in order to avoid the *impending* Violence; and that ſhe did not ſuffer herſelf to be debauched until the Tyrant's Slaves put it out of her Power to defend her Chaſtity, by tying her with Cords to a Table; whereas the young *Tarquin* being quite alone, could not do ſo to *Lucretia*. It is alſo certain, that without ſuch Precaution a ſingle Man can never force a Woman, who has a Mind to employ all her Strength in her Defence. In fine, to ſhew you that I am not ſingular in this Opinion, I ſhall tranſcribe an Epigram that was made upon it, and which I think is very *a propos*. In many Degrees ſuperior to the *Roman Lucretia*.

Si tibi fortè fuit, Lucretia, gratus Adulter,
Immeritò ex meritâ præmia cæde petis,
Sin potius caſto vis eſt illata pudori,
Quis furor eſt, hoſtis crimine velle mori?
Fruſtra igitur laudem captas Lucretia; namque
Vel furioſa ruis, vel ſcelerata cadis.

A fine Epigram on this Subject.

1707. *Feb.* 20. PADUA.

In *Engliſh* thus:

If Tarquin's *Force*, Lucretia, *pleas'd thy Soul,*
Death was but Juſtice for a Crime ſo foul;
But if by down-right Force the Joy he had,
To die——t'oblige a Ruffian——proves you mad,
Then be thy Life no more the Matron's Pride,
You liv'd a Strumpet, or a Fool you dy'd.

I hope you will forgive this ſmall Digreſſion, which I could not help making concerning the exceſſive Admiration generally paid for every Thing that ſavours of Antiquity, whilſt very few beſtow the leaſt Attention on the greateſt Actions of the Moderns; but, as I have already obſerved, the Diſtance of 2 or 3000 Years magnifies an Object.

'Twould be too tedious if I ſhould deſcribe to you all the Curioſities in the Count of *Mantua*'s Poſſeſſion; for he has ſpared no Coſt to collect Rarities of all Kinds. After all, theſe Cabinets (or what they are pleaſed to call ſo) are almoſt all full of very near the ſame Things. The Gallery deſerves to be viewed, for there we meet with very many fine Paintings, among which are ſeveral done by the Count himſelf, who values himſelf on being a good Painter. Here we alſo ſaw a very fine Organ, all of Wood, adorned with excellent gilt Carving. I likewiſe obſerved a Buſto of *Titus Livius*, with the following Inſcription on a Marble under it.

An intelligible Inſcription, under a Statue of *Titus Livius*.

T. LIVIVS. G. F. SIBI. ET. SVIS.
T. LIVIO. T. F. PRISCO. F. T. LIVIO.
T. FILIO. LONGO. F. CASSIAE. SEX.
FILIAE. PRIMAE. VXORI.

Ingeniouſly, Sir, with all your Skill in decyphering Intricacies of this Kind, I believe you will find it pretty difficult to diſcover a Meaning in the above.

Two Academies.

I ought not to forget to tell you that here there are two Academies of Wits, one of which goes by the Name of *Gli Recovrati*, i. e. *the recovered*, the other by that of *Gli Inflammati*, or *the inflamed*.

Theſe, Sir, are the Things we ſaw moſt remarkable in *Padua*, which pretends to be one of the moſt ancient Cities in *Italy*, according to an Inſcription over one of the Gates, which is as follows:

Origin and Hiſtory of *Padua*.

Hanc Antiquiſſimam Urbem Litterarum omnium Aſylum, cujus Agrum Fertilitatis lumen Natura eſſe voluit, Antenor condidit Anno ante Chriſtum natum M.CXVIII.

It

It was then built by *Antenor* long before the Foundation of *Rome*, at leaſt if it be true, that that *Trojan* came into *Italy*, and if we muſt believe the Inſcription, or the Poet *Virgil*, who in the firſt Æneid affirms: 1707. *Feb.* 20. PADUA.

Antenor potuit mediis elapſus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare ſinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, & fontem ſuperare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vaſto cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum, & pelago premit arva ſonanti.
Heic tamen ille Urbem Patavi, ſedeſque locavit
Teucrorum, & genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troïa: Nunc placidâ compoſtus pace quieſcit.

But to return to *Padua*, the *Romans* formerly granted it the Freedom of a City, with Power to appoint its own Magiſtrates. It was afterwards deſtroyed by *Attila* King of the *Huns*, next by the *Lombards*, after it had been rebuilt by *Narſes*, General to the Emperor *Juſtinian*. *Charles* the Great again re-eſtabliſhed it, and founded an Univerſity in it, endow'd with great Privileges, which it enjoyed under his Succeſſors, being governed by Conſuls and a Senate, until it came under the Power of the Tyrant *Ezzelin*, who obtained a Gift of it from *Frederic* II. Afterwards it was ſubject to the *Carrara* Family, and laſtly to the *Venetians*. This happened *A. D.* 1406.

Padua is ſituated in a Country ſo abounding with Corn, Wine, Fruit, and other Neceſſaries, that its Fertility has given riſe to the following Proverb: *Bologna la graſſa, Venetia la guaſta, ma Padoua la paſſa.* It is at this Day the ſecond City of the *Venetian* State, containing a Biſhoprick Suffragan to *Aquileia*, and comprehended in the Diſtrict of *Trevigiano*. The River *Brenta*, the *Medoacus* of the Ancients, fills the Ditches that defend it with Water, and waſhing the City in ſeveral Places, conveys many Commodities to the Inhabitants. Fertility of its Territory.

I muſt tell you by the by, that this River has by ſeveral Antiquaries been miſtaken for the ancient *Timavus*, deceived, I ſuppoſe, by the above cited Paſſage from *Virgil* concerning *Antenor*. It is however certain, that the *Timavus* runs thro' *Friuli* beyond *Aquileia*, and that the two *Medoaci*, mentioned by *Pliny* and other Authors, are the *Bacchilione* which runs by *Vicenza* and the *Brenta*, whoſe ancient Courſe the *Venetians* have changed by a great Canal, in order to hinder it from choaking their *Lagunes* * with Sand. *Strabo* in his Deſcription of *Padua* ſpeaks of the *Brenta* thus: *A mari ſurſum habet navigationem fluvio per paludes delato* CCL. *ſtad. à magno portu; portus autem ipſe eodem, quo fluvius, nomine vocatur Medoacus.* That is, "From the Sea upwards it has a Communication with the River, by "Canals two hundred and fifty Furlongs from the great Harbour. Yet "the Harbour itſelf is (as well as the River) called *Medoacus*." *Brenta*, a River.

* Sl allow Waters about *Venice*, always ſo called.

1701. Feb. 22.

PADUA. Fortifications.

The City of *Padua* covers a large Space of Ground, but there are many void Places, and is what we may call very ill peopled. It is furrounded with double Walls, fortified with Baſtions and Bulwarks, which though they are none of the beſt, yet put it in ſuch a State as to ſecure *Venice* on the Side of *Lombardy* and *Romania*. The Walls of the old Town are ſtill to be ſeen, nor were the Suburbs incloſed with the Town, until it came into the Hands of the *Venetians*. In *Padua* there are twenty ſix Pariſhes, four Hoſpitals, twenty three Convents of Men, and eighteen of Women. There are alſo two Caſtles, the old and the new, but neither of them of any great Strength.

Now very indifferently peopled.

Padua was formerly very well inhabited, as well on Account of its agreeable Situation and Air, which is extremely pure and wholſome, as for the Sake of the learned Men who filled the Univerſity. This was the Reaſon of giving it the Name of *Padua la Dotta*, i. e. *Padua* the Learned, and the *Athens* of *Italy*.

Etymology of the Name of *Padua*.

We know not however very well whence the Name of this City is derived: Some have believed that it was firſt named *Padavium*, from *Padi, vel paludum vicinitate*, from its lying ſo near the Marſhes. *Facius Ubertus* ſeems to have adopted this Opinion, when he ſays, *Lib.* 3. *Cant.* 4.

Da Pado, O da Palude preſe il nome,
Che preſſo ne aſſai queſta Cittade:
Brenta la cerchia, chiude come un pome, &c.

Encomiums of this City.

However that may be, *Padua* has always held a very conſiderable Rank among the great Cities of *Italy*, and has produced many great Men. The learned Reader will perhaps not be diſpleaſed to ſee ſome Thoughts that were communicated to me thrown into *Latin* Verſe, upon this and other Cities in *Italy*, and which I ſhall now and then take the Liberty of inſerting here, as they perhaps may ſerve to embelliſh the Faintneſs of a Proſe Deſcription. This may in Truth be ſaid of *Padua*, eſpecially in Relation to its learned Men.

Urbs magnis celebrata viris: hac Livius *ille*
Hiſtoriæ Pater eſt genitus: ſervantur eodem
Illius oſſa loco, ſtatuis tituloque ſuperbo;
Hic ubi juncta Foro nullis fulcita columnis
Plumbea marmorei pulchrè ſtant tecta Palati.
Hîc etiam Paullus *Juris Legumque peritus,*
Et ſtatuas alii meruerunt Urbis Alumni.
Hæc quoque Valerio *Patria eſt, qui* Iaſona *laudat:*
Hæc Patria Aſconio *&* Stellæ: *Prætoris in Aace,*
Effigies quorum & Titulos ſpectare licebit,
Atria Romanorum referunt ubi picta Senatum.

Beſides

Beſides the famous Hiſtorian *Titius Livius*, *Caius Valerius Flaccus*, Author of the Poem on the *Argonauts*, and *Lucius Aruntius Stella*, both Friends to *Martial*, *Quintus Aſconius Pædianus*, and *Julus Paulus*, the firſt a famous Grammarian, the laſt an eminent Lawyer? *Padua* alſo boaſts the Birth of *C. Voluſius*, Author of thoſe Annals, which the ill-natured *Catullus*, his Cotemporary enviouſly calls 1707. *Feb.* 20. PADUA. Other learned Men of *Padua*.

Annales voluſi cacata charta,
Votum ſolvite pro mea Puello, &c.

The famous Soothſayer *C. Cornelius*, who, according to *Lucan*, *Plutarch*, *Aulus Gellius*, and *Julius Obſequens*, foretold the Battle of *Pharſalia*, and *Cæſar*'s Victory; *Maximus Olybius*, the great Philoſopher and Chymiſt; *Cecinna Pætus*, Huſband of the brave *Arria*, and *Thraſea Pætus*, his Son-in-law. Of the Moderns, beſides the celebrated *Peter de Abano*, it boaſts of having produced *Marſilius Mainardinus* a famous Divine, who boldly eſpouſed the Party of the Emperor *Lewis* of *Bavaria* againſt Pope *John* XXII. in his Book, intituled, *De poteſtate Papæ*; Cardinal *Francis Zabarella*, who died at *Conſtance* whilſt a Council was ſitting there; the celebrated and learned Mathematician *Anthony Maginus*, *Laurentius Pignorius*, *Anthony Quærengus*, and ſeveral others, whom I forbear to name leſt I ſhould be thought tireſome to you.

I have nothing farther to tell you of *Padua*: If I hear that there are any more Rarities in it worthy of Obſervation, I ſhall not fail to ſee them on my Return from *Venice*, where I hope we ſhall be to Morrow-night.

1707.
Feb. 21.
VENICE.

CHAP. LXXIII.

Departure from Padua, *and fine Paſſage between that City and* Venice. *Poetical Deſcription of this laſt. The Gondolas, or Boats, and Gondoliers. Mendicant or Begging Poets at* Venice. *The Palace of the* German *Merchants. The great Canal. Bridge of* Rialto *exactly deſcribed. The Mercery and Maſks of* Venice. *Impudence of a Mendicant Poet. The Square of St.* Mark. *The Broglio. Two remarkable Columns. The old and new Procuratories. Church of St.* Geminianus, *and Hiſtory of that Saint.*

Fine Paſſage betwixt *Padua* & *Venice.*

THIS Morning we embarked in a *Peota*, a Boat with a Kind of Chamber glaized in the Middle, where one ſits as conveniently as in his own Apartment. To give you an Idea of the *Brenta*, from *Padua* to *Fuſina*, you muſt imagine you ſee a Part of that fine Canal, which reaches from *Utretcht* to *Amſterdam*. The Banks of the River are adorned with ſeveral Villages and Summer-dwellings belonging to the *Venetian* Nobility. Almoſt all the Houſes are of *Palladio*'s Architecture. The only Difference I can find is, that the *Venetian* Houſes are infinitely more grand than thoſe of the *Hollanders*. One of the fineſt of them (to my Taſte) either with Regard to the Building or Gardens, is that of *Giovanelli*, a noble *Venetian* of a late Creation, and originally a *German*. It ſtands about two Leagues from *Padua*. Moſt of the Proprietors of thoſe Country-houſes ſpend about nine Months in the Year there, or at leaſt as long time as their Buſineſs will permit.

Fine Proſpect of *Venice.*

From *Padua* to *Fuſina* our Boat was drawn by a Horſe, but we were obliged to diſcharge him there, as we now entered the *Lagunes*. Preſently the great and fine City of *Venice*, which *Baronius* calls *Orbis Miraculum, Urbs in bella potens, & in Concilio ſapiens*, that is, *the Wonder of the World, a City ſtrong in War, and wiſe in Council*, preſented itſelf to our View. Many great Wits have written Eulogiums and Deſcriptions of it, as well in Proſe as in Verſe. Perhaps the following Lines, which deſcribe the City, as it preſents itſelf to a Traveller at ſome Diſtance; in a Word, that expreſs its Form and Situation in a very lively Manner, will not be diſagreeable.

Poetical Deſcription of that City.

Eminus Adriacis Venetam de fluctibus Urbem
Intuitus, nova quæ (dixi) ſpectacula ſurgunt!
Protinus apparet mediis (mirabile viſu)
Æſtibus emergens, tamquam Latonia Delos,
Extremus refluo quà tunditur Adria fluctu.

Vix.

1707. *Feb.* 21. VENICE.

Vix oculis credo ipſe meis ; viſo, atque reviſo :
Demiror poſitumque loci, terramque natantem,
Inque ſalo ſuperare ſolum, turreſque ſuperbas.
Mœnia nulla Urbem cingunt Lacedæmonis inſtar,
Nullus ſuſpenſo portas ſignavit aratro,
Nullus lata cavis ſanxit pomeria ſulcis ;
Sed Natura ſitum muro potiore tuetur,
Æquoris effuſi latè ſtagnantibus undis :
Hinc brevia & Syrtes, via navibus invia celſis :
Quò vada cæca vetant hoſtes appellere claſſem.
Non equiti pediti vè patet ; quippe altior unda eſt ;
Non adeò intercluſa tamen, quin mercibus arcto
Implicitoque aditu venientibus explicet ulnas,
Si modo, qui novit, tutum monſtraverit alveum ;
Nam varius refluo ſemper mutatur ab æſtu ;
Nec tantùm maris amplexu confiſa, locique
Præſidio, longas domitrix inſigne per oras
Protulit Imperium ; quantùm quia munere Divûm
Legibus æternis concors Reſpublica vincta eſt.
At cùm Urbes reliquæ ſtabili tellure locentur,
Cur tamen hæc medio conſtructa eſt unica ponto
Dic age, Calliope ? quiſnam fuit ille Deorum,
(Quippe opus hoc hominum non eſt) qui prima per æſtus
Adriacos, Venetæ poſuit fundamina genti ?
Tu meminiſſe potes : quid enim longæva vetuſtas
Obſtiterit ; vel quæ Divam te ſæcula fallant ?
Mœnia Dardaniæ Divûm ſudata lacertis———

But it is enough for to Day, perhaps I may another Time ſend you the Remainder of this Deſcription.

Feb. 22. The Gondolas.

The firſt Thing we did this Morning was to provide a good Gondola ; for you muſt know that *Venice*, being ſituated as it were in the Middle of the Sea, and divided by a vaſt Number of Canals, which croſs it on all Sides, and have generally no Keys, our Coaches and Horſes could be of no Uſe to us. But what ſhall we ſay of your famous Biſhop *Burnet*, other than that the Works of that learned Man ought to be read with ſome Caution. After he has told us of the bad Wine, bad Bread, and wretched Manner of dreſſing their Victuals at *Venice*, he adds : " Here, as " well as throughout *Lombardy*, the Coaches are extremely inconvenient " to ride in, being not hung upon the Carriages." A very ſmall Share of Attention would have prevented this Miſtake in ſo accurate a Man, as was that celebrated Prelate ; for every Body knows that Coaches would be quite uſeleſs there, and that taking the Air, Viſits ; in a Word, all Kind of Buſineſs is done by means of Gondolas.

Miſtake of Biſhop *Burnet.*

One

1707. *Feb.* 22. VENICE. Deſcription of a Gondola outwardly

One can hardly ſee any Thing better contrived than theſe ſmall Boats: Their Shape and Lightneſs is ſurpriſing. They are generally about thirty two Foot long, and four, or four and a half Broad in the Middle, decreaſing gradually in breadth at each End to a very ſharp Point, which riſes perpendicular to about the Height of a Man. The Prow is defended by a large ſharp Piece of Iron about four Inches broad; the upper End of which is bent in the Shape of a Swan's Neck, ending in a Kind of an Ax, ſomething more than a Foot long. This Neck is alſo ſtuck below the greateſt Part of it, with five or ſix flat Iron-ſpikes, about four Inches diſtant from one another. Theſe are about a Foot long, and more than three Inches broad, being a little rounded towards the Point, inſomuch that this Iron-headed Prow ſeems contrived to pierce through any Thing it meets with. The End of the Stern is commonly adorned with a long ſquare Piece of Iron turning outwards like a ſpiral Line, and beautified with Flower-work or Bunches of Leaves, all ſo well filed and poliſhed that 'tis an Embelliſhment to the Gondola.

The Inſide.

In the Middle there is a Kind of little Chamber, ſeven or eight Foot long, ſo high as that one may ſtand within, covered with a Kind of black Serge tied with Ribbands, and Toſſels of the ſame Colour. Six Perſons may ſit conveniently within, be defended from the Weather, and ſee thro' the little Windows what is doing on all Hands. The Seats are made of Plank, covered with black Leather quilted, ſupported by ſmall Pieces of Boards nailed under them. The moſt honourable Seats are in the Bottom, and the Left-hand more honourable than the Right; for this there are ſeveral Reaſons aſſigned. Some ſay, that in that Place one is leſs expoſed to the Water, raiſed by the Motion of the Oars; others ſay, that 'tis becauſe he, who ſits on the Right-hand, does not ſee the Boatman's Face ſo well, and therefore cannot give him Directions ſo well as they that ſit on the Left. However that may be, a Gondola is a very fine Machine; and give me leave to tell you once more they have no other Kind of Coaches at *Venice*.

Non hîc arte regit celeres Auriga quadrigas,
Nulla Peletronios exercent frena bimembres,
Nullus Erictbonius, nulluſque hic uſus equorum;
Innocui Venetis niſi qui ædificantur Epëis:
Plurimus at Typhis, promptæque ad vota Carinæ,
Artifici paſſim volitantes remige currus,
Duratæque levi gradientes flamine mulæ.
Ipſe etiam muros pulſans pede Navita, lembum
Quòlibet impellit ſpirante Valentius Auſtro,
Tota adeo in levibus Venetum ſtat cura Phaſelis.

Swiftneſs of theſe Boats, and Dexterity of their Managers

'Tis indeed ſurpriſing to ſee with what Nimbleneſs and Skill the Boatmen, who ſtand with their Faces towards the Prow, manage their Veſ-

fels. They are commonly but two in Number; he that Rows before rests his Oar on the left Side, and he that is behind on the Right. The last of these is mounted upon the Prow, in order to see and manage the Vessel with the greater Exactness; but as he is supported only by a long Piece of Deal, which sticks out on the left Side of the Prow, one may affirm, that he is quite without the Gondola. Add to this, that keeping his right Foot almost constantly up in the Air, he is always in Danger of falling in the Water, especially when he happens thro' Inattention to strike against another Boat in a narrow Canal; but that happens rarely; for it is almost incredible to tell with what Facility these Fellows avoid one another, and with what Ease, Dexterity and Quickness, they pass by all Obstacles that are continually coming in their Way; how they turn the Ends of their Canals, and immediately stop in the Middle of their Course, or even pull their Gondolas back, if necessity requires. In a Word, the ablest Rowers you have on the *Thames* know nothing of their Business in Comparison with these Fellows. By a Regulation of the Senate all the Gondolas are black, and covered with black Cloth, except those of Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers, who are indulged the Privilege of having theirs carv'd, gilt, painted, or done over with Silver or Gold Stuffs if they please. 1707. *Feb.* 22. VENICE.

Great Number of these Vessels.

You may be sure that so great a City as *Venice*, and with so many Inhabitants, besides the Strangers who crowd thither in Time of Carnaval, and to see the Ceremony on *Ascension* Day, must have a great Number of Gondolas. The Nobility and other rich Inhabitants of the City have commonly two or three, and sometimes four a-piece, and the Boatmen wear their Liveries. So that some compute the whole Number to be above twenty thousand; others say, there is not above ten thousand, and some not so many. However that may be, it would be very difficult to fix the precise Number. One thing it is certain, that the Canals are covered with them.

Usefulness of the Gondoliers.

One great Advantage arising from thence is, that the great Number of Gondolas, procures a Subsistence to a vast Number of poor People, who would otherwise find great Difficulty to maintain themselves. Whereas when once they are Gondoliers they have more Ways than one to gain a great deal of Money; for they are very dextrous in managing an Intrigue, as well as a Gondola, and to procure an Assignation. Above all Things they boast that they are infallible in telling you how to nick the *Critical Minute*. Add to this, that these Fellows are of great Use to the State, as the constant Exercise of their Profession makes them good Sailors, they can supply it with a great Number of Mariners when Necessity requires.

How they are hired.

In a Word, one may be served with Gondolas several Ways: They who only want them for a Job, need but call *Gondola*, as you do *Coach* at *London* or *Paris*, and immediately they come to you. One may also have them at so much by the Voyage, or by the Hour; but the best Way is to have one quite to yourself, to come and wait every Morning at your Gate before you rise out of Bed. 'Twas thus I hired one

1707. *Feb.* 22. VENICE.

one at the Rate of eight *Venetian* Livres (the whole amounting to ſomething more than a *Britiſh* Crown) a Day. Beſides, our Boatmen are tied down to us during our Stay in the City, to wear our Livery if we pleaſe, to come every Morning, and wait at the Hour we ſet the Night before; to conduct us at any Hour of the Day to any Place of the City where we intend to go, and at Night to the Opera or Playhouſe. In ſhort, they are obliged to do whatever we pleaſe. Thus you ſee the *Coaches* of *Venice* are much cheaper than thoſe at *London* or *Paris*; eſpecially if you add to this, that they can travel at the Rate of eight or nine Miles an Hour.

Merry Story of a begging Rhymer.

Juſt as we were going to ſet out in order to make ſome Viſits, one of our Servants came and told me there was a Man at my Chamber Door who deſired to ſpeak with me; I ordered him to be ſhewn in; but judge my ſurprize to hear a Stanger, who I was ſure had never ſeen me before, pronounce my Name diſtinctly five or ſix times, with as many *Illuſtriſſimo Signiore*'s, in a long Compliment which he poured out to me. This was not all; having ended his Compliment, he pulled out a ſmall Silver Baſon from under his Cloak, with a Leaf of Paper in it very neatly folded up, which he gave me with a low Bow. I could not yet comprehend the Plot of this Comedy; but having opened the Paper, I ſaw it contained a Sonnet wrote in great Letters, with my Name and thoſe of my fellow Travellers in Capitals. Here we were compared to no leſs than *Æneas* and *Achates*, to *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, *Damon* and *Pythias*; in a Word, we quite ſtunk with the Incenſe that was paid us. Theſe fine Compliments ſoon opened my Eyes: I immediately found that this honeſt Man was ſome wretched Poet, who had a Sonnet that ſerved him for all ſorts of People, and that he had always a Number of Copies by him printed, ſo that he only needed to fill up the Blanks with the Names of his intended Patrons, which he could eaſily learn from the People of the Inn, whom he kept in pay for that Purpoſe. The Concluſion of the Story was, that I folded up the Paper again, and put it into the little Baſin, which now appeared to be only Tinn, and coldly told the Poet I thanked him for his ſtale Sonnet, of which I ſuppoſed a thouſand Perſons had had the Maidenhead. He was very much ſurprized at a Compliment he did not expect, and was going to renew the Attack, but having told him in a pretty poſitive Manner, that I was obliged to go abroad immediately about Buſineſs, and that I ſhould be obliged to him if he would let me alone, he began to withdraw, making me at the ſame time ſome awkward Bows, which I could have willingly diſpenſed with.

Good Manners of two Noble *Venetians*

We ſpent part of this Day with two noble *Venetians*, to whom we had Letters of Recommendation. The firſt is Mr. *Mocenigo*, whom you have ſeen in *England*, Ambaſſador of this Republic ſome Years ago. The other is Mr. *Cornaro*, the Brother of him who is now Ambaſſador there, and who was ſo kind as to recommend us to his Brother in a very obliging Manner. Theſe Gentlemen received us very kindly, and have offered us all

all the Assistance in their Power. The first of them told us, that being under a kind of Confinement in his own House, and banished the Council for some Time, (because he had refused to go Embassador into *France*) he was afraid he could not be of great use to us. He told us however, that he would omit no Opportunity to serve us, and would come frequently to our Inn to visit us. Mr. *Cornaro* has been also very obliging, and appears to pay the greatest Regard to his Brother's Recommendation. If they are sincere, the Conduct of these Gentlemen to us ought, in some Measure, to destroy the old Prepossession with which some Travellers have represented to us the *Venetian* Nobility; that they are a very haughty People, and inaccessible to Strangers. 1707. *Feb.* 22. VENICE.

As Mr. *Goll* of *Augsburg* our Banker, gave me a particular Letter of Recommendation to a *German* Merchant, a Friend of his, we went this Morning to the *Fondaco de Tedeschi* to deliver it. This gallant Merchant, whose Name is Mr. *Kuhn*, received us with the greatest Civility in the World, and offered to be our Guide in all our Excursions through the City. We accepted his Offer, because *Venice* is perhaps the only great City in *Italy* where you find none of those People who make a Trade of attending Strangers to see their Curiosities for Money. That you may know what the *Fondaco de Tedeschi* is, I must inform you that the Trade with *Germany* being one of the oldest and most considerable belonging to *Venice*, the Republic has omitted nothing that might contribute to encrease it. With this View, she has given to the Merchants of that Nation a large Palace near the Bridge of *Rialto*. But if we may believe *Lewis Helian*, Embassador of *Louis* XII. King of *France*, that Palace cost them very dear, for in the *Latin* Speech which he delivered before the Emperor *Maximilian*, the Electors, Princes and Bishops of the Empire, at the Dyet held at *Augsburg*, in the Year 1510. he positively affirms, that the *Venetians* hired out the *Fondaco de Tedeschi* to the *German* Merchants at thirty Ducats a Day, which amounts to 10,950 Ducats *per Annum*. It is a very large square Building of Free-Stone; over the Gate is the Lion of St. *Mark*, with the following Inscription. The *Fondaco de Tedeschi*, or *German* Merchant's House.

P. ANNO M.D.LXXI.
PRINCIPATUS LEONARDI LAUREDANI
INCLYTI DUCIS ANNO SEXTO.

After passing the Gate, we enter into a grand Court which has four Rows of Porches above one another, with a vast Number of Apartments. Those below serve for Ware-houses, in which the Goods are locked up; in those above there are upwards of fourscore Persons conveniently lodged, without including the Servants and others employed in the Service. None but those who are born in the Imperial Cities of *Germany* can be of this *Feb.* 23. Description of it.

1707. Body, and these enjoy several great Privileges of great Conveniency to
Feb. 23. their Trade. All the Merchants eat together in two large Halls, one for
VENICE. the Summer and the other for Winter, with a great *German* Stove in it. One of them (as Steward for the others) lays out the Expences of the House for a whole Year; at the End of which he produces his Accounts, which are examined, and the Money re-imbursed him. In these Halls there are several fine Paintings by *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*, *Palma*, *Contareni*, and other great Masters. The Out-side of the Palace is also painted in Fresco, by *Georgeon* and *Titian*; but the Painting is at present very much faded. It is out of the Revenues of the *Fondaco de Tedeschi*, or the *German Warehouses*, that the Republic orders the Doge's Appointments, and those for maintaining his Houshold, together with all the Expences of the public Entertainments he is obliged to give four times a Year to the Senators and foreign Embassadors.

The Great Canal.

As the *Great Canal*, which is certainly one of the finest Objects in all *Venice*, is not far from the *Fondaco de Tedeschi*, Mr. *Kuhn* proposed our beginning with this, our Visits to the principal Curiosities in this City. I shall not here affect, as Mr. *Misson* does, to be quite an Original in my Relation; all I pretend to do is, to represent what I saw in the most natural Colours, and give the truest Description of them I possibly can.

Having then re-entered our *Gondola* in Company with Mr. *Kuhn*, who is a Man of good Understanding, and has made it his Study for some Years to be perfectly acquainted with this City, we rowed at our leisure from one End to the other of this Canal. I observed, that it was in the Form of an S inverted, and divides the City as it winds along: It begins at the Place called *Dogana de Mar*, and ends at the Convent of St. *Chiara*, which lies on the West opposite to *Fusina* the old Mouth of the *Brenta*, which makes it doubtful, whether the great Canal was not formerly the Channel of that River. Its Length is about 1300 Paces, and its greatest Breadth 50. Its Water is always clear because the Channel is very deep, and the Rapidity of its Course prevents its having the noisome Smell of the other Canals. Gallies and the largest Barks, though deep loaded, have Water enough always there to carry them without the least Rub from one Bank to the other.

Many fine Palaces upon it.

It is universally agreed, that the finest Palaces in *Venice* stand upon this Canal, and Mr. *Misson* himself is of this Opinion, tho' his Affectation of Singularity in Taste makes him say, "That they are vast Hulks of Buildings which would "have no Beauty, were it not for the Mask he speaks of in his Letter from "*Vicenza*, meaning their Fronts, which are generally adorned with two or "three Orders of Architecture, and that all the rest is irregular and dis-"agreeable to the Eye." Though he asserts this with a very majesterial Air, yet all good Judges say, that the Masks (as he calls them) of the Palaces *Grimani*, *Cornaro*, *Pisani*, *Morosini*, *Loredano*, *Ruzzini*, *Vendramino*, with a vast Number of others dispersed up and down the City, may be looked upon as Models of the finest Taste in Building, and that several Princes in *Europe* are not so magnificently lodged as are those Noble *Venetians*.

tians. For my Part, I think the Sentence upon *Buckingham* Houſe in St. *James*'s Park, *Spectator faſtidioſus ſibimet moleſtus*, is very applicable to thoſe ſqueamiſh Gentlemen, who find fault with every thing they ſee. The Faults I found with this Great Canal is, that it has no fine Key running from one End to the other; and that ſo many mean Buildings are interſperſed with thoſe pompous Palaces, as to quite ſpoil the fine Effect of the latter, though ſome People think that this ſets them off. 1707. *Feb.* 23. VENICE.

There being but one Bridge over this Canal it might likewiſe be looked upon as a Defect and a great Inconveniency for the Inhabitants, if they had no other way of croſſing it but by this Bridge; but beſides the prodigious Expence of building other Bridges over this Canal, I muſt acquaint you, that this Inconveniency is remedied by a Score of Ferry-boats at as many different Landing-places, called *Traghetti*, and diſpoſed all along the Canal, where *Gondoliers* carry you over to the other Side for a Venetian *Sous* a Head; which may be about a Half-penny *Engliſh*. Ferry-Boats to croſs this Canal.

The Bridge I have mentioned is the famous Bridge of the *Rialto*, croſſing the Canal towards its Middle, where it is narroweſt, and lying almoſt in the Center of the City. There was formerly a Ferry in that Place; and it was ſo late as the Year 1205 that they made a Wooden Bridge there, which being frequently in danger of being carried away by high Seas, the Republic thought proper to convert it into a Stone Bridge, in the Year 1591, while *Paſcal Cigogna* was Doge, as appears from the Inſcription upon a Marble Stone ſet in the Wall of one of its Arches, where we ſee a Stork, which is a *Rebus*, repreſenting the Arms of that Doge. The Bridge of the *Rialto* and its Hiſtory.

PASCHALE CICONIA VENETIARVM DVCE.
ANNO CHRISTI M.D.XCI. URBIS CONDITÆ M.C.LXX.
CVRANTIBVS ALOYSIO GEORGIO PROC.
M. ANTONIO BARAERO EQ. ET PROC.
JACOBO FOSCARENO EQVIT. ET PROC.

Moſt People who have mentioned this Bridge ſay, that it was built in the Year 1587. Father *Coronelli* likewiſe, who entitles himſelf *Reader and Coſmographer of the moſt ſerene Republic*, and whom you may have ſeen at *London*, gives it this Date. But either the Date upon the Bridge is wrong, or thoſe Gentlemen muſt be miſtaken, the laſt of which is, for many obvious Reaſons, moſt probable. Beſides, all the Hiſtorians of *Venice*, and Father *Coronelli* himſelf, place the Foundation of that City in 421. Now the Inſcription on the Bridge ſays it was built, *Anno Chriſti* 1591, *Urbis conditæ* 1170. conſequently by adding the 421 to the 1170 *Urbis conditæ*, F. *Coronelli* will plainly ſee, that both the Numbers make up exactly that of 1591. mentioned in the Inſcription. After ſuch a Diſagreement about the Date, no Wonder that thoſe Gentlemen ſhould differ widely with Regard to the Elm Piles upon which it is built, ſome fixing the Number to Errors in other Travellers with Regard to this Bridge

1707. *Feb.* 23. VENICE.

10,000, ſome to eight thouſand, *Laſſels* to ſix thouſand, and *Coronelli* makes them the round Number of 12,000, as if each of theſe Gentlemen had counted them one by one.

Architecture and Dimenſions.

This Bridge is built in a very ſolid Manner, and of a Kind of white Marble that comes from *Iſtria*, and called here *Pietra dura*, or hard Stone. It conſiſts only of a ſingle Arch, which is very broad and very high. I own that I did not meaſure this Arch, not having been ſo provident as Mr. *Miſſon*, who tells us, he took care to carry along with him from *London*, "a well twiſted Packthread 50 Fathom long, with Knots each at a "Foot diſtance" which, by the bye, for more Reaſons than one, I think muſt be a very inaccurate Way of Meaſuring. Mr. *Miſſon* meaſured it with his *well-twiſted Packthread*, and found it on the Level of the Canal, only 90 Foot from one End of the Arch to the other; from whence he concludes, that the Arch is about 24 Foot high. Give me leave to obſerve, that it is next to impoſſible to meaſure exactly the Heighth of this Arch, by reaſon of the Tides which riſe and fall twice every twenty four Hours very conſiderably, not only at *Venice*, but all over the *Lagunes*, eſpecially at the New and Full Moons, and ſtill more about the Equinoxes than about the Solſtices. But however that may be, it is broad and high enough for a Galley with her Sails down, and all her Oars out, to paſs through.

It is unqueſtionably a fine Structure.

I am of Mr. *Miſſon*'s Opinion, that the Sweep of this Arch does not form a compleat Semi-circle; but he has not been aware that this was done deſignedly, and that it was not thought proper to elevate it in Proportion to its Diameter, that its riſing might be more eaſy; yet he aſſigns this as a Reaſon why that Bridge is not, to his Taſte, very extraordinary; and then he rambles as far as *Japan*, (I am ſurpriſed he does not go forward to *China*) to find Bridges to outdo it. However, notwithſtanding all he ſays, there is not a Man, who has any Knowledge of Architecture, who does not look upon it as a very extraordinary and an expenſive Work.

The upper Part deſcribed.

Along both Sides of it runs a large Marble Baluſtrade, ſupported by a fine Corniſh. Two Rows of Booths, the Timber-work of which is made in manner of a Vault and covered with Lead, divide it into three Streets, the broadeſt of which is the middle one. *Jouvin of Rochfort* nonſenſically calls theſe Booths, "two Rows of twelve Houſes divided into three great "Streets, and that, the Aſcent to them is by means of a few Steps, where "Coaches and Horſes cannot paſs." What a Heap of Abſurdities! The Author of the Travels thro' *France* and *Italy* ſays, there are near 400 Booths in thoſe three Rows, which is making the Number of Booths a great deal larger than it is. On the higheſt Part of the Bridge there are two Openings on the right and left, each in Form of a Portico, and both over-looking the great Canal, which forms an agreeable *Viſto*; the Beauty of which is heightened by the vaſt Number of Gondolas and Barks which always cover it.

This

This Bridge has its Name from the Quarter of the City where it is built, and which is the oldeſt in *Venice*, it being a pretty large Iſland on the other Side of the Bridge, where about 1300 Years ago the firſt Foundations of this City were laid. This Quarter is inhabited by a vaſt Number of Drapers and Mercers, who have large Warehouſes there. I muſt inform you by the bye, that we meet here with Scarlet Cloth, of a much brighter Dye than either the *Engliſh* or *Dutch* Scarlets, but not near ſo fine. The Street oppoſite to the Bridge, is full of a vaſt Number of Jewellers and Goldſmiths Shops, who pretend to have the fineſt precious Stones in all *Europe*; it muſt be allowed at leaſt that they have a great Trade. 1707. *Feb.* 23. VENICE. Iſland of *Rialto.*

On one of the Sides of the little Square called the *Rialto*, we likewiſe ſee the Church of St. *James*, which is the oldeſt in the City, it being built the 15th of *March* 421, according to a long Inſcription on a Marble built into the Wall of the Church, but too tedious and difficult to be copied, becauſe it is very much worn out. There is nothing remarkable in this Church, excepting an Altar of White Marble, with a very fine Statue of St. *James*, by the Hand of *Alexander Victoria*, a famous Sculpture, who is buried in St. *Zachary*, and ſome Pictures by *Lanfranc*. Behind this Church ſtands a large old Building almoſt all of Marble, which was formerly the Court of Juſtice for the whole City, but at preſent the Civil and Criminal Courts of the *Rialto* are only held there. Church of St. *James*

As every Body is maſked in Carnaval Time, we went to the *Mercery*, which is all the Space betwixt the *Rialto* and the Square of St. *Mark*, to provide proper Dreſſes. This Place conſiſts of half a dozen Streets, all of them ſo narrow that you are extremely joſtled as you go along. Theſe Streets all run into one another, and are filled with Shops where one may be furniſhed with every thing that is rare or coſtly. All their Shew-boards are loaded with Cloths of Gold, Velvets, Damaſks, and rich Brocades, with all Sorts of both Silk and Woollen Stuffs, Gold and Silver Laces, *Points de Venice*, Ribbands and other Merchandizes, beſides a Collection of all Manner of Toys from all Places of *Europe* where they are manufactured, ſo that one may ſafely conclude, that it is one of the moſt agreeable Varieties to be met with at *Venice* in *Carnaval* Time. The *Mercery.*

As the moſt common Way of maſking one's ſelf is to put on a Scarlet Cloak with a *Bahute*, we preferred it to the *Jamberlouque* and the Waiſtcoat of the noble *Venetians*, having no Ambition to paſs as ſuch. The *Bahute* is a Kind of little *Domino* of black Taffety, edged with a ſilk Lace about four or five Inches broad. This they put upon their Heads, but ſo as to leave only the Eyes and Noſe uncovered, which may be hid whenever they have a Mind with half a Maſk very neatly made of white Wax-cloth: The lower Part of the *Bahute* which is edged with the Lace covers the Shoulders; and under this, and a great many other Kinds of Dreſſes, one may appear every where with great Freedom; but you muſt always have a Maſk, a falſe Beard, or a large Paſt-board Noſe, with ſome ſort of a Whiſker. 'Tis true, that ſometimes the Chiefs of the Council take it into Habits of the Maskers.

1707. *Feb.* 23. VENICE. their Heads to forbid Maſking, or at leaſt to ſuſpend it till ſome of the laſt Days of the Carnaval; then, Heaven knows, what a Conſternation they are all in, who have waited all the reſt of the twelve Months before, for Opportunities of intriguing during this Seaſon. But theſe Prohibitions happen but ſeldom, and never but when ſome Reaſon of State obliges the Council to lay them on: However, the Public is often threatned with them, as well as with a Prohibition for reſtraining expenſive Dreſſes. But for all that, one is always at Liberty to go maſked to the *Ridotti*, the Opera and the Comedy.

Rules for Maskers. Maſkers are prohibited wearing Swords, or any Weapon, excepting a *Stiletto*; and Fire-Arms upon Pain of Death. No Quality, be it ever ſo high, can exempt a Man from running great Danger if he tranſgreſſes in this. The Perſons of Maſkers are in a manner ſacred, and no body can abuſe them without great Danger in Carnaval-Time.

Feb. 24. Strange Piece of Impudence in a begging Poet. As Strangers lodging in the ſame Inn generally grow pretty familiar with one another, we have become acquainted with two *Piedmonteſe* Abbés of very conſiderable Families at *Turin*; one of them is Son to Count *Gubernatis*, who was for ſeveral Years Ambaſſador from the Duke of *Savoy* at the Court of *Rome*; the other is Brother to the Marquis *de Bourfranc*, who is now in the Emperor's Service at *Vienna*. Theſe Abbés have a good deal of Wit, and know the World perfectly well; they have propoſed our going all together to ſee the Curioſities of the City, which we accepted of with Pleaſure. As we were ſetting out this Morning one of our Servants came to tell us, that a Noble *Venetian* in a Maſk wanted to ſpeak with us. At firſt we believed that it muſt be the Noble *Mocenigo* or *Cornaro*, who had both of them threatned us with a Viſit, and we accordingly went to receive this Nobleman, who was attended by a Gentleman in a Scarlet Cloak. Having brought them into our Apartment and taken Seats, the Gentleman in the Cloak pulled off his Maſk, and after a long Preamble aſked pardon for troubling us, but that his Companion was a Noble *Venetian* ruined by a great Number of Law Suits, and palpable Wrongs that had been done him, and that he was now forced to have recourſe to the Generoſity of Strangers for his Subſiſtence, and did not doubt but that as we were Gentlemen of great Charity and Generoſity, we would compaſſionate the Misfortunes of People of Diſtinction. This unexpected Compliment was accompanied with a great many low Bows, which made me at firſt take the pretended Nobleman and his Orator for two *Gentlemen of the Road*; but underſtanding that at *Venice* there were a vaſt many poor Noblemen whom they call *Barnaboti*, from their generally living in the Quarter of St. *Barnabas*, I thought our Gueſt might be one of thoſe, they making it their Buſineſs to addreſs Strangers in this Faſhion, and ſometimes in the middle of the Streets. To get rid of him therefore, I ſlipt a Crown into the Orator's Hand, who greedily cloſed his Fiſt upon it, and took his Leave with a thouſand Reverences.

As

As soon as they were gone, our Landlord came laughing to us and said, he defied us to guess who the two Gentlemen were who had just left us: He then told us that the pretended Nobleman who would not unmask, was the same Hackney Poet who had the Day before presented us with a Sonnet; and that his Companion, who was another hungry Dependant upon *Parnassus*, said to him as they were going away, "that if this Trick had "failed them, they had a Dozen other cut and dry to put upon us, in or- "der to squeeze the Money from us. 1707. *Feb.* 24. VENICE.

Having laughed some time with our Friends the Abbés at this Trick, which was so ingenious that we could not be angry at it, we conveyed ourselves all in a Body to the famous Square of St. *Mark*, and here it may be justly said:

Nil habet urbs vulgare, illi magna omnia: Summo
Materies æquanda Polo, & sublimibus astris.
In primis dictam Divi de nomine Marci
Contemplar Plateam, atque ornata Palatia circùm,
Dein altam vasto suspectu, & culmine Turrim
Aurato longè tecto, radiisque coruscam,
Cujus ad excelsi valeant fastigia tecti
Jumenta acclivi conscendere leniter actu.

This is undoubtedly one of the finest Squares in *Europe*, both on account of its Largeness, it being, as we were told, 500 Foot long and 130 broad, as the Grandeur of its Buildings that surround it. There are, as it were, two different Squares, the first and the least of which has a View of the Sea, and forms the finest Prospect of the City. This Square is called the *Broglio*, that is, the Place where the Noble *Venetians* every Day meet and form State Intrigues; for all the Caballing and Solliciting of the Noblemen at *Venice* for public Honours go there the Name of *Broglio*. Formerly intriguing for Posts was prohibited, but at present it is entirely the Fashion, and the *Broglio* is a Kind of a public Mart for the Corruption of Manners, and a Shop where all State Preferments are to be bought and sold. This Venality is a great Misfortune; the Rich buy the Voices of the Poor, who become thereby the Servants, nay the Slaves of their own Equals; add to this, that this Abuse entails a great many more upon a State. The Sea washes the Key of this Square, which is built of large hewn Stones, with several Stairs where the Gondolas land very conveniently. Square of St. *Mark*. The *Broglio*.

Two very high Columns of Granite are erected upon this Key, towards the Extremity of the Square; each Column of one Piece, and as Tradition says, brought from *Egypt*, together with a third which fell into the Sea as they were taking it out of the Ship, and could never be found again, notwithstanding all the Search that could be made. The Arms of *Venice*, or the *Lyon of St. Mark*, are upon the one, and the Statue of St. *Theodore* tramp- Two fine Columns.

1707. *Feb.* 24. VENICE.

ling a Dragon under his Feet, upon the other. A Man, who is distinguished both by his Learning and Family, and who has wrote a Description of *Venice*, mistook the Figure of this ancient Patron of their City for that of *Justice*; which is a Proof that let one be ever so exact, he may be deceived.

Erected by one *Baratier*.

We were told that those two Columns, after they were brought hither, were left a very long time lying upon the Key, and that no Engineer would undertake to erect them, till one *Nicholas Baratier* placed them where they now stand. You could never be able to guess what Reward this able Artist asked of the Republic for his Trouble. All his Ambition was confined to a Request, that leave might be granted for playing at all kind of Chance Games upon the Steps that are round the lower Part of the Columns, and not *in the Space betwixt the two Columns*, as Mr. *Misson* says, after *Lassels* and *Huguetan*. *Baratier* was indulged in his Request, and the Senate settled a handsome Annuity upon him all the Remainder of his Life. This Artist probably had as great an Itch for Gaming as *Galet* in *France*, who had the Honour to play with *Henry* IVth, and having lost his All, was forced to beg; yet could not forbear gaming away the little Money he got in Charity, with Footmen.

An armed Galley always kept here, and way.

The Walk upon the Key is very agreeable, from the great Number of Gondolas, Barks, Galleys and other Vessels, which are seen coming from all Quarters. Amongst those which front the Square, there lies always an armed Galley with her Prow betwixt the two Columns: She is never unrigg'd, and we are told that she is designed to serve in any dangerous Conjuncture that may happen, or for the Defence of the Doge's Palace in some popular Commotion, or of the Mint-house which they call *la Zecca*. However that may be, the Galley Slaves of the Republic serve their Apprenticeships on board this Galley.

The old Procuratories.

In coming from the Sea, the *Broglio* is bounded on the Right-hand by the Palace of St. *Mark*, and on the Left by a Wing of the New Procuratories, which are on that Side only one Story high, with a Balustrade above adorned with a great many Statues. This noble Building, which is of a Kind of Marble and very regular Architecture, after turning in a Right Angle, forms the whole Side of the other Square, by a much longer Wing and much higher: Another Turning of the same Procuratories, joining with the little Church of St. *Geminien*, forms the Bottom Row. The old Procuratories, which are opposite to the New, reach in the same Proportion to a beautiful Clock, and form the third Side; and the fourth is bounded by the Church of St. *Mark*, which advances into the Square opposite to that of St. *Geminien*.

Church of St. *Geminien*.

This Church of St. *Geminien* was first built by *Narses* General to the Emperor *Justinian*, after he had driven the *Goths* out of *Italy*; and afterwards rebuilt by the Senate with more Magnificence than before, as appears from the following Inscription upon the Front.

Ædem

1707.
Lib. 24.
VENICE.

Ædem hanc Urbis non vetuſtiſſimam ſolùm, ſed etiam Auguſtiſſimam, Senatus Venetus antiquâ Religione obſtrictus, magnificentiùs pecuniâ publicâ reficiendam decrevit An. poſt Chriſti nat. M.D.LVII. *Summâ Benedicti Manzini Antiſtitis curâ.*

In Subſtance this: "The Senate of *Venice*, from a juſt Regard to the "Reverence due to Antiquity, decreed that this Church, not only the "Oldeſt but the moſt Majeſtic of the whole City, ſhould be repaired at "the Public Expence. A. D. 1557.

The Architect was the celebrated *James Sanſovin*, who ordered that he ſhould be buried in that Church, and who filled moſt of the great Cities in *Italy* with many fine Works. But how can we reconcile this Inſcription, with the Antiquity of St. *James*'s Church of the *Rialto*, which paſſes as the firſt built of any upon the Iſles. If ſo, then the *Ædem Urbis vetuſtiſſimam* in this Inſcription muſt be a Miſtake. In the ſame Church of St. *Genemien*, there is a very fine Picture of *Tintoret*'s Hand repreſenting St. *Catherin* with an Angel, who informs her of her approaching Martyrdom. Both Out-ſide and In-ſide of the Organ is painted by *Paul Veroneſe*.

The new Procuratories are very magnificent, and of *Sanſovin*'s Architecture. They ſtand upon a grand Piazza which runs all along them, with Arches ſupported by a vaſt Number of Pillars, and ornamented with very fine Bas-reliefs. The old Procuratories have a Portico too, but they are of plainer Architecture than the New ones. The Shops under theſe Piazzas are choak-full of all Kinds of Goods almoſt like the *Mercery*, and all this, together with a vaſt deal of Company walking there either with or without Maſks, greatly enliven the Place. The new Procuratories.

But what is very unſuitable to this Magnificence, and greatly diſguſts Strangers, is to ſee the Street, the Pillars, and the Steps of thoſe fine Porticos perpetually deluged with an Inundation of Urine, with *Sir-reverences* ſwimming in it like ſo many floating Iſlands. This naſty Sight is ſo far from being diſagreeable to the Inhabitants, that they account it Part of their boaſted Liberty, to evacuate thoſe Superfluities of Nature, when, where, and before whom they pleaſe. This is ſo true, that the Doge himſelf and his Attendants, in going to St. *Mark*'s Chuch, are regaled with the Sight and Smell of thoſe Ordures all the Way from the Gate of his Apartment, along the great Stairs of his Palace, to the very Church Door. Naſtineſs of the *Venetians*.

1707. Feb. 24. Venice.

CHAP. LXXIII.

Venice. *The Carnaval described. Prodigious Number of Strangers of all Ranks it draws to* Venice. *Great Variety of comical Shews in the Square of St.* Mark. *Its Steeple and beautiful Prospect. Penalties inflicted on the Nobles who refuse an honourable but burthensome Employment. The Church of St.* Mark *and its Magnificence. Four curious Brass Horses, and their History. Description of the said Church, and its remarkable Relicks. Public Spirit of the* Venetians, *and their Liberality to the State when in Danger. Spiritual Treasure of St.* Mark. *History of the Corpse of that Saint. His Gospel in Manuscript, and curious Observations upon it. Temporal or real Treasure of St.* Mark, *and the immense Riches it contains. History of a bold Fellow who attempted to rob it.*

The Carnaval described, and great Variety of Shews in the Square of St. *Mark*

THOUGH in Carnaval-time the whole City is full of Masks, and all is in a general Stirr and Hurry, yet the Grand Masquerade is held in the Square of St. *Mark*, which notwithstanding its Largeness is quite crowded on this Occasion, so that one can scarcely move in it; and it may well be said in a literal Sense, that this is a Theatre upon which one sees Actors from almost all Parts of the World playing their several Parts. Scaramouches, Harlequins, Jodelets, Quacks, Scapins, Pierots are here in Scores, and evaporate into *Concetti* (Whims). Swaggering Captains, Spitfires and such like Bullies, here vent whole Vollies of endless Rodomontades: Jugglers, Gamblers, and *Hocus Pocus* Men shew away here to the best Advantage; Tooth-drawers, Puppet-show Men and Mountebanks, are here equally diverting to the Great and the Mean, by the Nostrums and Conundrums they disperse. In short, Ladies of Pleasure come by Thousands thither to display their Charms, either natural or artificial, and with so good Success, that they generally give those who are taken in very good Reasons for remembering them; and I can't help again saying, that the Square of St. *Mark* is a Rendezvous for People from all Parts of the Globe.

Undique collecti variis è partibus Orbis
Certatim huc properant: hîc & septemplicis Istri,
Tigridis & longè rapidi, Tanaisque nivalis,
Et septemgemini non defuit accola Nili:
Divisi penitùs toto licet orbe Britanni,
Quique sub Arctoi nascuntur sideris axe,
Queis totum venit una dies, nox una per annum,
Tendimus huc omnes varia de parte profecti:

Vidi

1707. *Feb.* 24. VENICE.

Vidi ego Sauromatas, Nomadas, pictosque Gelenos,
Crisposque Æthiopas, fuscique coloris Iberos,
Atque Catervatim Gallorum accurrere turbam,
Quoscunque Ausoniis sparsos retinebat in oris
Discendive ardor, cultæ vel gratia linguæ,
Ingenti studio spectacula tanta videndi.
Non aliam ob causam Mundi commune vocatur
Emporium, Venetâque Orbis spectatur in Urbe.

Prodigious Number of Strangers at *Venice* upon this Occasion.

In effect, the Variety and Numbers of Strangers now at *Venice*, almost surpasses what you can imagine; for Foreigners, who are curious of seeing this City, generally reserve their Journey till this Season, when Curiosity makes a prodigious Resort to it of all Nations, Sexes, Ages, and Professions, to gratify their Expectation, which is very high, from what they have heard of the Carnaval Diversions.

The chief Motives that draw them thither.

Yet after all most People are disappointed, for here are neither magnificent Shews, such as Carrousels, Running at the Ring, expensive Masquerades, nor other Diversions that are common at most Courts. I even believe it would be difficult to assign a true Reason for the great Reputation which the *Venetian* Carnaval has attained to, other than the vast Freedom with which the Maskers walk about, the inviolable Regard that is paid them, and the daily, nay hourly Opportunities which the Sensual have of plunging with Impunity into the most exquisite Debauches. There a Mother without the least Scruple of Conscience, hires out her Daughter for so much by the Week or Month, not only to a Nobleman, a Citizen, or a Stranger who will go to her Price, but even to the Superior of a Convent, or some *Monk*, who, without any Ceremony, carries her out under the Noses of all the Company, if they won't bid so high as he does. Stages, Gaming-houses, and Bawdy-houses are here open to all the World. But the greatest Pleasure for Foreigners, who are Rich and make a Figure, lies in the Ladies of Quality, or Wives of the Noble *Venetians*, who in Carnaval Time, are likewise at liberty to wear a Mask; and those who have any Dispositions to intriguing find, during this Season, a thousand Ways of deceiving their Vigilant Husbands and Keepers, spite of all their Precautions, there being scarcely any Place into which a Mask may not find Admittance.

Of what Use the Carnaval may be to a sensible Stranger.

One may venture to say, that they whom Curiosity prevails upon to undertake long Voyages to learn the Customs, Manners, and Morals of different Nations, may in part answer their End, without going farther than *Venice*. 'Tis surprizing, for Instance, to see there different Dresses of People of all Nations who resort to the Carnaval. They who don't care to go in Masks, and these are a good Number, come thither with all the Fashions and Dresses of their several Countries. These often appear odd and whimsical to Strangers, but on the other hand, they who wear them maintain, that they are handsomest and best contrived; each sticks to his own

1707. Feb. 24. Venice. Fortune-Tellers in the Square and their Dexterity in cheating the Credulous out of their Money.

own Uſage and Manners; and he pities thoſe of a different Nation, however ridiculous his own are. So true it is, that Prepoſſeſſion can recommend the greateſt Extravagancies as reaſonable.

Among all the Mountebanks in the Square of St. *Mark*, to my Fancy, the *extempore* Caſters of Horoſcopes are the moſt diverting, as well as the greateſt Impoſitions upon the Credulity of the Vulgar, both great and ſmall. Theſe Horoſcope-mongers are ſeated by a little Table, upon a Scaffold of about half a dozen Boards. Upon this Table is a Celeſtial Globe, on which they meaſure with a pair of Compaſſes the Diſtances of the Lines of the Hand, which they peruſe, as well as the Features of the Face, with great Attention. They then carry the ſame Meaſures to a Parcel of Aſtronomical Figures and other Gimcracks all round. They then mark out ſeveral Circles, muttering ſome barbarous Sounds, and with a great many other Grimaces they at laſt convey their Oracles to their Votaries through a long Tin Pipe. If the Party is a good likely young Fellow, they promiſe him *Succeſs in his Amours*; if a decent, ſubſtantial-like Citizen, *ſpeedy Preferment in the State*; if an Eccleſiaſtic, *a Biſhopric*, or ſomewhat better. In ſhort, they have Anſwers for all Sorts and Sizes of People, and the Credulity of the poor Devils are hereby tickled: But all this while the Farce is acted with great Solemnity by the Horoſcope-monger, and with a reſpectful Silence on the Part of the Conſultors, who are perſuaded that he ſees into the very Womb of Futurity. I ſhould not be ſo much ſcandalized at theſe Fooleries, did I not perceive that Numbers of thoſe curious Impertinents are *Gentlemen of the Cloth* even of all Degrees, who for three or four *Sous*, come to conſult the *Tin Pipe*, and ſpend more Time there than Laïcs do. Speaking of thoſe Horoſcope Profeſſors puts me in Mind of an Epigram of Sir *Thomas More*'s upon one of that Profeſſion, who happened to be a Cuckold without his knowing it.

Aſtra tibi Æthereo pandunt ſeſe omnia vati,
Omnibus & quæ ſint fata futura monent.
Omnibus aſt Uxor quod ſe tua publicat, id te
Aſtra, licet videant omnia, nulla docent.

Maſking uſed at *Venice* at other Times beſides the Carnaval.

It is not in Carnaval-Time alone that Maſking is in faſhion; for there are ſeveral Diverſions here all the Year round, in which Maſking is uſed; ſuch as Aſcenſion Day; Entry of Ambaſſadors, and other Foreign Miniſters; on the Entries of the Procurators of St. *Mark*, Marriages of Noble *Venetians*, the *Freſco* Diverſions; rowing with Boats for a Prize; in ſhort, Maſking enters into all their ſolemn Feaſts and public Diverſions.

The Steeple of St. *Mark*.

The Tower, called here the *il Campanile di S. Marco*, the *Steeple St. Mark*, is looked upon by the Inhabitants, as one of the fineſt Buildings in the City. It lies twenty Paces from the Angle formed by the two Wings of the New Procuratories: Its Form is ſquare, and it is built of Brick, ornamented with Corniſhes and a great many Marble Columns; each Front of

it is not above 25 Feet in breadth, though *Laſſels* and *Huguetan* ſay 40, they likewiſe make it in height only 230 Foot; Mr. *Miſſon*, with his *well-twiſted Packthread* 316, including the Angel on Top. But a creditable Perſon, who ſaid that he had meaſured it very exactly, told me that it was 340 Foot high. The Roof of the Pyramid is covered with flat Tiles and Plates of Copper, which formerly have been gilt, but the Gilding is now worn off by the Impreſſions of the Weather, as it is off the Angel which ſtands on the Top of all with his Wings extended, and ſerves for a Weather-Cock. 1707. *Feb.* 24. VENICE.

One winds inſenſibly up to the Clocks by an Aſcent, but no Steps of Stairs; and from a Gallery which goes quite round, one ſees the City of *Venice*, its *Lagunes*, the Iſlands, the *Lido*, or Dyke which Nature ſeems to have oppoſed for about 35 Miles to the Violence of the Sea; the Ports and Forteresſes of *Malamocco* and *Chioſa*: Nay we have a full Proſpect of the *Adriatic* Sea, the Coaſts of *Dalmatia*, the Mountains of *Iſtria*, and *Friouli*, the Mouths of the Rivers *Po* and *Adige*, Part of *Lombardy*, and almoſt the whole *Terra Firma*. You may figure to yourſelf what a fine Proſpect all this forms. We are told, that the Founding this Tower coſt almoſt as much as the Tower itſelf; that it was built in 1146, and its Architect was one *Bartholemeo*, without any Addition to his Name. The beautiful Proſpect from it.

At the Bottom of this Steeple there is to be ſeen a ſmall Tribunal, called *la Logietta*, fronting the Doge's Palace and the great Council Hall. Some of the Procurators of St. *Mark* are always ſitting here upon ſome Buſineſs or other. This *Logietta* is built of Marble, adorned with Basreliefs and ſome Statues by *Sanſovin*, as is the Architecture of the whole, which is encloſed with a Marble Baluſtrade. *Jouvin de Rochefort* takes this Court for a ſmall Chapel. The *Logietta* deſcribed.

This Evening we ſaw two *Maſk Errants* like ourſelves ſauntering about the Square; the one, we are told, is the Duke of *Mantua*, the other the poor Electreſs of *Bavaria*, both unfortunately ſtriped of their Dominions on account of the preſent War.

The Noble *Mocenigo*, formerly Ambaſſador from this State to *England*, did us the Honour of a Viſit this Morning; and after the uſual Compliments, he told us very obligingly, that he would ſend us the Keys of his Boxes in the Play-houſe and the Opera-houſe, which we might uſe when we had a mind. This Gentleman, as I have before obſerved, ſtirs very little from Home; for refuſing to go Embaſſador to *France*, after being named by the Senate, he is as it were baniſhed from the Great Council and the *Broglio* for two Years, beſides, he is fined two thouſand Ducats. This is the Puniſhment inflicted upon thoſe who refuſe to go where the Senate ſends them, either in Quality of Embaſſadors or *Podeſtats*. But both theſe Employments being very heavy to be borne, a great many Noblemen chuſe rather to undergo the Cenſure of the Laws, than accept of them. There *Feb.* 25. How Noblemen who refuſe a public Employment are puniſhed.

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1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE.

are two Reaſons for this Conduct in them. The firſt is, that the Republic obliges their Embaſſadors to appear in great Splendor at Foreign Courts, and their Appointments from the State does not defray half the Expences they are at in maintaining the Honour of their Country. The ſecond Reaſon is, that though to Appearance thoſe Embaſſadors are veſted with full Powers to treat, yet their Powers are in reality ſo limited, that they can come to no final Reſolution without firſt writing to *Venice* for Inſtructions from the Senate, which they muſt punctually follow. They have not even the Power of opening Packets and reading Diſpatches by themſelves.

Spies placed by the State about their Ambaſſadors.

They are aſſigned Secretaries, who are Citizens of *Venice*, and People of good Senſe and Experience in Buſineſs; and theſe have a Right to be always preſent at opening all Diſpatches. Beſides the Reports which theſe Secretaries make, either by Writing or in Words, to the Senate have ſo much Weight as to ruin, or at leaſt diſcredit any Embaſſador if they are unfavourable to him. Theſe Miniſters, 'tis true, have the Pleaſure of travelling with a Character of Diſtinction, are at Liberty to wear the Dreſs of the Country they reſide in, and to live in another Manner than they do at Home, (which is more than the other Magiſtrates and Officers of the Republic dare to do) but all thoſe Advantages cannot compenſate for the Mortification that it gives a Noble *Venetian* of an old Patrician Family, at the Head of an Embaſſy, and generally a Man of Wit and Merit, to ſee himſelf obliged, in ſo diſtinguiſhed a Station, to ſubmit to have a mean Citizen placed as a Spy over his Actions.

The Author's Intimacy with the Noble *Venier*.

The Noble *Peter Venier*, who I hear is ſince dead, a Man more illuſtrious by his perſonal Merit than by the Advantages of Birth, and had for nine or ten Years ſupported with great Dignity the Character of Embaſſador from the Republic to the Court of *France*, being at *Madrid* when I was there, in the Year 1696, did me the Honour to be frequently diſcourſing with me upon this and ſeveral other Matters; and 'tis from him that I learnt what I have now told you, and a great deal more, which I am yet to inform you of with Regard to this Republic.

The Church & Treaſure of St. *Mark*.

Soon after the Departure of the Noble *Mocenigo*, we went to ſee the Church and Treaſury of St. *Mark*, in Company with our two *Piedmontize* Abbés, and our good Friend Mr. *Kuhn*, who ſeldom leaves us. Before we came there, we ſaw in the Square that is before the Church, three Pedeſtals of Braſs at equal Diſtances from one another, on which they hoiſt three large Flaggs, with the Arms of the Republic, on Feſtival Days. Theſe Arms are a Golden Lyon in a *Field of Azure*; the Lyon is winged and ſitting, holding out in his two Claws a Book open *Argent*.

Three Braſs Pedeſtals and their Uſe.

The Hiſtory of the Church of St. *Mark* and its Magnificence.

The famous Church of St. *Mark*, according to the *Venetian* Annals, was built in the Year 827 or 828, under the Doge *Juſtinian Participatius*, to bury in it the Body of St. *Mark*, which certain *Greek* Prieſts of *Alexandria* had given to two *Venetian* Merchants who carried it to *Venice*. Soon after it was built

built it was burnt down, but re-built with greater Magnificence than before, and afterwards enriched with all the moſt precious Spoils which the Republic won from its Enemies. This Church, which properly ſpeaking is no more than the Doge's Chapel, is built in the antique Manner, with five Domes covered with Lead; it is neither very high nor well lighted, but extremely rich and magnificent, and engages all the Attention of all who ſee it. For the whole of it conſiſts of variegated Marble, Jaſper, Porphyry, Gold, Moſaïc, Paintings and Columns. Its Front has five great Gates adorned with a great many Pillars of Porphyry and other fine Marble, Bas-reliefs and Statues. 1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE.

Over the middle Arch, which is higher and more capacious than the others, and ſtands upon a kind of a Platform encloſed by a Baluſtrade which runs all along above the whole Front of the Church, there are placed upon Pedeſtals, four Horſes of Bronze gilt, ſurprizingly beautiful. Four beautiful Horſes of Bronze.

Contemplor fani valvarum in parte ſuprema
Quatuor infrenes, nudoſque ex ære caballos
Arte Corinthiaca fuſos vivente metallo,
Cypria quos peperit Temeſe jam effoeta ſodinis;
Ardua queis cervix, caput acre, aureſque micantes,
Prægrandes oculi: meat amplis naribus ignis,
Spumantique ardens erumpit Spiritus ore:
Tum juba ſubſultans in fronte alludit, & armo
Luxuriante toris; tergumque, & pectus obeſum.
Spinaque lata duos diducit concavalumbos,
Ut nihil hic præter ſonitum hinnitumque requiras.
Talem Actæa tuo, Neptune, impulſa tridenti
Fudit equum tellus Argivi in munus Adraſti.
Artifices ſummi, quibus hæc animare poteſtas
Eſt data! Praxitelis ſive hos induſtria finxit,
Phidiacis ſeu ſunt manibus curaque politi;
Humanâ jures opus haud imitabile dextrâ.

Poetical Deſcription of them.

Mr. *Miſſon* ſays, that *he would not mention the four Horſes of Bronze which are above the great Gate, becauſe*, ſays he, *they are foreign Pieces, and placed there only by Accident.* Yet he adds, *he was informed by a learned Antiquary, that thoſe Horſes were yoaked in the Chariot of the Sun which adorned the Triumphal Arch erected by the Senate of* Rome *for* Nero, *after that Prince's Victory over the* Parthians, *as may be ſtill ſeen on the Reverſe of ſome of his Medals. That* Conſtantin *the* Great *carried them from* Rome *to* Conſtantinople, *where he erected them in the* Hyppodrome; and laſtly, *that the* Venetians, *when they became Maſters of* Conſtantinople, *brought thoſe Horſes from it amongſt other rich Spoils.* Now I muſt inform you, that this *Learned Antiquary* of his is neither more or leſs than St. *Didier*'s Book, from which he has tranſcribed Their Hiſtory, & ſome Obſervations upon Mr. *Miſſon*'s Account of them.

1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE.

every Word he says with regard to those Horses. There is a Specimen for you of Mr. *Misson*'s boasted Character, as an Original in what he relates of *Venice*; and of his Candor as a Critic upon other Travellers for copying from their Predecessors. Tho' I can never be brought to think this to be a Fault, because if you give a right Account of Things it is impossible to avoid saying somewhat, perhaps a great deal, that has been said by others.

History of the taking of *Constantinople* by the *French* & *Venetians*.

In my Opinion it shews a great deal of Negligence to tell the Public nakedly, *that the* Venetians *when they became Masters of* Constantinople, *brought those Horses from it among other rich Spoils?* Now three Parts in four of Mr. *Misson*'s Readers, knowing nothing of the History of this Taking of *Constantinople*, will naturally imagine that the *Venetians* alone conquered it. Though the Truth of the History is, that upon this Occasion, they did no more than joyn their Army under their Doge *Henry Dandolo*, with that of the *French* Princes who were going to recover the *Holy Land* upon the fifth Crusade, and which having set the young *Alexis*, Son to *Isaacus Angelus*, upon the *Greek* Throne, afterwards attacked *Constantinople*, to revenge the Death of that young Prince, whom the Traytor *Murtzuphilus*, who was his Bosom Confident, had strangled with his own Hands, the better to seize that Empire, which by this Sack of *Constantinople* passed from the *Greeks* to the *French*.

A Story about the said Horses.

But to return to our Horses: We are told by the Learned *Georgius Sabinus*, in his Poem called *Iter Italicum*, that those four Horses were placed where we now see them, to acquit the Emperor *Frederic* I. of a Vow he had made, to make the Chief Church of *Venice* a Stable for Horses. I don't know whence he had this Anecdote, but I will give you his Words:

Maximus Imperii juraverat Arbiter olim,
Infestus Venetis qui Fridericus erat *
Quod foret è Templo stabulum facturus Equorum,
Hadriaci caperet mœnia quando maris:
Acre sed in longos cùm bellum duceret annos,
Nec Venetæ posset frangere Gentis opes,
Hos ibi jussit Equos in summo culmine poni,
Nominis extarent ut monimenta sui.

This is as absurd an Imagination as can enter into a Man's Head.

Short Description of the Church of St. *Mark*.

I shall conclude my Observations upon this Church with a general one, which is, that it is built after the *Greek* Fashion in Form of a Cross *Coupée*, with a great many *Gothic* Ornaments of Architecture; and that its Gates are all of Brass worked with open Bass-reliefs. Its whole Pavement is a *Mosaïc* of Marble, Porphiry, and other fine Stones, joined with so much Art, that they in many Places represent with their different Colours, several Kinds of Animals, and other very pretty Figures.

We

† *Fridericus* I. *Æuobarbus.*

We likewiſe ſee a Piece of Porphiry ſet in the Middle of the Portico of the Church, which they pretend to be the very Spot where Pope *Alexander* III. whoſe true Name was *Orlando Bandinelli* of a *Sienneſe* Family, ſet his Foot, not, as is commonly ſaid, upon the Neck, but upon the Shoulders of the Emperor *Frederic Barbaroſſa*, while the latter was proſtrated before him. 1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE.

The Author of the Journal of Travels thro' *France* and *Italy* poſitively aſſerts, that upon this Stone are engraved the Words, *Super Aſpidem & Baſiliſcum ambulabis.* It is not at all ſurpriſing that ſo inaccurate an Author as this is, and one who reports Things too much upon hearſay, ſhould be miſtaken in his Accounts; but I am aſtoniſhed that the learned Father *Mabillon* has ſaid the very ſame Thing in his *Iter Italicum*, with this Addition, *that thoſe Words are engraved upon a Plate of Metal ſet into a reddiſh Stone.* Yet it is certain, that there are neither Plate nor Letters upon this Stone. *Huguetan* calls it *a Plate of Copper fixt to a red Stone.* A remarkable Stone, and Miſtakes of ſeveral Travellers.

The whole Nef conſiſts of ſeveral Arches, the Walls and Pillars, which ſupport them, are cruſted over with a light green Marble, veined with Black, which has a very pretty Effect. From the loweſt Part of the Arches to the five Cupolas on all Sides we ſee nothing but Gilding, with the fineſt *Moſaic* imaginable in Pictures, in Copartments, and a hundred other Shapes. The Choir is divided from the Nef by Marble Baluſtrades, ſupported by Pillars, and the high Altar is extremely magnificent. We there ſee four Columns of White Marble, worked with a vaſt Number of Bas-reliefs, repreſenting the whole Hiſtory of the Old and New Teſtament: Several Statues, and a great many large Lamps of Silver gilt. But their greateſt and moſt valued Curioſities in this Church are ſome Pillars of Oriental Alabaſter, as tranſparent as Chryſtal, with others, which they pretend formerly belonged to the Temple of *Solomon. Credat Judæus Apella.* The Inſide of the Church very magnificent.

But I will tell you of ſomewhat ſtill more curious. Sure you could never have taken it into your Head to have ſought for the Rock of Mount *Horeb* in St. *Mark*'s Church at *Venice*, yet we are ſhewn it here in a Chapel dedicated to the Virgin *Mary:* At leaſt we are ſhewn the Place of the Rock which *Moſes* ſtruck with his Rod in the Deſart, from whence he made to iſſue Torrents of Water, of which all the People of *Iſrael* and their Cattle drank. But what is moſt marvellous of all is, that thoſe *Torrents of Water*, as they are called by Holy Writ, flowed in great Abundance thro' three ſmall Holes we ſee in this Rock, thro' each of which the Stream could be no bigger than a ſmall Thread, and that this Water ſo iſſuing, quenched the Thirſt of Millions of living Creatures, who were parched up by Drought. The Rock of *Horeb* ſhewn here.

They likewiſe ſhew us here the Chair wherein St. *Mark* ſate while he wrote his Goſpel, together with the Table, upon which our Savour diſtributed the five Loaves and two Fiſhes; tho' we are poſitively told in the Goſpel, that *Jeſus* commanded his *Diſciples to make all ſit down by Companies* And other Curioſities.

1707. Feb. 25. VENICE.

nies upon the green Graſs, and they ſate down in Ranks by hundreds and by fifties.

Tomb of Cardinal Zeno.

In the ſame Chapel we alſo ſee a magnificent Tomb, reſting or ſupported by ſix Braſs Statues, of very valuable Workmanſhip, containing the Bones of Cardinal *Zeno*, Nephew to Pope *Paul* II. I ſhould take up too much of your Time were I to inform you of all the curious Particulars to be found in this Church, as to fine Columns, Sculpture, Painting, Moſaic, and a Variety of fine Marbles, ſo that one cannot help being a little Poetical.

Poetical Deſcription of this ſtately Building.

Quis celebret priſca tot ſculptas arte columnas
Diſperſis maculis inſignes, ſive Laconum
Rupibus exciſas, Phrygiæ ſeu Sinados antro?
Quis pulchro Praſii laquearia fornice ſaxi
Fulta, & mille locis emblemata mille colorum
Vermiculata, nihil tabulis cedentia pictis,
Et conſtrata ſolo variis Aſarota figuris?
Ut vidi tam multa ſacri miracula Templi
Circumſparſa oculos, dubium me copia fecit
Artificumque manus, Priſcorumque æmula virtus,
Hæſit & incertæ titubans ſententia mentis.

The Chapter of this Church, and particular Uſages.

Though, as I have already obſerved, this Church is properly ſpeaking no other than the Doge's Chapel, yet it is a Collegiate Church; its Chapter being compoſed of a *Primiciero*, who is the Dean, and twenty ſix Canons, all of them named by the Doge: The Dean officiates with the Mitre, and a Croſſier, the ſame as a Biſhop wears; he is taken from among the Nobility, and has by his Office about 6 or 7000 Ducats a Year. During the *Paſſion* Week, and upon ſome other ſolemn Occaſions they follow here the Ritual of the Church of *Alexandria*, becauſe they are told by Tradition it was from thence that St. *Mark*'s Body was tranſported to *Venice*. On *Good Friday*, about Nine in the Evening, they make a Proceſſion quite round the Square, in which they carry the Holy Sacrament with great Solemnity in a Coffin, covered with black Velvet; a Ceremony which no Pope has ever been yet able to aboliſh, and ſtill ſubſiſts, as well as a particular Privilege which this Church enjoys, having Maſs ſung in it at Six o'Clock on *Chriſtmas* Eve. They pretend, that the Lewdneſs and Indecencies, formerly committed at Midnight Maſſes, gave riſe to this Cuſtom of having Maſs ſaid at Six in the Evening.

Wonderful public Spirit of the *Venetians* in the great Exigencies of the State.

When we left the Church we entered the Treaſury, which is never opened but in Preſence of one of the Procurators of St. *Mark*, who have the Keys of it. What moſt People believe to be the Treaſury of *Venice* is far from being ſo. They imagine that it conſiſts of a vaſt Heap of Money locked up in a certain Place, and that they draw from thence the vaſt Sums which they employ in the public Service. But the true Coffers

wherein the *Venetian* Revenues are ſhut up are the Hearts of their Nobility and Citizens, which are inexhauſtible Reſources in the great Exigences of their State. The Love of their Country, with the Dread of being ſubjected to a Foreign Power, makes them deſpiſe all Conſiderations of private Intereſt, which in other Reſpects they are very tenacious of, and give liberally, nay profuſely more than they are aſked for. The State having ſuffered very great Loſſes in a War with the *Turks*; the noble *Pezaro*, who was afterwards elected Doge, raiſed the ſunk Courage of his Countrymen by a generous Exhortation and his more generous Example. He offered the Senate all his Revenues for five Years, amounting to at leaſt 60,000 Ducats a Year. By this heroic Propoſal he confirmed the Reſolution of the moſt wavering, he recovered the Courage of the moſt deſponding, and opened by theſe means Reſources for continuing the War; the Citizens, jealous of being outdone in Patriotiſm by the Nobility, ſpared nothing in that Extremity, and gave the greateſt Part of their Effects to preſerve their Country. 1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE.

The Treaſure I am now to mention is of a quite different Nature. It may be divided into Temporal and Spiritual, that is, the Treaſure belonging to the Church, and that belonging to the State. The former conſiſts of a vaſt Number of Relicks held here in great Veneration, in Caſes of Gold and Silver, enriched with precious Stones. They here ſhew one of the largeſt Pieces of the Holy Croſs that is to be ſeen in all *Europe*, and which was miraculouſly ſaved out of the Flames that conſumed Part of the Treaſure in 1230. One of the Nails that faſtned *Chriſt* to the Croſs; one of the Thorns of his Crown; and a Rag of the Robe he wore when he received a Blow at the Houſe of *Caiaphas*; but Travellers differ as to the Robe of which this Rag was a Part: We likewiſe ſaw a Piece of St. *John* the Baptiſt's Leathern Girdle; it was Pity they could not produce one of the Locuſts he lived on, had it been but to have ſatisfied the World as to their Species. But to be ſerious; the Gentlemen of *Amiens*, who boaſt of having the true and entire Head of this Saint, need but repair hither, and they will ſee his Skull, with a good formal Atteſtation of its being his real one. There is alſo here a Finger of St. *Mary Magdalen*; the Sword with which St. *Peter* cut off *Malchus* the Link-boy's Ear, though the People of St. *Denis* in *France* pretend to have this likewiſe. A Leg of St. *Matthew*; ſome Hair and ſome Milk of the Virgin; miraculous Blood which iſſued from a wooden Crucifix that was ſtruck by a *Jew*; in ſhort, the precious Blood of *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf, which is expoſed ſeveral Times a Year in a Vial, and inſtantly diſlodges all the Devils who enter into the Bodies of thoſe who apply here for Cure. I had almoſt forgot the Stone from which *Jeſus Chriſt* preached, and which was brought from the Eaſt by a Doge. Spiritual Treaſure of Saint *Mark*. A vaſt many Relicks.

Tho' we are told by Tradition, that St. *Mark*'s Body was brought to *Venice* quite entire; and tho' the Author of the *Mercurius Italicus* ſays expreſly, that he lies under the high Altar, yet we ſee no Part of him excepting Relicks of St. *Mark*.

1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE.

cepting his Thumb, which they tell us he himſelf cut off that he might not be made a Prieſt, together with the Manuſcript, which they pretend to be the true Original wrote by the Saint's own Hand.

Strange Account concerning his Body.

Having expreſſed a good deal of Surpriſe to ſee ſo few of this Saint's Relicks, I could not help aſking what had become of his Body? I was anſwered, that the Devotion they at firſt entertained for this new Protector of the State was ſo cold in Proceſs of Time, that for two hundred and ſeventy Years after his Tranſlation, no Body knew where his Corpſe was interred. Upon which ſome devout Souls repreſented to the Senate ſo ſtrongly, that this horrible Neglect would infalliably draw down upon them the Reſentment of their Protector, that they reſolved to publiſh a very auſtere Faſt for three Days. This Faſt was kept *with Tears and Contrition*; afterwards the whole Senate, and as many People as the Church of St. *Mark* could hold aſſembled there, and ſupplicated the Saint with great Humility, that he would by ſome Token ſignify the Place where his Body was buried. The good Protector ſuffered himſelf to be mollified by the Tears and Sighs of his afflicted Votaries; one of the Pillars of the Church inſtantly opened in the Middle, and all who were preſent ſaw the Hand of the Saint, with a Ring upon one of its Fingers coming out of the Pillar. Mr. *Miſſon* differs here from the Legend; for he ſays, that St. *Mark* ſhewed his Arm to the Doge, and that he made him a Preſent of a Ring. So ſurpriſing a Sight ſtruck the whole Aſſembly with Religious Horror; they redoubled their Tears and Prayers; they conjured the great St. *Mark* to be pleaſed to grant to his penitent People the Ring which was upon his Finger, as a certain Token that his Body was in a Cheſt, which appeared in the Middle of the opened Pillar. But thoſe Prayers and Tears were for a long Time all in vain, for the Arm had neither Eyes nor Ears to regard them, till the noble *Dominic Delphino*, one who had more Faith and greater Boldneſs than others, approached it with great Confidence; and then the Hand of the Saint, bringing itſelf lower, preſented him with that precious Relick, as a Reward of his Faith; then the Pillar cloſed, without its being poſſible to diſtinguiſh the ſmalleſt Mark of its opening.

And the Ring that was on his Finger.

In Memory of this great Miracle, the Day of this Apparition is kept with great Solemnity every Year; but as ill Luck would have it, they at preſent don't know from which Pillar of St. *Mark*'s Church this Arm iſſued; yet the People believe that this Secret is not hid from the Doge, the Procurator of the Treaſury, nor the Dean of the Chapter; but that they are obliged by Oath ſtrictly to conceal it. As to the Ring, they likewiſe aſſured us, that, after a long Train of different Accidents, it entirely diſappeared without any Body's knowing what became of it. Mr. *Laſſels* ſays however, "that they ſhewed him a Finger of St. *Mark*, with his "Ring, and a Stone in it, and that none of the Lapidaries knew any Thing "of its Nature." Honeſt *Laſſels* need not be ſurpriſed at our Lapidaries not knowing the Name or Nature of a Stone, which the Saint had brought

from Paradiſe; a Country with whoſe Product and Commodities no Body is acquainted. 1707. *Feb.* 25.

VENICE.

As to the famous Manuſcript which they call St. *Mark*'s Goſpel, I examined it with all poſſible Attention, but I will venture to aſſure you, that it is impoſſible to diſtinguiſh any Thing about it, excepting ſome Strokes and Marks of imperfect Characters. It conſiſts of Parchment-leaves in *Quarto*; but ſo diſfigured, and ſo conſumed by the Moiſture, that when they were touched with one Finger they mouldered into Rottenneſs. All that one can do is to lift ſome of them with the Point of a Needle, and that too with Difficulty; in ſhort, I do aſſure you there is nothing here from whence you can diſcover in what Language it was wrote. The pretended Original of his Goſpel.

Ciaconius and Cardinal *Baronius* ſay it is wrote in *Latin*, Mr. *Miſſon* in *Greek*, *he happening*, as he ſays, *to meet in it with a* KATA; Father *Montfaucon* on the contrary maintains, that it is a *Latin* Manuſcript, and for the future *ought to be looked upon as ſuch*. For my Part I find that the two latter decide a little too boldly; but what is pretty ſurpriſing is, that they don't give their different Deciſions till after both of them have agreed that the Manuſcript is ſo waſted and effaced that ir is ſcarce poſſible to make any Thing of it; this is ſo true, that, with all the Pains I took, I could by no means diſcover any Letters ſo well formed as for me to make any reaſonable Conjecture upon that Head. Mr. *Broughton* the *Engliſh* Conſul at *Venice*, and who waited on us to the Treaſury of St. *Mark*, aſſured us, that Signior *Jacomo Grandi* of *Modena*, Phyſician and Profeſſor of *Greek* and *Anatomy*, had told him, that having examined this Manuſcript many Times during twenty five or thirty Years, he had diſtinguiſhed ſeveral imperfect *Greek* Characters in the Corners of the Pages; but that this was no direct Proof of its being a *Greek* Manuſcript. This Manuſcript not legible.

Biſhop *Burnet* ſays, that he could not ſee this Manuſcript *becauſe it is not given to Strangers to read*; this, in one Senſe, is true; for it is impoſſible either for Strangers, or any Body elſe to read it; but it is not true that they refuſe to ſhew it to Strangers of any Diſtinction, or tolerably well recommended. The learned Father *Mabillon* has fallen into the ſame Miſtake, when he ſays, *Sigillo obſignatur, nec cuiquam aperitur.* That is, *It is ſealed up, that it may not be opened to any Perſon.* They who ſay that this pretended Goſpel is wrote upon the Bark of a Tree, or upon Palm-leaves, are miſtaken likewiſe; for it certainly conſiſts of Leaves of Parchment. It was brought from *Aquileia* where it was diſcovered; and it is preſerved with great Veneration and Care in a Box of Silver gilt in form of a Book, and eſteemed one of the moſt valuable Pieces in the whole Treaſury. I omit to inform you of a great Number of conſecrated Veſſels, Crucifixes, Candleſticks, Gold and Silver Lamps, that I may proceed to the temporal Treaſure, which is by far the moſt real. Miſtake of Biſhop *Burnet*, and others.

In a Chamber adjoining to that, where the Relicks are, they ſhewed us this Treaſure by Candle-light. The Particulars of it are ranged upon the Shelves of a large Armory, the Back Ground being covered with black The temporal Treaſure of Saint *Mark*.

1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE.

black Velvet, probably to ſet off the Riches to greater Advantage. They are encloſed within a Baluſtrade, within which the Procurator, who keeps the Key of them, and the Officer who ſhews them, are placed, leaſt any Body ſhould touch them.

I ſhall not trouble you with *Laſſels*'s ridiculous Recommendation of two Unicorns Horns that are ſhewn here, it being pretty certain, that an *Unicorn* is a Creature of the Imagination only, but proceed to give you the beſt and moſt diſtinct Account I can of what is moſt remarkable.

The Ducal Crown

The Ducal Crown here called *il Corno*, with which the Doge is crowned, is indiſputably one of the richeſt and fineſt Pieces in all the Treaſury. It is a Crimſon Velvet Bonnet, the hinder Part of which ſtands up in a round Point, which inclines a little forwards. It is cloſed like a Royal Crown, with Golden Semi-Circles croſſing one another, of about two Fingers-breadths each, covered with a great many precious Stones of an extraordinary Largeneſs: Upon the Point of this Cap is that thick, bright Diamond, which *Henry* III. of *France* preſented to the Republic, on his Return from *Poland*; but the richeſt Part of this Piece is the Circle that goes round the Head, which has in its Front a Ruby, reckoned worth 60,000 Crowns, ſet quite round with a Row of Pearls ſhaped like Pears, as large as Hazel-Nuts, and ineſtimable of themſelves.

Twelve rich Breaſt-knots, as many Crowns, and a vaſt Number of precious Stones.

We ſee here likewiſe twelve Breaſt-knots, and as many rich Crowns, which they ſay formerly belonged to the Queen of *Cyprus*; others ſay, to twelve Maids of Honour, who formerly wore them, when upon certain Occaſions they walked in State before the Empreſſes of *Conſtantinople*. In Truth I don't believe that in any Part of *Europe* ſo many precious Stones of ſo extraordinary a Size are to be ſeen together. Amongſt others, they ſhew us ſix prodigious big Rubies, the largeſt of which, they ſay, weighs ſix Ounces; and uncut as they are, appear with great Luſtre. We likewiſe admired here a very fine Saphire, which they told us weighs ten Ounces; a Cup made out of a ſingle *Turquois*, which is as big as an ordinary Porringer, and was ſent in a Preſent to the Republic by *Uſuncaſſan*, King of *Perſia*; a little Veſſel made in Form of a Seal, out of a Granite, full eight Inches deep, and almoſt as much in Diameter; a Pearl of a prodigious Bigneſs, ſet in Gold, with Diamonds and precious Stones all round it; the two Crowns of the Kingdoms of *Cyprus* and *Candia*; a great Number of Croſſes, Chalices, and a Maſs-Book, covered with Pearls and precious Stones.

Other rich Curioſities.

Beſides this, in that Treaſury we ſee a vaſt Number of very fine Vaſes of different Shapes, of Emerald Root, Agate, Cornelian, and Mother of Pearl, which they ſay formerly belonged to the Table Furniture of the *Eaſtern* Emperors. Each of theſe Veſſels is tranſparent, of a ſingle Piece, and very large. But the greateſt Curioſity in my Eyes was a Portrait of St. *Jerom* in Moſaic, ſo fine and ſoft, that it appeared to be painted. I will not mention to you a vaſt Number of other rich Pieces, ſuch as Golden Scepters, Sword-hilts, Cenſers, and Candleſticks, of exquiſite Work-

Workmanſhip, and of prodigious Value; for this would be undertaking an endleſs Labour; but I will give you the Hiſtory of a Man who was bold enough to form a Plot for ſtealing and carrying off great Part of this Treaſure. 1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE.

When Prince *Borſio d'Eſte* was at *Venice* in the Year 1427. he went to ſee the Treaſury of St. *Mark*; and one *Stamati*, a Native of *Candia*, found means to get Admittance likewiſe, by mixing with the Prince's Servants. At firſt he was dazled with the Sight of ſo much Riches; but after admiring them, Covetouſneſs ſucceed to Admiration, and being of a bold enterpriſing Nature, he ſoon formed a Deſign to make himſelf Maſter of Part of them. After a narrow Search into the propereſt Way of ſucceeding in this, he reſolved to break thro' the Wall of the Armory where the moſt valuable Riches all lie. The firſt Night he wrought ſo well, that he pulled out a pretty large Piece of Marble, and made a conſiderable Breach in the Wall, carrying off the Rubbiſh, and throwing it into the next Canal; then ſtopping the Hole very nicely up with the ſame Piece of Marble, he daubed the Seam over with a Plaiſter of the ſame Colour, which he had prepared on purpoſe, ſo as that no Alteration ſhould be diſcovered. This Work employed him for ſeveral Nights; at laſt, he made a Paſſage into the Treaſure, of which he carried off to his Lodgings at ſeveral Times as much as he pleaſed. At laſt, judging that it was impoſſible for him to make off with his Booty, without ſome other truſty Perſon's Aſſiſtance, he reſolved to truſt a Countryman of his own, his particular Friend and Godfather, one *Zachary Grio*. Hiſtory of an Attempt to rob this Treaſure.

Stamati immediately put this Reſolution in Practice; he went to *Grio*, told him the Manner of his committing the Robbery, and carrying him to his Lodgings, convinced him by ocular Demonſtration of the Truth of what he had told him. *Grio* was ſo aſtoniſhed at the bold Action of his Friend, that an univerſal Shaking, as if he had been in a Fit of an Ague, ſeized him all over, which *Stamati* perceiving, and doubting that his Secret might not be ſafe, he thought of ſtabbing him upon the Spot; but *Grio* miſtruſting his Deſign, embraced him, and told him, that the Diſorder he perceived him to be in was owing to his Joy at ſeeing ſuch a Treaſure in Poſſeſſion of the moſt intimate Friend he had in the World. Theſe Words compoſed *Stamati*'s Spirits, who, to make himſelf the more aſſured of *Grio*'s Fidelity to him, made him a Preſent of an extraordinary large Ruby; the ſame, as we were told, that is now ſet in the Golden Circle of the Doge's Crown, and valued at 60,000 Crowns. *Grio* parting with *Stamati*, on Pretence of ſome Buſineſs, run to the Doge's Palace, and earneſtly requeſting to be conducted to his Serene Highneſs's Apartments, that he might make a Diſcovery to him of the utmoſt Importance, he gave the Doge, and thoſe who were with him, an Account of *Stamati*'s Robbery, and, as a Proof of his Sincerity, ſhewed them the Ruby which the latter had made How the Robbery was diſcovered.

1707. *Feb.* 25. VENICE. The Robber punished.

made him a Present of; he then told them that there was no Time to be lost in preventing his Flight, or his concealing himself and his Booty.

This Information, and the Proof that *Grio* brought did not a little startle the Doge, and those who were with him; they instantly sent to apprehend *Stamati*, whom they seized with his whole Booty, without the least Thing being a missing, and it is said the whole amounted to two Millions of Gold. The Wretch owned the whole, and was condemned to be hanged. Some Writers say, that he begged it as a Favour to have a gilt Cord, which, if true, proves him to have been a very whimsically wicked Fellow; however that may be, *Grio* the Informer was rewarded with a good round Sum of Ducats, and a Pension all his Life.

The following is an *Italian Concetti*, but does pretty well in *Latin*; it is inscribed upon one of the Walls of St. *Mark*'s Church, and is a Dialogue betwixt an old Man and a Stranger, upon the Original and Beauties of *Venice*.

Concetti on the City of *Venice*.

Dialogismus inter Advenam & Senem.

A. *Dic antique Senex, Venetæ quis Conditor Urbis?*
S. *Juppiter:* A. *Undè Arces?* S. *Attica:* A. *Scorta?* S. *Venus:*
A. *Mœnia?* S. *Neptunus:* A. *Nummi?* S. *Dido:* A. *Bellica?* S. *Mavors:*
A. *Artes?* S. *Mercurius:* A. *Jura?* S. *Minerva dedit.*
A. *Non mirum est, si alias inter caput extulit Urbes,*
Cùm tot cœlestes composuere Deæ.

CHAP.

1707
Feb. 23.
VENICE.

CHAP. LXXIV.

Venice. *Accurate Deſcription of the Palace of St.* Mark. *The Hall where the Grand Council meets, and its Paintings. This Honourable Aſſembly exactly repreſented, as alſo the Manner in which the Elections are performed. The Arſenal of the Palace. The Uſe of it, and its ſeveral Singularities. Buſto and Hiſtory of* Bragandin. *Account of the State-Inquiſition at* Venice.

Politeneſs of the noble *Cornaro* to the Author.

WE this Morning received a Viſit from the Noble *Cornaro*, Brother to him who is Embaſſador in Ordinary from this Republic at your Court. Nothing could be more engaging than that Gentleman's Behaviour to us. He not only offered us to do all that was in his Power to oblige us, but told us, with an Air very different from the ordinary Loftineſs of Noble *Venetians*, that as the Great Council was to meet at Noon, he had come on purpoſe to ſhew us the Nobles who compoſed it, the Hall where it is held, and the reſt of the Palace. We made no Difficulty in accepting of his Civility, and he conducted us to St. *Mark*'s Palace.

The Palace of St. *Mark* deſcribed.

It is a large oblong ſquare Building; and notwithſtanding all the *Gothiciſm* about it, it may paſs for a *Palazzo ſuperbiſſimo*, and therefore it would perhaps be raſh in a Man to undertake to give a perfect Deſcription of it. The ſeveral Burnings which have ſo often ruined it, have occaſioned the Architecture of it to be a little irregular. One of its two principal Fronts faces the *Broglio*, the other to the Sea-ſhore; here we ſee two Porticoes one above the other, the Arches of which being pierced in the *Gothic* Taſte, are of Marble, and ſupported by a vaſt Number of Pillars. The reſt of the Walls as high as the Battlements, is wholly painted with Lozenges of different Colours, each with a Croſs upon it. The Covering is all of Lead, but very low.

The third Front oppoſite to that facing the Square looks into a narrow Canal, where there is a Landing-place for Gondolas. The Architecture of this is more Modern than that of the other Fronts; it is likewiſe much more eſteemed; and were all the Building like this, it would be a moſt magnificent Palace. This Front is of *Iſtrian Pietra dura*, cut into Diamond Points for two Fathom high, the reſt is of common Marble covered with a vaſt many Bas-reliefs, and adorned with two Stories of large Balconies. The lower Steps of the ſix great Gates by which we enter here, are always covered with Water, and this great Shell of a Building is ſo extraordinary high and long, that we may ſay truly of it;

Hic quoque fundatæ pelagi ſub fluctibus imis
Altius aſſurgunt vicinæ nubibus ædes.

1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE.

Near the great Gate of the Palace on the Outside, we see two large white Marble Pillars, which they believe were brought from *Acra*, formerly *Ptolomais* in *Syria*. The simple common People believe, that these Pillars are to serve as a Gibbet for the Doge to be strangled on, when he does any thing that is contrary to Law, and that in such an Event, his first Serjeant must be his Executioner; but all this has very little or no Foundation.

Two Pillars and their Use.

Near this Place we likewise see the End of a Porphiry Pillar, called *Pietra del Bando*; that is, the Place on which the Sentences of Banishment and Proscription are read. It is likewise upon this Stone, that one who has killed a Proscribed Person mounts to display his Head, that it may be owned to have been that of the Proscribed, before he receives the Reward that is fixt for such a Head.

Pietra del Bando, and its Use.

The principal Gate looks into the Square, and is in the Corner adjoining to St. *Mark*'s Church. It appears to be very ancient, is adorned with several Figures, and opens into a long Portico which leads on the one hand to the Church, on the other to the Court of the Palace, and ends at the Foot of an open Stair-Case.

The great Gate.

The Court is pretty large, surrounded with very fine Apartments adorned with Porticoes supported with Marble Columns: The finest of them all is that which we see in entering from the Square, and the Front of it opposite to that which faces the little Canal. All that stands above the second Portico of this Building is adorned with Pilasters and a great many Marble Bas-reliefs, in Festoons, Grotesque Figures, and other Ornaments very delicately wrought.

The Court.

But for those Gentlemen who believe in *Unicorns*, the greatest Curiosity in that Court, is a Well that can by no means be poisoned; they having thrown into it two Horns of those rare Animals, which neither *Noah* nor his Wife, nor any of his Children ever saw in the Ark. But as Tastes differ, the two Statues representing *Adam* and *Eve* over the Entry opposite to the Square, are much greater Curiosities to me than all the Unicorns Horns in *Europe*. These Statues are extremely good, and done by *Sansovin*, or as others say, by *Riccio*.

An extraordinary Well, and two fine Statues.

The great Stair Case is of Marble and one Flight, as far as the Portico of the first Story. It is called the *Giants Stair Case*, because of two Marble *Colossus* which are on the Top of it; they are said to represent *Mars* and *Neptune*, and to be of *Sansovin*'s Hand. I must again take notice of what a monstrous Nusance it is to Strangers, to see this fine Stair-Case quite filled with Filth and Nastiness; this the *Venetians* never mind, as being accustomed to it.

The Giant's Stair-case, why so called.

The first Story of this Palace contains a vast Number of Rooms, which look both into the Court and the Square, all of them designed for different Magistrates and Officers of Justice. We mount by another Stair-Case still more lofty than the first to the Doge's Apartment, which is upon the Left-hand. His Anti-chamber, his Dining-Room, and his Hall of Audience are magnificent,

Description of the first Story of Saint *Mark*'s Palace.

magnificent, being all over Painting and Gilding. The Roofs and the Ceilings are exquisitely beautiful, as well as the Halls of the College, the *Pregadi*, the State Inquisitors, the Scrutiny, and the Council of Ten. They are adorned with a vast many fine Pictures, by *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*, *Palma*, and a great many other great Painters. 1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE.

These Apartments are all of them very spacious and lofty; but the Great Council Hall undoubtedly surpasses them all in its Length, Breadth, and Paintings. It was burnt with great Part of the Palace, in *Decemb.* 1577. without their being able to save any of the Pictures done by the Brothers *Gentil* and *John Belini*, which were esteemed Master-pieces; nor a great many other valuable ones representing the most famous Actions of the *Venetians*. All this has been since re-painted at a great Expence by *Frederic Zucchero*, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*, and *Horace Vicelli*, Son to *Titian*. There we see the Wars, the Battles and Victories of the *Venetians* upon both Elements represented in so animated a Manner, that one cannot do them Justice in Prose. The Council Hall. And its beautiful Paintings.

Hic terrestre, illic ingens navale Duellum,
Transtra, & apluſtra simul, simul & fluitantia passim
Fragmina ruptarum conspeximus antennarum,
Concertasque illic acies decernere ferro,
Scuta virûm, galeasque & corpora trunca jacere:
Hic fugit, ille premit sævos magno impetu Turcas;
Istic victor agit victâ de gente triumphum,
Captivos manibus ducens post terga revinctos.

The taking of *Constantinople* by the *French* and *Venetians* in 1192. is there wonderfully well represented, with the Bickerings betwixt the Emperor *Frederic Barbarossa* and Pope *Alexander* III. The Victory of the Doge *Sebastian Ziani* over *Otho* Son to the same Emperor is not forgotten, any more than the Humiliation of that Emperor, and the Haughtiness of the Pope, who was insolent enough to trample him under foot, with the following Expression out of *Psalm* XCI. *Super aspidem & basiliscum ambulabis, & conculcabis Leonem & Draconem:* "Thou shalt tread upon the Asp "and Adder; the Lion and the Dragon shalt thou trample under thy "Feet.

We here likewise see the Pictures of all the Doges from the Life, excepting of one *Marinus Falerius*, who was put to death for attempting to enslave his Country. Instead of this Doge's Picture there is a plain black Marble, with the following Words inscribed; *Locus Marini Falerii decapitati* "The Place for *Marinus Falerius*, who was beheaded.

The Motive of this Doge's Conspiracy, was the Senate's not doing him Justice upon *Michael Sten* one of the Nobles, who had debauched his Wife; and to revenge himself, he resolved to massacre the principal Senators. But one of his Accomplices discovered the Plot to the State Inquisitors, Conspiracy of a Doge.

1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE.

who that very Day ordered the Doge's Head to be cut off, in the firſt Year of his Regency. In Memory of this happy Diſcovery, there is an Anniverſary general Proceſſion upon the 16th of *April*, round the Square of St. *Mark*. This Doge *Marin Falier*, was the Third of his Family who had been raiſed to that Dignity.

Account of *Tintoret*'s Painting, and his Character as a Painter.

But the fineſt of all thoſe Pictures is that called *Tintoret*'s Paradice, which fills the whole lower End of the Great Hall. They tell us, that in this Piece there are near two thouſand Figures, which ſurpaſs all the Works of this Painter. His Admirers cry up the Excellence of his Genius, in the incredible Variety that is to be found in ſuch a vaſt Number of Figures, without the ſmalleſt Confuſion. They add, that he was the *Thunder-bolt of Painting*, and that he deſerves the Epithet of *Fa Preſto* infinitely better than the famous *Giordano*, who got it long after. As a Proof of this, they name an excellent Piece of his Hand, which is now ſhewn in the School or the Confraternity of St. *Roch*, which, ſay they, he finiſhed in leſs Time than his Rivals *Salviati*, *Paul Veroneſe*, and *Frederic Zucchero* would have taken in ſchetching ſuch a Picture. The Roof of this Hall is likewiſe adorned with very fine Paintings Copartmentwiſe, in carved and gilt Frames, done by the ſame *Tintoret* and *Paul Veroneſe*.

The Seat of the Doge.

The Doge's Bench ſtands directly under *Tintoret*'s Paradiſe. It is a plain Seat, and without any Canopy, only with ſome Foliage of Copper gilt on each Side. It is placed in the middle of a large Alcove riſing by four Steps, and running the whole Breadth of the Hall. It is raiſed by means of a little Foot-board five or ſix Inches higher than the Benches on each Hand of it, upon which the Doge's ſix Counſellors, and the three Heads of the forty Criminal Judges, ſit. All the Ornament of this Seat is a Piece of Crimſon Satin ſtuck up behind it, with a Cuſhion of the ſame.

Other Seats of Magiſtrates.

The ſix *Savii Grandi*, the five *Savii de Terra ferma*, the five *Savii de gli Ordini*, the Heads of the Council of ten, the *Avogadors* and the Cenſors, ſit round the Hall upon raiſed Benches, becauſe they are to overlook the Nobles that they do nothing contrary to the Statutes; and laſtly, the Nobles which compoſe this great Council ſit upon Forms, which run paralel to one another along by the length of the Hall. Beſides all this, there is a kind of a Pulpit, from whence the Chancellor and others make Harrangues.

The Grand Council deſcribed.

The great Council being the general Aſſembly of the Nobles, it may be called the firſt Court of Juſtice, the Baſis and the Support of the Republic. It has the abſolute Diſpoſal of all Magiſtracies, the Right to enact new Laws, to chuſe Senators, to confirm the Senate's Elections, to nominate to all Poſts, to create the Procurators of St. *Mark*, Podeſtats and Governors of Provinces; in ſhort, it lies with the Great Council to correct all public Abuſes, and rectify the wrong Steps of private Perſons.

Patricio

1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE.

Patricio quicumque genus de ſanguine duxit,
Progeniemque prius gemino ſi teſte probarit
Nobilibus ductam majoribus, atque creatam
Haud vetito ritu, haud inconceſſis hymenæis:
Tum cui jam fuerint ætatis quinque peracta
Luſtra ſuæ; claraque ab origine duxerit ortum:
Ipſi etiam externi, quorum virtutibus aucta eſt
Publica res Venetum, Veneti jus civis adepti,
In magno poſſunt ſuffragia ferre Senatu.

Qualifications requiſite in the Members of this Aſſembly.

All *Venetian* Nobles who are 25 Years of Age, that is, who have taken the Habit or the Robe of black Cloth, have a Right to enter the Grand Council, and vote in Elections. Sometimes indeed the Republic indulges young Noblemen in this Privilege before they are twenty, as a Reward for the good Services done the State by their Fathers. Sometimes too in Time of War, they ſell Diſpenſations for Age at a moderate Price; a Practice which I don't think at all ſo blameable as a great many do, becauſe young Noblemen are therby early initiated in Buſineſs, and inſtructed in the moſt refined Politics.

When they meet, and their Number.

The great Council meets on *Sundays* and Feſtival Days, excepting thoſe of the bleſſed *Virgin*, and their Patron St. *Mark*. In Summer their Hours of ſitting are from eight in the Morning to Noon, and in Winter, from Noon to Sun ſet. It is impoſſible to tell the preciſe Number of Nobles which compoſe this Aſſembly; their fulleſt Houſes not being above ſix or ſeven Hundred, the reſt being employed in Embaſſies, or in Governments of the Provinces, and other public Poſts. Others have their own Reaſons for their not appearing in Council; but 'tis certain, that no Buſineſs is finally concluded when there are under three hundred in the Aſſembly. When I ſpeak of their fulleſt Houſes being ſix or ſeven hundred, I only ſpeak after the common Opinion, and other Authors who have followed that. For the Noble *Cornaro* aſſures us, that he has ſeen Aſſemblies of 12 or 1300, nay 1500; ſo that we may ſay of this Great Council and the Hall where it aſſembles,

Magna patet mille & quingentis civibus Aula
Patriciis, quibus eſt ſortis permiſſa facultas,
Qui, quoties ſacrata Deo ſeptena refulget
Aurora, atque aliis etiam cum poſtulat uſus
Lucibus, æqua tenet dum Phœbus culmina Cœli,
Conveniunt alacres, ut publica commoda curent.

How they are ſummoned.

Beſides the Days appointed for the Aſſemblies of the Great Council, the Counſellors of the Republic have a Power to ſummon them upon any preſſing Emergency. On ſuch Occaſions they cauſe a Bell to be rung, which

which is answered by the five other principal Bells in the City. This is the Signal for the Noblemen to repair to the Great Council, to which they are prohibited upon pain of Death to carry any Arms, not even a *Stiletto*, which they are obliged to leave in their *Gondolas*. This is a very wise Regulation to prevent the Disorders which may be occasioned by the Heats arising during the Ballotings.

1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE.

Their Ballots.

I won't take up your Time with an Account of the Manner in which they ballot for Employments, because all the World knows that already. I will only acquaint you that they are all done with open Doors, and that there is besides in the Hall a Bench, high enough for Strangers to see in what manner they give their Suffrages. 'Tis true, that all the Members have a Right to make Speeches when they give their Opinions upon any public Concern, and then all who are not Members are ordered to withdraw, that they may not know any thing of what relates to the State. It is in those Ballottings of the Great Council, that Dissimulation in a manner erects her Throne, and Family Differences and Animosities make them spring all their Mines of Revenge, which is the more sweet, in that their Enemies feel the Effects of it, without the Principals being exposed to their Resentment.

Reflexions upon its Nature and Use.

I know that some People, who approve of those secret Ways of satisfying Resentment, say, that tho' this Practice should only hinder the Nobility from revenging themselves in a more cruel Manner, it would be always a very considerable Advantage to the State, which has nothing so much to dread, as a Division amongst its principal Members. But I answer to this, that besides its not being true that the Revenge of those Noblemen always is confined to the Prejudice they do their Enemies in those Ballottings, all Sense of Honour and Probity must be lost in a Man, who shall have the Assurance to go up to a Person, who has been excluded in an Election, and protest to him with an Oath, that he has done all he could to serve him as a most sincere Friend, and to reduce the poor Man to the Necessity of thanking him, who perhaps was a principal Mean of his Exclusion; not to mention the Mortification such a one must have in seeing his Expectations baffled.

Usefulness of Balloting in Elections.

But though I condemn this Conduct as unworthy a Man of Virtue, yet at the same time I am of Opinion, that the Method of Ballotting in Elections, and these Ballots being put into certain Vessels without any Subscription, or the least Mark by which it may be discerned from whence any one of them came, is the surest Method that was ever invented for securing the Freedom of voting. For when Voices are pronounced aloud in a full House, there are generally certain insurmountable Motives for disguising ones real Sentiments. Sometimes some great Man, whom one dare not disoblige openly; sometimes a Friend, whom one does not chuse to lose; sometimes a Man of Capacity, for whose Services we have Occasion, and who may repay one in our own Coin: But this concealed manner of Voting, both screens one from all Resentment, and leaves him at liberty

liberty to follow the uninfluenced Dictates of his own Conſcience. It is likewiſe, in my Opinion, a very wiſe Precaution, to oblige the Relations of a Candidate for an Office to retire out of the Hall all the Time a Ballot is going on. 1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE.

After ſeeing all this at our leiſure, we were introduced into the little Arſenal of the Palace, from whence there is a Gallery of Communication with the great Council Hall. This Arſenal has been built for the Security of the Nobles, that if any Attack were made upon them during their Sitting, they might find Arms to defend themſelves. In effect, there are here a great Number of Muſkets always loaded, with plenty of Piſtols and other good Arms for upwards of 1200 Men. On the Side where the Muſkets are ranged there is a Machine of Braſs, which by means of a Train of Powder laid all round, lights up 500 Matches all at once; and the Pikes and Swords are diſpoſed in ſuch a Manner, that by pulling a String they drop into the Hands of thoſe who want to uſe them; ſo that every body is armed in an Inſtant. This Precaution which is here dignified with the Name of of *Prudent Foreſight*, would paſs in another Country for *unreaſonable Diſtruſt*; or at leaſt for a Proof of the Conſciouſneſs of the Nobility, how little Affection the People bear them. The little Arſenal of the Palace and its Uſe.

In this Arſenal they preſerve *Attila*'s Caſque, with the Headſtall of his Horſe, both of them done over with a black Varniſh to prevent their ruſting: They likewiſe preſerve the Sword of *George Caſtriot*, ſirnamed *Scanderbeg*, King of *Epirus*. It is ſaid, that this Prince was ſo ſtrong, that he cleft the Turks through the Middle with one Stroke of this Sword; and that Sultan *Amurath*, Father to the Emperor *Mahomet* II. who took *Conſtantinople*, having ſent for it, proved it upon a Slave, by means of one of the ſtrongeſt *Turks* he had in his Army; but not finding it anſwer Expectation, he ſent it back to *Scanderbeg* with an Order to let him know, that the Sultan thought he had impoſed upon him. Upon which the Prince is ſaid to have anſwered, *that he had ſent him his real Sword, but not the Arm that uſed to weild it.* And its ſeveral Curioſities. The Sword of *Scanderbeg*.

They alſo ſhew us here, the Arms which the Doge *Sebaſtian Ziani* carried at the Battle he gained againſt *Otho* the Son of *Frederic Barbaroſſa*. They are very fine, and curiouſly wrought with Bas-reliefs; Likewiſe the Arms of *Henry* IV. of *France*, with this Inſcription. Other Curioſities.

> *Henrici* IV. *Franciæ & Navarræ Regis Arma, in tot tantiſque periculis & victoriis hoſtili ſanguine madefacta, immort. ejus gloriæ Trophæum, ac veri & ſinceri amoris erga Rempublicam Monumentum.*

The compleat Armour of their General *Gatta Melata*, whoſe Equeſtrian Statue we ſaw at *Padua*; here they are ſatisfied with ſetting this compleat Suit of his Armour upon a Wooden Horſe. Thoſe of the laſt Duke of *Rohan*. The People of *Geneva* ſhew another of the ſame great Man in their Arſenal. Thoſe of the old Doge *Henry Dandolo*, who aſſiſted the *French* Princes to take *Conſtan-*

1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE. *Conſtantinople.* Thoſe of a Commander of a *Galeaſſe*, one *Franciſco Dodo*, who fought his Ship againſt 25 *Turkiſh* Galleys, run ſeveral of them a-ground, and forced the reſt to retire very much ſhattered.

And Singularities. They likewiſe ſhewed us the following Curioſities. A great Standard of a Horſe Tail, taken in a Sea-fight againſt the *Turks* by a *French* Captain one *John Clotar*, who commanded one of the Republic's Ships of War, with the following Inſcription.

Quod cernis ſignum, Turcicæ claſſis Labarum eſt ad Ægæum inter pugnandum X. *Jul.* 1651. *Imperatore Venetæ Claſſis Aloiſio Mocenigo* II. *à Duce Navis Aquilæ aureæ Joanne Clotar Gallo, vi ereptum, Seren. Reipub. fidei obſervantiæque Monumentum Dono datum.*

A Culverine of Braſs gilt, about ten foot long, with a great deal of Work upon it; it was made by Direction of a Doge's Son named *Gritti*. A Falcon which diſcharges ſeven times without loading; a Machine which diſcharges 60 at once: Two Cannons made like Halbards; another of Iron finely chaſed, and carrying two Miles. One of the Stuff Coffers or *Devils Organs*, mentioned to have been invented by *Francis Carrera*, in my Deſcription of *Padua*, as were the Pocket Croſs-bows ſhewn us here, uſed alſo by this Tyrant, which diſcharge Steel Arrows half a Foot long, and kills People without any body being able to perceive from whence they are ſhot.

Several curious Buſto's. We alſo ſaw here a very fine Braſs Buſto of General *Moroſini*, upon a white Marble Pedeſtal, and inſerted in a large Nich all done round with *Turkiſh* Flags and Standards. Above his Head is the following Inſcription.

Franciſco Mauroceno Peloponeſiaco adhuc viventi, Senatus anno 1687.

Three other Alabaſter Buſto's of three *Roman* Emperors, with that of *Francis Carrera* I have already mentioned. That of the brave *Sebaſtian Venier*, who commanded the *Venetian* Galleys at the Battle of *Lepante*:

That of *Mark Anthony Bragadin.* But the moſt remarkable Buſto, is the brazen one of *Mark Anthony Bragadin* Governor of *Famaguſta*, who was flead alive by Order of the *Turkiſh* General *Muſtapha*, after making a noble Defence when beſieged by the *Turks*, as appears from the following Inſcription under this Buſto.

M. Ant. Bragadenus Salaminæ Cyprique Præfectus, in diuturnâ obſidione ſuſtinendâ, ſingulari fortitudine clarus ſummâque pietate atque Conſtantiâ pro Chriſti fide & pro Patriâ, vivens glorioſiſſimè cute exutus XVII. *Aug.* 1571.

Who was cruelly put to Death by the *Turks.* We are told, that *Bragadin* capitulated after a long and reſolute Defence, but that *Muſtapha* did not obſerve the Terms of Capitulation, for he ordered

the principal Officers of the Garriſon to be murdered, and *Bragadin*'s Noſe and Ears to be cut off, loading him with Chains, and treating him with all manner of Indignities. At length, as a finiſhing Stroke to his Cruelty, he ordered him to be flead alive in the public Square, and ſtuffing his Skin with Hay ſent it to the Arſenal at *Conſtantinople*, from whence the Brother and Children of the Deceaſed brought it 25 Years after to *Venice*, and placed it in the Tomb which is yet to be ſeen in the Church of St. *John* and St. *Paul*. 1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE.

The Reſolution and Firmneſs with which *Bragadin* is ſaid to have endured all thoſe Cruelties, makes him to be looked upon here by moſt People as an illuſtrious Martyr: But they who know the true State of the Matter ſay, that the *Turks* are Men like other Men, and deteſt vile Actions; and that they put *Bragadin* to Death with the other Chriſtian Officers, becauſe they could not produce the Priſoners they had made in ſeveral Sallies during the Siege, and whom they inhumanly butchered when they found themſelves reduced to ſurrender. Falſly called a Martyr.

Beſides all this, we were likewiſe ſhewn an Alabaſter Statue of *Francis Sforza* laſt Duke of *Milan*, with another of *Mary Blanche Viſconti* his Wife; both theſe Statues are very fine, but the Sculptor died before the latter was finiſhed. A great Heart of maſſy Gold, a Preſent from the *Candiots* to the Senator *George Moroſini*. A Piece of *Perſian* Tapiſtry ſent in a Preſent to the Republic, from a King of that Country upwards of 500 Years ago: This Piece is not only valuable for its Materials, but for a vaſt Number of excellent Figures wrought in it. A very fine Cabinet adorned with a great many Statues and Antiques, enriched with a great many Pillars of Jaſper of all ſorts; the whole very finely wrought, and was a Preſent from the Patriarch of *Aquilea* to the Senate. Another Cabinet full of *Greek* and *Roman* Medals, which we were told are very curious, but never ſhewn, leaſt any of them ſhould be purloined. I would not ſwear that they are not ſtollen already, even by the very People who appear ſo ſollicitous for their Preſervation. This affected Care to conceal things that were formerly ſhewn, makes me ſtill ſuſpect ſome Myſtery is at the Bottom; witneſs the Arſenal of *Nuremberg* which they formerly ſhewed with ſo much Parade, by Reaſon of the Number of fine Cannons contained in it; but all theſe have been inviſible for ſeveral Years, to prevent Travellers ſaying, that this Arſenal is a ruinous Defart. Curious Pieces of another Kind.

But the moſt valuable Piece in this Arſenal, is a *Virgin Mary* by St. *Luke*. I muſt obſerve by the bye, that it is very ſurprizing to ſee the great number of Images of the *Virgin* which are ſhewn all over *Europe*, and pretended all to be of this Evangeliſt's Hand, though St. *Paul* tells us in expreſs Terms that he was a Phyſician; *Luke the beloved Phyſician ſalutes you*, *Epiſt.* to the *Coloſſians*. But ſays a Painter, who is proud of having an Evangeliſt of the ſame Profeſſion with himſelf, *Medicine and Painting are not inconſiſtent the one with the other*: No more they are; neither will I take the Advantage as I might do of inferring, that as St. *Luke* was a fellow Labourer with St. *Paul* in Picture of the *Virgin Mary* by St. *Luke*, and Remarks upon his pretended Paintings.

1707. *Feb.* 26. VENICE.

the Lord's Vineyard, and as he got his daily Bread by his Skill in Phyſic, he could have but very little Time for amuſing himſelf in Painting. But I would only obſerve to my Friend the Painter, that I defie him to prove that his Brother Painters in the Days of the Apoſtles had the Secret of ſhadowing their Pictures, as all the Pictures attributed to St. *Luke* are. But to return to the Arſenal of the Council Chamber of *Venice*.

Other fine Pieces.

They here ſhew as a great Curioſity, a St. *Juſtina* by *Titian*, in a Frame covered with precious Stones; a *Virgin Mary* by old *Palma*; a Portrait of St. *Mark* and his Lyon about half a Foot high, containing all his Goſpel in Writing. Two little Statues of *Adam* and *Eve* by *Albert Durer*, cut out with the Point of a Penknife, and a Tabernacle of Rock Chriſtal adorned with Silver of exquiſite Workmanſhip. With all due Deference, I think all the Pieces I have laſt named would be much more fit for the Chapel of the Palace, than for an Arſenal. The Chapel I mean is dedicated to St. *Nicholas*, and is handſome enough, being adorned with good Pictures; amongſt which are the four Evangeliſts, a *Madona* attended by St. *Nicholas*, a Doge, and a St. *Mark*; all by *Titian*.

The Secret Intelligence Boxes what.

In my Opinion, the greateſt Curioſity in the Palace of St. *Mark*, and ſuch a one as is perhaps not to be met with in any City of the World but at *Venice*, is what they call the *Denuncia Secreta*. Though Informers have in all Ages been looked upon as the infamous Tools of Tyrants, yet this State has found Means to ſcreen the Shame attending this Practice, by means of certain Stone Mouths which are made to ſpeak without their naming their Authors. As they are perſuaded that the Preſervation of their Government depends upon their knowing every thing that is ſaid or done againſt their Authority, both in City and Country, they have very artfully ſpread this Net, which any Man who ſpeaks or acts ever ſo little againſt the Government, will find very difficult to eſcape. The whole Palace of St. *Mark* is full of Heads, with ſtrange Faces and open Mouths, into which they throw Billets, which fall down into Boxes ſet in the Thickneſs of the Wall. Theſe dangerous Mouths are likewiſe to be met with through all Places of the City, where any of the Magiſtrates hold their Courts. The Informer receives the Reward affixt by the Ordinances to his Intelligence, either in Perſon, if he has Impudence enough to appear, or by ſome other Hand who can produce a Piece of Paper torn off the Billet thrown into the Mouth.

CHAP.

1707.
Feb. 26.
VENICE.

CHAP. LXXV.

Venice. *The Public Library of St.* Mark. *Some of its moſt curious Manuſcripts and Paintings. Letter of Cardinal* Beſſarion *on his making a Preſent of his Books to the Republic. Several Private Libraries at* Venice. *The* Zecca *or Mint-houſe.* Venetian *Sequins, what they are. Four Remarkable Statues of Porphiry and their Hiſtory. Many ſtrange Creatures ſhewn in the Square of St.* Mark *during the Carnaval.*

The Author meets with ſeveral *Engliſh* Noblemen.

UNderſtanding that the Earl of *Dorſet* was in *Venice*, we went to pay our Compliments to his Lordſhip this Morning, and met with a very obliging Reception, both from him and Mr. *Lumley*, ſecond Son to the Earl of *Scarborough*, who travels in his Company. We likewiſe met there with Lord *Irwin*, who was very civil to us. As all thoſe Noblemen are extremely well bred, and none of them wants Wit nor Mirth, we paſt the Morning very agreeably with them; you need not doubt of our having a good deal of Talk about Old *England*, *London*, and our Friends in thoſe Parts.

And Mr. *Imberti*. Character of that Gentleman.

After Dinner Mr. *Imberti* came to offer us his Services; he told us, that he had returned to this City only the Day before Yeſterday; and that he only knew this Morning, from the Noble *Mocenigo*, of our being at *Venice*. This Mr. *Imberti* is a Man of Wit and Merit; he is Son to a conſiderable *Citadini*, who has been ſeveral Times employed by the State in public Matters, and formerly as Secretary to the *Venetian* Embaſſador at *London*, where we knew him. This is the Gentleman, who when he came to *London* with the Embaſſador, aſked our Friend Doctor *Morelli*, whether he could not help him to a Silver Crucifix for the Embaſſador's Chapel. The other telling him, that he was afraid he would ſcarcely find a Silver-ſmith in *London* who would be fond of making him one; he anſwered haſtily, that he did not mean to have a new one, and that a *Crocefiſſo da Strapazzo*, that is, *an old ruſty, or ſecond-hand Crucifix*, would ſerve his turn very well, for all he wanted with it. This is right *Venetian* Devotion.

Pleaſant Story of a *Venetian* Secretary at *London*.

The Public Library.

After taking ſome Turns together on St. *Mark*'s Square, we went to ſee the Library. It is kept in one of the new Procuratories, oppoſite to the Palace, and on the other Side of the *Broglio*: We go to it through a Hall adorned with Statues, Buſto's and Marble Bas-reliefs, repreſenting the different Sacrifices of Heathen Antiquity. The Library is remarkable, not only by the great Number of printed Books it contains, but by its great Number of *Greek* Manuſcripts. They ſay that Cardinal *Beſſarion*, who was a Native of *Trebiſond*, and a Man of great Learning and Merit, preſented it with Manuſcripts to the Amount of 30,000 Crowns. *Petrarch*, who

1707. *Feb.* 26

VENICE.

was a Canon of *Padua* with the Cardinals *Grimani* and *Alexander*, ordered their Libraries to be added after th ir Deaths to that of St. *Mark*.

Several Manuſcripts, & very curious Statues & Paintings

We there ſee a *Ptolomy* with very beautiful Maps, and a Manuſcript which they will have to be wrote by St. *Auguſtine*, though the Title of it which is *De Conſideratione Dei*, is not to be found in the Catalogue of that Father's Writings But the fineſt Ornaments of that Library, are a great many *Greek* Statues of an exquiſite Beauty, moſt of which were given by *John Grimani* Patriarch of *Aquilea*, and *Frederic Contareni* Procurator of St. *Mark*. Amongſt others, there is a *Venus* exceedingly charming, an *Apollo*, and a *Ganimede* carried off by *Jupiter* in Shape of an Eagle. The excellent Paintings here, are as well worthy Notice as the Statues; they being of the Hands of *Titian*, *Paul Veroneſe*, *Tintoret*, *Schiavone*, and *Palma*. Some of them repreſenting Sovereignty, Valour, Holineſs; others, Painting, Architecture, Muſic; and others, the Liberal Arts. The three firſt are by *Schiavone*, who was not very correct in his Deſigns, but recommended his Works to the Liking of the whole World, by the Beauty of his Colouring; ſo that *Titian* uſed to ſay, "That no Painter ought to be without "a Picture of *Andreas Schiavone*, on account of his unparalelled Colouring; "but that he at the ſame time deſerved to be whipt, if he did not endea- "vour to draw better than he."

Having recovered a Copy of a Letter wrote by Cardinal *Beſſarion* to the Doge and Senate of *Venice*, when he made them a Preſent of his Library, I thought I could not do better than inſert it here. It chiefly contains an Account of the Trouble he had been at in gathering all theſe *Greek* Manuſcripts, and of the Motives that induced him to preſent them to the Serene Republic.

Letter of Cardinal *Beſſarion* to the Doge and Senate of *Venice*, whereby he makes them a Preſent of his fine Library.

BESSARION Cardinalis, Patriarcha *Conſtantinopolitanus*, Illuſtriſſimo Principi Chriſtophoro Moro, & inclyto Senatui Veneto.

Ego ſanè ab ineunte ætate, omnem laborem, omnem operam, omne denique ſtudium in conquirendis libris, in omni genere Scientiarum conſumpſi, & ideò plurimos exaravi propria manu, hancque exiguam pecuniam, quam in mea vita frugali colligere potui, ad comparandos libros comparſi. Cenſebam enim me non poſſe accumulare ſupellectilem pretioſiorem & nobiliorem, neque theſaurum opeſve utiliores & excellentiores, quam libros refertos ſapientum dictis, refertos legibus & pietate. Hi vivunt, converſantur nobiſcum, & leguntur à nobis: Hi inſtruunt nos, admonent, conſolantur, & ponunt nobis ante oculos res olim geſtas, quarum memoria aliàs non exſtat: Tanta eſt ipſorum potentia & efficacia, tanta dignitas, tanta denique divinitas, quod ſi illis deſtitueremur, omnino eſſemus inſipidi & rudes, abſque notitia rerum præteritarum, & exemplorum laudabilium: denique deſtitueremur cognitione Divinarum Humanarumque rerum, idemque Sepulchrum quod contegeret defunctos, etiam eorum nomen aboleret. Etſi autem omni tempore Collector Librorum ſedulus fui, tamen majori aſſiduitate ac cupiditate hac in re uſus ſum, poſt vaſtationem Græciæ, & miſerabilem ac deplorandam ruinam Urbis Conſtantinopolitanæ, adhibendo omnes vires, omnes cogitationes, omnem operam,

operam, omnem industriam, omnes denique facultates meas, ut possem nancisci libros Græcos. Etenim dubitabam, & admodum verebar, ne perditis cæteris rebus, intercíderent ac amitterentur tam multi excellentes libri, tanti labores præstantium virorum, tanti sudores, tantæ vigiliæ, tanta lumina totius Mundi, quemadmodum olim quoque tam magnam jacturam passi sumus. De ducentis enim & viginti millibus librorum (quorum Plutarchus meminit) qui in Bibliotheca Apameæ asservabantur, vix mille ad nos pervenere. Cæterùm, non tam magnum numerum librorum, quam optimos & excellentes, deque singulis solummodo unum exemplum studui colligere, undè evenit, ut fere omnia volumina, quæ in ruinis universæ Græciæ remanserant integra, etque vix alibi reperiuntur, congesserim. 1707. Feb. 26. VENICE.

Verùm cogitanti mihi sæpe numerò de hoc studio & intento meo, non potui cupiditati meæ satisfacere, neque quiescere, si non eodem modo illis libris, tam ingenti labore & industriâ, tam magnis sumptibus à me collectis, dum adhuc superstes essem, rectè prospectum esset, ut securus essem ne me defuncto dissiparentur vel abalienarentur, sed reponerentur in locum quendam tutum & opportunum, ad communem utilitatem hominum studiosorum. Hæc inquam, cum sæpius animo meo revolverem, & omnes civitates Italiæ contemplarer, nullam, in quâ animus meus acquiescere vellet, præterquam vestram celebrem Civitatem reperire potui. Inprimis autem videbatur mihi non posse eligi locus tutior, quam talis, in quo gubernatur cum æquitate, leges florent, regnatur cum integritate & sapientiâ: Ubi conspicitur vera sedes & domicilium virtutis, gravitatis, justitiæ, fidei: Ubi Imperium tam æquum & moderatum est, quam amplissimum: Ubi prudentes & sapientes tenent gubernacula Reipublicæ, boni præferuntur malis, & post habito privato emolumento, unanimiter in commune consulitur. Hæc ubi sunt, meritò sperare debemus, id quod cupimus, fore, ut videlicet vestra Civitas latius Imperium suum & nomen propaget. Quamobrem potius Venetam Urbem quam alias ad Bibliothecam meam conservandam elegi. Dono itaque mitto sacratissimo Templo Beati Marci in vestra inclyta Urbe omnes meos Libros tam Græcos quam Latinos, cum Indice, ut cognoscatis affectionem meam, & grati animi voluntatem; ut vos, vestri Liberi, & tota Posteritas semper percipere possitis fructum meorum laborum, & simul hunc communicetis pro amore & benignitate vestra reliquis studiosis bonarum literarum. Orans Deum, ut vestram nobilissimam Rempublicam felicissimam & tranquillissimam esse velit. Datæ Viterbii in Thermis pridie Calend. Junii, anno M.CCCC.LXVIII.

St. *Mark*'s is not the only Library in *Venice*. The Canons of St. *Saviour*, the *Dominicans* of St. *John* and St. *Paul*, the *Theatins* of St. *Nicholas Tollentine*, and the bare-footed *Carmelites*, have each of them very fine Libraries; as we likewise meet with Libraries at the *Salute*, at St. *Stephen* and St. *Anthony de Castello*, and a great many other Convents: But the most considerable and best provided one, is that of the *Benedictins* of St. *George Major*. There are also some private Person's Libraries which are open to every Body; such as those of the Procurators *Antonio Nani*, *Baptist Cornaro*, *Philip Bono*, and of the Nobles, *John Cornaro* of St. *Paul*, Father to him who was so civil to us; *Bernard Trivisani*, in which are a great many *Greek* Manu- Other Libraries.

1707. *Feb.* 26. Manuſcripts, ſome of them very old, *Martin Zani*, and others which may be ſeen on certain particular Days of the Week.

VENICE.

The *Zecca* or the Mint-houſe.

From the Library we went to the *Zecca*, that is, to the Palace where their Public Money is ſtruck; whence comes the Word *Zecchino* or *Sequin*, the Name of the *Venetian* Gold Coin. This Palace is of hewn Stone and a Quadrangular Figure: It is compoſed of four Wings, which encloſe a fine Court with Galleries quite round, entering into its Halls and Chambers. All the Cielings are vaulted, and the Windows guarded with Iron Barrs like a Priſon. They tell us, that there is not a ſingle Bit of Wood employed in all this Building; and this with a Deſign to render it leſs liable to be burnt down. We likewiſe ſee on all Hands thoſe dangerous Mouths, for receiving ſecret Informations againſt the Officers of the Mint, who encline to be Rogues. Beſides the different Species of Money coined here, they likewiſe draw a vaſt deal of Gold and Silver Wire. I don't know whether the Government have been obliged of late to pay away large Sums; but I know very well, that when I ſtruck with my Cane againſt a great many very large ſtrong Boxes which ſtood in thoſe Rooms, they appeared to be quite empty. *Sonitum cava ſaxa dedere.*

What the *Venetians Sequins* are, and their value.

Theſe Sequins are of the ſame Value with the Golden Ducats of *Germany* and the Low Countries, and paſs curently for the ſame Value, excepting at *Venice*, where they are worth a *Venetian* Livre, that is, about ſeven Pence *Engliſh* more than the *Ungari*, or *Hungarian* Ducats, which is the *Italian* Term for thoſe Ducats of Gold. But there is a certain Kind of theſe ſtruck in *Hungary*, very much reſembling the Sequins on one Side, and paſſing for the ſame Value in Trade. It is from a very good Political Reaſon, that the Sequins ſhould in their own Territories paſs for more than the *Ungari*; becauſe they therefore prevent the *Jews* and other Money-getting People from exporting them out of the Country, which might be of great Prejudice to the State.

There are Payments made upon the *Zecca*, in the ſame Manner as upon the Town-Houſe at *Paris*, and the Exchequer at *London*. But ſince the Peace of *Candia*, the Republic has found means to diſcharge a great deal of that large Intereſt, which they were obliged to pay during that War, by converting them into Annuities at 3 *per Cent.* This Mint-houſe ſtands upon the New Canal behind the New *Procuraties*, as does the Granary for Corn, which is a vaſt Brick Building.

Four remarkable Statues and their Hiſtory.

As 'tis impoſſible to take Notice of every thing all at once, I have not mentioned to you four Porphiry Statues, which ſtand againſt a Wall near the great Gate of St. *Mark*'s Palace, and which I never perceived before to Day. Thoſe Statues are repreſented as embracing one another. Some ſay, that the Senate cauſed them to be placed there in Memory of four Brothers, who having heaped up great Riches, left the Republic their Heir, at their Deaths. Others ſay, that four Foreign Merchants meeting with one another at *Venice*, contracted a Friendſhip and lodged together in the ſame Houſe; but that ſhewing to one another precious Stones of

a great Size and conſequently of great Value, two of them reſolved to poiſon their Companions; who, in the mean time, had formed the like Deſign upon the others, in order to render themſelves Maſters of one another's Riches: That all four having by this Means been poiſoned, the Senate confiſcated their precious Stones, ſome of which, they ſay, were lodged in the Treaſury of St. *Mark*. But all this is meer Tradition; and I know that you Gentlemen Sceptics treat all Traditions, eſpecially *Venetian* and *Roman* Traditions, as Apocryphal. 1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE.

Many extraordinary Creatures ſhewn in the Square of St. *Mark*

Scarce a Day paſſes in this Carnaval-Time, that this Place is not adorned with ſome new Decorations. Some People ſhew away with Lyons, Tygers, Rhinoceros's and Bears, others with Eagles, Pelicans, and I don't know how many curious Birds, even the *Phœnix* herſelf. But there is a very extraordinary Monſter ſhewn here: It is a Human Creature with two Heads upon one Body, three Legs and a long blue Tail. It was born about a Year ago in *Dalmatia*; and its Mother, who carries it about every where, ſwears that ſhe carried it twelve Months in her Belly.

CHAP. LXXVI.

Venice. *The grand Arſenal deſcribed at large. Situation, Strength, and Conflagrations of it.* Spaniſh *Conſpiracy againſt the Republic. Immenſe Quantity of Land and Sea Arms, of Naval Stores, and Ships of War in the Arſenal. Deſcription of the* Venetian *Galeaſſes, and their Importance. Great Severity of the* Venetian *Military Diſcipline. The famous* Bucentaur, *and the annual Ceremony of eſpouſing the* Adriatic-Sea, *deſcribed. Fabulous Origin of this ridiculous Solemnity. Why the* Venetian *Ships are more durable than thoſe of other Nations? Vaſt Number of Workmen, Rope-Yards, Founderies, and other Singularities of the Arſenal of* Venice.

The great Arſenal of *Venice*.

WE ſpent all this Day in ſeeing the Famous Arſenal of *Venice*, which is celebrated all over *Europe*.

Eloquar, an potius ſileam Navale ſuperbum
Non urbis Venetæ columen ſolius, at Arcem
Et magnæ Heſperiæ decus admirabile viſu?
Sed dictu res digna; loquar, quantùmque licebit,
Viribus exiguis ingentia pondera tollam.

This Arſenal of *Venice* is a Place of ſo great Importance to the State, that it is an Object of the greateſt Public Jealouſy. Not only the Security of their

1707. *Feb.* 27. their City and State depends upon this, but likewiſe the greateſt Part of their Power; ſince it is, as it were, the Foundation of all its Strength.

VENICE. Situation, Strength, and Conflagrations of it.

It is ſituated at the *Eaſt* Point of the City, from which it is ſeparated by only a Canal which ſurrounds it on three Sides, having the *Lagunes* on the North; its Circumference is upwards of two Miles. All the ſmall Towers upon the high Wall that encloſes it proves a very ſtrict Guard to it, eſpecially in the Night-time. Every Tower has a Bell, by which each Centry can in an Inſtant give Notice to the main Guard in all Surprizes, whether proceeding from Accidents of Fire or Treaſon; and yet notwithſtanding all thoſe Precautions, it has been very often ſubject to great Burnings, particularly in 1507 and 1565. The latter reduced great Part of the Arſenal to Aſhes, and the Fire was ſo terrible, that we are told in Hiſtory, the Noiſe and Claps were heard forty Miles off.

Spaniſh Conſpiracy againſt *Venice.*

It was by ſetting Fire to the Arſenal that the *Spaniards* in 1618. were to begin their Conſpiracy, for making themſelves Maſters of *Venice*; and after lighting up this their charming Bonefire, the Conſpirators, who were in the Heart of the City, were to have poſſeſt themſelves of the Palace of St. *Mark*, diſpatched the Doge, the Nobility, and all they had met with there. But the Execution of this barbarous Conſpiracy was prevented by one *Anthony Jaffier* of *Provence*, who, ſtruck with the ſhocking Idea of ſeeing all *Venice* next Day in Flames, the Doge and the Nobility aſſaſſinated, the Cries and Tears of Women and Children, in ſhort, all the Inhumanity generally attending ſuch Undertakings, was ſeized with ſo violent a Remorſe, that he inſtantly went and diſcovered the whole to the Council of ten. Some of his Accomplices ſaved themſelves, but moſt Part of them being ſeized, and put to the Torture, confeſſed the whole, and were either ſtrangled in Priſon or drowned.

Marquis of *Bedmar* the Contriver of it

The Contriver and Conductor of this Conſpiracy was Don *Alphonſo de la Cueva*, Marquis of *Bedmar*, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador in Ordinary at *Venice*, and as great as well as dangerous a Genius as ever *Spain* produced. After his Plot miſcarried, he was ordered by the Court of *Madrid* to ſerve it as firſt Miniſter in *Flanders*; and ſome Years after his Sovereign, as a Reward for all his eminent Services, got him a Cardinal's Cap.

Vaſt Number of Land-Arms in the Arſenal.

They won't ſhow the Arſenal to Strangers *gratis*; the Porter muſt have large Fees, and they muſt leave their Swords at the Gate, where they are ſhewn the Lyons, which they pretend were brought from *Athens*, as well as an Inſcription which has nothing about it that is very curious. They next enter ſeveral Halls, where they ſee a vaſt Quantity of all Kinds of Arms, both for Horſe and Foot, and kept in great Order, well poliſhed, and curiouſly diſpoſed. They tell us they are ſufficient for arming 100,000 Men.

Illic

1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE.

——————Illic noctesque, diesque
Armorum omne genus scabra rubigine tersa
Perpoliunt, renovantque, reconcinnantque quotannis,
Ordine quæ pulchro distincta, locoque decenti
Collucent longè latèque capacibus aulis.
Nec Deus ignipotens magno sudata Gradivo,
Supremoque Jovi tumidorum in bella Gigantum
Tot pila & frameas, tot tela trisulca, tot enses,
Tot tragulas, gladiosque locum digessit in unum,
Quot martis memores cudunt, & cusa recondunt.
Queis hominum properè armentur propè millia centum
Fortè repentinus si quando invaserit hostis.

And for the Sea-Service.

There are likewise other Arsenals for the Sea-Armaments, one of them containing Weapons for fighting at Sea, sufficient for arming ten Gallies, another for arming twenty, and a third for arming thirty Gallies. In another Place, we see Storehouses of Arms for Men of War, and a little farther, those for Galeasses. In short, the prodigious Quantities of Arms contained in those Magazines are almost incredible to one who has not seen them. Under those Halls are separate Storehouses, containing all Manner of warlike Ordnance; some say there is here upwards of 2000 Cannons; others say about half that Number. For my own Part, as I had neither Time nor Inclination to count them, I shall only tell you, that there is a vast Number of Cannons, Mortars, Bombs, Bullets, Granades, Carriages, Waggons, and other Furniture of War.

Several curious Arms.

They shew us, as a great Curiosity, a Brass-Cannon weighing 15000 Pounds, and which discharges Bullets and Bombs, and another which makes three Discharges at once out of three Barrels, upon which is inscribed the following Distich:

Cerberus hic vomitat triplici de gutture flammas,
Sulphura, sal nitrum, fulmina, tela, globos.

A Culverine which carries twelve Miles, a great Cannon of Leather, and two of Brass in Shape of Pillars with Chapiters.

Naval Stores.

Masts, Yards, Oars, Sails, Shrouds, Ropes, Cables, and Anchors, with all that is necessary for Building and Rigging out a Ship, even to the very Nails, have all of them their different Repositories. If we are to believe those who shew us all these, there are sufficient for fitting out one hundred Galleys, Galeasses, or other Vessels. Add to this, Arms for 100000 Soldiers, and you may then conclude that *Venice* is invincible. But the worst is, that the Men and Money are not always at Hand for employing all those Arms and Armaments.

1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE. Men of War and Docks.

In three great Docks, which communicate with the *Lagunes* by a Canal, we ſee a great many Penthouſes which ſhelter all the Ships of War. There are different Kinds of them; amongſt others, ſeveral taken from the *Turks*, and kept here, in Memory of the Republic's Victories over them. It is here likewiſe that the Veſſels and Gallies the Republic ſtands in need of are built.

Deſcription of the *Venetian* Galeaſſes, and their Importance.

As to the Galeaſſes, we did not ſee above half a Dozen, but they told us they had ſome at Sea; beſides, they are ſo exceſſively expenſive that they are unable to keep up many of them. They equal the largeſt Veſſels as to length and breadth. Their Compliment of Men is generally one thouſand, and of Cannons ſixty or ſeventy. Their Commanders are not called *Captains* but *Governors*, to denote the Importance of their Truſt. And indeed theſe formidable Machines are floating Caſtles, where they mount and relieve Guard, plant Centinels, in ſhort do every Thing as regularly as we do in Garriſon-Towns. By means of their Sails and Oars they act both as Gallies and Men of War, having the Advantage of rowing with their Oars in a Calm, and uſing their Sails when there is a Breeze, and all with the ſame Expedition as other Veſſels. Their Naval Victories generally depend upon their Galeaſſes, for when their Governors can once bring them up to the Middle of the Enemy's Line of Battle, they ſoon decide the Victory in their Favour. So great is their Confidence in thoſe Veſſels, that when they are aboard of them they think themſelves invincible; and when a City has one of them lying in the Mouth of its Harbour, they think that City ſufficiently fortified.

The Iſland *Tenedos* loſt by the Treachery of one of their Commanders.

The principal Force of the famous Iſle of *Tenedos*, formerly conſiſted in two of thoſe Veſſels, which covered it and its Fortreſs. But the *Baſha*'s Money found means to blow them to a different Quarter. This infamous Treachery loſt the *Venetians* that Poſt, which was of the utmoſt Importance for their attacking the *Turkiſh* Ships with Advantage, and the Lives of five or ſix hundred poor Soldiers, almoſt all of them *French*, whoſe Heads were ranged in great Pomp along the Walls of the Fortreſs, and long cried out for Vengeance upon the Treachery that betrayed them into the Hands of thoſe *Barbarians*.

Always commanded by brave and noble *Venetians*.

Theſe Galeaſſes are never commanded but by noble *Venetians*, who, beſides the Honour that animates them, are indiſpenſably obliged to be brave to the laſt Gaſp, and to fight with intrepid Reſolution, without their either giving or receiving Quarter. A Commander of a Galeaſs, who ſhould yield to twenty five Gallies of an Enemy, would be ſure of loſing his Head in Sight of the whole Army, ſhould he fall into the Hands of the *Venetians*.

Severity of the *Venetian* Military Diſcipline.

This may ſerve as a Specimen of the Severity of their Military Laws, which, without Mercy, puniſh all Cowards and Traitors. They can have no Notion that a Man, who had Ambition enough to puſh himſelf into great Poſts, has not enough of Courage to execute them as he ought: Thus when they put any one to Death for a Breach of Duty, it is not ſo

much to punish their Cowardice as their Treachery, in imposing upon their Country by a false Appearance of Courage. Were the same Severity practised in many Places, which we could easily name, we should have fewer Places lost, and not so many good Ships of War treacherously surrendered as soon as attacked; and a great many People would think a second Time before they sollicited for Posts that might come to cost them so dear. 'Tis by this Policy that the *Venetians* teach People to know themselves, and never entrust their public Posts, but in Hands that are able to discharge them with Credit both to themselves and their Country. 1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE.

The *Bucentaur* is likewise a Kind of Galeas: It would seem as if I had not seen the Arsenal of *Venice*, if I did not speak of this magnificent Vessel, which by means of a little Money we had the Liberty to go aboard of, and examine at our Leisure. She is all gilt, both Outside and Inside: Along the Deck there is raised a Kind of Cieling, carved and gilt, which runs from one End to the other; this Roof is supported by a vast Number of gilt Statues, and in the Middle by a great many others, so that it forms two parallel Galleries in like Manner, gilt and inlaid, with Benches on all Sides. Description of the *Bucentaur*

This *Bucentaur* is made use of every Year in the Ceremony of *Ascension* Day, when the Doge goes in great Pomp to espouse the Sea. On this Day all the Nobility repair early in the Morning to St. *Mark*'s Palace, and the Order in which they proceed from thence is as follows: The Clergy of St. *Mark*'s Church lead the Procession, and are immediately followed by the Beadles of the Palace, wearing long blue Cloaks reaching to their Heels, with *Barrettas*, or red round Caps, in the same Form with those of the Nobles. Eight of those Beadles carry each a Taffety Banner, two of which are Blue, two of them Red, two of them White, and two of a Violet Colour. The White denote Peace, the Red, War, the Violet, Leagues, and the Blue, Truces. If the Republic is at War, then the Red march first, if at Peace the White has the Precedency, and so of the others. After these come six other Beadles, with very long Silver Trumpets, and attended by five Hautboys, with red serge Vests, playing from Time to Time. Then follow the Doge's Equeries two and two, simply dress in Black, with plain Bands and short Cloaks. Annual Ceremony of espousing the Adriatic Sea, and the Procession

Next to the Equeries marches the *Capitano Grande*, and the Master of Ceremonies, in Crimson Damask Robes. Then seven or eight Captains of the *Sbirri* in Crimson Damask Vests and long Gowns, which come no deeper than half their Legs. They have no other Arms than a Stilet stuck thro' their Girdles, which are adorned with large Plates of Silver. After these come the Secretaries of the Senate in Violet-coloured Cloth Robes, with Velvet Stoles. Next comes the great Chancellor in a Purple Habit, as are all the Senators who assist at the Ceremony. Two other Equeries carry, the one of them a folding Chair, adorned with Gold Brocade; the other a Cushion of the same; and a Clerk of the Chapel dress in Violet-coloured Robes, carries the Candlestick, and the white Wax-taper before

1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE.

the Doge, who follows immediately after, betwixt the Pope's *Nuncio* and the *French* Ambaſſador. If there are more Ambaſſadors at *Venice* they walk a Breaſt on each Hand of the Doge, and all according to their Precedency.

The Doge's Habit and Retinue on thoſe Occaſions

The Doge in this and other public Ceremonies wears a Robe of Gold or Silver Brocade, with cloſe Sleeves, buttoned down the Breaſt with a dozen large Silver gilt Buttons, and reaching to the very Ground. A long Ducal Cloak is thrown acroſs his Shoulders, and its Train is ſupported by two Pages: His *Corno* or Cap of State is of the ſame Stuff, and his firſt Equery holds above his Highneſs's Head the Umbrella or Paraſol, made of Gold Brocade, and a Fringe quite round it. After the Doge, come his ſix Counſellors, two and two; the firſt has on his Right a Nobleman, who carries in both Hands a large Sword in a Scabbard of Crimſon Velvet, and covered with Plates of Silver gilt, done in Fret-work. This Sword is a Badge of the Dignity of firſt Equery of the *Eaſtern* Empire, with which the Emperor *Michael* inveſted the Doge *Peter Gradenigo*. It is carried behind the Doge, and immediately at the Head of the Signory or Senate, to intimate that the Doge has only the Shadow of Grandeur, but that the Power is veſted in the Senate. The Proceſſion is cloſed by the three Heads of the criminal *Quarantie*, the two *Avogadors*, the three Heads of the Council of *Ten*, the two Cenſors, and by a great many Senators two and two, dreſt in very large Purple Robes. All this Proceſſion marches thro' a vaſt Number of People and Strangers to the landing Place of the Square of the *Broglio*, whither the *Bucentaur* is brought from the Arſenal: Forty Workmen, who work in the Arſenal, make up its Crew; there are twenty on each Side below Deck, and who never appear.

The Doge in the *Bucentaur*, and its Magnificence.

The Doge is ſeated upon the Poop in the Middle, on a Seat raiſed about half a Foot higher than the others, with the Pope's Nuncio, and the *French* Ambaſſador on his Right and Left, together with the Counſellors of the *Signory*, and the Heads of the criminal *Quarantie*; all the reſt of the Company take their Seats upon the Benches that are along the two Sides of the Veſſel, without any Diſtinction of Rank. The ordinary Magnificence of the *Bucentaur* is that Day encreaſed by the majeſtic Appearance of the Doge and Senate in Purple, and a vaſt Number of Strangers and others richly dreſt, who aſk for leave to come on Board. It is likewiſe adorned with a covering of Crimſon Damaſk, with Gold Fringes which runs the whole length of it, with Curtains of the ſame, quite round, betwixt the gilt Statues which ſupport the Roof. The great Standard of St. *Mark* is hoiſted upon the Poop; the eight Standards of different Colours, with the Trumpets and Hautboys are upon the Prow; ſo that all this cannot fail to render this Veſſel a very agreeable Object.

And Progreſs to the Sea.

As ſoon as all the Company is ſeated, the Mate gives notice by a loud Whiſtle to the Crew that it is time to row, which they begin to do under the Noiſe of Cannon, Trumpets and Hautboys; the Sea is covered with

with Foam, and the *Bucentaur* then proceeds with great Majeſty, ſurrounded by a vaſt Number of Gallies, Galliots, Barks, and about two or three thouſand Gondolas, towards the Mouths of the *Lido*. When ſhe had got a Mile, or little more into the Sea, they ſay a Prayer, the Muſicians ſing certain Muſical Compoſitions, and the Patriarch of *Venice*, who follows in a large Bark, bleſſes the Sea. 1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE.

Finitis precibus, cunctiſque faventibus ore,
Stans celſa in puppi Princeps gravitate verendus,
Summis ſplendentem digitis, ſimilemque cadenti
Oſtentans auro concluſam divite gemmam,
Hæc ait: IN SIGNUM IMPERII VERI, ATQUE PERENNIS
HAC GEMMA ÆTERNUM MIHI TE DESPONDEO DORI.

That is, "When Prayers are over, the Doge, amidſt a profound Si-"lence, advances with great Gravity to the Prow, holding betwixt his "Finger and his Thumb a Ring, and as he appears ready to drop it into "the Sea, he ſignifies by a Form of Words, that he thereby *eſpouſes her* "*as a Sign of his true and laſting Sovereignty over her.*" No ſooner has the Doge thrown the Ring into the Sea than it is inſtantly covered with Flowers, and all Kinds of odoriferous Herbs, in order, as they ſay, to crown the Bride.

The *Bucentaur* then returns with the ſame Order of Pomp in which ſhe advanced, and ſtops at the Church of St. *Nicholas de Lido*, where the Patriarch celebrates Maſs; when that is over, the Nobility re-enter the *Bucentaur* under the Noiſe of the Artillery both great and ſmall in the Caſtle of the *Lido*, and all the Veſſels in the Roads; then returning to St. *Mark's* Palace, the Bridegroom, with his Retinue, is there ſplendidly entertained without ſo much as thinking of his Bride. Return of the *Bucentaur*.

Perhaps you may not be diſpleaſed with the following *Concetti* upon this Subject:

Aut Venus à Venetis ſibi fecit amabile nomen;
Aut Veneti Veneris nomen & omen habent.
Orta Maris ſpumâ fertur Venus, & Venetorum
Si videas Urbem, creditur orta Mari.
Juppiter eſt illi Genitor: ſed Mars Pater huic eſt;
Mulciberis conjunx illa; ſed iſta Maris.

To be ſerious; I don't at all ſee the *Cui bono*, the Intention of this Ceremony, which moſt People of Senſe think a very ridiculous one; or why this fooliſh Marriage is renewed every Year. If it is in order to aſſure themſelves of their Sovereignty over the *Adriatic* Sea, was it not enough that they once eſpouſed her in the Face of all *Europe?* Is a Woman the leſs married, that her Huſband has only once pronounced the diſmal *for* Ridiculouſneſs of this Pageantry.

1707. Feb. 27. VENICE.

better and worſe? And would not the latter paſs for a very wrong-headed Fellow ſhould he repeat the Ceremony every Year? Beſides I never heard of this pretended Sovereignty being diſputed with the *Venetians*, nor, I believe, ever will it be diſputed.

History of its Original.

However that may be, the *Venetians* refer the Original of this Inſtitution to a Power granted them by Pope *Alexander* III. who had fled to *Venice*, and whoſe Enemy *Otho* Son to *Frederic Barbaroſſa* was defeated, and taken Priſoner by the Doge *Sebaſtian Ziani*. The following is a poetical Abridgment of the whole Story:

Antiqui ritus ſi vis cognoſcere cauſam
Expediam paucis (neque enim levis hujus origo eſt.) *
Præſul Alexander *Romanæ tertius Urbis,*
Ænobarbi armis ſolio depulſus ab alto,
Quo fugeret dubius, cui ſe committeret Oræ,
Præ reliquis Venetum prudens elegit aſylum.
Illinc certa ſalus profugo, & victoria fuſis
Hoſtibus à magno navali Marte Ciano †
Quo Duce captus Otho Federici martia proles
Captivas gemuit mergique trahique Triremes,
Et ſe magnifico duci potuiſſe triumpho.
Excepere Ducem feſtis applauſibus omnes;
Tum pius Antiſtes grato ſpectabilis ore,
INCLYTE DUX, *inquit*, SI QUOD NOMENQUE DECUSQUE
IN TERRIS GERIMUS, NOBIS AUCTORIBUS ISTO
PIGNORE *(de ſolido pignus fuit annulus auro)*
DESPONSA CARAM SUPERI MARIS AMPHITRITEN,
ANNUAQUE INSTAURENT VENTURI PACTA NEPOTES.

Entirely fictitious.

Without entering into any Diſquiſition whether *Alexander* III. after being depoſed by the Emperor and a great many of the Cardinals, had a Right to beſtow the Sovereignty of a Sea, which was no more his Property than that of other Princes; I ſay, ſuppoſing this Story to be true as repreſented to us by *Sabellicus*, the Jeſuit *Delrio*, and ſome others; the *Venetians* of thoſe Days, and the brave Doge *Ziani*, muſt have been very ſimple People not to have required of him an authentic Conceſſion of this Sovereignty.

The *Venetian* Sovereignty over the Adriatic, a mere Chimera.

If on the other Hand they had ſuch a Conceſſion, how happened it that their Ambaſſador *Hierom Donatus* anſwered Pope *Alexander* VI. who aſked him where the Inſtrument of this Conceſſion was? That "his Holineſs needed only to produce the Inſtrument of the Gift of St. *Peter*'s Patrimony by *Conſtantine*, and he would find that of the Conceſſion of the "Sovereignty of the *Adriatic* Sea to the *Venetians* endorſed upon that "Writing." Beſides, the Senate returned the very ſame Anſwer in Effect to

* *Ironia.* † The Doge *Sebaſtianus Ziani.*

to another Pope, who demanded what right they had to impoſe Impoſts upon Barks and other Veſſels trading in that Sea. From theſe Circumſtances we may conclude, that both theſe Donations are equally well founded; I mean, that of St. *Peter*'s Patrimony to the Popes by *Conſtantine*, and that of the Sovereignty of the *Adriatic* to the *Venetians* by Pope *Alexander* III. But to return to the Arſenal. 1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE.

'Tis certain, that the Gallies and other Veſſels built in the Arſenal of *Venice* are infinitely preferable to thoſe built elſewhere. *Pancirollus* aſſures us, that the Senate every Year expends 600,000 Sequins in Gallies; but he perhaps exaggerates in this, as he certainly does when he ſays, that they can put more Gallies to Sea than almoſt all the Princes of *Europe* together; for we are to conſider that honeſt *Pancirol* was an *Italian*, and very much prejudiced in Favour of the *Venetians*. *Pancirollus*'s Exaggeration about the *Venetian* Navy

They pretend, that their Veſſels of all Sorts laſt three Times as long as thoſe of any other Nation, becauſe the Wood they are built of is never uſed till it has lain twelve, fifteen, and ſometimes twenty Years in Salt-Water; ſo that it becomes ſo ſolid that it never ſhrinks after it is uſed in Building. And that the Builders may never be miſtaken, every Piece of Wood is marked with the Day of the Month and Year in which it is put under Water. They likewiſe uſe another Precaution, which I think is a very judicious one, which is, that before they venture new-built Gallies to Sea, their Commanders make them every Day three or four Times perform their Exerciſe from St. *Mark*'s Square to the *Lido*; and when they find they are quite ſound and capable of Service, they ſend them in a Month or two to the general Rendezvous of their Gallies in the Gulph, which the Republic keeps in Time of War to guard the Entry of the *Adriatic*, and in Time of Peace to ſcour the Seas of the Pirates who inſult their Coaſts. Their Ships more durable than thoſe of other Nations, and why.

The Number of Workmen employed by the Republic, during the Time of Peace in the Arſenal, does not amount to above five hundred; but in Time of War to two thouſand. Theſe People are looked upon to be the moſt loyal Subjects of the State; for beſides their ordinary Wages, there is a ſmall Pay allotted to their Children as ſoon as they are old enough to be in the leaſt ſerviceable to the Public. All the Workmen have ſeparate Places for working in, and different Works. Number of Workmen in the Arſenal.

Ingreſſus videas hinc atque hinc, plurima tecta,
In quibus Artifices varii, variique laboris.
Pars texunt funes, tranſennas, vela, rudentes,
Pars fabricant tonſas, malos, carcheſia, apluſtra.

The Roperie is indiſputably the fineſt I ever ſaw in *Europe*; it is vaſtly long, and quite covered over-head. Two Rows of Pillars, which ſupport two Galleries, divide its Breadth into three, and thoſe Galleries ſerve as Store- The Roperie.

1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE. Storehouſes for the Hemp, which the *Venetian* Subjects upon *Terra firma*, are bound to furniſh to the Arſenal at a certain Price which is fixt by the Government. I don't know whether this Hemp is better than that of other Countries, or whether they know how to ſpin, or to twiſt it better; but the *Venetian* Cordage and Cables are generally eſteemed for their Strength and Wear.

The Armourers & Forges. In another Quarter are the Forges, where all Kinds of Iron-work for Shipping are made; and in another are the Armourers who make Arms of all Kinds, ſuch as Swords, Cutlaſſes, Pikes, Partiſans, Piſtols, and Muſquets.

At parte ex alia, maſſa candente Cyclopes
Neptuni ſoboles, Opera ad fabrilia ſudant
Nudi exercentes ferrum; pars utribus Euros
Includunt, grevidiſque emiſsâ follibus aurâ,
Vulcani exacuunt acies, iraſque laceſſunt,
Rorantes tenui prunas aſpergine lymphæ,
Quò magis igneſcant tinctæ, quòque acrius urant,
Molleſcantque avidis velocius æra caminis.
Haud procul arte nova, nec certo Auctore reperta,
(Hunc quamvis quidam Libin *cognomine dicant)*
Plurima ſicaniis veluti formata caminis
Longa terebrato fabricatur machina ferro,
A claro Sclopi cognomen adepta ſonore,
Fiſtula lethales rutilæ per fulgura flammæ
Diſcutiens glandes, numeroſæ grandinis inſtar,
Fulgure crebra micans, tonitruque horrenda frequenti.

The Foundery The Foundery is likewiſe worthy of Remark, as well for its Largeneſs and the Quantity of Molds of Cannons and Mortars that is caſt here; as for the Skill of the Workmen, who pretend to have *Noſtrums* in this Art, which are to be found no where elſe. One of their Maſter-Workmen was at pains to perſuade us that the Cannons and Mortars of their Arſenal never wear out in the Touch-holes, like thoſe of other Countries, and imagined he was telling us ſomewhat that was very ſingular; but he was aſtoniſhed at my aſſuring him, that in *Holland* they had the ſame Secret. But to cut me ſhort, he told me it might be ſo; but that he was well aſſured their Manner of tempering Metals, caſting Braſs, and obſerving the right Shape and true Bore of Guns, was quite unknown any where elſe. Whatever may be in this, he ſhewed us a very extraordinary Cannon, for it had four Bores, and ſome other ones of a prodigious Length and Diameter.

Hic

1707
Feb. 27.
VENICE.

Hic etiam rapidum tandem liquefacta per ignem
Immersi Cyprio funduntur ponderis ære
Tormenta; ignitis (aurem exfurdante fragore
Terricrepo) immanes vomitura è faucibus orbes,
Queis æquanda solo quatiantur mœnia & arces.
Illuc Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani, Siculo transfatum ex æquore dicas.

The same Person who takes the Title of Intendant of warlike Machines, and of those for cleansing the *Lagunes* and Canals, values himself upon his great Knowledge of the Mathematics. He likewise shewed us a great many pretty curious Models, together with a Machine for raising the largest Cannons, and another for reducing their Bores to the utmost Exactness.

Intendant of the Arsenal.

All the Workmen in the Arsenal are under the Inspection of a Director-General of the Works, who has the Title of *Great Admiral*. He, properly speaking, is only a Master-Workman, who by his Abilities, and by an assiduous Application has obtained the Intendantship of the Works of the Arsenal. He too wears a Red Satin Gown, and a Violet Damask Cap, with a large Golden Edging. He is the same Officer who, under the Title of *Pilot Royal* of the Republic, commands and steers the *Bucentaur*, when the Doge goes to wed his *Gentle Doris*. But what is pretty singular is, that this Master-Pilot is obliged, upon Pain of Death, to bring the *Bucentaur* back in spite of Winds and Tides, Tempests and Hurricanes, and all the Storm the Heavens can pour out. But this gallant *Typhis* is not such a *Don Quixote* as to risk a great deal this Way; for when he sees the least Appearance of unsettled Weather, or any Cloudiness in the Air, he ever finds means to put the Ceremony off till a better Day.

Curiosities shewn there.

They likewise shewed us, in one of the Halls, a great many Pair of Colours taken from the *Turks*; together with the Lanthorn which Don *John* of *Austria* carried in his Galley at the Battle of *Lepante*, gained, as you know, by the *Christian* Princes in the Year 1571. over the *Turks*, who therein lost 189 Gallies, 25000 Men killed, 6000 taken Prisoners, and 20000 *Christians* released from Bondage. The Cuirass of General *Venier*, who commanded the *Venetian* Fleet at the same Battle; that of the brave *Morosini*, who surrendered *Candia*; that of *Scanderbeg* King of *Albania*, whom *Misson*, and all other Travellers I have seen misname *Scanderberg*; *berg* is a *German* Word for a Mountain; and *beg* is *Turkish* for Great (Big); and the Epithet given to this Prince *George Castriot* by the *Turks* is *Scanderbeg*, which is as much as to say *Alexander* the Great, on account of the gallant Actions they had seen him perform. We likewise saw in the same Hall a vast many Arms taken from the *Genoese* in their Wars with the *Venetians*; those of the famous General *Bartholomew Coglione*; a Halbert which discharges Steel-Arrows, an Ell long; a Coat of Mail made of

1707. *Feb.* 27. VENICE. Leather ſo thick as to be Piſtol-Proof; in ſhort, the Caſque and the Gauntlets of *Bajamonte Tiepolo* the Ringleader, in a Conſpiracy that has made a great deal of Noiſe at *Venice*.

CHAP. LXXVII.

Venice. *Digreſſion concerning the Conſpiracy of* Bajamonte Tiepolo, *and his Confederates, againſt the Republic. Some of their Speeches. The Conſpirators juſtified by Authentic Monuments. The Author returns to the Arſenal. It is one of the moſt conſiderable in* Europe. *Its Directors, and excellent Management. The Church of St.* Luke. *Tomb and Epitaph of the celebrated* Aretin. *The* Ridotti, *or Hazard Games. A ſingular Sport, called, The* Herculean *Strengths, and well known to the ancient* Romans. *Boxing Matches among the* Venetians *exactly deſcribed.*

True Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy of *Bajamonte Tiepolo.*

ALL the *Venetians*, upon very probable Grounds, refer the Date of this Conſpiracy to the Year 1310. but none of them have touched upon the true Motives that induced *Bajamonte* and his Accomplices to take this deſperate Reſolution. They unanimouſly agreed, that he deſigned to make himſelf the Maſter of his Country, and to aboliſh her Liberty, by murdering the Doge and all the Nobility; and upon thoſe Preſumptions they have branded him with the Appellation of a ſecond *Catiline*.

Motives of it; the People being excluded from the Government.

But the Manuſcript Hiſtory of this Conſpiracy, of which ſo many Copies are diſperſed all over *Italy* and at *Venice* itſelf, without its being in the Senate's Power to ſuppreſs it, gives the following Account of it, *viz.* That *Peter Gradenigo*, a Noble, being by the Senate's Intrigues choſen Doge in Preference to the noble *James Tiepolo*, whom the Voice of the People pointed out for that Dignity; the former, to be avenged of the popular Party, was bold enough to reform the Council, to which he would admit only thoſe Families who were acknowledged to be noble, and thereby taking from the Burghers and the *Plebeians* all Hopes for the future of ever entering the Senate, conſequently changing the Form of Government from Democratical into a true Ariſtocracy. The Method he made uſe of to ſucceed in his Scheme was to carry a Decree into the *Quarantie Criminal*, a Body made up of forty Judges, importing, that all who compoſed the great Council, for the four preceding Years, ſhould be ballotted for in that Chamber, and that ſuch as had twelve Ballots in their Favour, ſhould, they and their Deſcendants, compoſe the great Council for ever after. He cauſed this Device to be regiſtered, in order to exclude all thoſe who had oppoſed his Election; and this bold Innovation of the Government was termed, *Il ſerrar del Conſiglio.*

The Injuſtice of this Excluſion.

This was undoubtedly a very unjuſt Undertaking, not only with Regard to the People, but with Regard to a great many conſiderable Families

lies who were thereby excluded from the Council, in which they had ſate before; ſuch as the *Bendelots*, the *Bercugues*, the *Balucchins*, the *Verardes*, the *Dentes*, and the *Trunzanos*, who deſcended from the ancient Tribunes. Such a Revolution could not be effected without occaſioning great Diſorders. The Reſentment of the *Plebeians* was ſo much the keener, as they ſaw themſelves out of all Manner of Hopes of ever ſharing in the Government, and the Nobles too were provoked at ſeeing ſo many Families, inferior to their own, now made their Equals. A great many young Nobles had likewiſe exaſperated ſome of the old Nobility by ſome perſonal Affronts, which I ſhall not mention here; but the *Ferrareſe* War, which the Doge *Gradenigo* carried contrary to the Sentiments of the People and Part of the Council, put the finiſhing Hand to the Diviſions of the City. 1707. *Feb.* 23. VENICE.

Bajamonte Tiepolo, the Head of one of the oldeſt Families in the Republic, joined with the *Quirini*, the *Badoer*, and ſome other of their moſt illuſtrious Houſes, having oppoſed the Undertaking this War, but without Effect, reſolved to diſpatch the Doge *Gradenigo* for the Novelties he introduced into the Government. The Names of the chief Conſpirators were *James* and *Mark Quirin*, *Bajamonte Tiepolo*, Son-in-law to the latter, *Lawrence Tiepolo*, *Peter Badoer*, *Mark Venier*, *Peter Maffeus*, *Bartemi* and *Marin Barocci*, *Marin Baffe*, and *Nicolas Barbaro.* The principal Conſpirators.

Mark Quirin having aſſembled them at his Houſe, encouraged them by an animating Speech, which we have at length in the Manuſcript. "The Doge *Peter Gradenigo*, *ſaid he*, having more of the Devil in him "than of the Man, has procured a Reformation of the great Council. "He ſaw annually ſome Heats and Diſputes at Elections, but had not "Judgment enough to prevent them by any other Remedy than by cut"ting aſunder that Bond of Unity which linked the Affections of all our "Fellow-Citizens into one common Intereſt. Thus he has taken from "the Virtuous and Worthy the Means of ever becoming *Venetian* Noble"men; but what muſt be the infallible Conſequence of this? Inſtead of "our Fellow-Citizens, of all Ranks and all Degrees, being unanimous, and "ready always to ſacrifice their Lives and Fortunes in the Service of their "Country, now that they are excluded from her Counſels, and cut off "from the Honours that others enjoy, they will lay hold of that juſtifi"able Ground of Diſſatisfation, and no more, as hitherto, venture their "*All* for the Republic." Speech of *Mark Quirin* to the Conſpirators.

He was ſeconded by his brave Son-in-law *Bajamonte*, who ſaid: "That "the *Ferrareſe* War was chiefly owing to the Ambition of the Doge "*Gradenigo*; and that when the Pope ſent his Monitory to oblige the *Ve*"*netians* to quit that City, the Doge had oppoſed it with all his Power. "That this had been the Cauſe why a great many *Venetian* Citizens, hav"ing been impriſoned in different Places of *Europe*, were ſold for Slaves, "as being excommunicated, and Rebels to the Holy See. The Love of "our Country, *continues he*, dictates to us that we ought to depoſe the "Doge *Peter Gradenigo* from the Government of this City; and put in And of *Bajamonte*

1707. Feb. 28. VENICE.

" his Place a Man who loves the Peace and Happineſs of his Country, and " one who will ſuffer their ancient Forms to be neither changed nor inno- " vated ; ſince nothing is ſo unpopular, nothing ſo diſtaſtful as Alterations " of that Kind, eſpecially in Republics, where every new Inſtitution in " Governments may give a fatal Blow to Liberty. Let us then chuſe a " Doge who loves the People, and one who will give them no Reaſon for " hating the Nobility : Mankind naturally is but too apt to entertain bad " Notions of their Governors, but Injuries from Governors improve thoſe " Notions, and carry them into Averſion. Should we change our Head, " I am in hopes that the Appearance of Confuſion and Ruin which now " prevails all over the City, will ſoon give way to Regularity and Hap- " pineſs.

Juſtification of their Conduct, and fatal Conſequences of it to themſelves.

I own that I find neither the Spirit nor Fury of a *Catiline* breathing in theſe Speeches, but rather the Sentiments of Patriots, Enemies to Tyranny, and zealous for the Liberties of their Country. I ſhall not take upon me to ſay, that the Conſpirators might not have intended to carry their Reſentments too far ; but why ſhould we ſwell the Charge againſt them with Falſhoods ? The Event of this Conſpiracy was unhappy and fatal to its Authors : Some of them were put to Death, their Houſes razed to the Ground, and their Memories aboliſhed, and others of them puniſhed with Baniſhment and Confiſcation of Goods. We ſee to this Day the Palace of the *Quirini* in the *Rialto*, and is now converted into Shambles : And at St. *Auguſtin*, the Pariſh where *Bajamonte* lived, a Marble Pillar with the Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy. It was diſcovered on the Day of *San-Vito*'s Feaſt, being the 15th of *June* ; and therefore the Senate, on that Day annually, goes to hear Maſs in that Saint's Church ; after which the Doge entertains the foreign Embaſſadors and the Senate at Dinner.

Bajamont in particular juſtified.

Don Alphonſo de la Cueva, whom we have already mentioned, Author of a Book called *Squitinio della Liberta Veneta*, and *Nicholas Craſſo*, who has wrote Notes upon *Gianotti*, agree, that all *Bajamonte*'s Deſign was to depoſe the Regnant Doge, without any Thoughts of uſurping the Government for himſelf. For my own Part, as I think ſtrict Juſtice is due to every body, I cannot bear that one, like *Bragadin* Governor of *Famaguſta*, who had embrewed his Hands in the Blood of his Priſoners, and in Violation of the Laws of Nations, ſhould paſs for a Martyr ; no more can I ſuffer that Patriots, who wiſh well to their Country, ſhould paſs for Traitors. But I don't chuſe to burſt that Impoſthume of Reformation in the *Venetian* Government, which all their Writers take ſo much care to conceal, and the boldeſt amongſt the Inhabitants of *Venice* dare not ſo much as mumble over. But to return to the Arſenal.

Further Account of the Arſenal.

I ſhould write a whole Volume if I were to particularize all I ſaw there. Its Number of Arms and Stores is ſo great, that your Country-man *Laſſels* treats all the Arſenals of *Paris*, *Genoa*, *Zurich*, *Berne* and *Geneva*, as ſo many *Armourer's-Shops*, in compariſon of this one. But honeſt *Laſſels* did not reflect, that this Arſenal is the only one that the Republic of *Venice* has

in

in *Italy*, and that all her Forces are assembled there. If those of all the Cities of the Seven *United-Provinces* were brought together in like Manner, they would form an Arsenal infinitely better furnished than that of *Venice*. 'Tis however certain, that it is a Place of great Importance, and contains a prodigious Variety of Curious Objects. 1707. *Feb.* 29. VENICE.

Henry III. of *France*, in his Return from *Poland*, where he had been King, to take the Crown of *France* upon the Death of his Brother *Charles* the IXth, after viewing all the Arsenal, was magnificently treated in it, in a great Hall which is 60 Paces long, by 15 broad. During Dinner-time they entertained him with the Sight of a Galley, which they built and launched before his Eyes, and with the Making of three pretty large Cannons. Though this Fact of building the Galley has been very much exaggerated by all Writers who have described the Arsenal; yet if we reflect a little, there is not a great deal in it; for all the Boards and Pieces of the Galley were ready upon the Stocks, so that all they had to do was to put them together. This Prince was likewise conducted in the *Bucentaur* to *Murano* and the other Neighbouring Isles; but he repayed them for all those Civilities, by making them a Present of the fine Diamond which is now to be seen on the Top of the *Corno* in St. *Mark*'s Treasury; besides his submitting to be made a *Venetian* Noble, which was no small Honour for that Body. *Henry* III. of *France* regaled in it.

Three of their Nobility, who reside in the Arsenal, are its Directors, or to make use of a *Venetian* Term, its *Provedidors*, and govern it like a little Republic. They are changed only once in every three Years, contrary to the Usage of the State as to other Magistracies, which are generally determinable every 16 Months. They keep a good Guard at the Gate and upon all the Towers, of the outer Wall; and the Workmen, who are hired by the Directors, are always at work upon what is necessary for all Kind of Armaments. When they are thirsty they go to a Pump, which runs with Wine and one third Water, and there they are allowed to drink as often as they have a mind. We had Curiosity enough to taste it, but found it wretched Drink; though our Conductor swore to us, *per Dio*, that they drank in the Arsenal 50 or 60,000 Crowns worth of it in a Year. To conclude, there is no Mercy here for Frauds and Malversations; every Fault they are convicted in costs them their Life. Every thing that is made here is marked with the Arms of the Republic, and is so sacred, that if a Man is caught with so much as a Nail with that Mark upon it, he is condemned to the Gallies without Reprieve. I might prolong the Article upon the Arsenal, but I think it already long enough. Governors of the Arsenal, and excellent Police observed there.

Having frequently heard, that the Celebrated *Peter Aretin* was buried in St. *Luke*'s Church, we went this Morning to see his Tomb, with the *Latin* and *Italian* Epitaphs which some Accounts say are upon it. This Church is not far from the great Canal, immediately behind the *Cornaro* Palace (the Front of which, next to that of St. *Mark*'s Palace, is thought *March* 1. S. *Luke*'s Church.

1707. *March* 1. VENICE.

to be the fineſt in all *Venice)* and they tell us here, that 'tis built exact in the Middle of the City.

The Tomb & pretended Epitaphs of *Aretin.*

The Sacriſtan of this Church, to whom our Friend Mr. *Kuhn* addreſt himſelf, brought us to that Part of the Church where *Aretin* is buried, along with the Blind-Man of *Adria* * and *Lodovico Dolce.* The firſt Thing I did was to look out for the Epitaphs of *Aretin*, which we are told by ſeveral Travellers are there, the one in *Latin*, and the other in *Italian*, in the following Terms:

Condit Aretini cineres lapis iſte ſepultos,
Mortales atro qui ſale perfricuit.
Intactus Deus eſt illi: cauſamque rogatus,
Hanc dedit: ille, inquit, non mihi notus erat.

Qui giace l'Aretin Poëta Toſco,
Che d'ogn'un diſſe malo, fuor di Dio;
Scuſandoſi col dir, jo n'o l'conoſco.

Houſe and another Epitaph of the ſame.

But I was a good deal ſurprized to find neither Tomb nor Inſcriptions, only a ſquare Stone with the following Words engraved on it; *Sepulchrum trium virorum illuſtrium.* To make us amends, the Sacriſtan carried us to the Door of the Church, to ſhew us *Aretin*'s Houſe, which ſtands on one Side of it, in a ſmall Square called *il Campielo* (*the little Field*) to diſtinguiſh it from the large one, called *il Campo di S. Luca.* This Houſe at preſent belongs to an Advocate, who lives in it. I remember to have ſeen ſomewhere *Aretin*'s *Italian* Epitaph, in the following Manner:

Qui giace l'Aretin amaro Toſco
Del Seme Human. La cui lingua trafiſſe
Et vivi & morti. D'Iddio mai mal non diſſe,
Et ſi ſcuſo con dir jo n'ol conoſco.

All theſe Epitaphs upon *Aretin* are taken from an Epigram of *Politianus*, the Point of which is: That he *abuſed all Beings but God*; and being aſked, *Why he did not abuſe him*; he anſwered, *Becauſe he did not know him.*

History of *Aretin.*

You know that this Poet had ſo ſarcaſtic a Turn, that he ſpared neither *Charles* V. nor *Francis* I. But perhaps you don't know, that one of thoſe

* *Adria* is a ſmall Town where this Perſon was born, who, though blind, was nevertheleſs an exellent Advocate, Orator, Philoſopher and Poet. He harangued ſeveral Times before the Senate and many Doges upon their Elections. He kept up beſides a Literary Correſpondence with the Princes and learned Men of *Italy.*

Princes ſent him a maſſy Gold Chain, all made of Links in the Figure of Tongues, by way of Huſh-Money; and the other, one more maſſy all wrought into Ears. Theſe Honours ſwell'd our Poet ſo, that he cauſed a Medal to be ſtruck, with his own Buſto on the one Side adorned with his Gold Chains, and theſe Words; *Il Divino Aretino*, (*The Divine Aretin*) On the other Side he is ſitting on a Throne, with Royal Embaſſadors at his Feet bringing him Preſents, with the following Motto; *I Principi Tributati da i Popoli, Tributano il ſervitor loro.* The *Italian* Princes, whom he had laſhed in his *Satyrs*, found a better Way of ſilencing him than either the Emperor or the King of *France*, for they ordered him twenty Stabs with a Poniard; however he recovered, but this Chaſtiſement made him wiſer and more upon the Reſerve afterwards. 1707. *March* 1. VENICE.

The high Altar-Piece of this Church is by *Paul Veroneſe*, and the two on each Side by old *Palmer*. That on the left repreſents a laſt Supper, of a very ſingular Deſign: An old Man is upon his Knees before *Jeſus Chriſt*, who ſeems to ſtoop a little to put a Hoſt into his Mouth. *Mary Magdalene* holds the Cup, and *Peter*, whoſe Face the Sacriſtan aſſured us was that of *Aretin* taken from the Life, beholds all this Myſtery with a very grave Air, attended by two Prieſts in their Surplices and Stoles who repreſent the *Blind-Man* of *Adria* and * *Lodovico Dolce*. There is here, another excellent Altar-Piece reckoned one of the beſt Pieces of *Paul Veroneſe*, repreſenting St. *Jerom* and St. *Catharine*. Fine Paintings.

They preſerve here three of the Thorns that crowned our Saviour, one of the Nails that faſtened him to the Croſs; which is at leaſt the ſixth of the Kind we have ſeen, and no doubt we ſhall ſee a great many more. A Vial full of the Blood of the Innocents ſlain by *Herod*: An Arm of St. *Athanaſius*, and the Head of St. *Baſil*, brought by the Doge *Henry Dandalo* from *Conſtantinople*. If we are to believe the Legend of this Church, they ought to have here likewiſe the Body of its Patron St. *Luke*, which was brought from *Burſa* to *Venice*, in 1464; but the *Franciſcans* of St. *Job* have long made themſelves Maſters of it, and maintain ſtrongly that the St. *Luke* of the Church of St. *Juſtina* at *Padua*, is a *Counterband* one. Relicks in St. *Luke*'s Church.

We ſee here alſo a very fine Buſto in White Marble of *Carlo Lotho*, a famous Painter, with the following Inſcription. Buſto and Epitaph of *Carlo Lotho* a Painter.

Jo. Car. Loth. Bavarus.
Suorum Temporum Apelles.
Ob virtutem Penicilli,
Ab Imperatore Leopoldo
Nobilium ordini aggregatus.
Umbram mortis depingere cœpit,
VI. *Octobris anno* M.DC.XCVIII.
Ætatis ſuæ LXVI.

In

* This *Lodovico Dolce* tranſlated ſome of *Cicero*'s Orations into *Italian*.

1707. *March* 1. VENICE.

In *Engliſh*: "*J. Car. Loth.* a *Bavarian*, the *Apelles* of his Time, nobilitated by the Emperor *Leopold* for the Excellency of his Pencil, * "begun to paint the Shade of Death *Oct.* 6th 1698. Aged 66."

The *Ridotti*, or Hazard Games.

From St. *Luke*'s Church we went to the *Ridotti*, i. e. the Place where the Noble *Venetians* keep an open Bank for Play, or what we may call the Academies for *Baſſet*, which is the only Game play'd here. There are a great many private Gaming-houſes open at *Venice* all the Year round; but the Principal one in Carnaval-time, is held in a large Houſe near the Square. When their Hour of Walking is over, they who want to play repair thither in ſuch a Crowd, that it is with Difficulty one can go from one Room to another. There are twelve or fifteen of theſe Rooms joining one another, with a great many Tables all round, at which the Nobility who Bank ſit. Theſe Tables have Heaps of Gold and Silver lying on them, and a great many Packs of Cards. No body enters there without a Maſk, or at leaſt a falſe Beard, a Paſteboard Noſe, or ſomewhat to diſguiſe their Face.

The Nobles have the ſole Right of Tallying.

As the Noble *Venetians* have the ſole Right of Tallying, they who play againſt them may lay what Sum they pleaſe, and march off with their Winnings, be they ever ſo high, without any body finding the leaſt Fault with them. But if we are to give heed to private Report, theſe Noble Gameſters know ſo much of the matter, that it is ſeldom ſeen the Bank is not the Winner. However that may be, they generally underſtand the Buſineſs of Tallying ſo well, that even the beſt Gameſters are out-witted. Yet 'tis ſurprizing to ſee how madly fond moſt Strangers at *Venice* are of bringing in their Money to thoſe Nobles, who laugh at them when they have ſtript them. Sometimes however a lucky Hit happens, which makes the Tallyers bite their Finger's Ends. The Elector of *Bavaria*, who was here in Carnaval-time, ſome Years ago, had ſuch a Run of Luck, that he broke three or four Banks, and won 50 or 60,000 Sequins. But this very rarely happens, and for one who wins, thouſands are ruined. The ſame Nobleman does not always keep the ſame Bank all Carnaval-time: The Tables are poſſeſſed by different Gentlemen, who ſometimes aſſociate with others, and ſometimes play upon their own private Accounts.

Great Phlegm of the *Venetians* at Play.

But what I thought moſt extraordinary in all thoſe *Ridotti*, was, that though there is always a vaſt Crowd of Company, yet there is obſerved the moſt profound Silence, greater even than in their Churches, and 'tis aſtoniſhing to ſee how cooly they win and loſe the largeſt Sums; ſo that one would ſwear he had got into an Academy of Stoics, who came there to be taught Moderation either in good or bad Fortune.

The Ladies reſort to Gaming-houſes.

The Noble *Venetian* Ladies repair thither in great Numbers, as well as the Courtiſans, who are ſeen there in great Crowds. But the former enjoy this Privilege only in Carnaval-time, and even then they don't enjoy it with ſo much Freedom as they could deſire, for they are watched wherever they go, either by their Huſbands, or Spies whom their Huſbands place upon them. However, this does not hinder but that Gentlemen, who have no mind

* Or to keep to the Humour of the Original, *became himſelf the Picture of Death.*

Mind to play, may have ſome Chat with them in ſeparate Rooms from thoſe where the Playing goes forward, and where they may have for their Money, Sweetmeats, Liquors, Ice'd Water, and even Veniſon and Wild-Foul, and Meat ready dreſt; ſo that one may come to ſup here when they come from the Play-Houſe or the Opera, to which People generally go when they leave the *Ridotti*. 1707. *March* 1. VENICE.

This has been a Day of real Confuſion, the whole City is in a Stir, which will laſt all the reſt of the Holydays. Early in the Morning they turned out a great many Bulls to run in the Streets. You will be ſurprized at this Whim; but ſoftly, you ſhall know the Reaſon preſently: Beſides that their Running about makes their Fleſh more tender, they ſerve to divert the young Nobility. 'Tis pleaſant to ſee thoſe Gentlemen, forgetting their uſual Gravity, ſtrip off their Gowns, and themſelves holding the Ropes that are tied to the Bulls Horns, make them be baited by the Dogs, and run after them all over the City. *March* 2. Courſes and Baitings of Bulls.

The *Venetians*, who like the old *Romans*, live upon Bread and Shews, (*Panem* and *Circenſes*) flock to the Squares to ſee theſe Bull-Baitings. They are encloſed only by ſlight Bars, becauſe thoſe Animals are not near ſo wild here, as in *Spain* or elſewhere; for two Men are ſufficient to manage one of them, by a Rope tied to their Horns. As ſoon as they get within the Bars, the People then ſlip the Dogs at them, who courſe them about for ſome time, till they can find a fair Opportunity of faſtening upon their Throat or their Ears, which they do with ſuch Eagerneſs, that it requires prodigious Pains to make them let go their Hold; which they generally do by ſqueezing them ſtrongly by their Teſticles. In the ſame Squares they likewiſe bait Bears with Dogs, both which are bred up on purpoſe to give the People this Entertainment, for they are madly fond of all Kind of Shews. But the moſt diverting Sight of all is, when a Bull (as we ſaw happen to Day) who is hard beſet with the Dogs, jumps over the Bar, overthrows ſome of the Scaffolds, which are erected all round the Square, and puts the whole Company into Confuſion. The Cows and Bulls which they drive along the Streets likewiſe create a great deal of Confuſion; for the Smallneſs of the Streets frequently puts thoſe who are walking along under great Difficulties, eſpecially when in turning one of thoſe narrow Lanes he all at once meets one of thoſe Animals with the Dogs at his Heels. *Venetians* very fond of theſe Shews.

If the Bull-Races and Baitings occaſion great Noiſe and Diſturbance, the Diverſion here called *the Forces of Hercules*, are executed with great Order and Silence. The Common People are ſo much the fonder of theſe two Diverſions, as they themſelves exhibit them to the Public. The *Forces of Hercules* are repreſented by certain Companies of Bargemen, who inhabit the Quarters of *Caſtel* and St. *Nicholas*, which lie at the two Extremities of the City; ſo that the former paſs by the Name of *Caſtellans*, and the latter by that of *Nicolotes*. Such is the Jealouſy and Emulation that prevails betwixt The Forces of *Hercules* deſcribed.

1707. *March* 2. VENICE.

betwixt thoſe two Parties, that they are Foes to one another, and each of them exerciſe themſelves in Boxing and in the *Forces of Hercules*, that they may get the better of their Antagoniſts. This Diverſion is performed in the following Manner.

This Sport deſcribed.

A Score of young Fellows of the *Caſtellan* Party firſt appear upon a large Scaffold erected directly over againſt St. *Mark*'s Palace. They are very neatly dreſt in Waiſtcoats and Drawers of Brocade, or ſome other party-coloured Silk, with little Bells fixt to their Garters. As they mount the Scaffold by an eaſy Aſcent, each carries upon his Shoulders one of his Companions, in a very ſingular Manner. For the latter have only their Right-foot upon the Shoulder of thoſe who ſupport them, and lean forward Side-ways with their two Arms extended, the one up and the other down; ſo that marching in this Manner one after another, and each of them holding in one Hand the End of the Foot of the Perſon who is before him thruſt out to him, they look like a Chain of Men in the Air, who ſeem to ſupport one another only by the End of the Hand and the Foot.

When the firſt Figure is executed with the Applauſe of the Spectators, they then march in Cadence to the Whiſtle of one of their Company, and the Tinkle of the little Bells hung at their Garters. They keep always turning round, without ones hearing the leaſt Diſcord betwixt the Whiſtle and the little Bells. From time to time, they throw themſelves into different Figures, both as to their Situations and extraordinary Poſtures. Sometimes four of the ſtrongeſt amongſt them, forming an Arch with their Bodies bent back, ſupport ſix, ſeven, and ſometimes eight of their Companions all at once, upon the Arcade formed by their Bellies. Sometimes four others with the Ends of two large Poles upon their Shoulders, carry eight others upon them, all ſtanding upright to the Height of five Men, including a Boy of fifteen or ſixteen Years of Age, who keeps always ſtanding on the Shoulders of the topmoſt Man, and as it were points the Pyramid. At another time we ſee them with two Men ſtanding on one another's Shoulders, and ſit and raiſe themſelves ſeveral times with that ponderous tottering Load. At laſt, after throwing themſelves into ſeveral Figures by their different Poſtures, which require equally extraordinary Dexterity and Prodigious Force, they march down the Scaffold in Cadence, to make room for an equal Number of young Fellows of the oppoſite Party.

Prodigious Emulation among the Performers.

Emulation prompts theſe latter to outdo the Performances of the others, both in Variety of Poſtures, and the Difficulty of executing the Figures. But it often happens that this Emulation of out-doing, makes ſome one or other of the Company, who is weaker and leſs perfect in the Exerciſes than the others, loſe the Victory to his own Party by a Fall, and thereby demoliſhing the whole Œconomy of the artful Fabrick. 'Tis then pleaſant to obſerve the Conſternation of ſome, and the joyful Shouts of others, which joined with the Acclamations of the People raviſhed with thoſe Spectacles, make ſuch a Noiſe all over the Square, that one is frequently obliged to ſtop one's Ears, that he may not be deafned with the Noiſe.

The

1707. *March* 2. VENICE.

The *Venetians* boaſt of having invented thoſe ſeveral Figures; but with no Juſtice on their Side, for they were practiſed by the ancient *Romans*. *Claudian* mentions them in his Poem upon the Conſulate of *Manlius Theodorus*.

This Sport practiſed among the Ancient *Romans*.

Vel qui more avium ſeſe jaculantur in auras,
Corporaque ædificant celeri creſcentia nexu,
Quorum compoſitam puer augmentatus in artem
Emicat, & vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,
Pendula librato figit veſtigia ſaltu. *

The Boxing-Matches that are fought by the *Caſtellans* and the *Nicolotti* which they do with ſuch mutual Animoſity, that upon thoſe Occaſions they hold one another as mortal Enemies. Even the Nobility become Parties, by their declaring for one or other of theſe Factions; only with this Difference, that the Nobility make a Diverſion of what the others look upon as an Affair of the utmoſt Conſequence, and ſtrongly affecting their Reputation. The Senate, who refines upon the meereſt Trifles, are well enough pleaſed to foment thoſe Diviſions, becauſe ſhould the People form any Conſpiracy againſt the Nobility, they would be ſure of ſpeedy Aſſiſtance from one or other of thoſe Parties: Eſpecially the *Caſtellans*, who looking upon themſelves as of a Rank ſuperior to their Rivals, appear moſt attached to the Nobility, and moſt loyal to the Government.

Boxing-Matches.

The Paſſion to be eſteemed a good Boxer runs ſo ſtrong among the *Gondoliers* and the People, that it requires the Interpoſition of the Council of Ten, who are the Judges of Civil Polity, to prevent Boxing-Matches from being publickly fought every Day at *Venice*; and after all, the Captains and their *Sbirri* have their Hands full to prevent it. Even the little Children in the Street have their Parties and Quarrels; and when they know one another to be of different Sides, they never part without a Bruſh at Boxing. On ſuch Occaſions it is at *Venice*, juſt as it is at *London*; People ſtop to ſee the Match, they make a Circle, they animate the Combatants, and have a Pleaſure in ſeeing them all over Blood.

Exceſſive Fondneſs of the Common People for them.

The common Theatre for ſet Battles betwixt Man and Man, is the Bridge of St. *Barnabas*. This Bridge is equally advantageous to both Parties having an equal Number of Steps on each Side, with two Keys, each of which can contain an almoſt equal Number of Boxers; beſides, the Canal being very long and ſtrait, the Houſes on its Sides are extremely convenient for the great Crowds of Spectators who are preſent at thoſe Fights; and the Windows being quite full, the Roofs, the Keys and neighbouring Bridges covered with Spectators, without counting the prodigious Numbers that are in Boats and Gondolas upon the Canal.

The Place where they are performed

* Mr. *Addiſon*, in Conformity to his Plan, gives us rather an imperfect Hint, than a Deſcription of this Diverſion, that he may have an Opportunity of Illuſtrating this Paſſage of *Claudian*.

1707. *March* 2. VENICE. Regulations observed upon those Occasions

Two noted Burghers, formerly celebrated Boxers, and frequently victorious, are Judges of the Combat. As soon as they come upon the Field of Battle, they throw off their Cloaks, and settle the Terms of the Match, "which are as follow. "No striking an Antagonist when he is down, "under Pain of being accounted a Coward. That the Victory shall fall "to the Party who shall draw the first Blood of the other, either at Mouth "or Nose. If after three several Attacks no Blood shall be drawn, the "Combatants shall separate to give place to others, but that they shall "first embrace upon the Field of Battle. That he who shall toss his Ene-"my into the Canal, shall win a double Victory." And lastly, "that if "any Champion of one Party, shall appear too formidable for any of the "contrary Party to take him up, the Honour he thereby gains shall be as "great, as if he had beat several of his Enemies."

Manner of Fighting.

When those Preliminaries are settled, the two Judges place themselves upon the highest Part of the Bridge, which is a kind of a Platform of about four or five Feet square, without Rails or Balustrades. The Combatants immediately advance to the two opposite Angles of the Platform, leaving the two other Angles for the Umpires, that they may be the better able to judge of the Strokes that are exchanged. In a trice they whip off their Shoes, their Waistcoats and Shirts, gird up their Loins with Scarfs, tuck their Hair under their Caps, draw a Glove upon their Right-hand, and begin to box. The Blows they exchange are very severe and heard a great way off, especially when they fall directly upon their bare Sides; and very often a single one is enough to knock a Man down. Sometimes one of the Combatants is seen suspended aloft quite over the Bridge, and hanging in the Hair of his Adversary's Head, who after fruitlessly doing all he can to disengage himself, is often obliged to leap along with his Foe into the Canal, where their Animosity instantly ends.

Others amongst them are so strong, that by the Blows which they incessantly dart forward without ever closing in with their Antagonist, they force him to jump directly into the Canal; the Conqueror then makes use of a thousand antic Tricks to express his Joy for what the Laws of Boxing have determined to be a double Victory, and those of his Party shew their Satisfaction in a thousand redoubled *Vivats* or *Huzzas*.

No other Reward for the Fighters than Applauses.

These two Fellows no sooner quit the Field, than it is immediately filled with two others, each of whom are powerfully encouraged by their Party to behave manfully. The Noble *Venetians* animate their several Champions; they hang over the Windows, shaking their Handkerchiefs, and promising them Money as a Reward of their Bravery; for the Combatants fight for no other Prize than the Reputation of being the most expert at those *knock-down Arguments*. So vain are they of this Glory, that they cause themselves to be drawn in the same fierce intrepid Posture they use to engage in, with their Name and an Abridgment of the History of their gallant Exploits affixed. In the mean time, they are on both Sides very careful and exact in counting up the Number of their several Victories, that they

they may know which Side has the better; but they moſt eſteem thoſe who have driven the greateſt Number of Foes into the Canal. 1707. *March* 2. VENICE.

There are two other Sorts of Boxing-Matches; the one called *la Frotta*, is where ſeveral engage on a Side; the other *la Guerra Ordinata* (*a pitched Battle*) is a general Engagement betwixt the two Parties; but as we ſaw neither of thoſe, I cannot undertake to deſcribe them. Other Boxing-Matches.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

The Ceremony of cutting off the Head of a Bull, and Origin of that ludicrous annual Cuſtom. The Opera's of Venice *deſcribed, and Encomium of the* Italian *Muſic. Their Perfections and Defects. Criticiſm upon the* French *Operas, and all theſe Entertainments in general. Several curious Particulars concerning thoſe of* Venice. *Exceſſive Fondneſs of the* Venetians *for Muſic. Their Comedies very bad. Monſtrous Indecencies committed at thoſe Plays. Other Sorts of Entertainments at* Venice.

IF Yeſterday was a Day of Confuſion, this has been one of Trouble and Diſorder. Two hundred *Turkiſh* Gallies at *Lido* would not have cauſed more Diſorder and Buſtle. The whole City ever ſince Morning has been in a perpetual Motion; the Shops have been ſhut, and nothing ſeen all over the Streets but People armed with Hatchets, Cutlaſſes, Clubs, and Bludgeons, with other Kinds of Weapons, in the whole making a moſt horrible Noiſe and Uproar; in ſhort, the whole Air ſeemed to be in a real Sedition, ſo that I could not help calling to mind the following beautiful Paſſage in *Virgil*: *March* 3. The Ceremony of cutting off the Head of a Bull;

> ——— *magno in Populo ſic ſæpè coorta eſt*
> *Seditio, ſævitque animis ignobile vulgus;*
> *Jamque faces & ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat.*

But our Friend Mr. *Imberti* happening to viſit us in the mean time, upon my aſking him the Reaſon of all this Uproar, he told us, that what we miſtook for a Sedition, was no other than Preparations for a Public Feſtival, the chief Ceremonies of which are performed in St. *Mark*'s Square, in Preſence of the Senate and the foreign Embaſſadors. This Feſtival conſiſts in cutting off the Head of a Bull, to commemorate the happy Succeſs of the Republic's Arms in a War, wherein ſhe aſſiſted the Patriarch of *Grada*, againſt the Patriarch of *Aquilea*. The former having very often taken up Arms to oppreſs the latter, at laſt beſieged him in his own City; but by the Time in which he hoped to take it, he was himſelf attacked, defeated and taken by the *Venetians*. This unfortunate Prelate, whom the And its Origin.

Hiſtory

1707. *March* 3. History names *Ulric*, was condemned to have his Head cut off in St. *Mark*'s Square, with twelve of his most trusty Canons.

VENICE. Extraordinary Tribute imposed upon a Patriarch.

However, Tradition tells us, that they were contented with putting him to Death in Prison, and that they beheaded in Public a Bull and twelve Pigs, who are pretty just Representatives of Canons as to their way of Living. And further, to perpetuate the Memory of this Event, they imposed a pretty comical Tribute upon his Successors in the See of *Aquilea* and its Chapter, which was, to send every Year to *Venice* upon *Shrove-Thursday*, a Bull and twelve Pigs. But one of those Patriarchs and his Chapter making the Republic a handsome Present of Money during its War in *Candia*, the Tribute was remitted, and the State was satisfied with causing a Bull's Head to be publicly cut off, meerly to please the People. This, continued our Friend, is the noble Subject of all this mighty Bustle and Parade; and if you have any Curiosity to see the Ceremony, and to assist at this fine Festival, I am ready to attend you to St. *Mark*'s Square. Having taken him at his Word, to the Square we went, and by means of a *Sequin* we got upon a Scaffold, where we saw at our own Ease the whole of this ridiculous Ceremony, which is as follows.

The Preparations of this Festival very ludicrous.

The Republic, which is always careful not to lose the Remembrance of any of their Victories, takes care that this Advantage, which their Arms obtained over the Patriarch of *Aquilea*, shall be annually celebrated on *Shrove-Thursday*; and though it has at first all the Appearance of a deep Tragedy, it ends in a very ridiculous Farce. All the Butchers and Farriers in the City dress up in a very comical Manner, with every thing they can borrow that is fine, repair tumultuously in Companies to St. *Mark*'s Square, and 'tis the most diverting Sight in the World to see some of them armed with rusty Halberts, others of them with Hatchets and large Scymiters, others with Pikes and Partisans, others of them with old broad Swords, which take both their Hands to weild; in short, it is a Masquerade of the most Burlesque Kind. This diverting Militia passes, as it were, in Review before the Nobility and the Embassadors, who are in a Hall in the first Story of the Palace, and the Irregularity of their Procession, together with the whimsical Diversity of their Arms and Dresses, is certainly a most diverting Shew. Some of them marching along with the greatest Gravity, and making profound Reverences, others of them running and looking fiercely upon the Nobility without uncovering themselves, with Trumpets marching on foot at the Head of each Company, and being sometimes obliged to run as others do, and blow as they run; in short, the whole has rather the Air of a Popular Emotion, than that of a Solemnity.

As also the Festival itself.

When the Procession is closed, the Nobility repair to the Gallery which looks into the Square, and then the formidable Butcher, who is destined to give the fatal Blow to the Bull, which represents the Patriarch *Ulric*, comes gravely up to the poor Animal, and cuts off his Head with a single blow

Blow of a Cutlaſs. This thundering Stroke draws Peals of Applauſe from Numbers of People in the Square, the Palace, the Procuraties, and on a vaſt Number of Scaffolds which are erected on purpoſe for this ridiculous Ceremony. Afterwards we were entertained with the Exhibition of a Fire-work in broad Day-light, which was but very indifferent. Then the Boatmen and Tumblers divert the Nobility and the Aſſembly with their Dancing and Tumbling: But what draws the loudeſt Shouts from the People is, a Fellow who flies along a Rope, ſtretched from the Top of St. *Mark*'s Steeple to the Maſt of the Galley, which always lies betwixt the two Pillars of the *Broglio*. 1707. *March* 3. VENICE.

Religious Ceremony performed at the ſame Time.

Mean time, and amidſt all this Tumult and Confuſion in the City, ſome devout Souls are buſied in performing Works of Piety, as it were, to atone for the Extravagances of their Neighbours. Seventy two Pilgrims and thirty three Orphans go in ſolemn Proceſſion in the Forenoon to the *Oratory of Incurables*, where the Fathers of the Oratory give them a good Dinner, and ſerve them, as a Mark of their Humility; ſo that one may eaſily conclude that they go rather to fill their Bellies than to pray to God. What a Medley of Farces here is in one Day!

Ball-baitings.

As they let looſe all this Day a great many Balls all over the City, and even in a great many Parts of it fight with them, every Body is at Liberty to arm themſelves with what Weapons they think fit, excepting Fire-Arms, which are very rigorouſly prohibited at all Times. But this Indulgence makes People, who are at Enmity with one another, be upon their Guard, and very ſtrictly watch one another's Motions.

The Opera's of *Venice* deſcribed.

As ſoon as this Ceremony and the other Diverſions upon the Square were over, we went to the Opera; but don't imagine that it was for the firſt Time. On the contrary, we have been there very often, and at the Playhouſe too; and the Reaſon why I have not as yet ſpoke to you of thoſe Entertainments is, becauſe I wanted to ſpeak of them with the greater Certainty. The noble *Cornaro* has ſeveral Times done us the Honour of giving us a Place in his Box, and we have more than once made uſe of the Key which the noble *Mocenigo* was ſo kind as to ſend us of his. Both theſe Civilities are Proofs that the noble *Venetians*, as I have already obſerved, are not always ſo haughty towards Strangers as is generally given out.

The *Italian* Muſic preferable to all others, and pitiful Reaſonings of Mr. *Miſſon*.

Give me leave, Sir, to take this Opportunity of giving you my Sentiments about the *Italian* Muſic. The more I hear it, the more I am perſuaded that it outdoes by far all other Muſic in the World. The Airs of it are divine, the Trills wonderful, and nothing can come up with the Silver Voices of their Eunuchs. Theſe are Truths wherein all People of Senſe and Taſte are agreed, excepting perhaps one ſingle Man, I mean Mr. *Miſſon*. His critical Ear was by no Means delighted with theſe *Inſipid Entertainments*, as he calls them, much leſs with the *Italian Recitativo*. In ſhort, he *finds ſomething awkward, perplexed, and diſagreeable in their Chantings*,

1707. March 3. VENICE.

ings, and to that Degree *that he waits with Impatience for the Concluſion of the Piece, before he has heard one fourth of it.*

This unaccountable Taſte and Deciſion appears the more abſurd by what he adds concerning the *Caſtrati: That theſe Wretches have been ſo mean-ſpirited as to ſuffer themſelves to be thus mutilated, merely for the Sake of having a finer Voice.* How could this Notion enter into our learned Traveller's Head? ſince it is known to every one, that theſe poor Fellows did not *ceaſe to be Men* with their own Conſent, but merely thro' the Avarice of their Parents, who reduced them to that Condition, at an Age ſo tender, that ſcarce one in a hundred remembers any Thing of the Operation? It is allowable to cenſure the Vices of the *Italians*, as well as thoſe of all other Nations: But it is the higheſt Piece of Injuſtice to charge them with thoſe they are certainly not guilty of.

Perfections and Defects of the Operas *Italian*

I grant, with Regard to the Opera, that their Machines are pitiful, eſpecially if we compare them with thoſe of the Opera of *Paris*. But this is not ſurpriſing, when it is conſidered, that in *France* it is a great Monarch who defrays the whole Expence, whereas at *Venice* it is only ſupported by private Perſons. If their Theatres are ill-lighted, they are nevertheleſs grand and magnificent; and if their Ballets are paltry, their Decorations are ſplendid and well diverſified. Their Dreſſes are not *very wretched*, as Mr. *Miſſon* again aſſerts; on the contrary, moſt of thoſe I have ſeen were exceeding rich. I own that their *Caſtrati* are in general miſerable Actors as to Geſture; but then their charming Voices compenſate in a good Meaſure this Defect, and all others I have mentioned.

But this is not all. Beſides the Eunuchs, the *Venetians* alſo make choice of the fineſt Singing-Women in all *Italy*. Nay, they will invite a Girl or Woman of Reputation to come to them from any Country in *Europe*, and allow her no leſs than five or ſix hundred Piſtols, beſides travelling Charges, tho' it be but to ſing in Time of the Carnaval. Add to this, that you are ſure to be entertained with a charming Symphony, compoſed of Lutes, Theorbos, Harpſicords, and ſome excellent Violins, not indeed in ſo great Numbers as in *France*, but which accompany the Voice with admirable Juſtneſs.

The principal Fault in thoſe Entertainments.

The greateſt Fault I find in the *Italian* Operas is, that they are, for the moſt Part, wrote by Poets who are ignorant of the true Rules of the Theatre; therefore no wonder if their Plots are commonly ill conducted, and that Probability in them is almoſt always ſhocked even to an incredible Abſurdity. Beſides, it is a Thing monſtrouſly incongruous in my Opinion, to ſee the Perſonage of a *Junius Brutus*, of a *Mutius Scævola*, of a *Manlius Torquatus*, or ſome other brave auſtere *Roman* in the Time of the Republic, repreſented by ſo ludicrous an Actor as a *Caſtratus*, a half Man, almoſt without Geſture, without Fire capable ſufficiently to expreſs the great and noble Paſſions of the Soul, and what is worſe, with a ſhrill ſqueaking Voice, more proper to perſonate the Character of a Woman than that of a Heroe.

——*Mutium*

1707. *March* 3. VENICE.

——*Mutium ſævumque Neronem*
Quàm malè vultus agit, quem non exaſperat ulla
Barba, decemve pili ſaltèm! Non criſta minacem,
Enſis, & aurata captivi caſſide crines,
Actorem præſtare valent, ſi clune ſoluto
Cevet, & impuro jugulantur gutture voces.

A Criticiſm on *French* Operas.

But notwithſtanding all this, let Mr. *Miſſon* aſk an *Italian* what he thinks of the *French* Operas? He will anſwer, that they are infinitely more deficient than thoſe of his own Country. He will ſay, for inſtance, that in *France* they often ſing ſo low, and pronounce ſo indiſtinctly, that moſt of the Audience, eſpecially Foreigners, even the moſt expert in the Language, have the greateſt Difficulty imaginable to underſtand any of the Words. He will alſo object that the grand Chorus of Muſic, which ſo often fills the whole *French* Theatre, is exceeding ſhocking to an *Italian*, who thinks, not unreaſonably, that ſuch a Multiplicity of Inſtruments is more ſuitable in a Church than at an Opera: That the great Number of Violins drown, as it were, all the other Inſtruments, and can pleaſe none but the *French*, who, for the moſt Part, are naturally fond of great Noiſe; that, tho' they ſucceed to Admiration in the Dancing Part, they mix too much of it in their Operas: In fine, that in his Opinion there is not Plot enough in the *French* Operas; that their Compoſitions are too ſhort, and that he cannot endure that Name to be given to continued Sets of Dancing and Muſic, which have not any juſt Relation to, nor natural Connection with the Subjects.

Judicious Reflexions upon Operas in general.

Upon the whole, and to ſpeak freely, I am no very great Admirer of what is called Tragedies in Muſic or Operas. Their Magnificence pleaſes me well enough; the Machinery is ſomewhat ſurpriſing; the Muſic is moving in ſeveral Parts; the Symphony, and the fine *Overtures* are raviſhing: In a Word, the whole at firſt Sight appears marvellous; but all theſe Wonders vaniſh to my Eyes, when I conſider that thoſe Pieces are at Bottom abſolutely repugnant to common Senſe; and that it is the moſt ridiculous Thing in Nature to make all thoſe Compoſitions be ſung from the Beginning to the End. In fine, nothing to me ſeems more impertinent than for one to impart a Secret to his Friend in Song, to hold a grave Conſultation in *Recitativo*, to call a Servant in Muſic, and to knock down People in hakes Sand Quavers. For theſe Reaſons I think we may call the Operas, as they are managed at preſent, *magnificent Fooleries*, ſet off with *Muſic*, *Dancing*, *Machinery*, and *Decorations*. The worſt of it is, that the exceſſive Fondneſs for thoſe pompous Trifles, which has diffuſed itſelf at this Day almoſt over all *Europe*, will perhaps ſoon be the Ruin of Tragedy, which I look upon as the moſt proper Entertainment for rational Souls, and the fitteſt to inflame them with the Love of Virtue, and nobleſt Actions.

1707. *March* 3. VENICE. Several curious Particularities concerning the Operas of *Venice*.

Before we leave this Article of the Operas of *Venice*, I ſhall obſerve farther, that there are acted in that City five or ſix different Operas all at once: So much are its Inhabitants captivated with the Charms of Muſic! The Theatres belong to ſome of the Nobility, who raiſe a conſiderable Revenue from the Boxes which they let out, either for the whole Carnaval, or only for a Day. The Ladies of Quality frequent thoſe Entertainments every Night, eſpecially towards the End of the Carnaval. There they make (for they are allowed to uſe them at that Time) their Appearance all ſparkling with Jewels; and the Brightneſs of the lighted Tapers which they have in their Boxes, ſet them off to all Advantage in the Eyes of their Gallants, whom they give to underſtand, by certain Signs, that they are pleaſed with their Aſſiduity, or diſſatisfied with their Coldneſs.

The Enthuſiaſm of the *Venetians* for Muſic.

There is ſomething very diverting to hear the noiſy Clamours which the Gondoliers or Watermen raiſe, when an excellent Voice has made an End of ſome moving Air. Theſe Fellows, who are, as I have ſaid before, in great Numbers, may always enter *Gratis*, and ſcarce do any Thing elſe at the Operas than applauding the Actors. Nothing is more entertaining than the Vows and Prayers which they put up in Favour of him or her who has been ſinging; and the Burden of all commonly is: *Bleſſed be thou*; *bleſſed be the Father who begat thee!* Nor are they the only People who make ſuch a Buſtle in giving their Applauſes. You often ſee ſeveral of the Nobles bending forward at once half out of their Boxes; and you hear them crying out aloud, eſpecially when it is a Woman, *Cara*, *Cara*, adding in their Enthuſiaſm, *that they are going to throw themſelves down headlong thro' Exceſs of Pleaſure*.

And Fondneſs for Singing Women.

Amidſt theſe Acclamations, others toſs into the Boxes or Pit Sonnets, or other Verſes, compoſed in Honour of the excellent Singer, whom they always call *divine incomparable Beauty*, tho' ſhe be often ugly in the higheſt Degree. Nevertheleſs, ugly as ſhe is, the Charms of her Voice induces many of the Nobles to make it a Point of Honour to get her into their Poſſeſſion, and the Strife is who ſhall carry her by Preſents of the greater Value. The Hiſtory of a Nobleman of the *Cornaro* Family is known here to every Body. He took it in his Head to diſpute a celebrated Singing-Girl with the Duke of *Mantua*, and won her at laſt againſt that Prince, by the immenſe Sums he would needs ſacrifice to his headſtrong Humour. This is all that I can ſay of the *Venetian* Operas, which are reckoned the fineſt of all *Italy*. And no Wonder, ſince it is to the *Venetians* we owe the Invention of thoſe Entertainments.

Their Comedies are very bad.

As for Comedy, it is only acted among them during the Carnaval; at preſent they have three different Companies of Comedians, and all of them extremely bad. Formerly the *Italians* uſed to compoſe ſome pretty regular Pieces, as the *Paſtor Fido* of *Guarini*, the *Aminta* of *Taſſo*, the *Filis* of *Scyre*, and ſeveral others; but their preſent Compoſitions do not deſerve to be called Comedies, they are ſcarce any Thing but pitiful Rhapſodies, patched up with different Shreds, taken out of ſeveral Plays, to which every

Town-houſe, and ſeveral Palaces. The Fortreſſes. Falſe Repreſentation of this City, by Mr. *Miſſon*. Its Hiſtory, and adjacent Country. Learned Perſons of both Sexes born at *Verona*. Its Biſhops, Churches, Soil, and Character of its Inhabitants. Fine Encomiums of this City by both the *Scaligers*. 437

CHAP. LXIX. Wretched Roads between *Verona* and *Vicenza*, and Fertility of the Soil. *Vicenza*, a City and Biſhopric. Its Origin, Hiſtory, and Deſcription. The principal Churches. Ruins of an Amphitheatre, and two ancient Inſcriptions. Convent of the Madona of Mount *Beric*, and its miraculous Image. Other Singularities of *Vicenza*. The famous City of *Padua*, called the *Learned*. Outrages formerly committed there by the Students. Pretended Tomb of *Antenor*. That of *Lupatus*, and his Hiſtory. The Univerſity of late Years very much decayed. 446

CHAP. LXX. Containing a curious Account of the moſt celebrated learned Men born at *Padua*, or who have taught the Sciences in that famous Univerſity. 456

CHAP. LXXI. *Padua*. The Town-houſe. Several remarkable Statues and Buſtos. Thoſe of *T. Livius* and of *Peter* of *Apono*, who was falſly accuſed of being a Magician. Tomb of *Titus Livius*. Monument of the Marchioneſs of *Obizzi*, that celebrated *Heroine* for Chaſtity, and her Hiſtory. The Conſpiracy of the *Paduans* againſt the *Venetians*. Church of St. *Anthony* very magnificent. Epitaph of an *Engliſh* Nobleman. Beautiful Chapel wherein lies the Body of St. *Anthony*. The Chapel of St. *Felix*, and its curious Relicks. Tomb of a very learned Lady. 465

CHAP. LXXII. *Padua*. A fine Equeſtrian Statue, and its Inſcription. The beautiful Church of St. *Juſtina*. A Buſto and two remarkable Stones. The Bodies of St. *Luke*, and other Saints. The magnificent Abbacy of the *Benedictins*. The Cathedral. Tombs of the Empreſs *Bertha*, and of ſeveral learned Men. That of *Charles Patin*. *Sarcophagus*, or Tomb of the Counts of St. *Sophia*. *Dominican* and *Eremitan* Churches. That of St. *Thomas* of *Canterbury*, and Epitaph of an *Engliſh* Lady. A Cabinet of Curioſities. Antique Urns. A moſt remarkable Example of Chaſtity in the Life of *Blanche de Roſſi*, an *Italian* Lady. Parallel between her and the ancient *Lucretia*. Origin, Hiſtory, and Deſcription of *Padua*. Other great Men this City has produced. 475

CHAP. LXXIII. Departure from *Padua*, and fine Paſſage between that City and *Venice*. Poetical Deſcription of this laſt. The Gondolas, or Boats, and Gondoliers. Mendicant or Begging Poets at *Venice*. The Palace of the *German* Merchants. The great Canal. Bridge of *Rialto* exactly deſcribed. The Mercery and Maſks of *Venice*. Impudence of a Mendicant Poet. The Square of St. *Mark*. The Broglio. Two remarkable Columns. The old and new Procuratories. Church of St. *Geminianus*, and Hiſtory of that Saint. 492

CHAP. LXXIII. The Carnaval deſcribed. Prodigious Number of Strangers of all Ranks it draws to *Venice*. Great Variety of comical Shews in the Square of St. *Mark*. Its Steeple and beautiful Proſpect. Penalties inflicted on the Nobles who refuſe an honourable but burthenſome Employment. The Church of St. *Mark*, and its Magnificence. Four curious Braſs Horſes, and their Hiſtory, Deſcription of the ſaid Church, and its remarable Relicks. Public Spirit of the *Venetians*, and their Liberality to the State when in Danger. Spiritual Treaſure of St. *Mark*. Hiſtory of the Corpſe of that Saint. His Goſpel in Manuſcript, and curious Obſervations upon it. Temporal or real Treaſure of St. *Mark*, and the immenſe Riches it contains. Hiſtory of a bold Fellow who attempted to rob it. 506

CHAP. LXXIV. *Venice*. Accurate Deſcription of the Palace of St. *Mark*. The Hall where the grand Council meets, and its Paintings. This honourable Aſſembly exactly repreſented, as alſo the Manner in which the Elections are performed. The Arſenal of the Palace. The Uſe of it, and its ſeveral Singularities. Buſto and Hiſtory of *Bragandin*. Account of the State Inquiſition at *Venice*. 521

CHAP. LXXV. *Venice*. The public Library of St. *Mark*. Some of its moſt curious Manuſcripts and Paintings. Letter of Cardinal *Beſſarion* on his making a Preſent of his Books to the Republic. Several private Libraries at *Venice*. The *Zecca* or Mint-houſe. *Venetian* Sequins, what they are. Four remarkable Statues of Porphiry, and their Hiſtory. Many ſtrange Creatures ſhewn in the Square of St. *Mark* during the Carnaval. 531

CHAP. LXXVII. *Venice*. Digreſſion concerning the Conſpiracy of *Bajamonte Tiepolo*, and his Confederates, againſt the Republic. Some of their Speeches. The Conſpirators juſtified by authentic Monuments. The Author returns to the Arſenal. It is one of the moſt conſiderable in *Europe*. Its Directors, and excellent Management. The Church of St. *Luke*. Tomb and Epitaph of the celebrated *Aretin*. The *Ridotti*, or Hazard Games. A ſingular Sport called, The *Herculean* Strengths, and well known to the ancient *Romans*. Boxing Matches among the *Venetians* exactly deſcribed. 546

CHAP. LXXVIII. The Ceremony of cutting off the Head of a Bull, and Origin of that ludicrous annual Cuſtom. The Operas of *Venice* deſcribed, and Encomium of the *Italian* Muſic. Their Perfections and Defects. Criticiſm upon the *French* Operas, and all theſe Entertainments in general. Several curious Particulars concerning thoſe of *Venice*. Exceſſive Fondneſs of the *Venetians* for Muſic. Their Comedies very bad. Monſtrous Indecencies committed at thoſe Plays. Other Sorts of Entertainments at *Venice*. 557

of *Bern*, where the Proteſtant Cantons hold their Aſſemblies. *Aarberg* deſcribed. *Burgdorf* or *Bertou*. 339

CHAP. LVII. *Bern*, Capital of a Canton. The great Church. A pleaſant Platform. Ditch with wild Bears. The Arſenal well furniſhed. The Library and its Curioſities. The Town-houſe. The Government of *Bern*. The City deſcribed. Power, Trade, Corporations of Crafts, Hoſpitals, learned Men, Soil of *Bern*. The Bailiffs and their Characters. The Peaſants much at their Eaſe. 344

CHAP. LVIII. *Morat*, a Town in the Cantons of *Bern* and *Fribourg*. A Heap of Bones of the *Bourguignons*, defeated by the *Swiſs*. Great Simplicity of this People anciently, as well as among the old *Romans*. *Avenches*, an ancient City. Several Inſcriptions. A wonderful Hermitage built in a Rock by one Man. 351

CHAP. LIX. *Friburg*, Capital of a Canton. A Deſcription of it. Its Hiſtory and Government. *Payerne* and *Mouldon*. Some Particulars touching theſe two Towns. *Lauſanne* Capital of the Country of *Vaud*. The great Church there. The Town and its Government deſcribed. Character of its Inhabitants. A Voyage upon the *Leman* Lake from *Lauſanne* to *Geneva*. 358

CHAP. LX. Departure from *Geneva*. Several Towns on the Road to *Soleure*. Deſcription of this City, and Capital of a Canton. The great Church. The *Jeſuit*'s Houſe, and its Magnificence. The Town-houſe, and its Pictures. Government, Inhabitants, Arſenal, and Situation of *Soleure*. Journey from that City to *Baſil*. 365

CHAP. LXI. *Baſil*. *Switzers* in general are great Drinkers. The public Library very conſiderable. Hiſtory of *Reuchlin*, or *Johannes Capnio*. Several Manuſcripts. Hiſtory of *Holbein* the Painter, and ſome of his beſt Performances. Collection of Medals. Repreſentation of a Dance of the Dead. Short Account of the famous Council of *Baſil*. 371

CHAP. LXII. *Baſil*. The Cathedral. Tomb and Epitaph of *Eraſmus*. Three other remarkable Epitaphs of as many learned Men. Thoſe of the famous Printers *Froben* and *Iſingrinus*. Tomb and Epitaph of the learned *Amerbachius*. The Platform of *Baſil*. Cabinet of Curioſities. The Town-houſe, and its Singularities. Hiſtory, Deſcription, Government, and Inhabitants of this City. 379

CHAP. LXIII. Departure from *Baſil* to *Inſpruck*. Several Towns and Boroughs upon the Road; eſpecially *Aaraw*, *Schaffhouſen* and *Ulm*. The great Church of this laſt, and other public Buildings. Its Fortifications exactly deſcribed. Government and Hiſtory. Other Towns, *Guntzburg*, *Augsburg*, *Schongaw*, *Mittenwald*, *Shernitz*, &c. 389

CHAP. LXIV. *Inſpruck*, Capital of *Tirol*. The Palace of the Archdukes. The Manege and Univerſity. Church of the *Cordeliers*. Splendid Tomb, and twenty eight beautiful Braſs-Statues. Other Tombs. Jeſuits Houſe and Church. Pretended Gold Tiles. Ridiculous Stories concerning them. Deſcription of *Inſpruck*, and Etymology of its Name. Earthquakes frequent here. Mint, Salt-pits, and Fertility of the Country. Its Inhabitants uſed with great Lenity by the Court of *Vienna*. 399

CHAP. LXV. Departure from *Inſpruck*. Inſcription on the Meeting of *Charles* V. and his Brother *Ferdinaud*, after a long Abſence. *Brennenberg* a frightful Mountain. *Stertzlingen*. Two haunted Caſtles. Inſcription and two curious Marbles. *Brixen* a Biſhopric. Its Cathedral. Epitaph of a learned Biſhop. Other Churches and their Curioſities. Council of *Brixen*. Hiſtory of Pope *Gregory* VII. Decree of that Aſſembly againſt him. Singular Epitaphs of the Emperor *Henry* IV. and Pope *Bonifacius* VIII. A merry Pilgrimage. 405

CHAP. LXVI. *Bolzane*. Its Convents, and principal Church. A Picture very remarkable for its proving Tranſubſtantiation. Deſcription of the Town and Territory. Road from *Bolzane* to *Trent*, a Biſhopric. A Tower where lewd Eccleſiaſtics uſed formerly to be drowned. The Cathedral and beautiful Chapel. Tombs and Epitaphs. Church of St. *Peter*, and Confutation of the Story of St. *Simonin*. Epitaph of *Fronſberg*, General of *Charles* V. Church of St. *Mary Major*. Short Hiſtory of the Council of *Trent*. Oppoſite Opinions about that Aſſembly. Many *Roman* Catholics have ſpoke bitterly againſt it. Frightful Picture of it by a famous Biſhop. Epiſcopal Palace. Hiſtory of *Trent*. Extent of that Dioceſe, and Government of the Town. Death of the Emperor *Lotharius* II. and his Hiſtory. 414

CHAP. LXVII. Departure from *Trent*. *Belem* a ſtrong Fortreſs. *Roveredo* and its Caſtle. Its Church, and famous Silk-Mill. Remarks on the Inhabitants of *Tirol* and the *Trentin*. A dangerous Paſs. Deſcription of the Fort *Chiuſa*. *Piſcantina*. *Verona* a Biſhopric. Triumphal Arch of the Emperor *Gallienus*. *Dominican* Church. The Cathedral. Epitaph of Pope *Lucius* III. and his Hiſtory. That of the learned *Ceruttus*. The Sacriſty and Canons of the Cathedral. Church of the *Madona* of the Organs. That of St. *Zeno*. Hiſtory of this Saint, and of the Devil *Aſmodeus*. Church of St. *George*. A fine Cabinet of Curioſities. Reflexion on the Jealouſy of the *Italians*. Church of *Sancta Maria Auticha*, and Tombs of the *Scaligers*, Princes of *Verona*. *Julius Scaliger* abuſed by many learned Men. 426

CHAP. LXVIII. *Verona* belonging to the *Venetians*. Its Amphitheatre. A fine Building, and its Inſcription. Ridiculous Pretenſion of the noble Family of *Coronaro* at *Venice*. The Exchange for Merchants. The

every Actor adds out of his own Head whatever he judges proper. Thus you find nothing in them of a consistent Plan, no Connection of Subject, nor any Character well kept up to the End. They are void of all Taste; a false Wit reigns throughout, and all from first to last is but a Heap of *Concetti* in the Mouths of mad Lovers, of *Fustian* in the Mouths of their Doctors, and cold Jokes from their Harlequins. These miserable Productions however fail not to give great Diversion to the Spectators; for whatever has the Name of Entertainment, throws the *Italians* in general, especially those at *Venice*, into such a strong Enthusiasm of Pleasure, that they are disposed to take every Thing that offers indifferently, be the Subject ever so pitiful and unaffecting. 1707. *March* 3. VENICE.

The *Italians* in general good Pantomimes.

I must however confess that they are inimitable in their Grimaces, and in their Postures; that they excel in Agility; that they are incomparable in changing and turning their Faces into what Shapes they please. In a Word, I allow then to be the best Pantomimes in the World. But all is out of Nature in the other Personages, except that of the Pantaloon, who is the only one that exceeds not Probability. This Character is indeed no other but a true Copy in Dress, in Words and Actions, of what the noble *Venetians* exhibit in Life every Day; who, however surprising it may appear, suffer themselves to be thus acted, and ridiculed upon the Stage without the least Concern, because it pleases the Multitude.

One of their best Plays is yet very bad.

Le Festin de Pierre, or *Peter*'s *Banquet*, which we saw acted, is, in a Manner, the only *Venetian* Play wherein there is any Thing like a Coherence; and therefore highly esteemed among them. The Throng was so great upon that Occasion that we had much ado to get a Place. Now this Comedy, which is scarce tolerable even in *French*, is execrably bad in *Italian*. Yet the People of Distinction, as well as the Mob, claped immoderately at every Impertinence uttered by Don *Juan*, or his Valet. For my Part I was not able to see the whole of it, without wishing more than once, that the Author had been Thunder-struck with his Atheist.

Indecencies of the young *Venetian* Nobles at Comedy.

The young Nobles frequent Comedy, not only to laugh at the gross Obscenities which the Actors pronounce still more plainly than upon the *English* Stage, but also to act there themselves very indecent Parts. They have commonly Courtizans in their Boxes, and do Actions so shocking to Modesty, that it is scarce credible except one see it. Another of their fine Diversions is to spit upon those in the Pit, and to let fly among them ends of lighted Candles, rotten Oranges, and other like Things, which they chiefly fling at those who are somewhat genteelly dressed. Those Gentlemen may commit all these Abuses with Impunity, because the Comedy and the Opera are priviledged Places, where the least Violence is a Kind of State-crime; not to mention, that there is always at the Door a Set of Ruffians armed and masked, whom they constantly keep in their Pay, to protect them in Case of Necessity.

The

1707. *March* 3. VENICE.

The Diſorder is heightened by the Watermen, who applaud with loud Uproar the leaſt Buffooneries of the Harlequins or Scaramouches. On the contrary, when an Actor does not pleaſe them, they raiſe ſuch terrible Hiſſings at him, that they oblige him to withdraw with Confuſion, to give Place to thoſe who are beſt able to make them laugh. The young Nobles often join them, and by their Clamours outvy thoſe of the Watermen. All this joined to the unbounded Freedoms in which the Comedians indulge themſelves, makes ſober People be much more diſguſted than entertained with their Comedy.

Other Abuſes there committed.

Many *Italian* Plays full of Impieties.

I forgot to take notice that ſeveral of their Plays, and ſome of thoſe we ſaw repreſented, are ſo full of Impieties, that they raiſe Horror in the Minds of all who have any Notion of Religion. Without the Bounds of the State of *Venice*, the Inquiſitors would infallibly take Cognizance of ſuch Things; but here the Power of that *Holy Office* is ſo limited, that the People ſay and do whatever they pleaſe. In ſhort, nothing is ſcarce reckoned criminal here but what is ſaid or done againſt the Republic.

They are much more orderly at the Opera

To conclude, moſt People go in Maſk to the Comedy and Opera, that they may be there with more Freedom; but all Things are managed at the Opera with much more *Decorum* than at the Comedy: On the one Hand, becauſe the *Venetians* are generally in Love with Muſic, even to Diſtraction; and on the other, becauſe it is frequented by the more polite and ſober Sort of People.

Other Entertainments at *Venice*. The *Freſco* and *Regates*.

There are a great many other Entertainments at *Venice*, which are only for the Summer-Seaſon. The *Freſque* or *Freſco* is a Kind of airing upon the Water, and is held at the Extremity of the great Canal, becauſe there are fewer Barks towards that Side. It begins generally the ſecond *Sunday* after *Eaſter*, and continues till towards the End of *September*. The *Regates* are Rowings of Barks for a Prize propoſed by the Nobility from one End of the great Canal to the other. A wonderful Order is obſerved in this, and nothing can be finer than to ſee the Windows and Balconies of the Palaces and Houſes all along the Canal, adorned with Tapiſtry and Cuſhions of different Colours, with a prodigious Number of People, which cover on all Hands the Roofs, the Bridge of the *Rialto*, and a vaſt Number of Gondolas. There ſcarcely being a Perſon in the whole City who is not a Spectator at thoſe agreeable Entertainments. But one of the greateſt Singularities in thoſe Diverſions is to ſee the Women bearing their Parts, as they very often do among the Men. For by being uſed to go a Fiſhing along with their Huſbands, they row with almoſt as much Skill as they do, and have Strength enough for a Bout of two Miles.

The END *of the* FIRST VOLUME.

INDEX

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

A

Arau, a town in Switzerland, where the proteſtant cantons meet. Page 343 389

Aar, a river in Germany, 98. Another of the ſame name in Switzerland, 349 367

Aarberg, a town and fortreſs in the canton of Bern, 343

Abbacy of St. Pantaleon at Cologne, 90, &c. Of Selingſtal, 142 Of Keyſerſheim, 224 Of St. Ulrich at Augſburg, 294. Of Reichnaw, 319

Abbot, a merry ſtory of a Scots Abbot, 158 159. Account of a haughty and cruel one, 226

Abbots who are princes of the empire, 315

Abelard, cruelly perſecuted by St. Bernard, 224

Abraham, his ſacrifice comically repreſented by an Italian painter, 144. And by a German, 202

Achatius and his 10000 fellow martyrs, venerated at Duſſeldorp, 56

Adige, a river in Tirol, 416

Adolphis, a fine Latin poem by Gariſſolius, often cited, 118 134 160 217

Adolphus (Guſtavus) King of Sweden takes Mayence, 118 119. His entry at Francfort, 134. Takes the citadel of Wirtzburg, 160. A remarkable moving ſtatue of this prince, 204. He forces Walleſtein to raiſe the ſiege of Nuremberg, 217

Adriatic Sea annually eſpouſed by the doge of Venice, 538, &c. Pretended right of the Venetians over that ſea, 542

Adulterers ſeverely puniſhed in Switzerland, 332

Agobard, biſhop of Lyons, his judicious remarks upon witchcraft, 194

Agrippa (Cornelius) falſly accuſed of magic, 95

Alba (duke of) his cruel orders to his ſon Frederic in Holland, 25 48

Alban (ſaint) protomartyr of England, his tomb and hiſtory, 90 91

Alexander the great, his ſo much applauded continence without foundation, 238 &c.

Allatius (Leo) his ſmart reflexions upon Julius Scaliger, and Hiſtory, 436 437

Alphonſus king of Arragon, petitions for and obtains a bone of Titus Livius from the Paduans. 470

Altmuhl, a river in Franconia, and its courſe, 223

Amber, a river in Bavaria, 395

Amedeus duke of Savoy elected pope by the council of Baſil, 377

Amerbachius, a learned man of Baſil, and his epitaph, 382

Amersfort, a town in the province of Utrecht, 49

Ammianus Marcellinus confuted in what he ſays of the lake of Conſtance, 305. And that of Geneva, 363 364

Amphitheatre of Verona deſcribed, 437

Amſterdam deſcribed at large 30, &c.

Andernach, a town of the electorate of Cologne, 98

Antenor, his pretended tomb and Inſcriptions at Padua, 432. Said to be founder of that City, 489

Anthony (saint) his picture and droll legend, 312 miraculous image, 401. Held in great veneration in the Trentin, 428. Particularly in the Paduan, 472. Another comical legend of him, 473. Odoriferousness of his body, *ibid.*
Antias (Valerius) a Roman historian, and his testimony against Scipio's continence, 241
Apono (Peter de) a learned man, his bust and History, 466 467
Apostles of Franconia, and their tragical history, 149
Aquapendente (Fabricius ab) a famous physician, 463
Arc (Jane d') falsly accused of witchcraft, 96
Archbishop, history of a very lewd one, and his flattering epitaph, 84. A cruel Archbishop devoured by rats, 107, &c.
Archbishops who are princes of the empire, 315
Argolius (Andreas) a famous mathematician, and his Works, 463
Arminians, cruelly dealt with by the synod of Dort, 20
Arminius prince of the Cherusci defeats Q. Varus and his legions, 53
Arms of the empire of Germany, and observations upon them. 132
Arms (fire) invented by a Monk at Nuremberg. 216
Arsenal of the admiralty of Amsterdam, 38. Of Nuremberg, 200. Of Augsburg, 273. Of Zurich, 329. Of Bern, 346. Little arsenal of Venice, 527. The great one of the same city, 535.
Arundel (Earl of) buried at Padua, 474.
Ascension of Christ comically represented at Bolzane, 414
Aschaffemburg, a town and castle in the Electorate of Mayence, 143
Atabalipa king of Peru, represented in a picture as fighting against the christians in the holy wars, 279
Attila king of the Huns, and strange story concerning him, 280. He takes and ransacks Augsburg and other places, 281
Aubonne, a small town in the canton of Bern, 365
Avenches, an ancient city in Switzerland, 354
Avenue, a most beautiful one between the Hague and Scheveling, 15 16
Augsburg, an imperial city in Germany described at large, 233 &c.
August, a village near Basil, anciently a large city and Roman colony, 388
Augustus Cæsar, not famous for valour, 53 His unaccountable behaviour after the defeat of Q. Varus, 54

B.

Baccharach, a town in the Palatinate, 108
Baden, a town in Switzerland, and its famous baths described, 339. The general diet of the Swiss Cantons meets there, 341
Baden (prince Lewis of) his revengeful spirit and barbarity to the City of Augsburg, 300
Bailiffs, in some parts of Switzerland very tyrannical, 350 367
Baldus, an ingenious poem so called, by Theoph. Folengi, 194
Balloting in the elections at Venice, 526 Usefulness of that practice, *ibid.*
Bamberg, the first bishopric in Germany, described at large, 173, &c. History of a haughty and cruel bishop of that see, 176
Bankrupts, how used at Padua, 468
Baptism, oddly performed in some places, 146
Bareith, anecdote concerning a prince of that name and his lady, 214 &c.
Barnevelt pensionary of Holland, beheaded at the instigation of Mauritz prince of Orange, 20
Barrenness in women, how cured in some parts of Switzerland, and among the Romans, 337 338
Basil, capital of a Swiss Canton, described at large, 377 &c.
Batavi, or the ancient inhabitants of Holland, 45
Baths. See Baden.
Bawer (James) a famous German general, his tomb and history, 148
Beard, a prodigious long one, 322
Bears (wild) kept at Bern, and for what reason. 345
Beasts no machines, 258. Venemous beasts drove out of an Island by St. Firmin, 322
Bedmar (marquis of) his conspiracy against Venice, 536
Beggarly poets at Venice, 496 502
Beggars not suffered in Holland, and how provided for, 37
Bellem, a strong fort in the Trentin, 426
Bellinensis, a learned man, and his works, 457
Berigardus, a learned man, and his works, 462
Bern, capital of a Swiss Canton, described at large, 344 &c.
Bernard (saint) a great promoter of the holy wars, 187. Inveterate enemy to Abelard, 224. Order of St. Bernard very rich, 225
Bertha (empress) her tomb at Padua, 478

Berthold duke of Zeringen. See *Zeringen*.
Berthou or *Burgderf*, a town in the canton of Bern, 343
Baſterus (Baſilius) a learned Botaniſt, his works, epitaph and encomium, 220, 221
Beſſarion (Cardinal) his character and letter to the ſenate of Venice, on his making a preſent to them of his manuſcripts, 531 &c.
Biberach, a town in Germany, 331
Bingen, a town in the electorate of Mayence, 110
Birth, the pretended prodigious birth of the counteſs of Hennenberg exploded, 11 12
Biſhop, hiſtory of a very haughty and cruel one, 176
Biſhops who are princes of the empire, 316
Black Foreſt in Germany, and why ſo called, 145
Blainville (marquiſs of) a French general buried at Ulm 342
Blenheim, the famous battle near this place exactly deſcribed, 227 &c. A fine monument and inſcription erected on that occaſion, 230 231
Blind, great ingenuity of a blind young lady, 390
Bockenheim, the place of worſhip for the Calviniſts of Francfort, 136
Boiſſard, his fine character of Cornelius Agrippa 97
Bolzane, a city in Tirol deſcribed at large, 414 &c.
Boniſacius VIII (Pope) his vile character and epitaph, 412
Bonne, a city in the electorate of Cologne, 97
Boppert, a ſmall town in the electorate of Treves, 106
Bovetinus, a famous lawyer, and his epitaph, 479
Boxhornius, a learned hiſtorian of Holland, cited, 45
Bragandin governor of Famaguſta for the Venetians, and his hiſtory 528
Brakel, a Dutch admiral, his Tomb and epitaph, 6
Bravery, reflexions on what is ſo called, 229
Brechtenchans, a caſtle in Tirol, 407
Brennenberg, a frightful mountain in Tirol, 406
Brenta, a river at Padua, 489
Bridge, a curious flying one at Cologne, 64 One of a ſingle arch at Nuremberg, 213. Of Rialto at Venice exactly deſcribed, 499 500
Brixen, a city in Tirol deſcribed at large, 408 &c.
Broglio, or ſquare of St. Mark at Venice, deſcribed, 503
Brown, an Engliſh traveller refuted, 2 28
Bruno (ſaint) founder of the Carthuſian order, and his hiſtory, 78 79
Brutes, in many reſpects more excellent than man, 262 263
Bucentaur of Venice deſcribed, 539 &c.
Buckold (John) a taylor, and king of the Anabaptiſts at Munſter, 24
Bull (the golden) of the empire of Germany deſcribed, 132 133
Bullbaitings at Venice. 553. Annual and ludicrous ceremony of cutting off the head of a bull in that city, 557
Buren, a bailiwic in the canton of Bern, 366
Burgundians defeated by the Swiſs near Morat, and their bones preſerved there to this Day, 352 353
Burgundy. See *Philip* the good, and *Charles* the bold dukes of Burgundy.
Burick, a town in the dutchy of Cleves, 52
Burnet (biſhop) criticiſed, 50, and many other places.
Buxtorffs, father and ſon, two learned profeſſors of the Oriental languages at Baſil, 372

C

Cabinets of curioſities at Duſſeldorp, 61. Nuremberg, 204 205. Shaffhauſe, 324. Baſil, 383, &c. Verona, 434 435. Padua 483, 485
Caffres, or Hottento's, their monſtrous copulations with monkeys 259
Calviniſts have publick worſhip allowed them at Cologne, 88. Are ſeverely uſed by the Lutherans of Francfort, 136. Their place of worſhip at Bokenheim, *ib.* Are offered an agreeable ſettlement at Mayence, 137. Very rich and numerous at Francfort, *ib.* Alſo very ill uſed at Nuremberg, 216. Far more moderate than the Lutherans *ib.*
Canal, the great canal of Venice deſcribed, 493, &c.
Canonries for men and women in Germany, highly uſeful to noble families 253
Cape of Good-hope, how the Dutch Eaſt-India company ſettled there, 41. Remarkable ſtories of the monkeys of that country, 258, 259
Capnian (Edmund) his extravagant praiſes of the council of Trent 421
Capnio (Joannes) or Reuchlin, a very learned man, and his hiſtory 373
Carara (Francis) a monſtrous tyrant of Verona, and his hiſtory 481
Carmes, their order pretends to be very ancient

cient, 203. Their convent at Augsburg, 253
Carnaval of Venice described at large 506, &c.
Cecilia (Santa Britta di) martyrized by Jesus Christ himself 157
Carthusians, their convent at Cologne, and history of the institution of that order 77, &c. Their convent at Coblentz, 104. And at Mayence 115
Cataracts of the Rhine near Shaffhouse, exactly described 225
Cellars, remarkable ones for their largeness and vast quantities of wine at Wirtzburg, 161 162. And at Nuremberg 204
Ceruttus (Fredericus) a learned rhetorician of Verona, and his history 432
Cetone, an atheist, his history and epitaph 214
Charity-houses in great number, and well regulated at Amsterdam 37
Charlemagne (emperor) his regalia kept at Nuremberg, 199. Is courted by the empress Irene 321
Charles the fat (emperor) his history, tomb, and epitaph 319
Charles the bold (duke of Burgundy) his character and history, 63. His armour kept at Zurich, 329. Defeated by the Swiss near Morat, 352. Killed at the battle of Nancy *ib.* His epitaph, 354. Also beat by the Swiss at Granson, 358. Remarkable Picture and story of that prince 369
Charles V. (emperor) his obsequies performed at Amsterdam, 36. His true character, 239. And life by Sandoval, *ib.* A humorous repartee of his 449
Charles II. king of England, his smart reflection on the avarice of merchants 129
Chastity, a very rare and almost chimerical virtue, 239. To much praised by most people, *ib* A very remarkable example of it in the emperor Henry II. 174, &c. In the marchioness of *Obizzi*, 470. And in Blanche de Rossi, 486 487. Lucretia not so praise worthy in that respect as is generally thought, *ib.* See also the articles, *Alexander* the great, *Scipio Africanus*, and *Continence*.
Chiusa, a strong fort in the Veronese, 428, 429
Christina (queen of Sweden) abjures the Protestant religion at Inspruck 405
Christopher (saint) the grand patron of Tirol 428
Churches (some of the most remarkable) At Rotterdam, 5. Delft, 7. Hague 15. Amsterdam, 31 35. Utrecht, 46. Cologne, 67, &c. Francfort, 120 135. Wirtzburg, 150, &c Ehrach, 171. Bamberg, 182, &c. Nuremberg, 195. Augsburg, 294 239. Constance, 312. Rechnaw, 319, &c. Bern, 344. Soleure, 363. Basil, 379. Ulm, 391. Inspruck, 400. Brixen, 408, &c. Bolzane 414. Trent, 417, &c. Verona, 431. Padua, 472, &c. Venice, 512, &c.
Cicero, his style censured by an ancient and a modern 3
Citadel of Coblentz, 100. Mayence, 115. Wirtzburg, 159. Nuremberg, 193. Augsburg, 300. See *Fortifications*.
Clemens XI. (pope) A medal struck in his honour by a Lutheran 205 206
Clergy very corrupt in all ages, 145. English clergy too covetous 153
Clocks, irregularity of the clocks at Basil, and for what reason 387
Cladius, a famous epicure mentioned by Horace 335
Coblentz, a City of the electorate of Treves, described at large 99, &c.
Cologne, the capital of an electorate, described at large 64, &c.
Colonat (saint) one of the three apostles of Franconia, and his tragical death 149
Comedies (Italian) generally very bad 562
Commines (Philip de) a famous historian, cited, 352. A gross mistake of his 354
Conan Meriadic, pretended king of Britany, and bridegroom to St. Ursula 67
Confession of Augsburg. 268 269.
Confluence of the Rhine, and the Mosel, at Coblentz 100
Conrard of Suabia, bishop of *Utrecht*, and his history 46 47
Conrard III. (emperor) his unfortunate expedition into the Holy Land, and death at Bamberg, 187. His generosity to the Inhabitants of Weissemberg on account of their women 231
Conscience, See *Director of Conscience*
Conspiracy, a very dangerous one, discovered at Munich in the late war in favour of the elector of Bavaria, 277. Of the Paduans against the Venetians, 471. Of a doge of Venice against that Republic, 523. Of the Spaniards against the same, 536. Of Bajamonte Tiepolo, a noble Venetian 546
Constance, lake and city of Constance, described at large, 304, &c. Account of its famous council *ib.*
Constantin (emperor) the great, represented as a great tyrant and persecutor by a Popish legend 69 70
Constantinople, taken by the united French and Venetians 512

Continence, odd ſtory of a young Spaniard who was deſirous to obtain that gift 271. See *Chaſtity*, *Alexander* the great, and *Scipio Africanus*.
Cornaro, a noble family of Venice, pretending to be deſcended from Scipio Africanus, 439. Helena Cornaro, a learned lady of the ſame family 474
Cortenaer, a Dutch admiral, his tomb and epitaph 6
Coſſa (Balthaſar) or pope John XXIII. depoſed by the council of Conſtance, and his hiſtory 306 307
Coſter (Laurence) ſaid to be the true inventor of the noble art of printing 29
Côte (La) a fine tract of land between Lauſanne and Geneva 366
Councils held at Mayence, 117. Francfort, 139. Aſſhaffenburg, 145. Bamberg, 187. Conſtance, 307, &c. Baſil, 376, &c. Ferrara and Florence, 377. Brixen, 410. Trent 420, &c.
Council, the great council of Venice deſcribed 524, &c.
Courtenay, one of that family buried at Padua, and his epitaph 472 473
Credulity (ſtrange) of the people of Francfort, 122. And of Nuremberg 195 196
Cremoninus (Cæſar) a great philoſopher, and his hiſtory 459
Crombach, a jeſuit, his large work, to prove the ſtory of the 11000 virgins 67
Cromwell (Oliver) a ſtrict obſerver of the Lord's Day 277
Cronach (Lucas) a celebrated German painter 235
Crotona, a learned biſhop of that place, and his epitaph 408 409
Crucifix, a miraculous one 231 417
Cunigonda, wife to the emperor Henry II. died a virgin, 174. Accuſed and miraculouſly juſtified of adultery 175
Cup (the) in the ſacrament taken from the laity by the council of Conſtance 310
Curioſities, ſeveral remarkable ones at Duſſeldorp, 61. Bamberg, 177, &c Nuremberg, 205 209 210. Augsburg, 300. Shaffhouſe, 324. Zurich, 330 Bern, 347. Baſil, 374 383 Venice, 513 528 545
Cuſtoms, ſeveral ridiculous ones at Nuremberg, 208 209. Some very remarkable at Zurich, 334 335. A very ſingular one at Aaraw 343

D

Damietta, a city in Egypt, taken by the ſtratagem of the people of Harlem 27
Dance of the dead, a remarkable picture at Baſil 375 376
Danube, a large river, often mentioned, 231 391 392
Dapper, a learned Hollander, and his hiſtory of Amſterdam 35
David (George) an arch-heritic, and his whimſical tenets 385
Delft, a city in Holland, deſcribed at large 7, &c.
Deſcartes, his notions about brutes confuted 258, &c.
Devil (the) and his mother buried in the church of Ebrach, 171. Comical ſtory concerning the devil, 195 196. Ludicrous adventure of the devil Aſmodeus and St. Zeno 434
Diet of Augsburg about matters of religion 269
Director of conſcience, a droll ſtory of a jeſuitical one 246
Doesburg, a town in Guelderland 50
Doge of Venice, his ducal crown, 518. He annually eſpouſes the Adriatic ſea, 539, &c. Original and ridiculouſneſs of that ceremony 541, &c.
Dominic of Santa Maria, a great promoter of the wars in Bohemia 252
Dominicans, a famous impoſture of that order diſcovered and puniſhed at Bern 347
Dominicus (ſaint) a droll ſtory of him, and a nun whom he cured, 123. A comical repreſentation of this ſaint in a church picture, 183. He was a great perſecutor of the Abbigenſes *ib.*
Donawert, an imperial city and its hiſtory 225, &c.
Dort, a conſiderable city in Holland, deſcribed at large 19, &c.
Douſa, a famous modern Latin poet, his epigram on the ſiege of Leyden 24 25
Dreſs (whimſical) of the Magiſtrates of Nuremberg, 199 Of the women of Augſburg, 289. Very plain of the inhabitants of Zurich, 335. Odd dreſs of the Magiſtrates of Baſil 387
Drinker, an elector of Saxony, who was a very great one, 131. Epitaph upon one of that character 191
Drinking (hard) a common practice in Germany, 131 161 162 191 192. Fine verſes againſt it, 131 192. A beautiful modern epigram upon drinking 371
Druſus built many towns and fortreſſes in Germany 110 117

Durer (Albert) a celebrated German painter, ſeveral of his pictures and writings, 221, 222. Was alſo an excellent engraver, 384
Duisburg, a hanſe town in the dutchy of Cleves 53
Duitz, a ſmall town near Cologne 64
Duſſeldorp, capital of the dutchy of Berg, deſcribed at large 55, *&c.*
Dudithius (Andreas) a Hungarian biſhop, his remarkable and virulent account of the council of Trent 421, *&c.*

E

Eagle, an artificially flying one 218
Eaſt-India company. See *India*.
Earthquake, ſurpriſing effect of two earthquakes 362
Earthquakes very frequent in Tirol 404
Ebrach, a large and rich abbacy, 170. Its vile monopoly 172
Echo, a moſt remarkable one 172
Eginard, ſon-in law to Charlemagne, his tomb and hiſtory 142
Egypt, politics of a king of Egypt in religious affairs 269
Ehrenbreiſtein, citadel and ſummer palace of the elector of Treves 101
Einlas, or remarkable ſecret port at Augſburg deſcribed 248, *&c.*
Elector Palatin, his character, and grandeur of his court, 56, *&c.* Of Cologne, 93. Treves, 103. Mayence 186
Elijah the prophet, with his ravens comically repreſented by a German painter, 135. Another picture no leſs whimſical of the ſame prophet 300
Emerald, a very large and curious one 321
Emma, daughter to Charlemagne, her tomb and hiſtory 142
Emperors of Germany, how and where elected and crowned, 120, *&c.* Which ought to be their Qualifications according to the golden bull 133
Engliſh ladies, a convent ſo called at Augſburg, deſcribed 245
Epicure, remarkable epitaph and ſtory of ſuch a one 36
Epitaphs, ſome very remarkable ones, of ſeveral admirals at Rotterdam, 6. Of William I. prince of Orange, 8. Of the admirals Tromp, 9. Obdam, 15. Ruiter, 32. Van Galen, 34. Heemskerk, 35. Of a virtuous lady, 184. A lewd woman, 185. A noble and ſimple one of Beſſerus, 221. Of a mule, 265. An honeſt prieſt, 312. Of Eraſmus, 379. Of general Fronsberg, 419. Of the chaſte marchioneſs of Obizzi, 470. Charles Patin, 480. The famous Aretin 550
Eppelen, a famous ſorcerer, and his performances 194
Eraſmus, ſeveral particulars of his life, 3. His fine braſs ſtatue at Rotterdam, 4 5. Other particulars concerning him, 374 375 384. His tomb and epitaph 374
Erichtonius, ſaid to have been the ſon of the goddeſs Minerva 131
Erlang, a town in the marquiſate of Bareith, 189
Evangelium infantiæ Chriſti, account of a book ſo called 104
Eugenius (pope) his behaviour in ſeveral councils, 376 377. Depoſed by that of Baſil, *ib.*
Eyſach, a river in Tirol, and its courſe 4 0
Ezzelin, tyrant of Padua, ſome particulars of his life 486 487

F

Fairs, very famous ones of Francfort 120
Falls, two very remarkable ones 326 345
Faſt, a prodigious long one of two women 347
Felix V. elected pope by the council of Baſil, 377. Reſigns his dignity ſoon after 378
Ferdinand duke of Auſtria, his long life and tomb 401
Fericlus, a poet of Vicenza, his works and epitaph 448
Ferrier (ſaint *Vincent*) famous for his miracles, and his comical legend 157
Fire arms invented by a monk of Nuremberg 218
Firmin (ſaint) founder of the abbacy of Reichnaw, 322 Drives all the venomous creatures out of that iſland *ib.*
Fiſhery. See *Herring*.
Flemiſh, perſecuted by the duke of Alba, ſettle at Hanau 139, *&c.*
Floriſts, a nickname given to the citizens of Harlem. nd why 28
Folangi (Theophilus) a modern Latin poet, and his burleſque upon witchcraft 194 195
Fortifications deſcribed with the utmoſt accuracy. Of Naerden, 48. Mayence, 118. Francfort, 128. Saxenhauſen, 129. Ulm, 293 294
Forts and fortreſſes, alſo deſcribed at large, of Huningen, 383. Brechtenſhans, 407. Belem, 426. Chiuſa, 428 429. See *Citadel*.
Fortzheim, a ſtrong town in Germany, and its hiſtory 188

Fountains, ſeveral very beautiful ones at Nuremberg, 197 207 211. At Augsburg 235 291
Fox (Richard) a brave general, his hiſtory, and ſingular epitaph 148
Fracaſtorius (Hieronymus) a learned man of Verona, and his hiſtory 442 443
Francfort, an imperial city of Germany, deſcribed at large 120, *&c.*
Francis I. king of France, very kind to Eraſmus 3
Fra-Paolo, his curious hiſtory of the council of Trent 420
Frederic of Toledo, ſon to the duke of Alba, takes ſeveral towns in Holland, and his barbarous uſage to the inhabitants 25, *&c.* 45 48
Frederic V. king of Bohemia, runs a great hazard of his life upon the lake of Harlem, and his ſon drowned there, 28. Not ſupported by his father-in-law James I. 49. Dies at Mayence 118
French refugees ſettle at Hanaw upon very advantageous terms 140
French nation, originally come from Franconia, 165. Their vanity and giddineſs 166
French priſoners, very ill uſed in Germany in the late wars 224
Freyberger, a famous German painter 235
Friburg, capital of a Swiſs canton, deſcribed at large 358, *&c.*
Froben, a celebrated printer, and his epitaph 381
Fronsberg, a famous general of Charles V. and his fine epitaph 419
Frugality, very remarkable in the canton of Zurich 335
Fuggers (counts) of Augsburg, their remarkable hiſtory 247 248
Fuſt (John) ſaid by the Germans to be the firſt inventor of printing 29

G

Gaibach, a fine ſummer ſeat of the biſhop of Mayence 168 169
Galeaſſes of Venice deſcribed 538
Galen (Van) a Dutch admiral, his hiſtory and tomb 34
Galen (Bernard) biſhop of Munſter, and his character 316
Gallery (fine) of painting at Duſſeldorp 59 *&c.*
Gallienus (emperor) his triumphal arch, and inſcription at Verona 430
Garda, a fine lake near Verona 422
Gariſſolius. See *Adolphis*.
Geneva (lake of) deſcribed 363 364
Geofrey of Monmouth, his legend concerning the 11000 virgins, 65. Origin of his groſs error concerning them 67
George. See *David*.
Gereon (ſaint) his church, hiſtory, and relicks 69 70
German merchant's houſe at Venice deſcribed 497 498
Germany (princes of) very civil to ſtrangers 114
Geſnerus, a learned man of Zurich 336
Giez (de) marſhal of France, burnt as a magician 96
Glory (falſe) judicious reflections upon it 229
Golden bull of the empire deſcribed 131, *&c.*
Golden legend, an abſurd rapſody of religious ſtories, and ſeveral ſamples of them 124.
Golden roof at Inſpruck exploded 402
Gomariſts, triumph over the Arminians in the ſynod of Dort 20
Gondolas of Venice deſcribed 492 493
Gondoliers, or watermen, and their dexterity 495
Grace (with-holding) an abſurd notion among ſeveral divines 243
Grandeur (falſe) at the court of princes 58 59
Grandier, a prieſt, unjuſtly burnt at London for witchcraft 96 97
Greek biſhops meet at the councils of Ferrara, and Florence, and their half reconciliation with the church of Rome 377
Gregory VII. (pope) burnt many of the writings of the ancients for a very ridiculous reaſon, 373. Is depoſed by the council of Brixen, 410. Remarkable decree of that aſſembly againſt him 411
Grinæus, a learned man of Baſil, and his epitaph 380
Grotius (Hugo) born at Delft, 11. Impriſoned by Maurice prince of Orange 20
Gruſs, a place in Tirol, famous for the meeting of Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand, and monument on this event 405 406
Guerar (Balthaſar) the murderer of William I. prince of Orange, is ſeverely puniſhed, and cried up as a martyr 8
Guiccius (Johannes) a monk miraculouſly cured of the itch he had of leaving his profeſſion 155
Gun-powder invented by a monk named Schwartz 218
Guns (wind) a helliſh invention 386
Gyges, king of Lydia, uſed to geld his concubines 127.

H

Hague, a town in Holland, described at large, 11 &c.
Hall, a town in Tirol, and its salt-works, 404
Hanau, capital of a sovereign county in Germany, described at large, 139 &c.
Hans Towns in Germany, a full account of them, 302 &c.
Harlem, a city in Holland, described at large, 27 &c.
Hatton archbishop of Mayence devoured by Rats, 108 &c.
Haunted Castles and other places, a ridiculous notion, 407
Heemskerk, a Dutch admiral, his history and Tomb, 35
Henneberg (Countess of) her prodigious birth exploded, 11 &c.
Henry II emperor, buried at Bamberg, and canonized for his sanctity, converts the Hungarians; his wars and wonderful chastity, 174 175 176
Henry IV emperor, presides in the council of Brixen, 410. His history and epitaph, 411
Henry VIII king of England, extremely kind to the famous Erasmus, 3
Hercules (forces of) a curious sport at Venice, 553 554. Not unknown to the Romans, 555
Hermitage, a most wonderful one built by one single man, 356 357
Herring-Fishery, of an immense profit to Holland, and history thereof, 17
Heyn (Peter) a Dutch admiral, his history and tomb, 9
Hildebrand or pope Gregory VII, his character and deposition, 410 411
Hochst, a town in the electorate of Mayence, 120
Hochstet. See *Blenheim*.
Hohentwiel, a strong fortress in the duchy of *Wirtemberg*, 323
Holbein, a celebrated painter of Basil, his history, and several of his best performances, 374 375 385
Holl (Elias) a famous German architect, 134
Hollander, a learned magistrate of Shaffhouse, and his cabinet of curiosities 324
Homburg (Count) a German General, his tomb and epitaph, 145
Honorius IV. (Pope) his legate almost torn to pieces in a Council, 166
Horace cited, 335 340. A comical comment of a Monk upon one of his odes, 374
Horeb (rock of) shewn at Venice, 515
Horse, a wonderful one at Augsburg, 257 &c.
Horses, two very remarkable ones of brass at Venice, and their history, 511
Hosea the prophet, represented in a cardinal's habit by a German painter, 135
Hospital, a very remarkable one at Wirtzburg, and its monstrous usuries, 163 164. A fine one at Augsburg, 291
Host, a holy host turned into flesh, 156. Another miraculous one, 293
Hottentots. See *Caffres*.
Hungarians, converted by the emperor Henry II, 175. Defeated by emperor Otho the great, 292
Huningen, a strong fortress belonging to the French near Basil, 383
Huss (John) burnt by order of the council of Constance, 308. Fine testimonies in his favour by several of his enemies, 309
Huttenica, a small Island in the lake of Zurich, 333
Huttenius (Huldricus) a learned man, and a great soldier, his life and epitaph, 333
Huygens (Constantin) contriver of the road from the Hague to Scheveling, and an excellent Latin poet, 16 17.

I

James (saint) the Apostle, grossly abused by a German divine, 220
Januarius (saint) his body preserved in the abbacy of Reichnaw, 320
Jason, a famous lawyer, his fine encomium of the university of Padua, 455
Jealousy of the Italians, and reflexions upon it, 435
Jerom of Prague, burnt by order of the council of Constance, 308. His speech to that assembly, *ibid.* Fine testimonies of several Roman catholics in his favour, 309 310
Jesuits, smart reflexions upon them, 72 368. Their magnificent house and church at Cologne, 73 74. They could never settle at Francfort, 138. Pretend to be very poor at Wirtzburg, 158. Fine church at Soleure, 368. They erect villains into martyrs, 369
Jesus Christ in the desart, comically represented by a German painter, 271
Jews sadly used, and under very false pretences, at Cologne, 94. At Francfort and Worms, 121 124 125. At Augsburg, 292. Ridiculous stories against them, 293 418
Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits order, and his history, 72

Ignorance of man, remarkable in many inſtances, 261
Images. See *Miraculous.*
Imperial Cities of Germany, an account of them at large, 302 &c.
Imrapen, a town in Switzerland, and its famous baths, 339 340
India (Eaſt) company of Holland, its hiſtory, commerce, politics, government, &c. 39 &c.
Informers, very much encouraged at Venice, 530
Inn, a charitable inn for poor travellers at Amſterdam, 37
Inn, a river in Tirol, 403
Innocent II, a very haughty pope, 425
Inquiſition (ſtate) at Venice, 530
Inſcription, a beautiful one on the battle of Blenheim, 230 231
Inſcriptions, vaſt number of ancient and modern ones at Augsburg, 234 297. At Avenches, 354 355. At Baſil 383 385
Inſingrinus, a celebrated printer of Baſil, and his epitaph, 381
Inſpruck, capital of Tirol, deſcribed at large, 399 &c.
Inſtinct in Brutes, wonderful, 258 &c.
Interim, drawn up by Charles V. to pacify religious parties, 269
John XXII, Pope, depoſed by the council of Conſtance, and his hiſtory, 306 307
Joſeph (Saint) the Virgin's ſpouſe, comically repreſented by German painters, 266 270
Joſeph (emperor) his ludicrous puniſhment of a Jeſuit, who had groſsly abuſed the Proteſtants in a public ſpeech 278. Was elected king of the Romans at Augsburg 295
Irene, mother of Conſtantine VII, ambitious of being empreſs of the eaſt and weſt 321
Iſer, a ſmall river in Bavaria 396
Iſland of Reichnaw, in the lake of Zell in Switzerland very remarkable 318 &c. Of Huttenica in the lake of Zurich 333
Iſler, a river in Suabia 392
Iſota, a very learned lady of Verona 443
Italicus (Silius) cited and criticiſed 440
Juvenal, his complaints againſt the tyranny of the Roman Soldiery 170. Cited and imitated on the ſad conſequences of war and falſe glory 229 230. His picture of the ancient Roman ſimplicity. 353

K

Kennava, a brave and reſolute woman at Harlem, when beſieged by the Spaniards 25
Keyſerſheim, a large abbacy of Benedictins in Germany, deſcribed 224
Keyſerſtal, a town in the canton of Bern 389
Keyſerſwert, a town upon the Rhine, and its ſeveral ſieges 54
Killian (ſaint) one of the three apoſtles of Franconia, and his hiſtory 149
Kings (the three) or eaſtern ſages, their tomb and relics at Cologn, and their legend confuted 81 &c.

L

Ladies, ſeveral remarkable for their learning 443 474. And chaſtity 471 486
Lagunes of Venice, what it is 489
Lake of Harlem 28. Of Conſtance 304 &c. Of Zell 318 &c. Of Zurich 333. Of Geneva or Leman 363 364. Of Garda near Verona 442
Lamberg, a German general, his hiſtory and remarkable tomb 112
Lavis, a town and torrent in Tirol 416
Launoy (*de*) a famous demoliſher of ſaints among the Roman catholics 56 66
Laurence (ſaint) picture of his martyrdom 105. Wonderful efficacy of a prayer to him *ibid.* His picture, and remarkable inſcription 147
Lauſanne, the capital of the country of Vaud, deſcribed at large 361 &c.
Leck, a ſmall river at Augsburg 250 289
Ledeſma (don diego de) a noble Spaniard, and his ſingular hiſtory 271 272
Legend (golden) account of it, and ſeveral merry paſſages from the ſame 123 124
Legends (popiſh) ſome very comical ones 65 &c. 67 70 157
Leman. See *Lake.*
Lentzburg, a town in the canton of Bern 389
Leopold (emperor) his death and character 196 197. The ſame more at large 211 212. A judicious obſervation of his 244. His obſequies and funeral oration 277 278
Leut-kirk, a ſmall imperial city of Germany 301
Leyden, a city in Holland, deſcribed at large 20 &c.
Libraries (curious and public) of Ebrach 170. Nuremberg 209 210. Augsburg 255 &c. Zu-

Zurich 330. Bern 346 &c. Basil 372 &c. 384. Of St. Mark at Venice 531 &c.
Limat, a River in Switzerland 339 340
Lindaw, an imperial and strong city in Germany 392
Liphcim, a small town in Suabia 391
Lippe, a small river in Germany 52
Livius (Titus) a remarkable figure of this historian, and its inscription at Padua 465. A bust and inscription of the same 463. Great veneration of the Paduans for him 469. His tomb and inscription *ibid.* One of his arms sent as a present to Alfonsus 470. Another statue of him and inscription 488
Lotharius II. emperor, his character and death 425
Lucas (van Leyden) an eminent Dutch painter 24
Lucius III (pope) his tomb, epitaph and character 431 432
Lucretia, her bust and inscription at Padua 486. By far out-done, as to chastity, by two Italian ladies 471 486. A fine epigram upon her 487 418
Ludolf, a very learned Saxon, and his tomb 136
Luke (saint) two of his bodies shewn 477. Several of his pretended pictures 529
Lupatus, a magistrate of Padua, his tomb and history 453 454
Luther, a fanciful portrait of this reformer 391 Story concerning his preaching at Padua 482
Lutherans, very severe to the Calvinists 136 216. Vain attempts to reconcile them together *ibid.* Have statues in their churches 146. Their odd manner of baptizing in some places *ibid.* Many of them very credulous and superstitious 195 196

M

Mabillon (father) criticised 517
Maccabees, their church and relics at Cologn 73 &c.
Magistrates of Nuremberg, great tyrants 198. Amiable character of those of Augsburg 290. Zurich 336. and Basil 387
Machines, animals not mere machines 258 &c.
Magi, or the three eastern wise men, their magnificent tomb at Cologne 81 &c. Kingly quality ill grounded 82. Flatly denied by a Roman catholic poet 83
Magic, many celebrated men falsely accused of it 95 96 205 467. Sound notions of Agobard and Theoph. Folangi about it 194
Maginus (Antonius) a great mathematician, and his works 458
Maimbourg (father) omission of his in the history of the holy wars 274. His encomium of John Huss, and Jerom of Prague 309 310
Man, his pride and ignorance 261. In many respects inferior to brutes 262
Mandesso, a learned traveller confuted 5 8 27 28 35
Mantuanus, a good modern Latin poet, cited 83. Though a Friar, no great believer *ib.*
Manuscripts, several curious ones at Bamberg 179. Nuremberg 209 210. Zurich 330. Basil 373 384
Marcellinus. See *Ammianus*.
Mark (saint) his miraculous body preserved in the isle of Reichnaw 320. His body also kept at Venice, and strange stories about it 516. His manuscript gospel, and observations upon it. 517
Mark (saint) the square so called at Venice 506 &c. Steeple 509. Church 510 &c. Treasure very considerable 514 &c. Fine palace 521 &c. Library 531 &c.
Marienburg, or citadel of Wirtzburg, described 159
Marlborough (duke of) beats the French near Shillenberg and Blenheim 225 &c. Is created prince of Mindelheim 301
Mary (Virgin) See *Miraculous*
Masking, very common at Venice 507 &c.
Masson (Papirius) his refutation of the story of St. Bruno 79
Maternus (saint) first bishop of Cologne 85
Matthiolus, a famous botanist, and inscription upon him 407 408
Maurin (saint) a martyr and his miracles 91
Maximilian I. duke of Austria, his frightful leap from a high rock 398. His fine tomb 400
Mayence, an archbishopric and electorate, described at large 111 &c.
Mazarin (cardinal) his prodigious wealth and avarice 163
Medal, struck in honour of pope Clement XI. by a Protestant, and reflexions upon this singularity 205 206
Medals, some very curious ones at Shaffouse 324. At Basil 375 383
Mejerus, a learned man, and his epitaph 380
Mein, a considerable River in Germany 122
Melancton, a reformer, and author of the confession of Augsburg 269

Melatta (*Gatta*) a Venetian general, his ſtatue and inſcription 475
Mellingen in Switzerland, the ſmalleſt republic in Europe 341 342
Memmingen, an imperial city of Germany 301
Merchants, their covetouſneſs often fatal to the ſtate 129. Of St. Gall and Nuremberg, and their entertainment 190. German merchant's palace at Venice 497
Mercery, a very trading ſtreet at Venice 501
Meuſe, a conſiderable River in Holland, its origin and courſe 7
Mill (ſilk) a famous one at Roveredo 427
Mindelheim, a ſmall town in the territory of Bavaria 301
Miraculous ſtatues of St. Anne 152. Of the Virgin Mary 185 281 337. Of St. Anthony of Padua 401. See *Crucifix* and *Hoſt*.
Miſſon, an ingenious traveller, miſtaken in an infinity of places
Mettenwal, a ſmall town in Bavaria 396
Monkeys, their amazing cunning 258 Are extremely fond of Men and Women 259
Monheim, a ſmall tow in Germany 224
Monopoly (vile) of the abbacy of Ebrach 172
Montanus (*Fabricius*) a famous modern Latin Poet 333
Morat, a town in Switzerland 351. See *Burgundians*.
Morgan (*Elizabeth*) daughter of Philip de Marnix, and her epitaph 10
Morges, a town in the canton of Bern 366
Moſcaredo. See *Cabinets*
Moſelle, a conſiderable river in Germany, and its courſe 100
Mouldon, a town in Switzerland 360
Mule, a ſingular epitaph of ſuch an animal 265
Munatius Plancus, his ſtatue at Baſil 385 He ſettled a Roman colony in that city 386
Muretus, condemned at Toulouſe for ſodomy 372. His impoſition on Joſeph Scaliger *ibid.*
Muſic (*Italian*) the fineſt in the World 559
Muyden, a ſmall Town in Holland 47

N

Naerden, a fortified town in Holland, and its hiſtory 48
Nævius, a Roman poet, his ſatyrical verſes againſt Scipio Africanus 242
Naudé, his falſe notion about the maid of Orleans 96
Necker, a river in Germany, and its courſe 119
Nion, a ſmall town in Switzerland 365
Noah and his wife, comically repreſented by a German painter 267
Noble Venetians, not always proud to ſtrangers 496. How puniſhed when they refuſe a public employment 509. Spies about them in their embaſſies abroad 515. Their Qualifications to ſit in the great council 525. Young nobles monſtrouſly rude at the play-houſe 563. See *Venetians*.
Norris (Cardinal) a very learned man, and his works 443
North-Holland, a ſhort account of that country 43
Noſtradamus, his propheey concerning Rotterdam and Amſterdam 7
Nuremberg, an imperial city of Germany, deſcribed at large 190 *&c.*
Nuys, a ſmall town of the electorate of Cologne 63

O

Obdam (baron of) admiral of Holland, his tomb, hiſtory and epitaph 15
Oberweſel, a town in the electorate of Treves 107
Obizzi (marchioneſs of) a moſt remarkable example of chaſtity, her hiſtory and tomb 470 471
Oecolampadius, a famous divine and reformer of Switzerland, his epitaph 380
Onghers, a celebrated German painter, and ſome of his performances 149 154 182
Opera's of Venice deſcribed 509 *&c.* Criticiſm upon the French opera's, and thoſe entertainments in general 561
Orange. See *William*.
Oration (funeral) a remarkable one on the emperor Leopold 278 279
Otho, duke of Saxony, his tomb 194
Otho (ſaint) biſhop of Bamberg, his great humility 177. Converts the Pomeranians *ibid.*
Otho the Great, emperor, defeats a very numerous army of Huns 292

Padua,

P

Padua, a famous city and university in Italy, described at large 451 *&c.*
Paduans. See *Conspiracy*, and *T. Livius.*
Palace of the ancient counts of Holland 14 27. Of the elector Palatin 61 Of Treves 103 Mayence 113. Of the bishop of Bamberg 173 174. Of the arch-dukes of Austria at Inspruck 399. Of St. Mark at Venice 521 *&c.*
Palatin, (Elector and Electress) their chater, court and grandeur 56 *&c.*
Paleologus (John) emperor of Constantinople, present at the councils of Ferrara and Florence 377
Palingenius, a good modern Latin poer, cited 1. His verses against drinking 192
Pantaleon (saint) his martyrdom 91
Pas, a copy of emperor Sigismond's famous pass to John Huss and Jerom of Prague 307 308
Patin (Guy) his confutation of the history of St. Bruno 79. His smart reflexions against J. Scaliger 436
Patin (Charles) a famous antiquary and traveller, criticized 291 297. His fine collection of medals 324. Several of his inaccuracies 353 355 359 403. His tomb, epitaph and writings 480
Patricians of Nuremberg, their pride, tyranny and Avarice 198 200
Pavement, a beautiful ancient one discovered at Augsburg 254
Paulus (Julius) a great lawyer, his buste and inscription at Padua 468
Payerdorf, a town in the marquisate of Bareith 189
Payerne, a town in the canton of Bern 359
Peasants of Germany, their great subjection to the soldiery 169. Happiness of those of England *ibid.* Are generally rich in Switzerland 350
Pegnitz, a small river at Nuremberg 218
Pendasius (Frederic) a great philosopher and his works 458
Persenna, a torrent near Trent 426
Philip the Good duke of Burgundy, a great promoter of trade 39
Philip II. king of Spain, visits the house where Erasmus was born 5. His miserable death 109
Philosopher's stone, folly and roguery of those who pretend to have found it 57 *&c.*
Philosophical reflexions on the instinct or reason of brutes 257 *&c.*
Pictures, many very beautiful ones at Dusseldorp 53 60 *&c.* At Cologne 88 89. Nuremberg 201 *&c.* 209. Augsburg 234 *&c.* Soleure. 369 370. Basil 234 *&c.* Trent 424. Venice 523 524 530 *&c.*
Pictures, several very ludicrous though extremely fine 104 135 144 152 182 183 202 266 267 270 271 279 375 385 409 414 415
Pigeons, made use of in the siege of Leyden to carry Letters 23
Pignorius (Laurentius) a very learned man, his epitaph 459 460
Pilatus (Pontius) his pretended descendants at Roverdo 427
Pilgrimages (popish) little or no devotion in them 413
Pincierius, his verses upon the invention of gun-powder 218
Pius II (pope) his fine encomium of John Huss and Jerom of Prague 309. Founder of the university of Basil 386
Plancus. See *Munatius.*
Platform a fine one at Bern 345. And at Basil 382
Platina, his character of pope Eugenius IV 378
Poets (mendicant) at Venice 496. Their great impudence 502
Poggius a satyrical writer, his Panegyric of of John Huss and Jerom of Prague 308 309. His account of the baths of Baden 339 340. He grossly abuses the council of Constance 378
Politics of the Dutch in matters of trade 39. Mistaken of the European princes as to conquests 40. Of the canton of Zurich in relation to strangers 335 336. The fame of the canton of Basil 386 387
Pomeranians. See *Otho.*
Pomponatius (Petrus) a very learned man, and his history 456 457
Pontier, author of the *Cabinet des grands*, criticized 10 14
Poor, how charitably provided for in Holland 37 38
Popes of Rome, authors of many bloody wars 188
Popish institutions, mostly borrowed from the heathens 186 See *Pilgrimages.*
Port (secret) a remarkable piece of machinery at Augsburg 249. Other ports or gates of the same town described 279 280
Porta (la) a Jewish physician, and his tenets 456
Prague. See *Jerom.*
Prevotius, a learned physician 463
Prex (St.) a town in the canton of Bern 365

Pride of man very ill grounded 261 *&c.*
Princes. See *Germany* and *Politics*
Princes (Ecclesiastical) of the empire 315 *&c.*
Printers (celebrated) 29 381
Printing (art of) invented at Harlem 28. That honour claimed by the city of Mayence 116
Processions, several curious ones at Mayence 112 113. And at Augsburg 251
Procuratics, a noble building at Venice 504 505
Protestants, have free exercise of their Religion at Cologne 88. Are sometimes as credulous as the Roman Catholics 122. Refuse to appear at the council of Trent, and why 421 422. Their censure upon that Assembly *ibid.*

Q

Quatrebras (saint) said to have been cruelly put to death by the Huguenots in France 154
Quarengus (*Antonius*) a learned man of Padua 460. His epitaph 482
Quesne (marquis *du*) a French admiral, and anecdote concerning him and admiral Ruiter 33
Qui-va-li of the students of Padua, what it is 451

R

Rasphuys, or house of correction at Amsterdam 37
Rats, devour an archbishop of Mayence. 107 *&c.* Their wonderful instinct 263 264. Are drove out of the diocese of Augsburg by St. Ulrich 294
Rednitz, a small river at Nuremberg, and its course 219 223
Reformation of the clergy, and doctrines demanded and denied at the council of Constance 310 311
Reichnaw, a remarkable island and abbacy in the lake of Zell, described 318 *&c.*
Relicks, several very singular ones 67 71 75 81 85 91 105 179 199 320 515 516
Remlingen, a small town in Franconia 146
René duke of Lorrain, stripp'd of his dominions by Charles the Bold 352. Was at the battle of Morat *ibid.* Kills at that of Nancy the said Charles *ibid.*
Republic, the smallest in Europe 341. A droll adventure that happened near it 342
Reuchlin. See *Capnio*
Rhinberg, a hans and strong town in the duchy of Cleves 52
Rhine, cataracts of that river near Shaffouse described 325
Rhinfels, a small town in Franconia 106
Rialto, an island and a bridge of that name at Venice, described 499 *&c.*
Ribadnera, author of the lives of the saints, a silly book 123
Ridotti, or hazard games among the Venetians 552
Robbery, a very bold and extraordinary one committed at Venice 519
Rochefort (*Jouvin de*) a French traveller, criticized in a vast number of places
Rodolphus, made emperor by pope Gregory VII 188. And killed soon after *ibid.*
Roer, a small river in Germany 53
Rohan (duke of) his mistakes in the account of Holland 18 28
Roman Soldiery, very tyrannical to their fellow subjects 169 170
Romans, excessively fond of public shews 254. Their great simplicity in ancient times 352
Roof (golden) at Inspruck, exploded 402
Rossi (*blanche de*) a celebrated Italian lady for chastity 486 487
Rotte, a small river in Holland 2
Rotterdam, a considerable city in that Province, described at large 1 *&c.*
Roverdo, a city in Tirol, described at large 427 *&c.*
Rudius (*Eustachius*) a famous physician 458
Ruffus, a Roman orator, his criticism upon Cicero's stile 3
Ruiter, a famous Dutch admiral, his fine tomb, epitaph and history 33 34

S

Saguntinus (saint *John*) saw Jesus Christ in the flesh, and was kissed by him 156
Sailor (Dutch) barbarous action of such a one to a Spanish soldier 23. Extraordinary bold action of another 80
Saltus Cæsius or *Westerwald*, a forest in Germany 97
Saluzn, a town and castle in Tirol 416
Sandoval, author of the life of Charles V, criticized 269 270
San-Gewers, a town in Germany, and ridiculous custom there 107
Saxenhousen, part of the city of Francfort, and its fortifications 129 130
Scaliger (*Julius*) his quarrel with Erasmus about the stile of Cicero 3. Is buried at Agen in France 22. Severely censured by many

many eminent authors 436. His verſes on the learned Fracaſtorius 443
Scaliger (Joſeph) his tomb and epitaph at Leyden 22. Is ingeniouſly impoſed upon by Muretus 372. And his virulent epigram againſt him *ibid.*
Scaligers, both pretend to be deſcended of the princes of Verona 436. Ridiculed in that reſpect by Scioppius *ibid.* Their encomium of the city of Verona 445 *&c.*
Scanderbeg king of Albany, his ſword and hiſtory 527
Scheffer (Peter) ſaid to be one of the Inventors of the art of printing 29
Schernitz, a ſmall town and fort in Bavaria 397
Scheveling, a conſiderable fiſhery there 17. See *Avenue.*
Schirmer (Sebald) a famous German general, and his hiſtory 201
Schwartz, a Monk, inventer of gun-powder and fire-arms 218
Scioppius (Gaſpar) his ſatyrical verſes againſt the Scaligers 436. His character and life at large 460 *&c.*
Scipio Africanus, his ſo much boaſted of continence proved to be falſe 240 *&c.*
Scotus (John) his tomb and hiſtory 77
Sculptors, ſeveral of their whimſical conceits 143 168 182 189 195 313 345
Sebaldus (ſaint) his church, hiſtory and tomb 192
Sedulius (Coelius Retus) an ancient chriſtian poet, and ſeveral of his works 384
Sequins (Venetian) what they are 534
Servants eat with their maſters at the diet of the proteſtant cantons of Aaraw, and why 343
Schaffouſe, capital of a Swiſs canton, deſcribed at large 324 *&c.* 390 *&c.*
Shillenberg. See *Marborough.*
Shrewsbury (duke of) viſits the city of Augsburg 294 296
Siege (memorable) of Leyden 22 23. And of Harlem 25 26
Sigiſmond (emperor) his great weakneſs at the council of Conſtance 307. His behaviour and death at that of Baſil 377
Silk. See *Mill.*
Simon, an infant, falſly ſaid to have been murthered by the Jews 121
Simonin (ſaint) another Infant, ſaid to have been uſed in the ſame manner 418. His miraculous body 419
Simplicity. See *Romans* and *Swiſs.*
Sintzigh, a town in the Palatinate 98
Soldiery. See *Peaſants* and *Roman.*
Solcure, capital of a Swiſs canton, deſcribed at large 367 *&c.*
Spaniard. See *Continence.*
Spaniards, their cruelties in Holland 22 26 27 48. Are a very proud Nation 269 270
Spaniſh conſpiracy againſt Venice 536
Speron Speroni, a learned man, his buſto and inſcription 470
Spirit. See *Grace.*
Statue, a beautiful one of Eraſmus at Rotterdam 45
Statues, ſeveral miraculous ones. See *Miraculous.*
Statues, many very remarkable at Inſpruck 400 401. At Trent 417. At Padua 465 *&c.*
Stein, a town in the canton of Zurich 323
Stone, a wonderful one at Cologne 84. Two very remarkable ſtones at Padua 476
Strangers, never admitted among the citizens of Zurich 336. The ſame at Baſil 386 387
Suidgerus, Biſhop of Bamberg and pope, his hiſtory and tomb 174
Sumptuary Laws, very ſtrict at Zurich 335
Swiſs or *Switzers*, delivered of the Auſtrian yoke, by William Tell 329. Their peaſants generally rich 350. They defeat the Burgundians at Morat 352. Their great ſimplicity in former times *ibid.* Some are not ſo free as they are thought to be 367
Sylvius (Æneas) his ridiculous obſervation on the palace of the kings of Scotland 218. See *Pius* II.
Synod of Dort, and its irregular proceedings 20. Of Zurich, eſtabliſhes the reformation 331

T

Talbot, tomb and epitaph of a Lady of that noble family at Padua 482 483
Taubmannus, a famous modern Latin poet, cited 162
Tell (William) See *Swiſs.*
Theophania (empreſs) her tomb and miraculous diadem 92
Tiepolo (Bajamonte) his conſpiracy againſt the government of Venice 546 547. Juſtification of his conduct 548
Tintoret, a famous Italian painter, and his character 524
Tirol, great part of it deſcribed 399 *&c.* Character of its inhabitants 428
Tollentin (St Nickolas de) his miracles and high favour with J. C. 155
Tombs. See *Epitaphs.*

Totnam

Totnam (ſaint) one of the three apoſtles of Franconia, and his hiſtory 149
Tower, where lewd eccleſiaſtics uſed formerly to be drowned 417
Towers (water) at Augsburg, deſcribed 250
Townhouſe of Amſterdam, deſcribed 31. Of Cologne 86. Francfort 130. Nuremberg 200. Augsburg 233 *&c.* Soleure 369. Baſil 385. Padua 465 *&c.*
Tranſubſtantiation comically proved 154. And by a remarkable picture at Bolzane 414 415
Treaſure, of the Jeſuits church at Cologne, deſcribed 73 *&c.* Of the cathedral of Wirtzburg 149 *&c.* Of that of Bamberg 177 *&c.* Of the church of St. Anthony at Padua 474 *&c.* Of the church of St. Mark at Venice 514 *&c.*
Trent, a city in Tirol, deſcribed at large 417 *&c.*
Trentin, character of its inhabitants 428
Treves. See *Elector*.
Tribunal, a moſt beautiful one in the townhouſe of Amſterdam 31
Trink-gelt, or drink-money, demanded of ſtrangers all over Germany 107
Trinovante, an ancient name of the city of London 117
Tromp, father and ſon, admirals of Holland, their hiſtory and tomb 9
Tulle (*Probus* biſhop of) his virulent harangue in a council of Wirtzburg, againſt the corruption of the clergy 166 167
Turf, the only fewel of the Hollanders, and ſome remarks upon it 44

V U

Vagrants and rakes in Holland ſent to the Eaſt-Indies 42
Valdez (*Francis*) a Spaniſh general, beſieges Leyden 22
Valois (*de*) a famous demoliſher of ſaints among the Roman catholics 56 66
Vargas, a Spaniard, and droll repartee of his 9
Varus (*Quintilius*) defeated by Arminius Prince of the Cheruſci 53. His death lamented by Horace *ibid.* Is honourably mentioned by Virgil 54
Venceſlas (emperor) a very debauched and ugly prince 217
Vendoſme (duke de) beſieges in vain the city of Trent 425
Venemous. See *Beaſts*.
Venetian Noblemen. See *Noble*.
Venetians, their public ſpirit in the neceſſities of the ſtate 514 515. Great council 523. Secret informers 530. Military diſcipline very ſevere 538. Sovereignty over the Adriatic ſea, examined 542. Are very fond of gaming 552. And of ſeveral other ſports 553 *&c.* Particularly of Muſic 562. Their comedies very bad *ibid.*
Venice, deſcribed at large 492 *&c.*
Verona alſo deſcribed at large 430. Fine encomium of that city, by both the Scaligers 444 *&c.*
Verſoy, a ſmall town near Geneva 365
Veryard (Sir *Edward*) his groſs miſtakes in his account of Holland 18 20
Vicenza, a city in Italy, deſcribed at large 447 *&c.*
Virgin Mary. See *Miraculous*.
Virgins (the 11000) their ſtory examined at large 64 *&c.*
Vitelli (*Chiappin*) See *Cetone*.
Ulm, an imperial and ſtrong city in Suabia, deſcribed 391 *&c.*
Ulric patriarch of Grada, his hiſtory, and ludicrous annual ceremony on his account at Venice 557 558
Ulrick (ſaint) his hiſtory and abbacy at Augsburg 294 *&c.*
Univerſity of Leyden 21 of Wirtzburg 153. Of Baſil 386. Of Padua 454 *&c.*
Volquin, biſhop of Minden, his invectives againſt the corruption of the clergy 411
Voragine (*Jacobus de*) author of the golden legend, ſeverely cenſured by the Roman catholics 123
Urſula (ſaint) martyrized at Cologne with her 11000 companions 65 *&c.*
Uſuries (monſtrous) of an hoſpital at Wirtzburg 164
Utrecht, capital of one of the ſeven provinces, deſcribed 45 *&c.*

W

Walleſtein duke of Fridland, aſſaſſinated by order of Ferdinand II. 217
War, ſad effects of it 229
Wars (holy) very fatal to chriſtendom 187. Politically kindled by the popes *ibid.* Preached up by St. Bernard *ibid.*
Weaver's hall at Augsburg, a noble building 288
Wedding (country) in Germany, deſcribed 210
Weiſſemburg, an imperial town in Franconia, and its hiſtory 222 223
Well, a very remarkable one at Coblentz 101. And at Nuremberg 193
Werenfells, a famous profeſſor of Baſil 372
Werf (*van der*) a Burgomaſter of Leyden, his brave action at the time of the ſiege 23.

Werff (van der) a celebrated Dutch painter, and several of his performances 60 *&c.*
Wernitz, a small river in Bavaria, and its course 225
Wesel, a strong city in the duchy of Cleves, and its history 51
William I, prince of Orange, assassinated, and his beautiful monument and epitaph at Delft 15
William III, prince of Orange, besieges and takes Naerden 48. Refuses the sovereignty of Arnhem 50
Willigisius, archbishop of Mayence, his great humility 115
Wiltzburg, a fortress in the marquisate of Anspach 222
Wine of Honour, sent to all strangers of distinction in Switzerland 337. The same done by the provinces to the Roman governors *ibid.*
Wirtzburg, a considerable city and bishopric, described at large 147 *&c.*
Wit (de) a Dutch admiral of Holland, his tomb and epitaph 5
Wit (John de) Murthered with his brother by the populace at the Hague 18
Witch, a remarkable story of one who frighted Attila 286 287
Woman, strange story of one buried alive 76. Epitaph of a very lewd one 185
Women, their extraordinary courage at Harlem, when besieged by the Spaniards 25. Gelded by Gyges king of Lydia 126. Very foolish at Nuremberg 208 209. Unaccountable temper of some of them 215 216. Remarkable instance of their affection to their relations 223. Droll story of those of Augsburg 273 274. And odd dress of the same 289. How rendered fruitful when barren among the Romans, and in some parts of Switzerland 337. Those of Zurich are very modest and reserved 335
Wrangel, a German general, and a droll whim of his 203

Z

Zabarella (Francis) cardinal of Florence, his tomb and history 313
Zazius (Hulricus) a famous lawyer, his tomb 315
Zecca or mint-house at Venice 534
Zell, (lake of) described 318 *&c.*
Zeno (saint) his droll adventure with the devil Asmodeus 434
Zeringen (Berthold duke of) builds the walls of Berthou in Switzerland 343. Lays the Foundation of the city of Bern 344. His compleat armour kept there 346. He rebuilds the town of Mouldon 360. Was a very large sized man *ibid.*
Zobel (Melchior) a warlike bishop, his history and tomb 141. Was killed by a musket-shot 159
Zuinglius, a famous reformer of Zurich, his history 330 331
Zurich, capital of one of the Swiss cantons, described at large 327 *&c.*

Si quem dura manet Sententia Iudicis olim
Damnatum ærumnis suppliciisque caput ;
Hunc neque fabrili lassent ergastula massa,
Nec rigidas vexent fossa metalla manus :
Lexica contexat ; nam cætera quid moror ? Omnes
Pœnarum facies hic labor unus habet.

JULIUS SCALIGER.

F I N I S.